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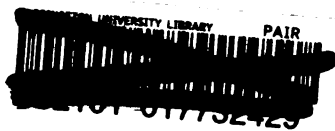
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THE GALAXY.

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ADMINISTRATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE political differences which have generated parties in this country date back to an early period. They existed under the old confederation, were perceptible in the formation of the Constitution and establishment of "a more perfect union." Differences on fundamental principles of government led to the organization of parties which, under various names, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, divided the people and influenced and often controlled national and State elections. Neither of the parties, however, has always strictly adhered or been true to its professed principles. Each has, under the pressure of circumstances and to secure temporary ascendancy in the Federal or State governments, departed from the landmarks and traditions which gave it its distinctive character. The *Centralists*, a name which more significantly than any other expresses the character, principles, and tendency of those who favor centralization of power in a supreme head that shall exercise paternal control over States and people, have under various names constituted one party. On the other hand, the *Statists*, under different names, have from the first been jealous of central supremacy. They believe in local self-government, support the States in all their reserved and ungranted rights, insist on a strict construction of the Constitution and the limitation of

Federal authority to the powers specifically delegated in that instrument.

The broad and deep line of demarcation between these parties has not always been acknowledged. Innovation and change have sometimes modified and disturbed this line; but after a period the distinctive boundary has reappeared and antagonized the people. During the administration of Mr. Monroe, known as the "era of good feeling," national party lines were almost totally obliterated, and local and personal controversies took their place. National questions were revived, however, and contested with extreme violence during several succeeding administrations. Thirty years later, when the issues of bank, tariff, internal improvements, and an independent treasury were disposed of, there was as complete a break up of parties as in the days of Monroe. It was not, however, in an "era of good feeling" that this later dislocation of parties took place; but an attempt was made in 1850 by leading politicians belonging to different organizations to unite the people by a compromise or an arrangement as unnatural as it was insincere—party lines if not obliterated were, as the authors intended, in a measure broken down. This compromise, as it was called, was a sacrifice of honest principles, and instead of allaying disputes, was followed by a terrific storm of contention and violence tran-

scending anything the country had ever experienced, and ended in a civil war.

The time has not yet arrived for a calm and dispassionate review of the acts and actors of that period and the events of the immediately succeeding years; but the incidents that took place and the experience so dearly purchased should not be perverted, misunderstood, or wholly forgotten.

The compromises of 1850, instead of adjusting differences and making the people of one mind on political questions, actually caused in their practical results the alienation of life-long party friends, led to new associations among old opponents, and created organizations that partook more of a sectional character than of honest constitutional differences on fundamental questions relative to the powers and authority of the Government, such as had previously divided the people. The facility with which old political opponents came together in the compromise measures of 1850, and abandoned principles and doctrines for which they had battled through their whole lives, begot popular distrust. Confidence in the sincerity of the men who so readily made sacrifices of principles was forfeited or greatly impaired. The Whig party dwindled under it, and as an organization shortly went out of existence. A large portion of its members, disgusted with what they considered the insincerity if not faithlessness of their leaders, yet unwilling to attach themselves to the Democratic party, which had coalesced in the movement, gathered together in a secret organization, styling themselves "Know Nothings." Democrats in some quarters, scarcely less dissatisfied with the compromises, joined the Know Nothing order, and in one or two annual elections this strange combination, without avowed principles or purpose, save that of the defeat and overthrow of politicians, who were once their trusted favorites, was successful. In this demoralized condition of affairs, the Democrats by the accession of Whigs in the Southern States obtained posses-

sion of the Government and maintained their ascendancy through the Pierce administration; and, in a contest quite as much sectional as political, elected Buchanan in 1856.

But these were the expiring days of the old Democratic organization, which, under the amalgamating process of the compromise measures, became shattered and mixed, especially in the Southern States, with former Whigs, and was to a great extent thereafter sectionalized. The different opposing political elements united against it and organized and established the Republican party, which triumphed in the election of Lincoln in 1860. The administration which followed and was inaugurated in 1861 differed in essential particulars from either of the preceding political organizations. Men of opposing principles—Centralists, who like Hamilton and patriots of that class were for a strong imperial national government, with supervising and controlling authority over the States, on one hand, and Statists on the other, who, like Jefferson, adhered to State individuality and favored a league or federation of States, a national republic of limited and clearly defined powers, with a strict observance of all the reserved right of the local commonwealths—were brought together in the elections of 1860. It has been represented and recorded as grave history that the Republican party was an abolition party. Such was not the fact, although the small and utterly powerless faction which, under the lead of William Lloyd Garrison and others, had for years made aggressive war on slavery, was one of the elements which united with Whigs and Democrats in the election of Mr. Lincoln. Nor was that result a Whig triumph, though a large portion of the Whigs in the free States, after the compromises of 1850, from natural antagonism to the Democrats, entered into the Republican organization. While it is true that a large majority of the Whigs of the North relinquished their old organization and became Republicans, it is

no less true that throughout the slave States, and in many of the free States, the members of the Whig party to a considerable extent supported Bell or Breckenridge. But Democrats dissatisfied with the measures of the Pierce and Buchanan administrations, in much larger numbers than is generally conceded, took early and efficient part in the Republican organizations—some on account of the repeal of the Missouri compromise, but a much larger number in consequence of the efforts of the central Government at Washington, by what was considered by them an abuse of civil trust, and by military interference, to overpower the settlers in Kansas, denying them the right of self-government, and an attempt arbitrarily and surreptitiously to impose upon the inhabitants against their will a fraudulent Constitution. It was this large contribution of free-thinking and independent Democrats, who had the courage to throw off party allegiance and discipline in behalf of the principles of free government on which our republican system is founded, the right of the people to self-government, and, consequently, the right to form and establish their own constitution without dictation or interference from the central government so long as they violated no provision of the organic law, that gave tone, form, and ascendancy to the Republican party in every free State.

Persistent efforts have been made to establish as historical truths the representations that the civil war had its origin in a scheme or purpose to abolish slavery in the States where it existed, and that the election of Abraham Lincoln was an abolition triumph—a premeditated, aggressive, sectional war upon the South; whereas the reverse is the fact—the Republican party in its inception was a strictly constitutional party, that defended the rights of the people, the rights of the States, and the rights of the Federal Government, which were assailed by a sectional combination that was not satisfied with the Constitution as it was, but proposed

to exact new guarantees from the nation for the protection of what they called "Southern rights"—rights unknown to the Constitution. The misrepresentations that the Republicans were aggressive and aimed to change the organic law have not been without their influence, temporarily at least, in prejudicing and warping the public mind. It is true that the slavery question was most injudiciously and unwisely brought into the party controversies of the country; but it was done by the slaveholders or their political representatives in Congress after the failure of the nullifiers to obtain ascendancy in the Government on the subject of free trade and resistance to the revenue laws.

John C. Calhoun, a man of undoubted talents, but of unappeasable ambition, had at an early period of his life, while Secretary of War, and still a young man, aspired to the office of President. By his ability and patriotic course during the war of 1812, and subsequently by a brilliant career as a member of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, he had acquired fame and a certain degree of popularity which favored his pretensions, particularly with young men and army officers. Schemes and projects of national aggrandizement by internal improvements, protection to home industries, large military expenditures, and measures of a centralizing tendency which were popular in that era of no parties, gave him *éclat* as Secretary of War. Flattered by his attentions and by his shining qualities, military men became his enthusiastic supporters, and received encouragement from him in return. It was the first attempt to elect so young a man to be Chief Magistrate, and was more personal than political in its character. In the memorable contest for the succession to President Monroe, Mr. Calhoun at one time seemed to be a formidable candidate; but his popularity being personal was evanescent, and failed to enlist the considerate and reflecting. Even his military hopes were soon eclipsed by General Jack-

son, whose bold achievements and successes in the Indian and British wars captivated the popular mind. Jackson had also, as a representative and Senator in Congress, Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and Governor of Florida, great civil experience. Mr. Calhoun was, however, in the political struggle that took place in 1824, elected to the second office of the republic, while in the strife, confusion, and break up of parties no one of the competing candidates for President received a majority of the electoral votes. He and his supporters submitted to, it may be said acquiesced in, the result then and also in 1828, when General Jackson was elected President and Mr. Calhoun was reelected to the office of Vice-President. This acquiescence, however, was reluctant; but with an expectation that he would in 1833, at the close of General Jackson's term, be the successor of the distinguished military chieftain.

But the arrangements of calculating politicians often end in disappointments. Such was the misfortune of Mr. Calhoun. His ambitious and apparently well contrived plans had most of them an abortive and hapless termination. Observation and experience convinced him, after leaving Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, that the educated and reflective Statists or State rights men of the country, and especially of the South, would never sanction or be reconciled to the exercise of power by the Federal Government to protect the manufacturing interests of New England, or to construct roads and canals in the West, at the expense of the National Treasury. These were, however, favorite measures of a class of politicians of the period who had special interests to subserve, and who carried with them the consolidationists, or advocates of a strong and magnificent central government. The tariff, internal improvements, and kindred subjects became classified and known in the party politics of that day as the "American system"—a system of high taxes and large expenditures

by the Federal Government—without specific constitutional authority for either. Parties were arrayed on opposite sides of this system, which, besides the political principles involved, soon partook of a sectional character. High and oppressive duties on importations, it was claimed, were imposed to foster certain industries in the North to the injury of the South.

Henry Clay, a politician and statesman of wonderful magnetic power, was the eloquent champion of the "American system," and enlisted in his favor the large manufacturing interest in the North and the friends of internal improvement in the West. These measures were made national issues, and Mr. Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, appropriated them to his personal advancement, and was their recognized leading advocate. Mr. Calhoun could not be second to his Western rival, but abandoned the policy of protection, internal improvements, and great national undertakings, and allied himself to the commercial and plantation interests, which opposed the system, expecting to identify himself with and to receive the support of the Statists. But the strict constructionists of Virginia, Georgia, and other States of the old Jefferson school distrusted him and withheld their confidence and support.

South Carolina, erratic, brilliant, and impulsive, had never fully harmonized with the politicians of Virginia in their political doctrines, but had been inclined to ridicule the rigid and non-progressive principles of her statesmen, who, always cautious, were now slow to receive into fellowship and to commit themselves to the new convert who sought their support. They slighted him, and rejected his nullification remedies. Instead of following the Palmetto State in her fanatical party schemes on the alleged issue of free trade, and supporting her "favorite son" in his theories, they sustained General Jackson, whose Union sentiments they approved, and who, to the disgust of Calhoun, became a

candidate for reelection in 1832 and received the votes of almost the whole South.

In this crisis, when the heated partisans of South Carolina in their zeal for free trade and State rights had made a step in advance of the more staid and reflecting Statists, and undertook to abrogate and nullify the laws of the Federal Government legally enacted, they found themselves unsupported and in difficulty, and naturally turned to their acknowledged leader for guidance. To contest the Federal Government, and pioneer the way for his associates to resist and overthrow the Administration, Mr. Calhoun resigned the office of Vice-President and accepted that of Senator, where his active mind, fertile in resources, could, and as he and they believed would extricate them. There was, however, at the head of the Government in that day a stern, patriotic, and uncompromising Chief Magistrate, who would listen to no mere temporizing expedients when the stability of the Union was involved, and who, while recognizing and maintaining the rights of the States, never forgot the rights that belonged to the Federal Government. In his extremity, when confronting this inflexible President, Mr. Calhoun hastened to make friends with his old opponents, Clay, Webster, and the protectionists, the advocates of the "American system," the authors and champions of the very policy which had been made the pretext or justification for nullification and resistance to Federal law and the Federal authority. This coalition of hostile factions combined in a scheme, or compromise, where each sacrificed principles to oppose the administration of Jackson. It was an insincere and unrighteous coalition which soon fell asunder.

In the mean time, while nullification was hopelessly prostrate, and before the coalition was complete, the prolific mind of the aspiring Carolinian devised a new plan and a new system of tactics which it was expected would

sectionalize and unite the South. This new device was a defence of slavery—a subject in which the entire South was interested—against the impudent demands of the abolitionists. Not until the nullifiers were defeated, and had failed to draw the South into their nullification plan, was slavery agitation introduced into Congress and made a sectional party question with aggressive demands for national protection. The abolitionists were few in numbers, and of little account in American politics. Some benevolent Quakers and uneasy fanatics, who neither comprehended the structure of our Federal system nor cared for the Constitution, had annually for forty years petitioned Congress to give freedom to the slaves. But the statesmen of neither party listened to these unconstitutional appeals until the defeated nullifiers professed great apprehension in regard to them, and introduced the subject as a disturbance, and made it a sensational sectional issue in Congress and the elections.

From the first agitation of the subject as a party question, slavery in all its phases was made sectional and aggressive by the South. Beginning with a denial of the right to petition for the abolition of slavery, and with demands for new and more exacting national laws for the arrest and rendition of fugitives, the new sectional party test was followed by other measures; such as the unconditional admission of Texas, the extension of slavery into all the free territory acquired from Mexico, the repeal of the Missouri compromise, a denial to the people of Kansas of the right to frame their own constitution, and other incidental and irritating questions that were not legitimately within the scope of Federal authority. Fierce contentions prevailed for years, sometimes more violent than at others.

In 1850 a budget of compromises, which has already been alluded to, involving a surrender of principles and an enactment of laws that were unwarranted by the Constitution, and

offensive in other respects, had been patched up by old Congressional party leaders, ostensibly to reconcile conflicting views and interests, but which were superficial remedies for a cancerous disease, and intended more to glorify the authors than to promote the country's welfare. Both of the great parties were committed by the managers to these compromises, but the effect upon each was different. The Whigs, tired of constant defeat, hoped for a change by the compromises that would give them recognition and power; but instead of these they found themselves dwarfed and weakened, while the Democrats, who yielded sound principles to conciliate their Southern allies, were for a time numerically strengthened in that section by accessions from the Whigs. Old party lines became broken, and in the Presidential contest of 1852 the Democratic candidate, General Pierce, a young and showy, but not profound man, was elected by an overwhelming majority over the veteran General Scott, who was the candidate of the Whigs. From this date the Whig organization dwindled and had but a fragmentary existence. Thenceforward, until the overthrow of the Democratic party, the Government at Washington tended to centralization. Fidelity to party, and adherence to organization, with little regard for principle, were its political tests in the free States. Sectional sentiments to sustain Southern aggressions, under the name of "Southern rights," were inculcated, violent language, and acts that were scarcely less so, prevailed through the South and found apologists and defenders at the North. Presidents Pierce and Buchanan, literally "northern men with southern principles," were submissive to these sectional aggressions, acquiesced in the repeal of the Missouri compromise, the extension and nationalizing of slavery, hitherto a State institution, and also to the schemes to prevent the establishment of a free constitution by the people of Kansas. The mass of

voters opposed to the policy of these administrations, and who constituted the Republican party, were not entirely in accord on fundamental principles and views of government, but had been brought into united action from the course of events which followed the Mexican war, the acquisition of territory, and the unfortunate compromises of 1850. The sectional strife, for the alleged reason of Lincoln's election and Republican success, which eventuated in hostilities in 1861, and the tremendous conflict that succeeded and shook the foundation of the Government during the ensuing four years, threatening the national existence, absorbed all minor questions of a purely political party character, and made the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, though its members entertained organic differences, a unit. There were occasions when the antecedent opinions and convictions of the members elicited discussion in regard to the powers, limitations, and attributes of government; but in the midst of war disagreeing political opinions as well as the laws themselves were silenced. Each and all felt the necessity of harmonious and efficient action to preserve the Union.

This was especially the case during the first two years of the war of secession. Not only the President's constitutional advisers, but the Republican members of Congress, embracing many captious, factious, and theoretical controversialists, acted in harmony and concert. Murmurs were heard among its friends, and dissatisfaction felt that the Administration was not sufficiently energetic or arbitrary, and because it did not immediately suppress the rebellion. A long period of peace which the country had enjoyed rendered the malcontents incapable of judging of the necessities of preparation for war. "On to Richmond" became the cry of the impatient and restless before the armies mustered into service were organized. The violent and impassioned appeals of excited and mischievous speakers

and writers created discontent and clamor that could not always be appeased or successfully resisted. Not content with honest if not always intelligent criticism of the Government, some editors, papers, writers, and speakers, at an early period and indeed throughout the war, condemned the policy pursued, assumed to direct the management of affairs, and advanced crude and absurd notions of the manner in which the Government should be administered and military operations conducted. For a period after the rout at Ball Run, which seemed a rebuke to these inconsiderate partisans, there was a temporary lull of complaints and apparent acquiescence by Republicans in the measures of administration.

Military differences and army jealousies existed from the beginning, which were aggravated and stimulated by partisan friends and opponents of the rival officers, and by dissent from the policy pursued in the conduct of military affairs to which many took exception.

General Scott was the military oracle of the Administration in the first days of the war. His ability and great experience entitled him to regard and deference on all questions relating to military operations. No one appreciated his qualities more than the President, unless it was General Scott himself, who with great self-esteem was nevertheless not unconscious that his age and infirmities had impaired his physical energies, and in some respects unfitted him to be the active military commander. It was his misfortune that he prided himself more if possible on his civil and political knowledge and his administrative ability than on his military skill and capacity. As a politician his opinions were often chimerical, unstable, and of little moment; but his military knowledge and experience were valuable. With headquarters at Washington, and for thirty years consulted and trusted by successive administrations of different parties in important emer-

gencies, internal and external, and at one time the selected candidate of one of the great political parties for President, he had reason to feel that he was an important personage in the republic; also that he was competent, and that it was a duty for him to participate in political matters, and to advise in civil affairs when there were threatened dangers. But while he was sagacious to detect the premonitory symptoms of disturbance, and always ready to obey and execute military orders, he was in political and civil matters often weak, irresolute, and infirm of purpose. He had in the autumn of 1860 warned President Buchanan of danger to be apprehended from the secession movement, and wisely suggested measures to preserve peace; but he soon distrusted and abandoned his own suggestions. Without much knowledge of Mr. Lincoln, and believing erroneously, as did many others, that Mr. Seward was to be the controlling mind in the new administration, he early put himself in communication with that gentleman. The two agreed upon the policy of surrendering or yielding to the States in secession the fortresses within their respective limits. It has been said, and circumstances indicate that there was also an understanding by Mr. Seward with certain secession leaders, that the forts, particularly Sumter, if not attacked, should not be reinforced. Of the plans of Mr. Seward and General Scott, and the understanding which either of them had with the secessionists, President Lincoln was not informed; but, while he had a sense of duty and a policy of his own, he attentively and quietly listened to each and to all others entitled to give their opinions.

The reports of Major Anderson and the defence of Sumter being military operations, the President, pursuant to Mr. Seward's advice, referred to General Scott, and it was supposed by those gentlemen that the President acquiesced in their conclusions. Nor were they alone in that supposition, for the

President, while cautiously feeling his way, sounding the minds of others, and gathering information from every quarter, wisely kept his own counsel and delayed announcing his determination until the last moment. He was accused of being culpably slow, when he was wisely deliberate.

When his decision to reinforce Sumter was finally made known, the Secretary of State and the General-in-Chief were surprised, embarrassed, and greatly disappointed; for it was an utter negation and defeat of the policy which they had prescribed. The General, like a good soldier, quietly and submissively acquiesced; but Mr. Seward, a man of expedients and some conceit, was unwilling and unprepared to surrender the first place in the Administration, and virtually publish the fact by an Executive mandate which upset his promised and preferred arrangements. It was then that he became aware of two things: first, that neither himself nor General Scott, nor both combined, were infallible with the Administration; and second, that the President, with all his suavity and genial nature, had a mind of his own, and the resolution and self-reliance to form, and the firmness and independence to execute a purpose. They had each overestimated the influence of the other with the President, and underestimated his capacity, will, and self-reliance. When the Secretary became convinced that he could not alter the President's determination, he conformed to circumstances, immediately changed his tactics, and after notifying the authorities at Charleston that the garrison in Sumter was to be supplied, he took prompt but secret measures to defeat the expedition by detaching the flagship, and sending her, with the supplies and reinforcements that had been prepared and intended for Sumter, to Fort Pickens. In doing this he consulted neither the War nor Navy Departments, to which the service belonged; but discarding both, and also the General-in-Chief, his preceding special confidant, and with

whom he had until then acted in concert, he took to his counsel younger military officers, secretly advised with them and withdrew them from their legitimate and assigned duties. The discourtesy and the irregularity of the proceeding, when it became known, shocked General Scott. His pride was touched. He felt the slight, but he was too good an officer, too subordinate, and too well disciplined, to complain. The secret military expedition undertaken by the Secretary of State without the knowledge of the proper departments and of himself, was so irregular, such evidence of improper administration, that he became alarmed. He felt keenly the course of Mr. Seward in not consulting him, and in substituting one of his staff as military adviser for the Secretary of State; but he was more concerned for the Government and country.

A native of Virginia, and imbued with the political doctrines there prevalent, but unflinching in patriotism and devotion to the Union and the flag, General Scott hesitated how to act—objected to the hostile invasion of any State by the national troops, but advised that the rebellious section should be blockaded by sea and land. He thought that surrounded by the army and navy the insurgents would be cut off from the outer world, and when exhausted from non-intercourse and the entire prostration of trade and commerce they would return to duty; the "anaconda principle" of exhausting them he believed would be effectual without invading the territory of States. When the mayor of Baltimore and a committee of secessionists waited upon the President on the 20th of April to protest against the passage of troops through that city to the national capital, he, in deference to the local government, advised the President to yield to the metropolitan demand, and himself drew up an Executive order to that effect. The seizure of Harper's Ferry and Norfolk and the threatened attack upon Washington greatly disturbed him, but not so much as the

wild cry of the ardent and impulsive which soon followed of "on to Richmond" with an undisciplined army.

Sensible of his inability to take the field, he acquiesced in the selection if he did not propose after the disaster at Bull Run, that General McClellan should be called to Washington to organize the broken and demoralized Army of the Potomac. A thorough reorganization was promptly and effectually accomplished by that officer. In a few days order, precision, and discipline prevailed—the troops were massed and a large army was encamped in and about the national capital. But it was soon evident to the members of the Administration that there was not perfect accord between the two Generals. The cause and extent of disagreement were not immediately understood.

At a Cabinet meeting which took place in September at the headquarters of the General-in-Chief by reason of his physical infirmities, a brief discussion occurred which developed coolness if not dissatisfaction. An inquiry was made by the President as to the exact number of troops then in and about Washington. General McClellan did not immediately respond—said he had brought no reports or papers with him. General Scott said he had not himself recently received any reports. Secretary Seward took from his pocket some memoranda, stating the number that had been mustered in a few days previous, and then went on to mention additional regiments which had arrived several successive days since, making an aggregate, I think, of about ninety-three thousand men. The General immediately became grave.

When the subject matter for which the Cabinet and war officers had been convened was disposed of, some of the gentlemen left, and General McClellan was about retiring, when General Scott requested him to remain, and he also desired the President and the rest of us to listen to some inquiries and remarks which he wished to make. He was very deliberate, but evidently very

much aggrieved. Addressing General McClellan, he said:

"You are perhaps aware, General McClellan, that you were brought to these headquarters by my advice and by my orders after consulting with the President. I know you to be intelligent and to be possessed of some excellent military qualities; and after our late disaster it appeared to me that you were a proper person to organize and take active command of this army. I brought you here for that purpose. Many things have been, as I expected they would be, well done; but in some respects I have been disappointed. You do not seem to be aware of your true position; and it was for this reason I desired that the President and these gentlemen should hear what I have to say. You are here upon my staff to obey my orders, and should daily report to me. This you have failed to do, and you appear to labor under the mistake of supposing that you and not I are General-in-Chief and in command of the armies. I more than you am responsible for military operations; but since you came here I have been in no condition to give directions or to advise the President because my chief of staff has neglected to make reports to me. I cannot answer simple inquiries which the President or any member of the Cabinet makes as to the number of troops here; they must go to the State department and not come to military headquarters for that information."

Mr. Seward here interposed to say that the statement he had made was from facts which he had himself collected from day to day as the troops arrived. "Do I understand," asked General Scott, "that the regiments report as they come here to the Honorable Secretary of State?"

"No, no," said Mr. Cameron, who wished to arrest or soften a painful interview. "General McClellan is not to blame; it is Seward's work. He is constantly meddling with what is none of his business, and (alluding to the Pickens expedition) makes mischief in

the war and navy departments by his interference."

There was in the manner more than in the words a playful sarcasm which Seward felt and the President evidently enjoyed. General McClellan stood by the open door with one hand raised and holding it, a good deal embarrassed. He said he had intended no discourtesy to General Scott, but he had been so incessantly occupied in organizing and placing the army, receiving and mustering in the recruits as they arrived, and attending to what was absolutely indispensable, that it might seem he omitted some matters of duty, but he should extremely regret if it was supposed he had been guilty of any disrespect.

"You are too intelligent and too good a disciplinarian not to know your duties and the proprieties of military intercourse," said General Scott; "but seem to have misapprehended your right position. I, you must understand, am General-in-Chief. You are my chief of staff. When I brought you here you had my confidence and friendship. I do not say that you have yet entirely lost my confidence. Good day, General McClellan."

A few weeks later General Scott was on his own application placed upon the retired list, and General McClellan became his successor. Disaffection on the part of any of the officers, if any existed, did not immediately show itself; the army and people witnessed with pride the prompt and wonderful reorganization that had taken place, and for a time exulted in the promised efficiency and capabilities of the "young Napoleon." But the autumn passed away in grand reviews and showy parades, where the young General appeared with a numerous staff composed of wealthy young gentlemen, inexperienced, untrained, and unacquainted with military duty, who as well as foreign princes had volunteered their services. Parades and reviews were not useless, and the committal of wealthy and influential citizens who were placed upon his staff had its ad-

vantages; but as time wore on and no blow was struck or any decisive movement attempted, complaints became numerous and envy and jealousy found opportunity to be heard.

The expectation that the rebellion would be suppressed in ninety days, and that an undisciplined force of seventy-five thousand men or even five times that number would march to Richmond, clear the banks of the Mississippi, capture New Orleans, and overwhelm the whole South, had given way to more reasonable and rational views before Congress convened at the regular session in December. Still the slow progress that was made by the Union armies, and the immense war expenditures, to which our country was then unaccustomed, caused uneasiness with the people, and furnished food and excitement for the factions in Congress.

The anti-slavery feeling was increasing, but efforts to effect emancipation were not controlling sentiments of the Administration or of a majority of Congress at the commencement or during the first year of Mr. Lincoln's term, although such are the representations of party writers, and to some extent of the historians of the period. Nor did the Administration, as is often asserted and by many believed, commence hostilities and make aggressive war on the slave States or their institutions; but when war began and a national garrison in a national fortress was attacked, it did not fail to put forth its power and energies to suppress the rebellion and maintain the integrity of the Union. Military delays and tardy movements were nevertheless charged to the imbecility of the Government. It is not to be denied that a portion of the most active supporters of the President in and out of Congress and in the armies had in view ulterior purposes than that of suppressing the insurrection. Some were determined to avail themselves of the opportunity to abolish slavery, others to extinguish the claim of reserved sovereignty to the States, and a portion were favorable to

both of these extremes and to the consolidation of power in the central Government; but a larger number than either and perhaps more than all combined were for maintaining the Constitution and Union unimpaired.

The President, while opposed to all innovating schemes, had the happy faculty of so far harmonizing and reconciling his differing friends as to keep them united in resisting the secession movement.

Abraham Lincoln was in many respects a remarkable man, never while living fully understood or appreciated. An uncultured child of the frontiers, with no educational advantages, isolated in youth in his wilderness home, with few associates and without family traditions, he knew not his own lineage and connections. Nor was this singular in the then condition of unsettled frontier life. His grandfather, with Daniel Boone, left the settled part of Virginia, crossed the Alleghany mountains, penetrated the "dark and bloody ground," and took up his residence in the wilds of Kentucky near the close of the Revolutionary war. There was little intercourse with each other in the new and scattered settlements destitute of roads and with no mail facilities for communication with relatives, friends, and the civilized world east of the mountains. Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of the President, was a nephew of Daniel Boone, and partook of the spirit of his brave and subsequently famous relative. But his residence in his secluded home was brief. He was killed by the Indians when his son Thomas, the father of President Lincoln, was only six years old. Four years later the fatherless boy lost his mother. Left an orphan, this neglected child, without kith or kindred for whom he cared or who cared for him, led a careless, thriftless life, became a wandering pioneer, emigrated from Kentucky when the President was but seven years old, took up his residence for several years in the remote solitudes of Indiana, and drifted at a later day to Illinois.

This vagrant life, by a shiftless father, and without a mother or female relative to keep alive and impress upon him the pedigree and traditions of his family, left the President without definite knowledge of his origin and that of his fathers. The deprivation he keenly felt. I heard him say on more than one occasion that when he laid down his official life he would endeavor to trace out his genealogy and family history. He had a vague impression that his family had emigrated from England to Pennsylvania and thence to Virginia; but, as he remarked in my presence to Mr. Ashmun of Massachusetts, and afterward to Governor Andrew, there was not, he thought, any immediate connection with the families of the same name in Massachusetts, though there was reason to suppose they had a common ancestry.

Having entered upon this subject, and already said more than was anticipated at the commencement, the opportunity is fitting to introduce extracts from a statement made by himself and to accompany it with other facts which have come into my possession since his death—facts of which he had no knowledge.

In a brief autobiographical sketch of his life, written by himself, he says:

I was born February 12, 1800, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams and others in Macon county, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 2, where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mcrdcal, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age; and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up.

There were some schools, so called ; but no qualification was ever required of a teacher, beyond reading, writing, and ciphering to the rule of three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher, to the rule of three ; but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, and passed the first year in Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store.

In addition to the foregoing I may add that among my acquaintance in central Pennsylvania were several sisters whose maiden name was Winters. Two of these sisters were wives of Judges of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Another sister was the wife of William Potter, a member of Congress of some note from that State and son of General Potter of the Revolution. These sisters were the great aunts of President Lincoln, and I subjoin an obituary notice of the younger sister, Mrs. Potter, who died in 1875, at the advanced age of eighty-four. There are some incidents not immediately connected with the subject that might be omitted, but I think it best to present the obituary in full :

Died, in Bellefonte, at the residence of Edward C. Humes, on Sunday morning, the 30th of May A. D. 1875, Mrs. Lucy Potter, relict of Hon. William W. Potter, deceased, aged eighty-four years, nine months, and two days.

Mrs. Potter was a member of a large and rather remarkable family ; her father having been born in 1738, married in 1747, died in 1794 ; children to the number of nineteen being born to him, the eldest in 1743, the youngest in 1790—their birth extending over a period of forty-two years. William Winters, the father of the deceased, came from Berks county to Northumberland, now Lycoming county, in the year 1773, having purchased the farm lately known as the Judge Grier farm, near what was called Newberry, but now within the corporate limits of the city of Williamsport. Mr. Winters was twice married. His first wife was Ann Boone, a sister of Colonel Daniel Boone, famous in the early annals of Kentucky. His marriage took place in the year 1747 in the then province of Virginia. By this union there were issue eleven children, four males and seven females. His eldest daughter, Hannah, married in Rockingham county, Virginia, Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of President Lincoln. Shortly

before his death, Lincoln, who was killed by the Indians, visited his father-in-law at what is now Williamsport, and John Winters, his brother-in-law, returned with him to Kentucky, whither Mr. Lincoln had removed after his marriage ; John being deputed to look after some lands taken by Colonel Daniel Boone and his father.

They travelled on foot from the farm, by a route leading by where Bellefonte now is, the Indian path "leading from Bald Eagle to Frankstown."

John Winters visited his sister, Mrs. Potter, in 1843, and wandering to the hill upon which the Academy is situated, a messenger was sent for him, his friends thinking he had lost himself ; but he was only looking for the path he and Lincoln had trod sixty years before, and pointed out with his finger the course from Spring creek, along Buffalo run, to where it crosses the "Long Limestone Valley," as the route they had travelled.

Upon the death of Mr. Winters's first wife, in 1771, he again, in 1774, married. His second wife was Ellen Campbell, who bore him eight children, three males and five females, of which latter the subject of this notice was the youngest.

The father of Mrs. Potter died in 1794, and in 1795 Mrs. Ellen Winters, his widow, was licensed by the courts of Lycoming county to keep a "house of entertainment" where Williamsport now is—where she lived and reared her own children as well as several of her step children.

Here all her daughters married, Mary becoming the wife of Charles Huston, who for a number of years adorned the bench of the Supreme Court of this State ; Ellen, the wife of Thomas Burnside, who was a member of Congress, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and finally a Justice of the Supreme Court ; Sarah, the wife of Benjamin Harris, whose daughter, Miss Ellen Harris, resides on Spring street in this borough ; Elizabeth, the wife of Thomas Alexander, a carpenter and builder, who erected one of the first dwellings in Williamsport, at the corner of what are now Pine and Third streets in that city, and many of whose descendants are still living in Lycoming county ; Lucy, the wife of William W. Potter, a leading politician in this county, who died on the 15th day of October, 1888, while a member of our national Congress.

Mrs. Potter continued with her mother's family in Lycoming county, frequently visiting her two sisters, Mrs. Huston and Mrs. Burnside, who resided in Bellefonte, where, in 1815, she was united in marriage, by Rev. James Linn, with William W. Potter, a young and rising lawyer, and son of General James Potter, one of the early settlers of the county. Here, with her husband until his death, and then, upon the marriage of her niece, Miss Lucy Alexander, with Mr. Edward C. Humes, she made her home, living continuously in this town since her marriage, and having survived her husband for the long period of thirty-seven years, being that length of time a widow.

The biographers of President Lincoln have none of them given these facts because they did not know them, nor was the President himself aware of them. Of their authenticity so far

as the relationship of Mr. Lincoln with the family of Winters is concerned, I have no doubt. His ancestry in this country, paternal and maternal—Lincoln, Boone, and Winters—is to be traced to the county of Berks, Pennsylvania.

A roving child of the forest, where there were not even village schools, Abraham Lincoln had little early culture, but his vigorous native intellect sought information wherever it could be obtained with limited means and opportunities, and overcame almost insuperable obstacles. His quick perception and powers of observation and reflection, and his retentive memory were remarkable; his judgment was good, his mental grasp and comprehension equal to any emergency, his intentions were always honest, and his skill and tact, with a determination to always maintain the right, begot confidence and made him successful and great. Party opponents imputed his success under difficulties that seemed insurmountable to craft and cunning; but while not deficient in shrewdness, his success was the result not of deceptive measures or wily intrigue, but of wisdom and fidelity with an intuitive sagacity that seldom erred as to measures to be adopted, or the course to be pursued. It may be said of him, that he possessed inherently a master mind, and was innately a leader of men. He listened, as I have often remarked, patiently to the advice and opinions of others, though he might differ from them; treated unintentional errors with lenity, was forbearing, and kind to mistaken subordinates, but ever true to his own convictions. He gathered information and knowledge whenever and wherever he had opportunity, but quietly put aside assumption and intrusive attempt to unduly influence and control him.

Like all his Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Blair, who had been educated at West Point, he was without military pretension when he entered upon his executive duties and encoun-

tered at the very threshold a civil war which had been long maturing, was deeply seated, and in its progress was almost unprecedented in magnitude. Neither he nor any of his advisers had personal, official, practical experience in administering the civil service of the Federal Government. The commencement of hostilities, before they had time to become familiar with their duties, imposed upon each and all labors and cares beyond those of any of their predecessors. To these were added the conduct of military operations as novel as they were responsible. Unprepared as the country was for the sudden and formidable insurrection, the Administration was not less so, yet it was compelled at once to meet it, make preparations, call out immense armies, and select officers to organize and command them.

These commanders were most of them educated military officers, but possessed of limited experience. Their lives had been passed on a peace establishment, and they were consequently without practical knowledge. Many of these, as well as such officers as were selected from civil life, seemed bewildered by their sudden preferment, and appeared to labor under the impression that they were clothed not only with military but civil authority. Some in the higher grades imagined that in addition to leading armies and fighting battles, they had plenary power to administer the Government and prescribe the policy to be pursued in their respective departments. Much difficulty and no small embarrassment was caused by their mistaken assumptions and acts, in the early part of the war.

J. C. Fremont, the western explorer, a political candidate for the Presidency in 1856, and made a major general by President Lincoln at the beginning of the rebellion in 1861, was assigned to the command of the western department. He evidently considered himself clothed with consular powers; that he was a representative of the Government in a civil

capacity as well as military commander, and soon after establishing his headquarters at St. Louis assumed authority over the slavery question which the President could neither recognize nor permit. General Hunter, at Port Royal, and General Phelps, in the Gulf, each laboring under the same error, took upon themselves to issue extraordinary manifestoes that conflicted with the Constitution and laws, on the subject of slavery, which the President was compelled to disavow. The subject, if to be acted upon, was administrative and belonged to the Government and civil authorities—not to military commanders. But there was a feeling in Congress and the country which sympathized with the radical generals in these anti-slavery decrees, rather than with the law, and the Executive in maintaining it. The Secretary of War, under whom these generals acted, not inattentive to current opinion, also took an extraordinary position, and in his annual report enunciated a policy in regard to the slavery question, without the assent of the President and without even consulting him. Mr. Lincoln promptly directed the assuming portion of the report, which had already been printed, to be cancelled; but the proceeding embarrassed the Administration and contributed to the retirement of Mr. Cameron from the Cabinet. These differences in the army, in the Administration, and among the Republicans in Congress, extended to the people. A radical faction opposed to the legal, cautious, and considerate policy of the President began to crystalize and assume shape and form, which, while it did not openly oppose the President, sowed the seeds of discontent against his policy and the general management of public affairs.

The military operations of the period are not here detailed or alluded to, except incidentally when narrating the action of the Administration in directing army movements and shaping the policy of the Government. Nearly one-third of the States were, during

the Presidency of Mr. Lincoln, unrepresented in the national councils, and in open rebellion. A belt of border States, extending from the Delaware to the Rocky mountains, which, though represented in Congress, had a divided population, was distrustful of the President. Yielding the Administration a qualified support, and opposed to the Government in almost all its measures, was an old organized and disciplined party in all the free States, which seemed to consider its obligations to party paramount to duty to the country. This last, if it did not boldly participate with the rebels, was an auxiliary, and as a party, hostile to the Administration, and opposed to nearly every measure for suppressing the insurrection.

There were among the friends of the Administration, and especially during its last two years, radical differences, which in the first stages of the war were undeveloped. The mild and persuasive temper of the President, his generous and tolerant disposition, and his kind and moderate forbearance toward the rebels, whom he invited and would persuade to return to their allegiance and their duty, did not correspond with the schemes and designs of the extreme and violent leaders of the Republican party. They had other objects than reconstruction to attain, were implacable and revengeful, and some with ulterior radical views thought the opportunity favorable to effect a change of administration.

These had for years fomented division, encouraged strife, and were as ultra and as unreasonable in their demands and exactions as the secessionists. Some had welcomed war with grim satisfaction, and were for prosecuting it unrelentingly with fire and sword to the annihilation of the rights, and the absolute subversion of the Southern States and subjection of the Southern people. There was in their ranks unreasoning fanaticism, and ferocity that partook of barbarism, with a mixture of political intrigue fatal to our Federal system. These men, dis-

satisfied with President Lincoln, accused him of temporizing, of imbecility, and of sympathy with the rebels because he would not confiscate their whole property, and hang or punish them as pirates or traitors. These radical Republicans, as they were proud to call themselves, occupied, like all extreme men in high party and revolutionary times, the front rank of their party, and, though really a minority, gave tone and character to the Republican organization. Fired with avenging zeal, and often successful in their extreme views, though to some extent checked and modified by the President, they were presuming, and flattered themselves they could, if unsuccessful with Mr. Lincoln, effect a change in the administration of the Government in 1864 by electing a President who would conform to their ultra demands. Secret meetings and whispered consultations were held for that purpose, and for a time aspiring and calculating politicians gave them encouragement; but it soon became evident that the conservative sentiment of the Republicans and the country was with Mr. Lincoln, and that the confidence of the people in his patriotism and integrity was such as could not be shaken. Nevertheless, a small band of the radicals held out and would not assent to his benignant policy. These malcontents undertook to create a distinct political organization which, if possessed of power, would make a more fierce and unrelenting war on the rebels, break down their local institutions, overturn their State governments, subjugate the whites, elevate the blacks, and give not only freedom to the slaves, but by national decree override the States, and give suffrage to the whole colored race. These extreme and rancorous notions found no favor with Mr. Lincoln, who, though nominally a Whig in the past, had respect for the Constitution, loved the Federal Union, and had a sacred regard for the rights of the States, which the Whigs as a party did not entertain. War two years after secession commenced

brought emancipation, but emancipation did not dissolve the Union, consolidate the Government, or clothe it with absolute power; nor did it impair the authority and rights which the States had reserved. Emancipation was a necessary, not a revolutionary measure, forced upon the Administration by the secessionists themselves, who insisted that slavery which was local and sectional should be made national.

The war was, in fact, defensive on the part of the Government against a sectional insurrection which had seized the fortresses and public property of the nation; a war for the maintenance of the Union, not for its dissolution; a war for the preservation of individual, State, and Federal rights; good administration would permit neither to be sacrificed nor one to encroach on the other. The necessary exercise of extraordinary war powers to suppress the Rebellion had given encouragement and strength to the centralists who advocated the consolidation and concentration of authority in the general Government in peace as well as war, and national supervision over the States and people. Neither the radical enthusiasts nor the designing centralists admitted or subscribed to the doctrine that political power emanated from the people; but it was the theory of both that the authority exercised by the States was by grant derived from the parental or general Government. It was their theory that the Government created the States, not that the States and people created the Government. Some of them had acquiesced in certain principles which were embodied in the fundamental law called the Constitution; but the Constitution was in their view the child of necessity, a mere crude attempt of the theorists of 1776, who made successful resistance against British authority, to limit the power of the new central Government which was substituted for that of the crown. For a period after the Revolution it was admitted that feeble limitations on central authority had

been observed, though it was maintained that those limitations had been obstructions to our advancing prosperity, the cause of continual controversy, and had gradually from time to time been dispensed with, broken down, or made to yield to our growing necessities. The civil war had made innovations—a sweep, in fact, of many constitutional barriers—and radical consolidationists like Thaddeus Stevens and Henry Winter Davis felt that the opportunity to fortify central authority and establish its supremacy should be improved.

These were the ideas and principles of leading consolidationists and radicals in Congress who were politicians of ability, had studied the science of government, and were from conviction opponents of reserved rights and State sovereignty and of a mere confederation or Federal Union, based on the political equality and reserved sovereignty of the States, but insisted that the central Government should penetrate further and act directly on the people. Few of these had given much study or thought to fundamental principles, the character and structure of our Federal system, or the Constitution itself. Most of them, under the pressure of schemers and enthusiasts, were willing to assume and ready to exercise any power deemed expedient, regardless of the organic law. Almost unrestrained legislation to carry on the war induced a spirit of indifference to constitutional restraint, and brought about an assumption by some, a belief by others, that Congress was omnipotent; that it was the embodiment of the national will, and that the other departments of the Government as well as the States were subordinate and subject to central Congressional control. Absolute power, the centralists assumed and their fanatical associates seemed to suppose, was vested in the legislative body of the country, and its decrees, arbitrary and despotic, often originating in and carried first by a small vote in party caucus, were in all cases claimed to be decisive, and to be obeyed by the Execu-

tive, the judiciary, and the people, regardless of the Constitution. Parliamentary discussions were not permitted, or of little avail. The acts of caucus were despotic, mandatory, and decisive. The several propositions and plans of President Lincoln to reestablish the Union, and induce the seceding States to resume their places and be represented in Congress, were received with disfavor by the radical leaders, who, without open assault, set in motion an undercurrent against nearly every Executive proposition as the weak and impotent offspring of a well meaning and well intentioned, but not very competent and intelligent mind. It was the difference between President Lincoln and the radical leaders in Congress on the question of reconciliation, the restoration of the States, and the reestablishment of the Union on the original constitutional basis, which more than even his genial and tolerant feelings toward the rebels led to political intrigue among Republican members of Congress for the nomination of new candidates, and opposition to Mr. Lincoln's reelection in 1864. At one period this intrigue seemed formidable, and some professed friends lent it their countenance, if they did not actually participate in it, who ultimately disavowed any connection with the proceeding.

Singular ideas were entertained and began to be developed in propositions of an extraordinary character, relative to the powers and the construction of the Government, which were presented to Congress, even in the first year of the war. Theoretical schemes from cultivated intellects, as well as crude notions from less intellectual but extreme men, found expression in resolutions and plans, many of which were absurd and most of them impracticable and illegal. Foremost and prominent among them were a series of studied and elaborate resolutions prepared by Charles Sumner, and submitted to the Senate on the 11th of February, 1862. Although presented at that early day, they were the germ of the reconstruc-

tion policy adopted at a later period. In this plan or project for the treatment of the insurrectionary States and the people who resided in them, the Massachusetts Senator manifested little regard for the fundamental law or for State or individual rights. The high position which this Senator held in the Republican party and in Congress and the country, his cultured mind and scholarly attainments, his ardent if not always discreet zeal and efforts to free the slaves and endow the whole colored race, whether capable or otherwise, with all the rights and privileges, socially and politically, of the educated and refined white population whom they had previously served, his readiness and avowed intention to overthrow the local State governments and the social system where slavery existed, to subjugate the whites and elevate the blacks, will justify a special notice; for it was one of the first, if not the very first of the radical schemes officially presented to change the character of the Government and the previously existing distinctions between the races. His theory or plan may be taken as the pioneer of the many wild and visionary projects of the central and abolition force, that took shape and form not only during the war, but after hostilities ceased and the rebels were subdued.

Mr. Sumner introduced his scheme with a preamble which declared, among other things, that the "extensive territory" of the South had been "usurped by pretended governments and organizations"; that "the Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land, cannot be displaced in its rightful operation within this territory, but must ever continue the supreme law thereof, notwithstanding the doings of any pretended governments acting singly or in confederation in order to put an end to its supremacy." Therefore:

Resolved, 1st. That any vote of secession, or other act by which any State may undertake to put an end to the supremacy of the Constitution

within its territory, is inoperative and void against the Constitution, and when sustained by force it becomes a practical *abdication* by the State of all rights under the Constitution, while the treason which it involves still further works an instant *forfeiture* of all those functions and powers essential to the continued existence of the State as a body politic, so that from that time forward the territory falls under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress as other territory, and the State, being, according to the language of the law, *felo de se*, ceases to exist.

2d. That any combination of men assuming to act in the place of such State, attempting to enslave or coerce the inhabitants thereof into a confederation hostile to the Union, is rebellious, treasonable, and destitute of all moral authority; and that such combination is a usurpation incapable of any constitutional existence and utterly lawless, so that everything dependent upon it is without constitutional or legal support.

3d. That the termination of a State under the Constitution necessarily causes the termination of those peculiar local institutions which, having no origin in the Constitution, or in those natural rights which exist independent of the Constitution, are upheld by the sole and exclusive authority of the State.

... Congress will assume complete jurisdiction of such vacated territory where such unconstitutional and illegal things have been attempted, and will proceed to establish therein republican forms of government under the Constitution.

It is not shown how a usurpation or illegal act by conspirators in any State or States could justify or make legal a usurpation by the general Government, as this scheme evidently was, nor by what authority Congress could declare that the illegal, inoperative, and void acts of usurpers who might have temporary possession of or be a majority in a State, could constitute a practical abdication by the State itself of all rights under the Constitution, regardless of the rights of a legal, loyal minority, guilty of no usurpation or attempted secession—the innocent victims of a conspiracy; nor where Congress or the Federal Government obtained authority to pronounce "an instant *forfeiture* of all those functions and powers essential to the continued existence of a State as a body politic, so that from that time forward the territory falls under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress as other territory, and the State, being, according to the language of the law, *felo de se*, ceases to exist."

The administration of Mr. Buchanan

had laid down as a rule of government that a State could not be coerced. The whole country not in rebellion had declared there should be no secession, division, or destruction of the Federal Union, but here was the most conspicuous leader of the Republican party in the Senate proposing a scheme to punish a State, to annihilate and destroy its government, to territorialize it, to exclude or expel it from the Union, to make no discrimination in its exclusions and denunciations between the loyal and disloyal inhabitants, but to punish alike, without trial or conviction, the just and the unjust. There were, though he was unwilling to admit it, and was perhaps unaware of it, vindictive feelings, venom, and revenge in his resolutions and in his whole treatment of the States and the white people of the South. From the time that he had been stricken down by the bludgeon of Brooks in the Senate, Mr. Sumner waged unrelenting war on the whites in the Southern States, and seemed to suppose it was his special mission—he certainly made it the great object of his life—to elevate the negro race—to give them at least equal rights and privileges with the educated and refined class—and did not conceal his intention and expectation to bring them in as auxiliaries to the Republican party, and thereby give it permanent ascendancy. All this was done in the name of humanity, and with apparent self-convinced sincerity. He was unwilling to acknowledge that he was governed or influenced by personal resentments in his revolutionary plans to degrade the intelligent white and exalt the ignorant black population by tearing down the constitutional edifice. In frequent interviews which I held with him then and at later periods, when he found it impossible to hold his positions under the Constitution, he claimed that he occupied higher ground, and that his authority for these violent measures was the Declaration of Independence, which declared all men were born equal, etc. Mr. Sumner was an idealist—neither a constitutionalist nor

a practical statesman. He could pull down, but he could not construct—he could declare what he considered humane, right, and proper, and act upon it regardless of constitutional compromises or conventional regulations which were the framework of the Government. No man connected with the Administration, or in either branch of Congress, was more thoroughly acquainted with our treaties, so familiar with the traditions of the Government, or better informed on international law than Charles Sumner; but on almost all other Governmental questions he was impulsive and unreliable, and when his feelings were enlisted, imperious, dogmatical, and often unjust.

Why innocent persons who were loyal to the Government and the Union should be disfranchised and proscribed because their neighbors and fellow citizens had engaged in a conspiracy, he could not explain or defend. By what authority whole communities and States should be deprived of the local governments which their fathers had framed, under which they were born, and with the provisions and traditions of which they were familiar, was never told.

His propositions found no favor with the Administration, nor were they supported at the beginning by any considerable number even of the extremists in Congress. It required much training by the centralizing leaders for years and all the tyranny of caucus machinery after the death of Mr. Lincoln to carry them into effect by a series of reconstruction measures that were revolutionary in their character, and which to a certain extent unsettled the principles on which the Government was founded.

But the counsel and example of the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts were not without their influence. Resolutions by radical Republicans and counter resolutions, chiefly by Democrats, relative to the powers and limitations of the Federal Government and the status of States, followed in quick succession. On the 11th of June, the

subject having been agitated and discussed for four months, Mr. Dixon, a Republican Senator from Connecticut, whose views coincided in the main with those of Mr. Lincoln and the Administration, submitted, after consultation and advisement, the following:

Resolved, That all acts or ordinances of secession, alleged to have been adopted by any legislature or convention of the people of any State, are as to the Federal Union absolutely null and void; and that while such acts may and do subject the individual actors therein to forfeitures and penalties, they do not, in any degree, affect the relations of the State wherein they purport to have been adopted to the Government of the United States, but are as to such Government acts of rebellion, insurrection, and hostility on the part of the individuals engaged therein, or giving assent thereto; and that such States are, notwithstanding such acts or ordinances, members of the Federal Union, and as such are subject to all the obligations and duties imposed upon them by the Constitution of the United States; and the loyal citizens of such States are entitled to all the rights and privileges thereby guaranteed or conferred.

The resolution of Dixon traversed the policy of Sumner and was the Executive view of the questions that were agitated in Congress as to the effect of the rebellion and the condition of the States in insurrection. The Administration did not admit that rebellion dissolved the Union or destroyed its federative character; nor did it adopt or assent to the novel theory that the States and the whole people residing in them had forfeited all sovereignty and all reserved State and individual rights, because a portion of the inhabitants had rebelled; nor did it admit that the usurpation of a portion of any community could bring condemnation and punishment on all. The usurpations and acts of the rebels were considered not legal acts, but nullities.

GIDEON WELLES.

LUCILLE'S LETTER.

OUT of the dreary distance and the dark
 I stretch forth praying palms—yet not to pray;
 Hands fold themselves for heaven, while mine, alas!
 Are sundered—held your way.

Brief moments have been ours, yet bright as brief;
 Oh! how I live them over, one by one,
 Now that the endless days, bereft of you,
 Creep slowly, sadly on.

Garnered in memory, those bewildering hours,
 A golden harvest of enchantment yield;
 Here, like a pale, reluctant Ruth, I glean
 A cold and barren field—

Barren without a shelter: and the hedge
 Is made of thorns and brambles. If I fain
 Would lean beyond the barrier, do you see
 The wounding and the stain?

Did God make us to mock us, on the earth?
 Why did he fuse our spirits by His word,
 Then set His awful Angel in our path,
 His Angel with the sword?

Why, when I contrite kneel confessing all,
 And seek with tears the way to be forgiven—
 Why do your pleading eyes look sadly down
 Between my face and heaven?

Why does my blood thrill at your fancied touch—
 Stop and leap up at your ideal caress?
 Ah, God! to feel that dear warm mouth on mine
 In lingering tenderness!

To lie at perfect peace upon your heart,
 Your arms close folded round me firm and fast,
 My cheek to yours—oh, vision dear as vain!
 That would be home at last.

Leon, you are my curse, my blessing too,
 My hell, my heaven, my storm that wrecks to save:
 Life daunts me, and the shadows lengthen out
 Beyond the grave.

SOME OLD ALMANACKS.

DO you know, gentle reader, what an interesting, valuable, and useful book an "Almanack" once was? You are gorged with books, and newspapers lie about thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Do you ever buy an Almanac for five cents? I trow not. Therefore you do not know how much careful calculation, skill, and knowledge are to be had for that small piece of money.

Therefore you cannot sit down in the evening and pore over its mystic signs. Indeed, I fear you do not know what a zodiac is, or what the meaning of "Cancer the Crab" and "Gemini the Twins" may be. It is more than likely you will reply, "Oh, yes; if the Crab had a Cancer, he would cry Gemini to the Twins"—and in that light and flip-pant way you will try to hide your brutal ignorance, if a male, your shallow understanding, if a female.

Now I have just had a sort of musty satisfaction in looking over some old Almanacs, which dated as far back as 1727. They seem to have been the property of somebody whose letters were W. S. His almanacs were so prized that he had interleaved them, and then he recorded his profound observations. He thus had learned, what I fear you have not, that the moon had many mysterious influences besides making the tides rise and fall, if it does. It seems, if we can believe "A Native of New England," who made B. Greene's Almanack for 1731, that the "Moon has dominion over man's body," and that when she gets into "Cancer the Crab" you must expect every sort of bedevilment in your breast and stomach. When she gets into "Gemini," the same in your arms and shoulders. When she is in "Scorpio" your bowels and belly are in danger, and so on all through your body; so that we might well enough wish the moon were wholly abolished; for the little wishy-washy light she

gives to lovers and thieves is not at all a balance for such fearful threatenings.

Who was the "Native of New England" is a secret, and well it is, for in 1727 he graced his title-page with this poem:

—Man—that Noble Creature,
Scanted of time, and stinted by Weak Nature,
That in foretimes saw jubilees of years,
As by our Ancient History appears;
Nay, which is more, even Silly Women then,
Liv'd longer time than our grave Graybeard Men.

"Graced," did I say? May we not put a *dis* before it? "Silly Women!" "Noble Creature!" Did the Native mean that woman then was silly and man then noble? Well for him is it that our "Mrs. Ward Howes" and "Mrs. Lillie Blakes" cannot make rhymes upon *his* name; well for him that he went his way holding his mantle before his face.

But he himself did not hold himself lightly. He knew all about Apogé and Perigé (we now spell them Apogée and Perigée). But does the Radical Club itself know anything at all about Apogée and Perigée? He knew when some "fine moderate weather" would come, when "winds enough for several" would blow, when "bad weather for hoop petticoats" would be; and that was on the 29th and 30th of January, 1727. Fearful weather, we may believe; but he, the *Native*, knew. But alas for us! On the 2d, he puts it down as "sloppy and raw cold." Now it so chances that W. S. has kept his MS. notes against this day, and he has it "Very fine and pleasant," and the next day, "Dry and dusty." Lamentable indeed for the Native! But he is not to be shaken for all that; he prognosticates through all the year just as if all was to come exactly right. One would like to know what W. S. thought of his prognosticator, and if he kept on studying and believing just the same as if all had come right. I do not doubt he did.

And now we come to some positive statements about Eclipses, and learn what we may depend on in that quarter.

The Native goes on to say, "As to the effects, they chiefly affect those Men that live by their Ingenuity; I mean Painters, Poets, Mercurialists, &c." What is a mercurialist? Does he mean the worshippers of Mercury, thieves, and that sort? "But"—and mark the cautious tone here—"but whether it forbodes good or ill to them I shall not now determine; only advise them to prepare for the worst!" Pretty good advice in all times of eclipse; and in these days even when there is no eclipse. Mark his modesty: "I do not pretend to Infallibility in my Conjectures, yet (as I said last year) they many times come out too True to make a jest of." Then he goes on: "I have read of a story which *Thaurus* is said to relate of *Andreas Vesalius*, a great Astrologer who lived in the reign of *Henry the VIII.*; to wit, that he told *Maximilian* the Day and Hour of his Death, who, giving credit thereto, ordered a great feast to be made, inviting his Friends, sat and Eat [ate ?] with them; and afterwards, having distributed his Treasures among them, took leave of them and Dyed at the time predicted." Most kind of this Maximilian, for it must have secured a good patronage to the astrologers.

"Yet it does not from hence follow that a certain rule may be laid down"—a very fine astrologer, you perceive, may fail—"whereby exactly to discover the Divine appointments. But there are many concurring Causes of Mundane Accidents of which Humanity must be content to remain Ignorant, and (as a wise Author affirms) No Index can be found or formed whereby to give us any certain Diary or Destiny saving that of our dear-bought Experience." But how can we learn about our own dying by experience—which is what we die to know about? He continues: "And here I cannot but take notice of our *Negro-mancers*, who,

under pretence of knowledge in the Motions of the *Heavens*, take upon them to Fore tell the Appointments of Fate with respect to particular Persons, and thereby betray the Ignorant part of the World Inevitably into the Worship of the Devil. But if the Wholesome Laws of the Province were duly executed on such *Negro-mancers*, I could venture to Fore tell what would soon be their Fortune; You may Read it at large in this Province, New Law Book, page 117.

"*Marblehead*, Sept. 28, 1726.

"N. Bowen."

Ah, friend Bowen was too alarmingly near the Salem witch times when Minister Parris and Judge Hawthorne had come so nigh putting the Devil to rout by hanging an old woman or two and squeezing poor Giles Cory to death. He knew what the Law could do to those wicked negro-mancers if they went about predicting things in a wicked way. And what a bore it might become to have a negro-mancer foretelling in a rash and miscellaneous way one's death and bringing it to pass too some fine and inconvenient day! Who would not hang a negro-mancer like that?

But suppose they should go on and squeeze the life out of such mild negromancers as N. Bowen, Esq., too. What then?

In 1729 we get an Almanac made by a student with a name—Nathaniel Ames, junior, *student in Physick and Astronomy*. He does not apply his intellect to such great speculations as Bowen grappled with, but runs easily into poetry of the true Homeric stamp. Listen:

January—

The Earth is white like *Narrows's* foamy face,
When his proud Waves the hardy Rocks embrace.

February—

Boreas's chilly breath attacks our Nature,
And turns the Presbyterian to a Quaker.

What wicked waggery is here hidden, who can tell? One thing is sure, that Februarys ought to be abolished by the General Court if such is true; for a Quaker then was an abominable thing.

March—

Phœbus and Mars conjoined do both agree,
This month shall Warm (nay, more than usual) be.

We pray that our Almanac makers
will conjoin Phœbus and Mars in all
our Marches hereafter, so that we too
may "Warm (more than usual) be."
How melodious that line !

April gives a sweet strain, possibly
premature—

The Birds, like Orphans, now all things invite
To come and have Melodious, sweet delight.

Like Orphans ! Why ? Should *Or-*
pheus come in there, or are orphans
children of Orpheus ? We are per-
plexed. The words sound alike.

May like a Virgin quickly yields her Charms,
To the Embrace of Winter's Icy Arms.

It is not easy to see how that can
be. Does he mean that winter had
come back and given *May* a late frost ?
And then Virgins do not, so far as I
know, yield to the Embrace of Win-
ter's Icy Arms. Do they ? I ask per-
sons of experience.

June comes upon us heavily—
Sol's scorching Ray puts Blood in Fermentation,
And is stark raught to acts of Procreation.

That has a terrible sound. What
does he mean ?

July—

The Moon (this Month), that pale-faced Queen of
Night,
Will be diarobed of all her borrowed light.

No month for lover's madness, this.
Not a lover can steal forth by the light
of the moon, or do any foolish thing
this month, thanks be to God !

August—

The Earth and Sky Resound with Thunder Loud,
And Oblique streams flash from the dusky Cloud.

That first line demands many capi-
tal letters, and what a fine word *Ob-*
lique is in the second.

September says—

The burthensd earth abounds with various fruit,
Which doth the Epicurean's Palate Suit.

It is to be hoped these wicked Epi-
cureans got no more than their share,
and that church members were not
converted to the heathen philosophy
by such baits.

October—

The Tyrant Mars old Saturn now opposes,
Which stirs up Feuds and may make bloody
Noes.

October then was the fighter's
month. This begins nobly, but ends
waggishly.

November—

Now what remains to Comfort up our Lives,
But Cordial Liquor and kind, loving Wives ?

"Comfort up," that is good. But
the Cordial Liquor is doubtful; and
then are there no girls in the sweet
bloom of maidenhood left to Comfort
up our lives ? Sad indeed !

December closes up—

The Chrystal streams, congealed to Icy Glass,
Become fit roads for Travellers to pass.

Excellent for the travellers.

But now in the column of "Muta-
tions of Weather," we find this :

"Christmas is nigh;
The bare name of it
to Rich or Poor
will be no profit."

We are startled. Does he mean to
speak ill of Christmas—to stab it ?
We look again. No—it is that Christ-
mas without roast Turkeys and Mince
pies will be very bad. The "*bare name*"
—that is what he will none of. But on
the contrary the real thing he will
have, with Roasts and bakes, and—pos-
sibly—Cordial Liquor to "Comfort
up" the day. What a good word that
"Comfort up" is. We thank Nathan-
iel for it.

Now in the volume for 1780 are
other interesting items, and the seer
and poet seems to be our old friend,
Nathan Bowen. He inclines some-
what to poetry also, for he thus sings :

Saturn in Thirty Years his Ring Compleats,
Which Swiftest Jupiter in Twelve repeats ;
Mars Three and Twenty Months revolving spends,
The Earth in Twelve her Annual Journey Ends.
Venus thy Race in twice Four Months is run,
For his Mercurius Three demands. The Moon
Her Revolution finishes in One.
If all at Once are Mov'd, and by one Spring,
Why so Unequal in their Annual Ring ?"

Here again the sensitive soul, anx-
iously pondering, asks, Are students
of astronomy prone to infidelity, and
does this last question mean to convey
the faintest shadow of a doubt ? If
not, why that "Why" ?

We gladly pass on to another topic,
hoping that Nathan was not damned
for skepticism.

"N. B.—The paper Mill mentioned in last year's almanack (at Milton) has begun to go. Any person that will bring Rags to D. Henchman & T. Hancock, shall have from 2d. to 6d. a pound according to their goodness."

"Begun to go." I like that word. "Commenced operations," "started in business": how new and poor those great three-syllabled words seem! "Begun to go"—that is good.

In 1781 he tells us:

"Ready money is now
the best of Wares."

"Some gain & some loose."

Dear, dear, how bad! Almost, not quite so miserable as to-day—all lose now.

Then he informs us officially what salutes are to be fired at Castle William, as follows:

March 1	Queen's Berthday	21 guns.
May 29	Restoration of K. Ch. II.	17 "
June 11	K. George II. ac- cession	21 "
Oct. 11	K. G. II. corona- tion	33 "
Oct. 30	K. G. II. Berth- day	27 "
Nov. 5	Powder Plot	17 "
Jan. 19	Prince of W. Berthday	21 "

In 1732 the Native of New England (if it be Nathan Bowen of Marblehead) takes hold again and breaks into song:

Indulge, and to thy Gains freely give;
For not to live at Ease is not to live.
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live while thou livest, for Death shall make us all
A Name of Nothing, but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak: wilt thou AVORZON or PLEASURE Chase
To be thy Lord? Take One & One Refuse.—*Perseus.*

We begin to fear indeed that Nathan is little better than one of those wicked Epicureans himself. *Avorice* or *Pleasure*. Take one? Must we indeed? Pleasure? It looks as if Nathan was a very naughty man.

Things have evidently not gone quite smoothly with N. Bowen this last year, for, in his "Kind Reader" of 1738, he says: "Having last year

finished Twelve of my Annual Papers [he means Almanacks], I proposed to lay down my pen and leave the Drudgery of Calculation to those who have more leisure and a Clearer Brain than I can pretend to. Indeed, the Contempt with which a writer of Almanacks is looked on and the Danger he is in of being accounted a Conjurer"—a negro-mancer—"should seem sufficient to deter a man from publishing anything of this kind. But when I consider that all this is the effect of Ignorance, and, therefore, not worth my Notice or Resentment, and that the most judicious and learned part of the World have always highly valued and esteemed such Undertakings as what are not only great and noble in themselves; but as they are of absolute necessity in the Business and Affairs of Life, I am induced to appear again in the World, and hope this will meet with the same kind acceptance with my former."

With me he meets with the same kind acceptance, for I believe in the Nobility of the Almanac; and it is certain that every man should believe in the Nobility of his work whatever it is—then he is sure of *one* ardent Admirer. It is sad to think that some carping critic had been riling the sweet soul of Nathan in the year 1732. It is all over now. Let us hope he is not damned for his Epicureanism, but is reaping his crop of praise in a better climate than Marblehead. He gives us more poetry in 1733, and a clear account of why Leap years are necessary, which I do not repeat here, the popular belief being that they were invented in order that maidens might if they wished make love to swains, which belief I would do nothing to shake.

In the next year we have quite a learned discourse about the Julian *Æra*, Epochs, Olympiads, etc., from which I can only venture to take the following concise and valuable and accurate statement of this astronomer:

"JESUS CHRIST the SAVIOUR of the World was Incarnate in the 4,713 year of the Julian Period; the 3,949 of the Creation, the 4th of the 194th Olym-

piad, and the 758 Currant Year of the Roman Foundation."

Persons having any doubts as to the time of our blessed Saviour's appearance had better cut this out and keep it carefully for future reference and for the confusion of "skepticks."

Let us not leave these interesting vestiges of an earlier creation without a few words as to W. S. He, as I have said, was the purchaser and owner of these sacred books. His almanacs were carefully interleaved and evidently were intended to be not only a record of the wisdom of the "Students in Physick and Astronomy," but also of events in the lives of devout owners. We find W. S. begins with fervor and fidelity to record daily interesting facts such as, in February:

"Fine, somewhat cold.

"Very pleasant.

"A storm of snow.

"More snow, but clears away windy.

"A very fine day.

"*Idem*, but windy."

Aha! here, then, we have a man who knew *Latin* in the Year of our Lord 1727. "*Idem*"—that is such a good word that he uses it often, and it has a good sound, too. Through January, February, March he attends daily to this high duty, and tells us how it was:

"A bright morning, but a dull day.

"Windy.

"Cool."

On the 27th, "Much rain, a violent storm, snow'd up."

In April things change. His interest flags. He does not write down his record every day. Has W. S. grown lazy? Is it too warm for assiduous tasks, or has a new element come into his life? Let us see. He begins April:

"1. A clearer day.

"2. Set my clock forward 20 m.

"3. Lethfield arrived from London."

The clock—that, I believe, was the great event, and that it came from London. What may it have been? Clearly one of those tall, stately pieces with the moon and the sun showing their faces

on the silver dial, the fine mahogany case worthy to uphold all. Where is that clock now? Who can tell? From this time forth this was the object of interest, for in nearly all the months we have this record, "Set my clock." He grows terribly indifferent to the weather. A clock then was a wonderful thing, and it is a wonderful thing now. Think of it. How these little wheels and springs are so contrived that they tick the seconds and the minutes and the hours day and night, so that Father Time might himself set his watch by some of them. But then it was a rarer and a more interesting thing than now. We can easily fancy the neighbors gathering to see the fine clock standing in its place in the hall, telling its monotonous tale all the nights and days.

But another interesting record now comes in. This, too, is an event—in May:

"17. I bottled cyder."

And then in October again:

"20. Cyder come."

Cyder is not a thing to be despised even by a man who knows Latin. But is not cyder an important thing to everybody? They had neither tea nor coffee then, and man likes to drink. We may know, too, that in those days every good woman made a few bottles of currant wine, made also her rose cakes to sweeten her drawers, gathered and dried lavender to make lavender-water, also sage and hoarhound, "good for sickness." Alas! that people might be sick even in those "Good old Times," we know, and we find that in January, 1727, W. S. puts down carefully this:

"A Recipe for y^e cure of Sciatica pains—viz.:

"Take 2 ounces of flowered brimstone, four ounces of Molasses. Mix y^m together, and take a spoonfull morning and evening, and if yt do not effect a cure, take another spoonfull at noon also." You continue until you get well, or—something!

Why endure sciatica pains after this? We make no charge for this valuable knowledge.

But in June we find it put down:

"Mr. Davenport Chosen Tutor
And confirmed by y^e overseers."

Here we have a clue to the Latin.

And in August is another entry:

"Governor Burnett, upon an invitation, came to visit y^e Coll: besides — y^e Civil Officers in Cambridge with some others, together with y^e Masters of Art in College, were invited to dine with him. There was an Oration in y^e hall by Sir Clark, some of y^e neighboring Clergie were present, & about sixty persons in all had a handsome dinner in y^e Library."

Here *was* an event to be recorded. But was W. S. present? We remain in the dark.

Entries now become more and more uncommon. We learn little more of the clock or of the cyder; and we are at a loss to explain the reason why. But lo! we have it! In November there is but one entry, on the

"21. *I was married.*"

There is the gospel, without note or comment. To whom? We ask in vain. "I was married," and that is all. But is not that enough? No more records about clocks and cyder! What need of those things? Very

few entries are made in this year, and these are records of the thermometer. Evidently a new one had come from London. But in October is a short and significant record:

"19. Bille was born at 5 a clock morning."

It was inevitable—cause and effect—a striking example—most philosophic! Had he black eyes or blue? Was he like his father or his mother? Was he little or big? Did he weigh eight pounds or ten? Did he live to be a man? None of these things are recorded, and we shall never know. After this supreme event few entries appear in the diary through the years. Life has become engrossing, important. Let us hope it was sufficing and not full of failure and trouble; let us enjoy the pleasure of believing so, as we well may. The clock, the cyder, the thermometer, the little Bille: what more important matters had he or have we to record? We part with the three, the four faint shadows, Nathaniel, Nathan, W. S., and little Bille, with a mild regret, hoping we may meet them, and especially "little Bille," on the other side. Till then farewell.

CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

TO WALT WHITMAN.

O TITAN soul, ascend your starry steep

On golden stair to gods and storied men!
Ascend! nor care where thy traducers creep.
For what may well be said of prophets when
A world that's wicked comes to call them good?
Ascend and sing! As kings of thought who stood

On stormy heights and held far lights to men,
Stand thou and shout above the tumbled roar,
Lest brave ships drive and break against the shore.

What though thy sounding song be roughly set?
Parnassus' self is rough! Give thou the thought,
The golden ore, the gems that few forget;
In time the tinsel jewel will be wrought. . . .
Stand thou alone and fixed as destiny;
An imaged god that lifts above all hate,
Stand thou serene and satisfied with fate.
Stand thou as stands that lightning-riven tree
That lords the cloven clouds of gray Yosemite.

Yea, lone, sad soul, thy heights must be thy home

Thou sweetest lover! love shall climb to thee,
Like incense curling some cathedral dome
From many distant vales. Yet thou shalt be,

O grand, sweet singer, to the end alone.

But murmur not. The moon, the mighty spheres,
Spin on alone through all the soundless years;
Alone man comes on earth; he lives alone;
Alone he turns to front the dark Unknown.

Then range thine upper world, nor stoop to wars.
Walk thou the heights as walked the old Greeks
when

They talked to austere gods, nor turned to men.
Teach thou the order of the singing stars.
Behold, in mad disorder these are set,
And yet they sing in ceaseless harmonies.
They spill as jewels split through space. They fret

The souls of men who measure melodies
As they would measure almy deeps of seas.

Take comfort, O uncommon soul. Yet pray
Lest ye grow proud in such exalted worth.
Let no man reckon he excels. I say
The laws of compensation compass earth,
And no man gains without some equal loss:
Each ladder round of fame becomes a rod,
And he who lives must die upon a cross. .
The stars are far, but flowers bless the sod,
And he who has the least of man has most of God.

JOAQUIN MILLER

MADCAP VIOLET.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XLIV.

JOY AND FEAR.

WAS this man mad, that he, an invalid, propped up in his chair, and scarcely able to move a wine-glass out of his way, should play pranks with the whole created order of things, tossing about solar systems as if they were no more than juggler's balls, and making universal systems of philosophy jump through hoops as if he were a lion tamer in a den? These poor women did not know where to catch him. Violet used to say that he was like a prism, taking the ordinary daylight of life and splitting it up into a thousand gay and glancing colors. That was all very well as a spectacular exhibition; but how when he was apparently instructing them in some serious matter? Was it fair to these tender creatures who had so lovingly nursed him, that he should assume the airs of a teacher, and gravely lead out his trusting disciples into the desert places of the earth, when his only object was to get them into a bog and then suddenly reveal himself as a will-o'-the-wisp, laughing at them with a fiendish joy?

What, for example, was all this nonsense about the land question—about the impossibility of settling it in England so long as the superstitious regard for land existed in the English mind? They were quite ready to believe him. They deprecated that superstition most sincerely. They could not understand why a moneyed Englishman's first impulse was to go and buy land; they could give no reason for the delusion existing in the bosom of every Englishman that he, if no one else, could make money out of the occupation of a farm that had ruined a dozen men in succession. All this was very well; but what were they to

make of his sudden turning round and defending that superstition as the most beautiful sentiment in human nature? It was, according to him, the sublimest manifestation of filial love—the instinct of affection for the great mother of us all. And then the flowers became our small sisters and brothers; and the dumb look of appeal in a horse's eye, and the singing of a thrush at the break of day—these were but portions of the inarticulate language now no longer known to us. What was any human being to make of this rambling nonsense?

It all came of the dress coat, and of his childish vanity in his white wristbands. It was the first occasion on which he had ceremoniously dressed for dinner; and Violet had come over; and he was as proud of his high and stiff collar, and of his white necktie, as if they had been the ribbon and star of a royal order. And then they were all going off the next morning—Miss North included—to a strange little place on the other side of the Isle of Wight; and he had gone “clean daft” with the delight of expectation. There was nothing sacred from his mischievous fancy. He would have made fun of a bishop. In fact he did; for, happening to talk of inarticulate language, he described having seen “the other day,” in Buckingham Palace road, a bishop who was looking at some china in a shop window; and he went on to declare how a young person driving a perambulator, and too earnestly occupied with a sentry on the other side of the road, incontinently drove that perambulator right on to the carefully swathed toes of the bishop; and then he devoted himself to analyzing the awful language which he saw on the afflicted man's face.

“But, uncle,” said Amy Warrener,

with the delightful freshness of fifteen, "how could you see anybody in Buckingham Palace road the other day, when you haven't been out of the house for months?"

"How?" said he, not a whit abashed. "How could I see him? I don't know, but I tell you I did see him. With my eyes, of course."

He lost his temper, however, after all.

"To-morrow," he was saying, "I bid good-by to my doctor. I bear him no malice; may he long be spared from having to meet in the next world the people he sent there before him! But look here, Violet—to-morrow evening we shall be *free*—and we shall celebrate our freedom, and our first glimpse of a seashore, in Scotch whiskey—in hot Scotch whiskey—in Scotch whiskey with the boilingest of boiling water, just caught at the proper point of cooling. You don't know that point; I will teach you; it is perfection. Don't you know that we have just caught the cooling point of the earth—just that point in its transition from being a molten mass to its becoming a chilled and played out stone that admits of our living——"

"But, uncle," said Amy, "I thought the earth used to be far colder than it is now. Remember the glacial period," added this profound student of physics.

This was too much.

"Dear, dear me!" he exclaimed. "Am I to be brought up at every second by a pert schoolgirl when I am expounding the mysteries of life? What have your twopenny-halfpenny science primers to do with the grand secret of toddy? I tell you we must *catch it at the cooling point*; and then, Violet—for you are a respectful and attentive student—if the evening is fine, and the air warm, and the windows open and looking out to the south—do you think the doctor could object to that one first, faint trial of a cigarette, just to make us think we are up again in the August nights—off Isle Ornsay—with Aleck up at the bow

singing that hideous and melancholy song of his, and the Sea Pyot slowly creeping along by the black islands?"

She did not answer at all; but for a brief moment her lip trembled. Amid all this merriment she had sat with a troubled face, and with a sore and heavy heart. She had seen in it but a pathetic bravado. He would drink Scotch whiskey—he would once more light a cigarette—merely to assure her that he was getting thoroughly well again; his laughter, his jokes, his wild sallies were all meant, and she knew it, to give her strength of heart and cheerfulness. She sat and listened, with her eyes cast down. When she heard him talk lightly and playfully of all that he meant to do, her heart throbbed, and she dared not lift her eyes to his face, lest they should suddenly reveal to him that awful conflict within of wild, and piteous, and agonizing doubt.

Then that reference to their wanderings in the northern seas—he did not know how she trembled as he spoke. She could never even think of that strange time she had spent up there, and of the terrible things that had come of it, without a shudder. If she could have cut it out of her life and memory altogether, that would have been well; but how could she forget the agony of that awful farewell; the sense of utter loneliness with which she saw the shores recede; the conviction then borne in upon her—and never wholly eradicated from her mind—that some mysterious doom had overtaken her, from which there was no escape. The influence of that time, and of the time that succeeded it, still dwelt upon her, and overshadowed her with its gloom. She had almost lost the instinct of hope. She never doubted, when they carried young Dowse into that silent room, but that he would die: was it not her province to bring misery to all who were associated with her? And she had got so reconciled to this notion that she did not argue the matter with herself; she had, for example, no sense of bitter-

ness in contrasting this apparent "destiny" of hers with the most deeply-rooted feeling in her heart; namely, a perfectly honest readiness to give up her own life if only that could secure the happiness of those she loved. She did not even feel injured because this was impossible. Things were so; and she accepted them.

But sometimes, in the darkness of her room, in the silence of the night-time, when her heart seemed to be literally breaking with its conflict of anxious love and returning despair, some wild notion of propitiation—doubtless derived from ancient legends—would flash across her mind; and she would cry in her agony, "If one must be taken, let it be me! The world cares for him. What am I?" If she could only go out into the open place of the city, and bare her bosom to the knife of the priest, and call on the people to see how she had saved the life of her beloved—surely that would be to die happy. What she had done, now that she came to look back over it, seemed but too poor an expression of her great love and admiration. What mattered it that a girl should give up her friends and her home? Her life—her very life—that was what she desired, when these wild fancies possessed her, to surrender freely, if only she could know that she was rescuing him from the awful portals that her despairing dread saw open before him, and was giving him back—as she bade him a last farewell—to health, and joy, and the comfort of many friends.

With other wrestlings in spirit, far more eager and real than these mere fancies derived from myths, it is not within the province of the present writer to deal; they are not for the house-tops or the market-places. But it may be said that in all directions the gloomy influences of that past time pursued her; wherever she went she was haunted by a morbid fear that all her resolute will could not shake off. Where, for example, could she go for sweeter consolation, for more cheering

solace than to the simple and reassuring services of the church? But before she entered, eager to hear words of hope and strengthening, there was the graveyard to pass through, with the misery of generations recorded on its melancholy stones.

CHAPTER XLV.

"OH, GENTLE WIND THAT BLOWETH SOUTH."

BUT if this girl, partly through her great yearning love, and partly through the overshadowing of her past sufferings, was haunted by a mysterious dread, that was not the prevailing feeling within this small household which was now pulling itself together for a flight to the south. Even she caught something of the brisk and cheerful spirit awakened by all the bustle of departure; and when her father, who had come to London Bridge station to see the whole of them off, noticed the businesslike fashion in which she ordered everybody about, so that the invalid should have his smallest comforts attended to, he could not help saying, with a laugh—

"Well, Violet, this is better than starting for America all by yourself, isn't it? But I don't think you would have been much put out by that either."

A smart young man came up, and was for entering the carriage.

"I beg your pardon," said she, respectfully but firmly. "This carriage is reserved."

The young man looked at both windows.

"I don't see that it is," he retorted coolly.

He took hold of the handle of the door, when she immediately rose and stood before him, an awful politeness and decorum on her face, but the fire of Brünhilde the warrior maiden in her eyes.

"You will please call the guard before coming in here. The carriage is reserved."

At this moment her father came forward—not a little inclined to laugh.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the carriage is really reserved. There was a written paper put up—it has fallen down, I suppose—there it is."

So the smart young man went away; but was it fair, after this notable victory, that they should all begin to make fun of her fierce and majestic bearing, and that the very person for whose sake she had confronted the enemy should begin to make ridiculous rhymes about her, such as these:

"Then out spake Violet Northimus—
Of Euston Square was she—
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And guard the door with thee!'"

Violet Northimus did not reply. She wore the modesty of a victor. She was ready at any moment to meet six hundred such as he; and she was not to be put out, after the discomfiture of her enemy, by a joke.

Then they slowly rolled and grated out of the station, and by-and-by the swinging pace increased, and they were out in the clearer light and the fresher air, with a windy April sky showing flashes of blue from time to time. They went down through a succession of thoroughly English looking landscapes—quiet valleys with red-tiled cottages in them, bare heights green with the young corn, long stretches of brown and almost leafless woods, with the rough banks outside all starred with the pale, clear primrose. There was one in that carriage who had had no lack of flowers that spring—flowers brought by many a kindly hand to brighten the look of the sick room; but surely it was something more wonderful to see the flowers themselves, growing here in this actual and outside world which had been to him for many a weary week but a dimly imagined dreamland. There were primroses under the hedges, primroses along the high banks, primroses shining pale and clear within the leafless woods, among the russet leaves of the previous autumn. And then the life and motion of the sky, the

southwesterly winds, the black and lowering clouds suddenly followed by a wild and dazzling gleam of sunlight, the grays and purples flying on and leaving behind them a welcome expanse of shining April blue.

The day was certainly squally enough, and might turn to showers; but the gusts of wind that blew through the carriage were singularly sweet and mild; and again and again Mr. Drummond, who had been raised by all this new life and light into the very highest spirits, declared with much solemnity that he could already detect the smell of the salt sea air. They had their quarrels of course. It pleased a certain young lady to treat the south coast of England with much supercilious contempt. You would have imagined from her talk that there was something criminal in one's living even within twenty miles of the bleak downs, the shabby precipices, and the muddy sea which, according to her, were the only recognizable features of our southern shores. She would not admit indeed that there was any sea at all there; there was only churned chalk. Was it fair to say, even under the exasperation of continual goading, that the Isle of Wight was only a trumpery toy shop; that its "scenery" was fitly adorned with bazaars for the sale of sham jewelry; that its amusements were on a par with those of Rosherville gardens; that its rocks were made of mud and its sea of powdered lime?

"By heavens," exclaimed her antagonist, "I will stand this no longer. I will call upon Neptune to raise such a storm in the Solent as shall convince you that there is quite enough sea surrounding that pearl of islands, that paradise, that world's wonder we are going to visit."

"Yes, I have no doubt," said she with sweet sarcasm, "that if you stirred the Solent with a teaspoon, you would frighten the yachtsmen there out of their wits."

"Oh, Violet," cried another young lady, "you know you were dreadfully

frightened that night in Tobermory bay, when the equinoctial gales caught us, and the men were tramping overhead all night long."

"I should be more frightened down here," was the retort, "because if we were driven ashore I should be choked first and drowned afterward. Fancy going out of the world with a taste of chalk in your mouth."

Well, at this moment the fierce discussion was stopped by the arrival of the train at Portsmouth; but here a very singular incident occurred. Violet was the first to step out on to the platform.

"You have a tramway car that goes down to the pier, have you not?" she asked of the guard.

"Ain't going to-day, miss," was the answer. "Boats can't come in to Southsea—the sea is very high. You'll have to go to Portsea, miss."

Now, what was this man's amazement on seeing this young lady suddenly burst out laughing as she turned and looked into the carriage.

"Did you hear that?" she cried.

"The Solent is raging! They can't come near Southsea! Don't you think, Mrs. Warrener, that it will be very dangerous to go to Portsea?"

"I'll tell you what it is," said Mrs. Warrener with a malicious smile, "if a certain young lady I know were to be ill in crossing, she would be a good deal more civil to her native country when she reached the other side."

But in good truth, when they got down to Portsea there was a pretty stiff breeze blowing; and the walk out on the long pier was not a little trying to an invalid who had but lately recovered the use of his limbs. The small steamer, too, was tossing about considerably at her moorings; and Violet pretended to be greatly alarmed because she did not see half-a-dozen lifeboats on board. Then the word was given; the cables thrown off; and presently the tiny steamer was running out to the windy and gray-green sea, the waves of which not unfrequently sent a shower of spray across her

decks. The small party of voyagers crouched behind the funnel, and were well out of the water's way.

"Look there now," cried Mr. Drummond, suddenly pointing to a large bird that was flying by, high up in the air, about a quarter of a mile off—"do you see that? Do you know what that is? That is a wild goose, a gray lag, that has been driven in by bad weather; *now* can you say we have no waves, and winds, and sea in the south?"

Miss Violet was not daunted.

"Perhaps it is a goose," she said coolly. "I never saw but one flying—you remember you shot it. What farm-yard has this one left?"

"Oh, for shame, Violet," Mrs. Warrener called out, "to rake up old stories!"

She was punished for it. The insulted sportsman was casting about for the crudest retort he could think of, when, as it happened, Miss Violet thought her of looking round the corner of the boiler to see whether they were getting near Ryde; and at the same moment it also happened that a heavy wave, striking the bows of the steamer, sent a heap of water whirling down between the paddle-box and the funnel, which caught the young lady on the face with a crack like a whip. As to the shout of laughter which then greeted her, that small party of folks had heard nothing like it for many a day. There was salt water dripping from her hair; salt water in her eyes; salt water running down her tingling and laughing cheeks; and she richly deserved to be asked, as she was immediately asked, whether the Solent was compounded of water and marl or water and chalk, and which brand she preferred.

Was it the balmy southern air that tempered the vehemence of these wanderers as they made their way across the island, and getting into a carriage at Ventnor, proceeded to drive along the Undercliff? There was a great quiet prevailing along these southern shores. They drove by underneath

the tall and crumbling precipices, with wood pigeons suddenly shooting out from the clefts, and jackdaws wheeling about far up in the blue. They passed by sheltered woods, bestarred with anemones and primroses, and showing here and there the purple of the as yet half-opened hyacinth; they passed by lush meadows, all ablaze with the golden yellow of the celandine and the purple of the ground ivy; they passed by the broken, picturesque banks where the tender blue of the speedwell was visible from time to time, with the white glimmer of the starwort. And then all this time they had on their left a gleaming and wind-driven sea, full of motion, and light, and color, and showing the hurrying shadows of the flying clouds.

At last far away, secluded and quiet, they came to a quaint little inn, placed high over the sea, and surrounded by sheltering woods and hedges. The sun lay warm on the smooth green lawn in front, where the daisies grew. There were dark shadows—almost black shadows—along the encircling hedge and under the cedars; but these only showed the more brilliantly the silver lighting of the restless, whirling, wind-swept sea beyond. It was a picturesque little house, with its long veranda half-smothered in ivy and rose bushes now in bud; with its tangled garden about, green with young hawthorn and sweetened by the perfume of the lilacs; with its patches of uncut grass, where the yellow cowslips drooped. There was an air of dreamy repose about the place; even that whirling and silvery gray sea produced no sound; here the winds were stilled, and the black shadows of the trees on that smooth green lawn only moved with the imperceptible moving of the sun.

Violet went up stairs and into her room alone; she threw open the small casements, and stood there looking out with a somewhat vague and distant look. There was no mischief now in those dark and tender eyes; there was rather an anxious and wistful ques-

tioning. And her heart seemed to go out from her to implore these gentle winds, and the soft colors of the sea, and the dreamy stillness of the woods, that now they should, if ever that was possible to them, bring all their sweet and curative influences to bear on him who had come among them. Now, if ever! Surely the favorable skies would heed, and the secret healing of the woods would hear, and the bountiful life-giving sea winds would bestir to her prayer! Surely it was not too late!

CHAPTER XLVI.

HOPE'S WINGS.

THE long journey had taxed his returning strength to the utmost, and for the remainder of that day he looked worn and fatigued; but on the next morning he was in the best of spirits, and nothing would do but that they should at once set out on their explorations.

"Why not rest here?" said Violet. They were sitting in the shade of their morning room, the French windows wide open, the pillars and roof of the veranda outside framing in a picture of glowing sunlight and green vegetation, with glimpses of the silvery, white sea beyond. "Why not rest here?" she said; "what is the use of driving about to see bare downs, and little holes in the mud that they call chasms, and waterfalls that are turned on from the kitchen of the hotel above? That is what they consider scenery in the Isle of Wight; and then, before you can see it, you must buy a glass brooch or a china doll."

The fact is, he did not himself particularly care about these excursions, but he was afraid of the place becoming tiresome and monotonous to one whom he would insist on regarding as a visitor. She on the other hand affected a profound contempt for the sufficiently pleasant places about the Isle of Wight for the very purpose of inducing him to rest in the still seclu-

sion of this retreat they had chosen. But here was the carriage at the door.

"Violet," said Amy Warren, as they were leisurely driving along the quiet ways, under the crumbling gray cliffs, where the jackdaws were flying, "where shall we go for a climb? Don't you think we might come upon another Mount Glorioso?"

"No," said the girl rather absently; "I don't think we shall see another Mount Glorioso soon again."

"Not this autumn?" cried Mr. Drummond cheerfully; "not this summer?—for why should we wait for the autumn! Violet, I have the most serious projects with regard to the whole of us. It is high time that I set about recognizing the ends of existence; that is to say, before I die I must have a house in Bayswater and two thousand a year. All nice novels end that way. Now, in order that we shall all reach this earthly paradise, what is to be done? I have two projects. A publisher—the first wise man of his race—I will write an epitaph for him quite different from my universal epitaph—this shrewd and crafty person, determined to rescue at least one mute, inglorious Milton from neglect, has written to me. There! He has read my article on 'The Astronomical Theory with regard to the Early Religions'; he has perceived the profound wisdom, the research, the illuminating genius of that work—by the way, I don't think I ever fully explained to you my notions on that subject?"

"Oh, no, please don't," said Violet meekly. "What does the publisher say?"

"Do you see the mean, practical, commercial spirit of these women?" he said, apparently addressing himself. "It is only the money they think of. They don't want to be instructed!"

"I know the article well enough," said Violet blushing hotly. "I read it—I—I saw it advertised, and bought the review, when I hadn't much money to spend on such things."

"Did you, Violet?" said he, forgetting for a moment his nonsense. Then

he continued: "The publisher thinks that with some padding of a general and attractive nature, the subject might be made into a book. Why, therefore, should not our fortune be made at once, and the gates of Bayswater thrown open to the Peri? I do believe I could make an interesting book. I will throw in a lot of Irish anecdotes. I wonder if I could have it illustrated with pictures of 'Charles I. in Prison,' the 'Dying Infant,' 'The Sailor's Adieu,' and some such popular things!"

"I think," said Violet humbly, "we might go on to the other project."

"Ah," said he thoughtfully, "that requires time and silence first. I must have the inspiration of the mountains before I can resolve it. Do you know what it is?"

"Not yet."

"It is the utilizing of a great natural force. That is what all science is trying to do now; and here is one of the mightiest forces in nature of which nothing is made, unless it be that a few barges get floated up and down our rivers. Do you see? The great mass of tidal force, absolutely irresistible in its strength, punctual as the clock itself, always to be calculated on—why should this great natural engine remain unused?"

"But then, uncle," said a certain young lady, "if you made the tide drive machinery at one time of the day, you would have to turn the house round to let it drive it again as it was going back."

"Child, child!" said the inventor peevishly, "why do you tuck on these petty details to my grand conception? It is the idea I want to sell; other people can use it. Now, will the government grant me a patent?"

"Certainly," said Violet.

"What royalty on all work executed by utilizing the tidal currents?"

"A million per cent."

"How much will that bring in?"

"Three millions a minute!"

"Ah," said he, sinking back with a sigh, "we have then reached the goal

at last. Bayswater, we approach you. Shall the brougham be bottle-green or coffee-colored ?”

“A brougham !” cried Violet; “no—a barge of white and gold, with crimson satin sails, and oars of bronze, towed by a company of snow-white swans——”

“Or mergansers”——

“And floating through the canals of claret which we shall set flowing in the streets. Then the Lord Mayor and the corporation will come to meet you, and you will get the freedom of the city presented in a gold snuff-box. As for Buckingham Palace—well, a baronetcy would be a nice thing.”

“A baronetcy ! Three millions a year and only a baronet ! By the monuments of Westminster Abbey, I will become a duke and an archbishop rolled into one, and have the right of sending fifteen people a day to be beheaded at the tower.”

“Oh, not that, uncle !”

“And why not ?”

“Because there wouldn’t be any publishers at the end of the year.”

“And here we are at Black Gang Chine !”

Violet would not go down. She positively refused to go down. She called the place Black Gang Sham, and hoped they were pouring enough water down the kitchen pipe of the hotel to make a foaming cataract. But she begged Mrs. Warrenner and Amy, who had not seen the place, to go down, while she remained in the carriage with Mr. Drummond. So these two disappeared into the bazaar.

“You are not really going to Scotland, are you ?” she said simply, her head cast down.

“I have been thinking of it,” he answered. “Why not ?”

“The air here is very sweet and soft,” she said in a hesitating way. “Of course, I know, the climate on the west coast of Scotland is very mild, and you would get the mountain air as well as the sea air. But don’t you think the storms, the gales that blow in the spring——”

“Oh,” said he cheerfully, “I shall never be pulled together till I get up to the north—I know that. I may have to remain here till I get stronger, but by-and-by I hope we shall all go up to Scotland together, and that long before the shooting begins.”

“I—I am afraid,” said she, “that I shall not be of the party.”

“You ? Not you ?” he cried. “You are not going to leave us, Violet, just after we have found you !”

He took her hand, but she still averted her eyes.

“I half promised,” she said, “to spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. Dowse. They are very lonely. They think they have a claim on me, and they have been very kind.”

“You are not going to Mr. and Mrs. Dowse, Violet,” said he promptly. “I pity the poor people, but we have a prior claim on you, and we mean to insist on it. What, just after all this grief of separation, you would go away from us again ? No, no ! I tell you, Violet, we shall never find you your real self until you have been braced up by the sea breezes. I mean the real sea breezes. You want a scamper among the heather—I can see that ; for I have been watching you of late, and you are not up to the right mark. The sooner we all go the better. Do you understand that ?”

He had been talking lightly and cheerfully, not caring who overheard. She, on the other hand, was anxious and embarrassed, not daring to utter what was on her mind. At last she said :

“Will you get down for a minute or two, and walk along the road ? It is very sheltered here, and the sun is warm.”

He did so, and she took his arm, and they walked away apart in the sunlight and silence. When they had gone some distance she stopped and said in a low and earnest voice :

“Don’t you know why I cannot go to the Highlands with you ? It would kill me. How could I go back to all those places ?”

"I understand that well enough, Violet," said he gently, "but don't you think you ought to go for the very purpose of conquering that feeling? There is nothing in that part of the country to inspire you with dread. You would see it all again in its accustomed light."

She shook her head.

"Very well, then," said he, for he was determined not to let these gloomy impressions of the girl overcome him.

"If not there, somewhere else. We are not tied to Castle Bandbox. There is plenty of space about the West Highlands or about the Central Highlands, for the matter of that. Shall we try to get some lodging in an inn or farmhouse about the Moor of Rannoch? Or will you try the islands—Jura, or Islay, or Mull?"

She did not answer. She seemed to be in a dream.

"Shall I tell you, Violet," he continued, gravely and gently, "why I want you to come with us? I am anxious that you and I should be together as long—as long as that is possible. One never knows what may happen, and lately—well, we need not speak of it; but I don't wish us to be parted, Violet."

She burst into a violent fit of crying and sobbing. She had been struggling bravely to repress this gathering emotion; but his direct reference to the very thought that was overshadowing her mind was too much for her. And along with this wild grief came as keen remorse, for was this the conduct required of an attendant upon an invalid?

"You must forgive me," she sobbed. "I don't know what it is—I have been very nervous of late—and—and——"

"There is nothing to cry about, Violet," said he gently. "What is to be, is to be. You have not lost your old courage! Only let us be together while we can."

"Oh, my love, my love!" she suddenly cried, taking his hand in both of hers, and looking up to him with her piteous, tear-dimmed eyes; "we will always be together! What is it that you

say?—what is it that you mean? Not that you are going away without me? I have courage for anything but that. It does not matter what comes, only that I must go with you—we two together!"

"Hush, hush, Violet," said he soothingly, for he saw that the girl was really beside herself with grief and apprehension. "Come, this is not like the brave Violet of old. I thought there was nothing in all the world you were afraid to face. Look up, now."

She released his hand, and a strange expression came over her face. That wild outburst had been an involuntary confession; now a great fear and shame filled her heart that she should have been betrayed into it, and in a despairing, pathetic fashion she tried to explain away her words.

"We shall be together, shall we not?" she said, with an affected cheerfulness, though she was still crying gently. "It does not matter what part of the Highlands you go to—I will go with you. I must write and explain to Mrs. Dowse. It would be a pity that we should separate so soon, after that long time, would it not? And then the brisk air of the hills, and of the yachting, will be better for you than the hot summer here, won't it? And I am sure you will get very well there; that is just the place for you to get strong; and when the time for the shooting comes, we shall all go out, as we used to do, to see you missing every bird that gets up."

She tried to smile, but did not succeed very well.

"And really it does not matter to me so very much what part we go to, for, as you say, one ought to conquer these feelings, and if you prefer Castle Bandbox, I will go there too—that is, I shall be very proud to go if I am not in the way. And you know I am the only one who can make cartridges for you."

"I don't think I shall trouble the cartridges very much," said he, glad to think she was becoming more cheerful.

"Indeed," she continued, "I don't know what would have become of your gun if I had not looked after it, for you only half cleaned it, and old Peter would not touch it, and the way the sea air rusted the barrels was quite remarkable. Will you have No. 3 or No. 4 shot this year for the sea birds?"

"Well," he answered gravely, "you see we shall have no yacht this year, and probably no chances of wild duck at all; and it would scarcely be worth while to make cartridges merely to fire away at these harmless and useless sea pyots and things of that sort."

"Oh, but my papa could easily get us a yacht," she said promptly; "he would be delighted—I know he would be delighted. And I have been told you can get a small yacht for about £40 a month, crew and everything included, and what is that? Indeed, I think it is quite necessary you should have a yacht."

"Forty pounds," said he. "I think we could manage that. But then we should deduct something from the wages of the crew on the strength of our taking our own cook with us. Do you remember that cook? She had a wonderful trick of making apricot jam puddings; how the dickens she managed to get so much jam crammed in I never could make out. She was just about as good at that as at making cartridges. Did you ever hear of that cook?"

By this time they had walked gently back to the carriage, and now Mrs. Warrener and her daughter made their appearance. The elder woman noticed something strange about Violet's expression, but she did not speak of it, for surely the girl was happy enough? She was, indeed, quite merry. She told Mrs. Warrener she was ready to go with them to the Highlands whenever they chose. She proposed that this time they should go up the Caledonian canal, and go down by Loch Maree, and then go out and visit the western isles. She said the sooner they went the better; they would get all the beautiful summer of the north; it was

only the autumn tourists who complained of the rain of the Highlands.

"But we had little rain last autumn," said Mrs. Warrener.

"Oh, very little indeed," said Violet, quite brightly; "we had charming weather all through. I never enjoyed myself anywhere so much. I think the sooner your brother gets up to the Highlands, the better it will do him a world of good."

CHAPTER XLVII.

DU SCHMERZENSREICHE!

So the long, silent, sunlit days passed, and it seemed to the three patient watchers that the object of their care was slowly recovering health and strength. But if they were all willing and eager to wait on him, it was Violet who was his constant companion and friend, his devoted attendant, his humble scholar. Sometimes when Mrs. Warrener's heart grew sore within her to think of the wrong that had been wrought in the past, the tender little woman tried to solace herself somewhat by regarding these two as they now sat together—he the whimsical, affectionate master, she the meek pupil and disciple, forgetting all the proud dignity of her maidenhood, her fire, and audacity, and independence, in the humility and self-surrender of her love. Surely, she thought, this time was making up for much of the past. And if all went well now, what had they to look forward to but a still closer companionship in which the proud, and loyal, and fearless girl would become the tender and obedient wife? There was no jealousy in the nature of this woman. She would have laughed with joy if she could have heard their marriage bells.

And Violet, too, when the sun lay warm on the daisies and cowslips, when the sweet winds blew the scent of the lilacs about, and when her master and teacher grew strong enough to walk with her along the quiet woodland ways—how could she fail to pick up

some measure of cheerfulness and hope? It almost seemed as if she had dropped into a new world; and it was a beautiful world, full of tenderness, and laughter, and sunshine. Henceforth there was to be no more George Miller to bother her; he had gone clean out of existence as far as she was concerned; there was no more skirmishing with Lady North; even the poor Dowses, with their piteous loneliness and solemn house, were almost forgotten. Here was her whole world. And when she noticed the increasing distances that he walked, and the brighter look of his face, and the growing courage and carelessness of his habits—then indeed the world became a beautiful world to her, and she was almost inclined to fall in love with those whirling and gleaming southern seas.

It was in the black night-time, when all the household but herself were asleep, that she paid the penalty of these transient joys. Haunted by the one terrible fear, she could gain no rest; it was in vain that she tried to reason with herself; her imagination was like some hideous fiend continually whispering to her ear. Then she had no friend with whom to share those terrible doubts; she dared not mention them to any human soul. Why should she disturb the gentle confidence of his sister and her daughter? She could not make them miserable merely to lift from her own mind a portion of its anxiety. She could only lie awake, night after night, and rack her brain with a thousand gloomy forebodings. She recalled certain phrases he had used in moments of pathetic confidence. She recalled the quick look of pain with which he sometimes paused in the middle of his speech, the almost involuntary raising the hand to the region of the heart, the passing pallor of the face. Had they seen none of those things? Had they no wild, despairing thoughts about him? Was it possible they could go peacefully to sleep with this dread thing hanging over them, with a chance of awaking to a day of

bitter anguish and wild, heart-broken farewell? This cruel anxiety, kept all to herself, was killing the girl. She grew restless and feverish; sometimes she sat up half the night at the window listening to the moaning of the dark sea outside; she became languid during the day, pale, and distraite. But it was not to last long.

One evening these two were together in the small parlor, he lying down, she sitting near him with a book in her hand. The French windows were open; they could hear Mrs. Warrener and her daughter talking in the garden. And, strangely enough, the sick man's thoughts were once more turned to the far Highlands, and to their life among the hills, and the pleasant merry-making on board the *Sea Pyot*.

"The air of this place does not agree with you at all, Violet," he was saying. "You are not looking nearly so well as you did when we came down. You are the only one who has not benefited by the change. Now that won't do; we cannot have a succession of invalids—a Greek frieze of patients, all carrying phials of medicine. We must get off to the Highlands at once. What do you say—a fortnight hence?"

She knelt down beside him, and took his hand, and said in a low voice—

"Do not be angry with me—it is very unreasonable, I know—but I have a strange dread of the Highlands. I have dreamed so often lately of being up there—and of being swept away on a dark sea—in the middle of the night."

She shuddered. He put his hand gently on her head.

"There is no wonder you should dream of that," he said with a smile. "That is only part of the story which you made us all believe. But we have got a brighter finish for it now. You have not been overwhelmed in that dark flood yet——"

He paused.

"Violet! My love!" he suddenly cried.

He let go her hand, and made a wild grasp at his left breast; his face grew white with pain. What made her in-

instinctively throw her arms round him, with terror in her eyes ?

"Violet! What is this? Kiss me!"

It was but one second after that that a piercing shriek rang through the place. The girl had sprung up like a deer shot through the heart; her eyes dilated, her face wild and pale. Mrs. Warrener came running in; but paused, and almost retreated in fear from the awful spectacle before her; for the girl still held the dead man's hand, and she was laughing merrily. The dark sea she had dreaded had overtaken her at last.

But one more scene—months afterward. It is the breakfast room in Lady North's house in Euston Square; and Anatolia is sitting there alone. The door opens, and a tall young girl, dressed in a white morning costume, comes silently in; there is a strange and piteous look of trouble in her dark eyes. Anatolia goes over to her, and takes her hand very tenderly, and leads her to the easy-chair she had herself just quitted.

"There is not any letter yet?" she asks, having looked all round the table with a sad and wearied air.

"No, dear, not yet," says Anatolia, who, unlovely though she may be, has a sympathetic heart; and her lip trembles as she speaks. "You must be patient, Violet."

"It is another morning gone, and there is no letter, and I cannot understand it," says the girl, apparently to herself, and then she begins to cry silently, while her half-sister goes to her, and puts her arm around her neck, and tries to soothe her.

Lady North comes into the room. Some changes have happened within these few months; it is "Mother" and "My child" now between the enemies of yore. And as she bids Violet good morning, and gently kisses her, the girl renews her complaint.

"Mother, why do they keep back his letter? I know he must have written to me long ago; and I cannot go to him until I get the letter! and he

will wonder why I am not coming. Morning after morning I listen for the postman—I can hear him in the street from house to house—and they all get their letters, but I don't get this one that is worth all the world to me. And I never neglected anything that he said; and I was always very obedient to him; and he will wonder now that I don't go to him, and perhaps he will think that I am among my other friends now and have forgotten—No, he will not think that. I have not forgotten."

"My child, you must not vex yourself," says Lady North with all the tenderness of which she is capable—and Anatolia is bitterly crying all the while. "It will be all right. And you must not look sad to-day; for you know Mrs. Warrener and your friend Amy are coming to see you."

She does not seem to pay much heed.

"Shall we go for the flowers to-day?" she asks, with her dark wet eyes raised for the first time.

"My darling, this is not the day we go for the flowers; that is to-morrow."

"And what is the use of it?" she says, letting her head sink sadly again. "Every time I go over to Nunhead I listen all by myself—and I know he is not there at all. The flowers look pretty, because his name is over them. But he is not there at all—he is far away—and he was to send me a message—and every day I wait for it—and they keep the letter back. Mother, are all my dresses ready?"

"Yes, Violet."

"You are quite sure!"

"They are all ready, Violet. Don't trouble about that."

"It is the white satin one he will like the best; and he will be pleased that I am not in black like the others. Mother, Mrs. Warrener and Amy surely cannot mean to come to the wedding in black."

"Surely not, Violet. But come, dear, to your breakfast."

She took her place quite calmly and humbly; but her mind was still wandering toward that picture.

"I hope they will strew the church-

yard with flowers as we pass through it—not for me, but for him; for he will be pleased with that; and there is more than all that is in the Prayer-book that I will promise to be to him, when we two are kneeling together. You are quite sure everything is ready?”

“Everything, my darling.”

“And you think the message from him will come soon now?”

“I think it will come soon now, Violet,” was the answer, given with trembling lips.

THE END.

And now to you—you whose names are written in these blurred pages, some portion of whose lives I have tried to trace with a wandering and uncer-

tain pen—I stretch out a hand of farewell. Yet not quite of farewell, perhaps: for amid all the shapes and phantoms of this world of mystery, where the shadows we meet can tell us neither whence they came nor whither they go, surely you have for me a no less substantial existence that may have its chances in the time to come. To me you are more real than most I know: what wonder then if I were to meet you on the threshold of the great unknown, you all shining with a new light on your face? Trembling, I stretch out my hands to you, for your silence is awful, and there is sadness in your eyes; but the day may come when you will speak, and I shall hear—and understand.

JULIET ON THE BALCONY.

O LIPS that are so lonely
For want of his caress;
O heart that art too faithful
To ever love him less;
O eyes that find no sweetness
For hunger of his face;
O hands that long to feel him,
Always, in every place!

My spirit leans and listens,
But only hears his name,
And thought to thought leaps onward
As flame leaps unto flame;
And all kin to each other
As any brood of flowers,
Or these sweet winds of night, love,
That fan the fainting hours!

My spirit leans and listens,
My heart stands up and cries,
And only one sweet vision
Comes ever to my eyes.
So near and yet so far, love,
So dear, yet out of reach,
So like some distant star, love,
Unnamed in human speech!

My spirit leans and listens,
My heart goes out to him,
Through all the long night watches,
Until the dawning dim;
My spirit leans and listens,
What if, across the night,
His strong heart send a message
To flood me with delight?

OUR RURAL DIVINITY.

I WONDER that Wilson Flagg did not include the cow among his "Picturesque Animals," for that is where she belongs. She has not the classic beauty of the horse, but in picture-making qualities she is far ahead of him. Her shaggy, loose-jointed body, her irregular, sketchy outlines, like those of the landscape—the hollows and ridges, the slopes and prominences—her tossing horns, her bushy tail, her swinging gait, her tranquil, ruminating habits—all tend to make her an object upon which the artist eye loves to dwell. The artists are for ever putting her into pictures too. In rural landscape scenes she is an important feature. Behold her grazing in the pastures and on the hill sides, or along banks of streams, or ruminating under wide-spreading trees, or standing belly deep in the creek or pond, or lying upon the smooth places in the quiet summer afternoon, the day's grazing done, and waiting to be summoned home to be milked; and again in the twilight lying upon the level summit of the hill, or where the sward is thickest and softest; or in winter a herd of them filing along toward the spring to drink, or being "foddered" from the stack in the field upon the new snow—surely the cow is a picturesque animal, and all her goings and comings are pleasant to behold.

I looked into Hamerton's clever book on the domestic animals, also expecting to find my divinity duly celebrated, but he passes her by and contemplates the bovine qualities only as they appear in the ox and the bull.

Neither have the poets made much of the cow, but have rather dwelt upon the steer, or the ox yoked to the plough. I recall this touch from Emerson:

The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm.

But the ear is charmed nevertheless, especially if it be not too near, and the air be still and dense, or hollow, as the farmer says. And again, if it be spring time and she task that powerful bellows of hers to its utmost capacity, how round the sound is, and how far it goes over the hills.

The cow has at least four tones or lows. First, there is her alarmed or distressed low, when deprived of her calf, or separated from her mates—her low of affection. Then there is her call of hunger, a petition for food, sometimes full of impatience, or her answer to the farmer's call, full of eagerness. Then there is that peculiar frenzied bawl she utters on smelling blood, which causes every member of the herd to lift its head and hasten to the spot—the native cry of the clan. When she is gored or in great danger she bawls also, but that is different. And lastly, there is the long, sonorous volley she lets off on the hills or in the yard, or along the highway, and which seems to be expressive of a kind of unrest and vague longing—the longing of the imprisoned Io for her lost identity. She sends her voice forth so that every god on Mount Olympus can hear her plaint. She makes this sound in the morning, especially in the spring, as she goes forth to graze.

One of our rural poets, Myron Benton, whose verse often has the flavor of sweet cream, has written some lines called "Rumination," in which the cow is the principal figure, and with which I am permitted to adorn my theme. The poet first gives his attention to a little brook that "breaks its shallow gossip" at his feet and "drowns the oriole's voice":

But moveth not that wise and ancient cow,
Who chews her juicy cud so languid now
Beneath her favorite elm, whose drooping bough
Lulls all but inward vision, fast asleep:
But still, her tireless tall a pendulum sweep

Mysterious clockwork guilds, and some hid
pulley
Her drowsy cud, each moment, raises dully.

Of this great, wondrous world she has seen more
Than you, my little brook, and cropped its store
Of succulent grass on many a mead and lawn;
And strayed to distant uplands in the dawn.
And she has had some dark experience
Of graceless man's ingratitude; and hence
Her ways have not been ways of pleasantness,
Nor all her paths of peace. But her distress
And grief she has lived past; your giddy round
Disturbs her not, for she is learned profound
In deep brahminical philosophy.
She chews the cud of sweetest revelry
Above your worldly prattle, brooklet merry,
Oblivious of all things sublunary.

The cow figures in Grecian mythology, and in the Oriental literature is treated as a sacred animal. "The clouds are cows and the rain milk." I remember what Herodotus says of the Egyptians' worship of heifers and steers; and in the traditions of the Celtic nations the cow is regarded as a divinity. In Norse mythology the milk of the cow Andhumbia afforded nourishment to the Frost giants, and it was she that licked into being and into shape a god, the father of Odin. If anything could lick a god into shape, certainly the cow could do it. You may see her perform this office for young Taurus any spring. She licks him out of the fogs and bewilderments and uncertainties in which he finds himself on first landing upon these shores, and up on to his feet in an incredibly short time. Indeed, that potent tongue of hers can almost make the dead alive any day, and the creative lick of the old Scandinavian mother cow is only a large-lettered rendering of the commonest facts.

The horse belongs to the fiery god Mars. He favors war, and is one of its oldest, most available, and most formidable engines. The steed is clothed with thunder, and smells the battle from afar; but the cattle upon a thousand hills denote that peace and plenty bear sway in the land. The neighing of the horse is a call to battle; but the lowing of old Brockleface in the valley brings the golden age again. The savage tribes are never without the horse; the Scythians are

all mounted; but the cow would tame and humanize them. When the Indians will cultivate the cow, I shall think their civilization fairly begun. Recently, when the horses were sick with the epizootic, and the oxen came to the city and helped to do their work, what an Arcadian air again filled the streets. But the dear old oxen—how awkward and distressed they looked! Juno wept in the face of every one of them. The horse is a true citizen, and is entirely at home in the paved streets; but the ox—what a complete embodiment of all rustic and rural things! Slow, deliberate, thick-skinned, powerful, hulky, ruminating, fragrant-breathed, when he came to town the spirit and suggestion of all Georgics and Bucolics came with him. Oh, citizen, was it only a plodding, unsightly brute that went by? Was there no chord in your bosom, long silent, that sweetly vibrated at the sight of that patient, Herculean couple? Did you smell no hay or cropped herbage, see no summer pastures with circles of cool shade, hear no voice of herds among the hills? They were very likely the only horses your grandfather ever had. Not much trouble to harness and unharness them. Not much vanity on the road in those days. They did all the work on the early pioneer farm. They were the gods whose rude strength first broke the soil. They could live where the moose and the deer could. If there was no clover or timothy to be had, then the twigs of the basswood and birch would do. Before there were yet fields given up to grass, they found ample pasturage in the woods. Their wide-spreading horns gleamed in the duskiness, and their paths and the paths of the cows became the future roads and highways, or even the streets of great cities.

All the descendants of Odin show a bovine trace, and cherish and cultivate the cow. What were those old Vikings but thick-hided bulls that delighted in nothing so much as goring each other? And has not the charge

of beefiness been brought much nearer home to us than that? But about all the northern races there is something that is kindred to cattle in the best sense—something in their art and literature that is essentially pastoral, sweet-breathed, continent, dispassionate, ruminating, wide-eyed, soft-voiced—a charm of kine, the virtue of brutes.

The cow belongs more especially to the northern peoples, to the region of the good, green grass. She is the true *grazing* animal. That broad, smooth, always dewy nose of hers is just the suggestion of green sward. She caresses the grass; she sweeps off the ends of the leaves; she reaps it with the soft sickle of her tongue. She crops close, but she does not bruise or devour the turf like the horse. She is the sward's best friend, and will make it thick and smooth as a carpet.

The turf mountains where live the nibbling sheep

are not for her. Her muzzle is too blunt; then she does not *bite* as do the sheep; she has not upper teeth; she *crops*. But on the lower slopes, and margins, and rich bottoms, she is at home. Where the daisy and the buttercup and clover bloom, and where corn will grow, is her proper domain. The agriculture of no country can long thrive without her. Not only a large part of the real, but much of the potential wealth of the land is wrapped up in her.

What a variety of individualities a herd of cows presents when you have come to know them all, not only in form and color, but in manners and disposition. Some are timid and awkward and the butt of the whole herd. Some remind you of deer. Some have an expression in the face like certain persons you have known. A petted and well-fed cow has a benevolent and gracious look; an ill-used and poorly-fed one a pitiful and forlorn look. Some cows have a masculine or ox expression; others are extremely feminine. The latter are the ones for milk. Some cows will kick like a horse; some jump fences like deer.

Every herd has its ringleader, its unruly spirit—one that plans all the mischief and leads the rest through the fences into the grain or into the orchard. This one is usually quite different from the master spirit, the "boss of the yard." The latter is generally the most peaceful and law-abiding cow in the lot, and the least bullying and quarrelsome. But she is not to be trifled with; her will is law; the whole herd give way before her, those that have crossed horns with her, and those that have not, but yielded their allegiance without crossing. I remember such a one among my father's milkers when I was a boy—a slender-horned, deep-shouldered, large-uddered, dewlapped old cow that we always put first in the long stable so she could not have a cow on each side of her to forage upon; for the master is yielded to no less in the stanchions than in the yard. She always had the first place anywhere. She had her choice of standing room in the milking yard, and when she wanted to lie down there or in the fields the best and softest spot was hers. When the herd were foddered from the stack or barn, or fed with pumpkins in the fall, she was always first served. Her demeanor was quiet but impressive. She never bullied or gored her mates, but literally ruled them with the breath of her nostrils. If any newcomer or ambitious younger cow, however, chafed under her supremacy, she was ever ready to make good her claims. And with what spirit she would fight when openly challenged! She was a whirlwind of pluck and valor; and not after one defeat or two defeats would she yield the championship. The boss cow, when overcome, seems to brood over her disgrace, and day after day will meet her rival in fierce combat.

A friend of mine, a pastoral philosopher, whom I have consulted in regard to the master cow, thinks it is seldom the case that one rules all the herd, if it number many, but that there is often one that will rule nearly

all. "Curiously enough," he says, "a case like this will often occur: No. 1 will whip No. 2; No. 2 whips No. 3; and No. 3 whips No. 1; so around in a circle. This is not a mistake; it is often the case. I remember," he continued, "we once had feeding out of a large bin in the centre of the yard six oxen who mastered right through in succession from No. 1 to No. 6; but No. 6 paid off the score by whipping No. 1. I often watched them when they were all trying to feed out of the box, and of course trying, dog-in-the-manger fashion, each to prevent any other he could. They would often get in the order to do it very systematically, since they could keep rotating about the box till the chain happened to get broken somewhere, when there would be confusion. Their mastery, you know, like that between nations, is constantly changing. But there are always Napoleons who hold their own through many vicissitudes; but the ordinary cow is continually liable to lose her foothold. Some cow she has always despised, and has often sent tossing across the yard at her horns' ends, some pleasant morning will return the compliment and pay off old scores."

But my own observation has been that in herds in which there have been no important changes for several years, the question of might gets pretty well settled, and some one cow becomes the acknowledged ruler.

The bully of the yard is never the master, but usually a second or third-rate pusher that never loses an opportunity to hook those beneath her, or to gore the masters if she can get them in a tight place. If such a one can get loose in the stable, she is quite certain to do mischief. She delights to pause in the open bars and turn and keep those at bay behind her till she sees a pair of threatening horns pressing toward her, when she quickly passes on. As one cow masters all, so there is one cow that is mastered by all. These are the two extremes of the herd, the head and the tail. Between

them are all grades of authority, with none so poor but hath some poorer to do her reverence.

The cow has evidently come down to us from a wild or semi-wild state; perhaps is a descendant of those wild, shaggy cattle of which a small band still exists in the forests of Scotland. Cuvier seems to have been of this opinion. One of the ways in which her wild instincts still crop out is the disposition she shows in spring to hide her calf—a common practice among the wild herds. Her wild nature would be likely to come to the surface at this crisis if ever; and I have known cows that practised great secrecy in dropping their calves. As their time approached they grew restless, a wild and excited look was upon them, and if left free, they generally set out for the woods or for some other secluded spot. After the calf is several hours old, and has got upon its feet and had its first meal, the dam by some sign commands it to lie down and remain quiet while she goes forth to feed. If the calf is approached at such time, it plays "'possum," assumes to be dead or asleep, till on finding this ruse does not succeed, it mounts to its feet, bleats loudly and fiercely, and charges desperately upon the intruder. But it recovers from this wild scare in a little while, and never shows signs of it again.

The habit of the cow, also, in eating the placenta, looks to me like a vestige of her former wild instincts—the instinct to remove everything that would give the wild beasts a clue or a scent, and so attract them to her helpless young.

How wise and sagacious the cows become that run upon the street, or pick their living along the highway. The mystery of gates and bars is at last solved to them. They ponder over them by night, they lurk about them by day, till they acquire a new sense—till they become *en rapport* with them and know when they are open and unguarded. The garden gate, if it open into the highway at any

point, is never out of the mind of these roadsters, or out of their calculations. They calculate upon the chances of its being left open a certain number of times in the season; and if it be but once and only for five minutes, your cabbage and sweet corn suffer. What villager, or countryman either, has not been awakened at night by the squeaking and crunching of those piratical jaws under the window or in the direction of the vegetable patch? I have had the cows, after they had eaten up my garden, break into the stable where my own milcher was tied, and gore her and devour her meal. Yes, life presents but one absorbing problem to the street cow, and that is how to get into your garden. She catches glimpses of it over the fence or through the pickets, and her imagination or epigastrium is inflamed. When the spot is surrounded by a high board fence, I think I have seen her peeping at the cabbages through a knot-hole. At last she learns to open the gate. It is a great triumph of bovine wit. She does it with her horn or her nose, or may be with her ever ready tongue. I doubt if she has ever yet penetrated the mystery of the newer patent fastenings; but the old-fashioned thumb-latch she can see through, give her time enough.

A large, lank, muley or polled cow used to annoy me in this way when I was a dweller in a certain pastoral city. I more than half suspected she was turned in by some one; so one day I watched. Presently I heard the gate-latch rattle; the gate swung open, and in walked the old buffalo. On seeing me she turned and ran like a horse. I then fastened the gate on the inside and watched again. After long waiting the old cow came quickly round the corner and approached the gate. She lifted the latch with her nose. Then, as the gate did not move, she lifted it again and again. Then she gently nudged it. Then, the obtuse gate not taking the hint, she butted it gently, then harder and still harder, till it rattled again. At this juncture I

emerged from my hiding place, when the old villain scampered off with great precipitation. She knew she was trespassing, and she had learned that there were usually some swift penalties attached to this pastime.

I have owned but three cows and loved but one. That was the first one, Chloe, a bright red, curly-pated, golden-skinned Devonshire cow, that an ocean steamer landed for me upon the banks of the Potomac one bright May day many clover summers ago. She came from the north, from the pastoral regions of the Catskills, to graze upon the broad commons of the national capital. I was then the fortunate and happy lessee of an old place with an acre of ground attached, almost within the shadow of the dome of the capitol. Behind a high but aged and decrepit board fence I indulged my rural and unclerical tastes. I could look up from my homely tasks and cast a potato almost in the midst of that cataract of marble steps that flows out of the north wing of the patriotic pile. Ah, when that creaking and sagging back gate closed behind me in the evening, I was happy; and when it opened for my egress thence in the morning, I was not happy. Inside that gate was a miniature farm redolent of homely, primitive life, a tumble-down house and stables and implements of agriculture and horticulture, broods of chickens, and growing pumpkins, and a thousand antidotes to the weariness of an artificial life. Outside of it were the marble and iron palaces, the paved and blistering streets, and the high, vacant, mahogany desk of a government clerk. In that ancient enclosure I took an earth bath twice a day. I planted myself as deep in the soil as I could to restore the normal tone and freshness of my system, impaired by the above mentioned government mahogany. I have found there is nothing like the earth to draw the various social distempers out of one. The blue devils take flight at once if they see you mean to bury them and make compost of them.

Emerson intimates that the scholar had better not try to have two gardens; but I could never spend an hour hoeing up dock and red-root and twitch grass without in some way getting rid of many weeds and fungus, unwholesome growths that a petty, in-doors life was for ever fostering in my own moral and intellectual nature.

But the finishing touch was not given till Chloe came. She was the jewel for which this homely setting waited. My agriculture had some object then. The old gate never opened with such alacrity as when she paused before it. How we waited for her coming! Should I send Drewer, the colored patriarch, for her? No; the master of the house himself should receive Juno at the capital.

"One cask for you," said the clerk, referring to the steamer bill of lading.

"Then I hope it's a cask of milk," I said. "I expected a cow."

"One cask it says here."

"Well, let's see it; I'll warrant it has horns and is tied by a rope"; which proved to be the case, for there stood the only object that bore my name, chewing its cud, on the forward deck. How she liked the voyage I could not find out; but she seemed to relish so much the feeling of solid ground beneath her feet once more that she led me a lively step all the way home. She cut capers in front of the White House, and tried twice to wind me up in the rope as we passed the Treasury. She kicked up her heels on the broad avenue and became very coltish as she came under the walls of the capital. But that night the long-vacant stall in the old stable was filled, and the next morning the coffee had met with a change of heart. I had to go out twice with the lantern and survey my treasure before I went to bed. Did she not come from the delectable mountains, and did I not have a sort of filial regard for her as toward my foster mother?

This was during the Arcadian age at the capital, before the easy-going southern ways had gone out and the

prim new northern ways had come in, and when the domestic animals were treated with distinguished consideration and granted the freedom of the city. There was a charm of cattle in the streets and upon the commons: goats cropped your rose bushes through the pickets, and nooned upon your front porch, and pigs dreamed Arcadian dreams under your garden fence or languidly frescoed it with pigments from the nearest pool. It was a time of peace; it was the poor man's golden age. Your cow, or your goat, or your pig led a vagrant, wandering life, and picked up a subsistence wherever they could, like the bees, which was almost everywhere. Your cow went forth in the morning and came home fraught with milk at night, and you never troubled yourself where she went or how far she roamed.

Chloe took very naturally to this kind of life. At first I had to go with her a few times and pilot her to the nearest commons, and then left her to her own wit, which never failed her. What adventures she had, what acquaintances she made, how far she wandered, I never knew. I never came across her in my walks or rambles. Indeed, on several occasions I thought I would look her up and see her feeding in the national pastures, but I never could find her. There were plenty of cows, but they were all strangers. But punctually, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, her white horns would be seen tossing above the gate and her impatient low be heard. Sometimes, when I turned her forth in the morning, she would pause and apparently consider which way she would go. Should she go toward Kendall Green to-day, or follow the Tiber, or over by the Big Spring, or out around Lincoln Hospital? She seldom reached a conclusion till she had stretched forth her neck and blown a blast on her trumpet that awoke the echoes in the very lantern on the dome of the capitol. Then, after one or two licks, she would disappear around the corner. Later in

the season, when the grass was parched or poor on the commons, and the corn and cabbage tempting in the garden, Chloe was loth to depart in the morning, and her deliberations were longer than ever, and very often I had to aid her in coming to a decision.

For two summers she was a well-spring of pleasure and profit in my farm of one acre, when in an evil moment I resolved to part with her and try another. In an evil moment I say, for from that time my luck in cattle left me. Juno never forgave me the execution of that rash and cruel resolve.

The day is indelibly stamped on my memory when I exposed my Chloe for sale in the public market place. It was in November, a bright, dreamy, Indian summer day. A sadness oppressed me, not unmixed with guilt and remorse. An old Irish woman came to the market also with her pets to sell, a sow and five pigs, and took up a position next me. We consoled with each other; we bewailed the fate of our darlings together; we berated in chorus the white-aproned but blood-stained fraternity who prowled about us. When she went away for a moment I minded the pigs, and when I strolled about she minded my cow. How shy the innocent beast was of those carnal market men. How she would shrink away from them. When they put out a hand to feel her condition she would "scrooch" down her back, or bend this way or that, as if the hand were a branding iron. So long as I stood by her head she felt safe—deluded creature—and chewed the cud of sweet content; but the moment I left her side she seemed filled with apprehension, and followed me with her eyes, lowing softly and entreatingly till I returned.

At last the money was counted out for her, and her rope surrendered to the hand of another. How that last look of alarm and incredulity, which I caught as I turned for a parting glance, went to my heart!

Her stall was soon filled, or partly

filled, and this time with a native—a specimen of what may be called the cornstalk breed of Virginia: a slender, furtive, long-gear'd heifer just verging on cowhood, that in spite of my best efforts would wear a pinched and hungry look. She evidently inherited a humped back. It was a family trait, and evidence of the purity of her blood. For the native blooded cow of Virginia, from shivering over half rations of corn stalks, in the open air, during those bleak and windy winters, and roaming over those parched fields in summer, has come to have some marked features. For one thing, her pedal extremities seemed lengthened; for another, her udder does not impede her travelling; for a third, her backbone inclines strongly to the curve; then, she despiseth hay. This last is a sure test. Offer a thorough-bred Virginia cow hay, and she will laugh in your face; but rattle the husks or shucks, and she knows you to be her friend.

The new comer even declined corn meal at first. She eyed it furtively, then sniffed it suspiciously, but finally discovered that it bore some relation to her native "shucks," when she fell to eagerly.

I cherish the memory of this cow, however, as the most affectionate brute I ever knew. Being deprived of her calf, she transferred her affections to her master, and would fain have made a calf of him, lowing in the most piteous and inconsolable manner when he was out of her sight, hardly forgetting her grief long enough to eat her meal, and entirely neglecting her beloved husks. Often in the middle of the night she would set up that sonorous lamentation and continue it till sleep was chased from every eye in the household. This generally had the effect of bringing the object of her affection before her, but in a mood anything but filial or comforting. Still, at such times a kick seemed a comfort to her, and she would gladly have kissed the rod that was the instrument of my midnight wrath.

But her tender star was destined soon to a fatal eclipse. Being tied with too long a rope on one occasion during my temporary absence, she got her head into the meal barrel, and stopped not till she had devoured nearly half a bushel of dry meal. The singularly placid and benevolent look that beamed from the meal-besmeared face when I discovered her was something to be remembered. For the first time also her spinal column came near assuming a horizontal line.

But the grist proved too much for her frail mill, and her demise took place on the third day, not of course without some attempt to relieve her on my part. I gave her, as is usual in such emergencies, everything I "could think of" and everything my neighbors could think of, besides some fearful prescriptions which I obtained from a German veterinary surgeon, but to no purpose. I imagined her poor maw distended and inflamed with the baking sodden mass which no physic could penetrate or enliven.

Thus ended my second venture in live stock. My third, which followed sharp upon the heels of this disaster, was scarcely more of a success. This time I led to the altar a buffalo cow, as they call the "mully" down south—a large, spotted, creamy-skinned cow, with a fine udder, that I persuaded a Jew drover to part with for ninety dollars. "Pag like a dish rack (rag)," said he, pointing to her udder after she had been milked. "You vill come pack and gif me the udder ten tollars" (for he had demanded an even hundred), he continued, "after you have had her a gouple of days." True I felt like returning to him after a "gouple of days," but not to pay the other ten dollars. The cow proved to be as blind as a bat, though capable of counterfeiting the act of seeing to perfection. For did she not lift up her head and follow with her eyes a dog that scaled the fence and ran through the other end of the lot, and the next moment dash my hopes thus raised by trying to walk over a locust tree thirty

feet high? And when I set the bucket before her containing her first mess of meal, she missed it by several inches, and her nose brought up against the ground. Was it a kind of far-sightedness and near blindness? That was it. I think; she had genius, but not talent; she could see the man in the moon, but was quite oblivious to the man immediately in her front. Her eyes were telescopic and required a long range.

As long as I kept her in the stall, or confined to the enclosure, this strange eclipse of her sight was of little consequence. But when spring came, and it was time for her to go forth and seek her livelihood in the city's waste places, I was embarrassed. Into what remote corners or into what *terra incognita* might she not wander! There was little doubt but she would drift around home in the course of the summer, or perhaps as often as every week or two; but could she be trusted to find her way back every night? Perhaps she could be taught. Perhaps her other senses were acute enough to in a measure compensate her for her defective vision. So I gave her lessons in the topography of the country. I led her forth to graze for a few hours each day and led her home again. Then I left her to come home alone, which feat she accomplished very encouragingly. She came feeling her way along, stepping very high, but apparently a most diligent and interested sightseer. But she was not sure of the right house when she got to it, though she stared at it very hard.

Again I turned her forth, and again she came back, her telescopic eyes apparently of some service to her. On the third day there was a fierce thunderstorm late in the afternoon, and old buffalo did not come home. It had evidently scattered and bewildered what little wit she had. Being barely able to navigate those straits on a calm day, what could she be expected to do in a tempest?

After the storm had passed, and near sundown, I set out in quest of her, but could get no clue. I heard that two

cows had been struck by lightning about a mile out on the commons. My conscience instantly told me that one of them was mine. It would be a fit closing of the third act of this pastoral drama. Thitherward I bent my steps, and there upon the smooth plain I beheld the scorched and swollen forms of two cows slain by thunderbolts, but neither of them had ever been mine.

The next day I continued the search, and the next, and the next. Finally I hoisted an umbrella over my head, for the weather had become hot, and set out deliberately and systematically to explore every foot of open common on Capitol hill. I tramped many miles, and found every man's cow but my own—some twelve or fifteen hundred, I should think. I saw many vagrant boys and Irish and colored women, nearly all of whom had seen a buffalo cow that very day that answered exactly to my description, but in such diverse and widely separate places that I knew it was no cow of mine. And it was astonishing how many times I

was myself deceived; how many rumps or heads, or liver backs or white flanks I saw peeping over knolls or from behind fences or other objects that could belong to no cow but mine!

Finally I gave up the search, concluded the cow had been stolen, and advertised her, offering a reward. But days passed, and no tidings were obtained. Hope began to burn pretty low—was indeed on the point of going out altogether, when one afternoon, as I was strolling over the commons (for in my walks I still hovered about the scenes of my lost milcher), I saw the rump of a cow, over a grassy knoll, that looked familiar. Coming nearer, the beast lifted up her head; and, behold! it was she! only a few squares from home, where doubtless she had been most of the time. I had overshot the mark in my search. I had ransacked the far-off, and had neglected the near-at-hand, as we are so apt to do. But she was ruined as a milcher, and her history thenceforward was brief and touching!

JOHN BURROUGHS.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

WHO will tell him? Who will teach him?
Have you voices, merry birds?

Then be voice for me, and reach him
With a thousand pleading words.
Sing my secret, east and west,
Till his answer be confessed!

Roses, when you see him coming,
Light of heart and strong of limb,
Make your lover-bees stop humming;
Turn your blushes round to him—
Blush, dear flowers, that he may learn,
How a woman's heart can burn!

Wind—oh, wind—you happy rover!
Oh that I were half as free—
Leave your honey-bells and clover,
Go and seek my love for me.
Find, kiss, clasp him, make him know
It is *I* who love him so!

MARY ANGE DE VERE.

THE HEAD OF HERCULES.

ONE of the most curious cases that ever came under my notice in a long course of criminal practice was not brought into any court, and, as I believe, has never been published until now. The details of the affair came under my personal cognizance in the following manner:

In 1858 I went down into the Shenandoah valley to spend my summer vacation among the innumerable Pages, Marshalls, and Cookes who all hailed me as cousin, by right of traditional intermarriages generations back. My first visit was to the house of McCormack Beardsley, a kinsman and school-fellow whom I had not seen since we parted at the university twenty years before.

We were both gray-haired old fellows now, but I had grown thin and sharp in the courts of Baltimore and Washington, while he had lived quietly on his plantation, more fat and jovial and genial with every year.

Beardsley possessed large means then, and maintained the unlimited hospitality usual among large Virginia planters before the war. The house was crowded during my stay with my old friends from the valley and southern countries. His daughter, too, was not only a beauty, but a favorite among the young people, and brought many attractive, well-bred girls about her, and young men who were not so attractive or well bred. Lack of occupation and a definite career had reduced the sons of too many Virginia families at that time to cards and horses as their sole pursuits; the war, while it left them penniless, was in one sense their salvation.

One evening, sitting on the verandah with Beardsley, smoking, and looking in the open windows of the parlor, I noticed a woman who sat a little apart, and who, as I fancied, was

avoided by the younger girls. In a Virginia country party there are always two or three unmarried women, past their first youth, with merry blue eyes, brown hair, and delicate features—women “with a history,” but who are none the less good dancers, riders, and able to put all their cleverness into the making of a pie or a match for their cousins. This woman was blue-eyed and brown-haired, but she had none of the neat, wide-awake self-possession of her class. She had a more childish expression, and spoke with a more timid uncertainty, than even Lotty Beardsley, who was still in the school-room. I called my host's attention to her and asked who she was.

“It is the daughter of my cousin, General George Waring. You remember him surely—of the Henrico branch of Warings?”

“Certainly. But he had only one child—Louisa; and I remember receiving an invitation to her wedding years ago.”

“Yes. This is Louisa. The wedding never took place. It's an odd story,” he said, after a pause, “and the truth is, Floyd, I brought the girl here while you were with us in the hope that you, with your legal acumen, could solve the mystery that surrounds her. I'll give the facts to you to-morrow—it's impossible to do it now. But tell me, in the mean time, how she impresses you, looking at her as a lawyer would at a client, or a—a prisoner on trial. Do you observe anything peculiar in her face or manner?”

“I observed a very peculiar manner in all those about her—an effort at cordiality in which they did not succeed; a certain constraint in look and tone while speaking to her. I even saw it in yourself just now as soon as you mentioned her name.”

“You did? I'm sorry for that—ex-

ceedingly sorry!" anxiously. "I believe in Louisa Waring's innocence as I do in that of my own child; and if I thought she was hurt or neglected in this house—— But there's a cloud on the girl, Floyd—that's a fact. It don't amount even to suspicion. If it did, one could argue it down. But—— Well, what do you make of her—her face now?"

"It is not an especially clever face, nor one that indicates power of any kind; not the face of a woman who of her own will would be the heroine of any remarkable story. I should judge her to have been a few years ago one of the sensible, light-hearted, sweet-tempered girls of whom there are so many in Virginia; a nice housekeeper, and one who would have made a tender wife and mother."

"Well, well? Nothing more?"

"Yes. She has not matured into womanhood as such girls do. She looks as if her growth in every-day experiences had stopped years ago; that while her body grew older her mind had halted, immature, incomplete. A great grief might have had that effect, or the absorption of all her faculties by one sudden, mastering idea."

"You are a little too metaphysical for me," said Beardsley. "Poor Lou isn't shrewd by any means, and always gives me the feeling that she needs care and protection more than most women, if that is what you mean."

"There is a singular expression in her face at times," I resumed.

"Ah! Now you have it!" he muttered.

"Sitting there in your parlor, where there is certainly nothing to dread, she has glanced behind and about her again and again, as though she heard a sound that frightened her. I observe, too, that when any man speaks to her she fixes on him a keen, suspicious look. She does not have it with women. It passes quickly, but it is there. It is precisely the expression of an insane person, or a guilty one dreading arrest."

"You are a close observer, Floyd.

I told my wife that we could not do better than submit the whole case to your judgment. We are all Lou's friends in the neighborhood; but we cannot look at the matter with your legal experience and unprejudiced eyes. Come, let us go into supper now."

The next morning I was summoned to Beardsley's "study" (so called probably from the total absence of either book or newspaper), and found himself and his wife awaiting me, and also a Doctor Scheffer, whom I had previously noticed among the guests—a gaunt, hectic young man, apparently on the high road to death, the victim of an incurable consumption.

"I asked William Scheffer to meet us here," said Mr. Beardsley, "as Louisa Waring was an inmate of his father's house at the time of the occurrence. She and William were children and playmates together. I believe I am right, William. You knew all the circumstances of that terrible night?"

The young man's heavy face changed painfully. "Yes; as much as was known to any one but Louisa, and—the guilty man, whoever he was. But why are you dragging out that wretched affair?" turning angrily on Mrs. Beardsley. "Surely any friend of Miss Waring's would try to bury the past for her!"

"No," said the lady calmly. "It has been buried quite too long, in my opinion; for she has carried her burden for six years. It is time now that we should try to lift it for her. You are sitting in a draught, William. Sit on this sofa."

Scheffer, coughing frightfully, and complaining with all the testiness of a long-humored invalid, was disposed of at last, and Beardsley began:

"The story is briefly this. Louisa, before her father's death, was engaged to be married to Colonel Paul Merrick (Merricks of Clarke county, you know). The wedding was postponed for a year when General Waring died, and Louisa went to her uncle's—your father, Wil-

liam—to live during that time. When the year was over, every preparation was made for the marriage: invitations were sent to all the kinsfolk on both sides (and that included three or four counties on a rough guess), and we—the immediate family—were assembled at Major Scheffer's preparing for the grand event, when——" Beardsley became now excessively hot and flurried, and getting up, thumped heavily up and down the room.

"After all, there is nothing to tell. Why should we bring in a famous lawyer to sit in judgment on her as if the girl were a criminal? She only did, Floyd, what women have done since the beginning—changed her mind without reason. Paul Merrick was as clever and lovable a young fellow as you would find in the State, and Louisa was faithful to him—she's faithful to him yet; but on the night before the wedding she refused to marry him, and has persisted in the refusal ever since, without assigning a cause."

"Is that all of the story?" I asked. Beardsley was silent.

"No," said his wife gently; "that is not all. I thought McCormack's courage would fail before he gave you the facts. I shall try and tell you——"

"Only the facts, if you please, without any inferences or opinions of others."

The old lady paused for a moment, and then began: "A couple of days before the wedding we went over to Major Scheffer's to help prepare for it. You know we have no restaurateurs nor confectioners to depend upon, and such occasions are busy seasons. The gentlemen played whist, rode about the plantation, or tried the Major's wines, while indoors we, all of us—married ladies and girls and a dozen old aunties—were at work with cakes, creams, and pastry. I recollect I took over our cook, Prue, because Lou fancied nobody could make such wine jelly as hers. Then Lou's trousseau was a very rich one, and she wanted to try on all of her pretty dresses, that we might see how——"

"My dear!" interrupted Mr. Beardsley, "this really appears irrelevant to the matter——"

"Not at all. I wish Mr. Floyd to gain an idea of Louisa's temper and mood at that time. The truth is, she was passionately fond of her lover, and very happy that her marriage was so near; and being a modest little thing, she hid her feeling under an incessant, merry chatter about dresses and jellies. Don't you agree with me, William?"

The sick man turned on the sofa with a laugh, which looked ghastly enough on his haggard face. "I submit, Aunt Sophie, that it is hardly fair to call me in as a witness in this case. I waited on Lou for two or three years, Mr. Floyd, and she threw me over for Merrick. It is not likely that I was an unprejudiced observer of her moods just then."

"Nonsense, William. I knew that was but the idlest flirtation between you, or I should not have brought you here now," said his aunt. "Well, Mr. Floyd, the preparations all were completed on the afternoon before the wedding. Some of the young people had gathered in the library—Paul Merrick and his sisters and—you were there, William?"

"Yes, I was there."

"And they persuaded Lou to put on her wedding dress and veil to give them a glimpse of the bride. I think it was Paul who wished it. He was a hot, eager young fellow, and he was impatient to taste his happiness by anticipation. It was a dull, gusty afternoon in October. I remember the contrast she made to the gray, cold day as she came in, shy and blushing, and her eyes sparkling, in her haze of white, and stood in front of the window. She was so lovely and pure that we were all silent. It seemed as if she belonged then to her lover alone, and none of us had a right to utter a word. He went up to her, but no one heard what he said, and then took her by the hand and led her reverently to the door. Presently I met her coming

out of her chamber in a cloak and hat. Her maid Abby was inside, folding the white dress and veil. 'I am going down to Aunt Huldah's,' Lou said to me. 'I promised her to come again before I was married and tell her the arrangements all over once more.' Huldah was an old colored woman, Lou's nurse, who lived down on the creek bank and had long been bedridden. I remember that I said to Louisa that the walk would be long and lonely, and told her to call Paul to accompany her. She hesitated a moment, and then turned to the door, saying Huldah would probably be in one of her most funereal moods, and that she would not have Paul troubled on the eve of his wedding day. She started, running and looking back with a laugh, down the hill." Mrs. Beardsley faltered and stopped.

"Go on," said Dr. Scheffer. "The incidents which follow are all that really affect Louisa's guilt or innocence."

"Go on, mother," said Beardsley hastily. "Louisa's innocence is not called in question. Remember that. Tell everything you know without scruple."

The old lady began again in a lower voice: "We expected an arrival that afternoon—Houston Simms, a distant kinsman of Major Scheffer's. He was from Kentucky—a large owner of blooded stock—and was on his way home from New York, where his horses had just won the prizes at the fall races. He had promised to stop for the wedding, and the carriage had been sent to the station to meet him. The station, as you know, is five miles up the road. By some mistake the carriage was late, and Houston started, with his valise in his hand, to walk to the house, making a short cut through the woods. When the carriage came back empty, and the driver told this to us, some of the young men started down to meet the old gentleman. It was then about four o'clock, and growing dark rapidly. The wind, I recollect, blew sharp-

ly, and a cold rain set in. I came out on the long porch, and walked up and down, feeling uneasy and annoyed at Louisa's prolonged absence. Colonel Merrick, who had been looking for her all through the house, had just learned from me where she had gone, and was starting with umbrellas to meet her, when she came suddenly up to us, crossing the ploughed field, not from the direction of Huldah's cabin, but from the road. We both hurried toward her; but when she caught sight of Colonel Merrick she stopped short, putting out her hands with a look of terror and misery quite indescribable. 'Take me away from him! Oh, for God's sake!' she cried. I saw she had suffered some great shock, and taking her in my arms, led her in, motioning him to keep back. She was so weak as to fall, but did not faint, nor lose consciousness for a single moment. All night she lay, her eyes wandering from side to side as in momentary expectancy of the appearance of some one. No anodyne had any effect upon her—every nerve seemed strained to its utmost tension. But she did not speak a word except at the sound of Colonel Merrick's voice or step, when she would beg piteously that he should be kept away from her. Toward morning she fell into a kind of stupor, and when she awoke appeared to be calmer. She beckoned to me, and asked that her uncle Scheffer and Judge Grove, her other guardian, should be sent for. She received them standing, apparently quite grave and composed. She asked that several other persons should be called in, desiring, she said, to have as many witnesses as possible to what she was about to make known. 'You all know,' she said, 'that to-morrow was to have been my wedding day. I wish you now to bear witness that I refuse to-day or at any future time to marry Paul Merrick, and that no argument or persuasion will induce me to do so. And I wish,' raising her hand, to keep silence—'I wish to say publicly that it is no fault or ill doing of

Colonel Merrick's that has driven me to this resolve. I say this as in the sight of Almighty God.' Nobody argued, or scarcely, indeed, spoke to her. Every one saw that she was physically a very ill woman; and it was commonly believed that she had received some sudden shock which had unhinged her mind. An hour afterward the searching party came in (for the young men, not finding Houston Simms, had gone out again to search for him). They had found his dead body concealed in the woods by Mill's spring. You know the place. There was a pistol shot through the head, and a leathern pocketbook, which had apparently contained money, was found empty a few feet away. That was the end of it all, Mr. Floyd."

"You mean that Simms's murderer was never found?"

"Never," said Beardsley, "though detectives were brought down from Richmond and set on the track. Their theory—a plausible one enough too—was that Simms had been followed from New York by men who knew the large sum he carried from the races, and that they had robbed and murdered him, and readily escaped through the swamps."

"It never was my belief," said Dr. Scheffer, "that he was murdered at all. It was hinted that he had stopped in a gambling house in New York, and there lost whatever sum he had won at the races; and that rather than meet his family in debt and penniless, he blew out his brains in the first lonely place to which he came. That explanation was plain enough."

"What was the end of the story so far as Miss Waring was concerned?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, it never has had an end," said Mrs. Beardsley. "The mystery remains. She was ill afterward; indeed, it was years before she regained her bodily strength as before. But her mind had never been unhinged, as Paul Merrick thought. He waited patiently, thinking that some day her reason would return, and she

would come back to him. But Louisa Waring was perfectly sane even in the midst of her agony on that night. From that day until now she has never by word or look given any clue by which the reason of her refusal to marry him could be discovered. Of course the murder and her strange conduct produced a great excitement in this quiet neighborhood. But you can imagine all that. I simply have given you the facts which bear on the case."

"The first suspicion, I suppose, rested on Merrick?" I said.

"Yes. The natural explanation of her conduct was that she had witnessed an encounter in the woods between Simms and her lover, in which the old man was killed. Fortunately, however, Paul Merrick had not left the house once during the afternoon until he went out with me to meet her."

"And then Miss Waring was selected as the guilty party?"

No one answered for a moment. Young Scheffer lay with his arm over his face, which had grown so worn and haggard as the story was told that I doubted whether his affection for the girl had been the slight matter which he chose to represent it.

"No," said Beardsley; "she never was openly accused, nor even subjected to any public interrogation. She came to the house in the opposite direction from the spot where the murder took place. And there was no rational proof that she had any cognizance of it. But there were not wanting busybodies to suggest that she had met Simms in the woods, and at some proffered insult from him had fired the fatal shot."

His wife's fair old face flushed. "How can you repeat such absurdity, McCormack?" she said. "Louisa Waring was as likely to go about armed as—as I!" knitting vehemently at a woollen stocking she had held idly until now.

"I know it was absurd, my dear. But you know as well as I that though it was but the mere breath of suspi-

cion, it has always clung to the girl and set her apart as it were from other women."

"What effect did that report have on Merrick?" I asked.

"The effect it would have on any man deserving the name," said Beardsley. "If he loved her passionately before, she has been, I believe, doubly dear to him since. But she has never allowed him to meet her since that night."

"You think her feeling is unchanged for him?"

"I have no doubt of it," Mrs. Beardsley said. "There is nothing in Lou's nature out of which you could make a heroine of tragedy. After the first shock of that night was over she was just the commonplace little body she was before, and could not help showing how fond she was of her old lover. But she quietly refused to ever see him again."

"Merrick went abroad three years ago," interposed her husband. "I'll let you into a secret, Floyd. I've determined there shall be an end of this folly. I have heard from him that he will be at home next week, and is as firm as ever in his resolve to marry Miss Waring. I brought her here so that she could not avoid meeting him. Now if you, Floyd, could only manage—could look into this matter before the meeting, and set it to rights, clear the poor child of this wretched suspicion that hangs about her? Well, now you know why I have told you the story."

"You have certainly a sublime faith in Mr. Floyd's skill," said Schef-fer with a disagreeable laugh. "I wish him success." He rose with difficulty, and wrapping his shawl about him, went feebly out of the room.

"William is soured through his long illness," Beardsley hastened to say apologetically. "And he cared more for Lou than I supposed. We were wrong to bring him in this morning"; and he hurried out to help him up the stairs. Mrs. Beardsley laid down her knitting, and glanced cau-

tiously about her. I saw that the vital point of her testimony had been omitted until now.

"I think it but right to tell you—nobody has ever heard it before"—coming close to me, her old face quite pale. "When I undressed Louisa that night her shoes and stockings were stained, and a long reddish hair clung to her sleeve. *She had trodden over the bloody ground and handled the murdered man.*"

Every professional man will understand me when I say I was glad to hear this. Hitherto the girl's whim and the murder appeared to me two events connected only by the accident of occurrence on the same day. Now there was but one mystery to solve.

Whatever success I have had in my practice has been due to my habit of boldly basing my theories upon the known character of the parties implicated, and not upon more palpable accidental circumstances. Left to myself now, I speedily resolved this case into a few suppositions, positive to me as facts. The girl had been present at the murder. She was not naturally reticent: was instead an exceptionally confiding, credulous woman. Her motive for silence, therefore, must have been a force brought to bear on her at the time of the murder stronger than her love for Merrick, and which was still existing and active. Her refusal to meet her lover I readily interpreted to be a fear of her own weakness—dread lest she should betray this secret to him. Might not her refusal to marry him be caused by the same fear? some crushing disgrace or misery which threatened her through the murder, and which she feared to bring upon her husband? The motive I had guessed to be strong as her love: what if it were her love? Having stepped from surmise to surmise so far, I paused to strengthen my position by the facts. There were but two ways in which this murder could have prevented her marriage—through Merrick's guilt or her own. His innocence was proven; hers I did not

doubt after I had again carefully studied her face. Concealed guilt leaves its secret signature upon the mouth and eye in lines never to be mistaken by a man who has once learned to read them.

Were there but these two ways? There was a third, more probable than either—*fear*. At the first presentation of this key to the riddle the whole case mapped itself out before me. The murderer had sealed her lips by some threat. He was still living, and she was in daily expectation of meeting him. She had never seen his face, but had reason to believe him of her own class. (This supposition I based on her quick, terrified inspection of every man's face who approached her.) Now what threat could have been strong enough to keep a weak girl silent for years, and to separate her from her lover on their wedding day? I knew women well enough to say, none against herself; the threat I believed hung over Merrick's head, and would be fulfilled if she betrayed the secret or married him, which, with a weak, loving woman, was equivalent, as any man would know, to betrayal.

I cannot attempt to make the breaks in this reasoning solid ground for my readers; it was solid ground for me.

The next morning Beardsley met me on leaving the breakfast table. He held a letter open in his hand, and looked annoyed and anxious.

"Here's a note from Merrick. He sailed a week sooner than he expected—has left New York, and will be here to-night. If I had only put the case in your hands earlier! I had a hope that you could clear the little girl. But it's too late. She'll take flight as soon as she hears he is coming. Scheffer says it's a miserable, bloody muddle, and that I was wrong to stir it up."

"I do not agree with Dr. Scheffer," I said quietly. "I am going now to the library. In half an hour send Miss Waring to me."

"You have not yet been presented to her?"

"So much the better. I wish her to regard me as a lawyer simply. State to her as formally as you choose who I am, and that I desire to see her on business."

I seated myself in the library; placed pen and ink, and some legal-looking documents, selected at random, before me. Red tape and the formal pomp of law constitute half its force with women and men of Louisa's calibre. I had hardly arranged myself and my materials when the door slowly opened, and she entered. She was alarmed, yet wary. To see a naturally hearty, merry little body subjected for years to this nervous strain, with a tragic idea forced into a brain meant to be busied only with dress, cookery, or babies, appeared to me a pitiful thing.

"Miss Waring?" reducing the ordinary courtesies to a curt, grave nod. "Be seated, if you please." I turned over my papers slowly, and then looked up at her. I had, I saw, none of the common feminine shrewdness to deal with; need expect no subtle devices of concealment; no clever doublings; nothing but the sheer obstinacy which is an unintellectual woman's one resource. I would ignore it and her—boldly assume full possession of the ground at the first word.

"My errand to this house, Miss Waring, is in part the investigation of a murder in 1854, of which you were the sole witness—that of Houston Simms——"

I stopped. The change in her face appalled me. She had evidently not expected so direct an attack. In fact, Beardsley told me afterward that it was the first time the subject had been broached to her in plain words. However, she made no reply, and I proceeded in the same formal tone:

"I shall place before you the facts which are in my possession, and require your assent to such as are within your knowledge. On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 5, 1854, Houston Simms left the Pine Valley station, carrying a valise containing a large sum of money. You——"

She had been sitting on the other side of the table, looking steadily at me. She rose now. She wore a blue morning dress, with lace ruffles and other little fooleries in which women delight, and I remember being shocked with the strange contrast between this frippery and the speechless dread and misery of her face. She gained control of her voice with difficulty.

"Who has said that I was a witness of the murder?" she gasped. "I always explained that I was in another part of the wood. I went to aunty Huldah——"

"Pray do not interrupt me, Miss Waring. I am aware that you were the witness—the sole witness—in this matter." (She did not contradict me. I was right in my first guess—she had been alone with the murderer.) "On returning from your nurse's cabin you left the direct path and followed the sound of angry voices to the gorge by Mill's spring——"

"I did not go to play the spy. He lied when he said that," she cried feebly. "I heard the steps, and thought Colonel Merrick had come to search for me."

"That matters nothing. You saw the deed done. The old man was killed, and then robbed, in your sight"—I came toward her, and lowered my voice to a stern, judicial whisper, while the poor girl shrank back as though I were law itself uttering judgment upon her. If she had known what stazy guesswork it all was! "When you were discovered, the murderer would have shot you to insure your silence."

"I wish he had! It was Thad who would have done that. The white man's way was more cruel—oh, God knows it was more cruel!"

(There were two then.) I was very sorry for the girl, but I had a keen pleasure in the slow unfolding of the secret, just as I suppose the physician takes delight in the study of a new disease, even if it kills the patient.

"Yes," I said with emphasis. "I believe that it would have been less

suffering for you, Miss Waring, to have died than to have lived, forced as you were to renounce your lover, and to carry about with you the dread of the threat made by those men."

"I have not said there was a threat made. I have betrayed nothing." She had seated herself some time before by the table. There was a large bronze inkstand before her, and as she listened she arranged a half dozen pens evenly on the rest. The words she heard and spoke mattered more to her than life or death; her features were livid as those of a corpse, yet her hands went on with their mechanical work—one pen did not project a hair's breadth beyond the other. We lawyers know how common such puerile, commonplace actions are in the supreme moments of life, and how seldom men wring their hands, or use tragic gesture, or indeed words.

"No, you have betrayed nothing," I said calmly. "Your self-control has been remarkable, even when we remember that you believed your confession would be followed by speedy vengeance, not on your head, but Colonel Merrick's."

She looked up not able to speak for a minute. "You—you know all?"

"Not all, but enough to assure you that your time of suffering is over. You can speak freely, unharmed."

Her head dropped on the table. She was crying, and, I think, praying.

"You saw Houston Simms killed by two men, one of whom, the negro Thad, you knew. The white man's face was covered. You did not recognize him. But he knew you, and the surest way to compel you to silence. I wish you now to state to me all the details of this man's appearance, voice, and manner, to show me any letters which you have received from him since" (a random guess, which I saw hit the mark)—"in short, every circumstance which you can recall about him."

She did not reply.

"My dear Miss Waring, you need have no fear on Colonel Merrick's ac

count. The law has taken this matter out of your hands. Colonel Merrick is protected by the law."

"Oh! I did not understand," meekly.

To be brief, she told me the whole story. When she reached the spring she had found the old man bleeding and still breathing. He died in her arms. The men, who had gone back into the laurel to open the valise, came back upon her. The negro was a desperate character, well known in the county. He had died two years later. The other man was masked and thoroughly disguised. He had stopped the negro when he would have killed her, and after a few minutes' consultation had whispered to him the terms upon which she was allowed to escape.

"You did not hear the white man's voice?"

"Not once."

"Bring me the letters you have received from him."

She brought two miserably spelled and written scrawls on soiled bits of paper. It was the writing of an educated man, poorly disguised. He threatened to meet her speedily, warned her that he had spies constantly about her.

"That is all the evidence you can give me?"

"All." She rose to go. I held the door open for her, when she hesitated.

"There was something more—a mere trifle."

"Yes. But most likely the one thing that I want."

"I returned to the spring again and again for months afterward. People thought I was mad. I may have been; but I found there one day a bit of reddish glass with a curious mark on it."

"You have it here?"

She brought it to me. It was a fragment of engraved sardonyx, apparently part of a seal; the upper part of a head was cut upon it; the short hairs curving forward on the low forehead showed that the head was that of Hercules.

Some old recollection rose in my brain, beginning, as I may say, to

gnaw uncertainly. I went to my room for a few minutes to collect myself, and then sought Beardsley.

He was pacing up and down the walk to the stables, agitated as though he had been the murderer.

"Well, Floyd, well! What chance is there? What have you discovered?"

"Everything. One moment. I have a question or two to ask you. About ten years ago you commissioned me to buy for you in New York a seal—an intaglio of great value—a head of Hercules, as I remember. What did you do with it?"

"Gave it to Job Scheffer, William's father. Will has it now, though I think it is broken."

"Very well. What have Dr. Scheffer's habits been, by the way? Was he as fond of turning the cards as the other young fellows?"

"Oh, yes, poor boy! There was a rumor some years ago that he was frightfully involved in Baltimore—that it would ruin the old man, in fact, to clear off his debts of honor. But it died out. I suppose William found some way of straightening them out."

"Probably. Where is Dr. Scheffer now? I have a message for him."

"In his room. But this matter of Louisa Waring——"

"Presently. Have patience."

I went up to the young man's room. After all, the poor wretch was dying, and to compel him to blast his own honorable name seemed but brutal cruelty. I had to remember the poor girl's wasted face and hopeless eyes before I could summon courage to open the door after I had knocked. I think he expected me, and knew all that I had to say. A man in health would soon have known that I was acting on surmise, and defied me to the proof. Scheffer, I fancied, had been creeping through life for years with death in two shapes pursuing him, step by step. He yielded, cowed submissive at the first touch, and only pleaded feebly for mercy.

The negro had been his body servant—knew his desperate straits, and

dragged him into the crime. Then, he had loved Louisa: he was maddened by her approaching marriage. The scheme of ensuring her silence and driving Merrick away was the inspiration of a moment, and had succeeded. He only asked for mercy. His time was short. He could not live beyond a few weeks. I would not bring him to the gallows.

I was merciful, and I think was right to be so. His deposition was taken before his uncle, Mr. Beardsley, who was a magistrate, and two other men of position and weight in the community. It was to be kept secret until after his death, and then made public. He was removed at once to his father's house.

On Colonel Merrick's arrival that

evening, this deposition was formally read to him. I do not think it impressed him very much. He was resolved to marry Miss Waring in spite of every obstacle.

"But I never would have married you unless the truth had been discovered—never," she said to him that evening as they stood near me in the drawing-room. Her cheeks were warm, and her dark eyes full of tender light. I thought her a very lovely woman.

"Then I owe you to Mr. Floyd after all?" he said, looking down at her fondly.

"Oh, I suppose so," with a shrug. "But he is a very disagreeable person! Cast-iron, you know. I am so thankful *you* are not a lawyer, Paul."

JAMES M. FLOYD.

ROMANCE.

I WOULD I were mighty, victorious,
A monarch of steel and of gold—
I would I were one of the glorious
Divinities hallowed of old—
A god of the ancient sweet fashion
Who mingled with women and men,
A deity human in passion,
Transhuman in strength and in ken.
For then I could render the pleasure
I win from the sight of your face;
For then I could utter my treasure
Of homage and thanks for your grace;
I could dower, illumine, and gladden,
Could rescue from perils and tears,
And my speech could vibrate and madden
With eloquence worthy your ears.
You meet me: you smile and speak kindly;
One minute I marvel and gaze,
Idoltrous, worshipping blindly,
Yet mindful of decorous ways.
You pass; and the glory is ended,
Though lustres and sconces may glow:
The goddess who made the scene splendid
Has vanished; and darkly I go.
You know not how swiftly you mounted
The throne in the depths of my eyes;
You care not how meekly I counted
Those moments for pearls of the skies;
Or, knowing it, all is forgotten
The moment I pass from your sight—
Consigned to the fancies begotten
Of chaos and slumber and night.
But I—I remember your glances,
Your carelessst gesture and word,
And out of them fashion romances
Man never yet uttered nor heard;
Romances too splendid for mortals,
Too sweet for a planet of dole;
Romances which open the portals
Of Eden, and welcome my soul.

J. W. DeFOREST.

B E E R .

POETS, in every age since the time of Anacreon, have sung odes in praise of wine. The greatest bards of every clime have sought inspiration in its sparkling depths. But the poet, even German, is yet unborn, who, moved by sweet memories of the nectar of his fatherland, shall chant in rhyme the virtues of his national drink. Yet though its merit has inspired neither of the sister graces, poetry and song, to strike the lyre in its honor, it has had, none the less, an important mission to perform. To its plebeian sister beer, as a healthful beverage, wine must yield the palm. As a common drink, suited to human nature's daily need, it has never been surpassed. If it has nerved no hand to deeds of daring, or struck the scintillating sparks of genius from the human brain, it has added immensely to the health, long life, and happiness of many nations, and is destined to still greater triumphs, as life becomes studied more from a hygienic standpoint.

Beer is believed to have been invented by the Egyptians, and is of almost universal use; the zone of the cereals being more extended than that of the grape. Greek writers before Christ mention a drink composed of barley, under the name of *zythos*. This beverage was not unknown to the Romans, and we find it first mentioned by the historian Tacitus. By the nations of the West it was regarded as a nourishing drink for poor people. They prepared it from honey and wheat. Among the ancient Germans and Scandinavians, however, beer was in former times the national beverage, and was prepared from barley, wheat, or oats, with the addition of oak bark, and later of hops.

The ancients put bitter herbs in beer, and the present use of hops is in imitation. Modern beer was born at the time of Charlemagne, an epoch at

which hops were first cultivated. The earliest writing in which one finds mention of hops as an aroma to beer is in a parchment of St. Hildegarde, abbess of the convent of St. Rupert, at Bingen on the Rhine. The art of fabricating beer remained for a long time a privilege of convents. The priests drank Pater's beer, while the lighter or convent beer was used by the laity. Although beer has been manufactured of all the cereals, barley only can be called its true and legitimate father.

Bavaria and Franconia were already in the fourteenth century celebrated for their excellent beer, and the German cities, of which each one soon had its own brewery, vied with their predecessors. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Upper and Lower Saxony breweries became well known. The Braunschweiger, Einbeker, Göttinger, Bremer, and Hamburger beer, as well as the breweries of the cities of Würzen, Zwickau, Torgau, Merseburg, and Goslar, were far and wide celebrated. Bavarian beer has long made the tour of the world. Bock beer from Bavaria and from the Erzgebirge is exported to Java and China.

German lager beer, as a healthy and lightly stimulating beverage, is welcome in both hot and cold countries. It is liked as well by the Russians and Scandinavians as by the inhabitants of the tropics. It is brewed by Germans in all parts of the globe—in Valenciennes, Antwerp, Madrid, Constantinople, and even in Australia, Chili, and Brazil.

The English commenced later than the Germans to make beer. In 1524, however, they not only brewed beer, but used hops in its fabrication.

The Greek and Latin races, which drank wine, had but little taste for beer, which divided them from the Germanic races as a sharp boundary.

Beer and wine seem to have had an influence in forming the temperament of these widely differing races. While wine excites the nervous system, beer tranquillizes and calms it. The action of a particular kind of daily drink, used for centuries, must in this respect have been more or less potent. Hence, perhaps, the Teuton's phlegm and the Gaul's excitability.

There may be said to be three principal types of beer—the Bavarian, Belgian, and English. The Bavarian is obtained by the infusion or decoction of sprouted barley; then by the fermentation of deposit, in tubs painted internally with resin. The varieties most appreciated are the Bock and Salvator beers. The beers of Belgium have the special character of being prepared by spontaneous fermentation, and the process is therefore slow. The principal varieties are the Lambick, the Faro, the March beer, and the Uytzd. In the English beer the must is prepared by simple infusion and the fermentation is superficial. On account of its great alcoholic richness it is easily conserved. The ale, the porter, and the stout are the chief varieties of English beer, which differ among themselves only by the diverse proportion of their ingredients and the different degrees of torrefaction of the barley, rendering it more or less brown. In France only the superficial method of fermentation is employed. In a litre of Strasburg beer one finds 5.1-4 grammes of albumen, 45 grammes of alcohol, and .091 of salts. The ordinary Bavarian beer contains three per cent. of alcohol and six and a half per cent. of nourishing extracts. The beers the most sticky to the touch are the heaviest in volume and the most nutritious. It is historical that in very olden days the Munich city fathers tried the goodness of the beer by pouring it out on a bench and then sitting down in their leather inexpressibles, and approved of it only when they remained glued to the seat.

In Nuremberg there is a school of brewers, where one may learn all the

mysteries of beer brewing. Certain breweries, however, pretend to possess secrets pertaining to the art known exclusively to them. For example, one family near Leipsic is said to have possessed for a century the secret which chemistry has tried in vain to discover, of making the famous Gose beer.

"Good beer," says Dr. Paolo Mantegazza, a celebrated Italian writer on medicine, "is certainly one of the most healthy of alcoholic drinks. The bitter tonic, the richness of the alimentary principle which it contains, and its digestibility make it a real liquid food, which, for many temperaments, is medicine. The English beer, which is stronger in spirit than some wines, never produces on the stomach that union of irritating phenomena vulgarly called heat, and for this reason beer is often tolerated by the most weak and irritable persons, and can be drunk with advantage in grave diseases."^{*} Laveran, a French physician, counsels it for consumptives, and for nervous thin people in the most diverse climates.

In the intoxication by beer there is always more or less stupidity. Beer is by no means favorable to *l'esprit*. It is doubtful if it has ever inspired the great poets or the profound thinkers who make Germany, in science, the leading country in Europe. Reich, Voigt, and many great writers have launched their anathemas against it. As a stimulant beer is less potent than wine or tea and coffee. The forces of soldiers have never been sustained on a fatiguing march, nor can they be incited to a battle, by plentiful libations of beer. During the late French-Prussian war nearly every provision train which left Bavaria carried supplies of beer to the Bavarian troops. It was found very favorable for the convalescent soldiers in the hospitals, but inferior to coffee or wine as a stimulant on the eve of battle.

The old chroniclers of Bavaria relate this curious tale of the origin of the celebrated bock beer. There was one

* "Quadri della Natura Umana."

day in olden times at the table of the Duke of Bavaria, as guest, a Brunswick nobleman. Now there had long prevailed at the court the custom of presenting to noble guests, after the meal, a beaker of the Bavarian barley juice, not without a warning as to its strength. The Brunswicker received the usual cup, emptied it at a draught, and pronounced it excellent. "But," he continued, "such barley juice as we brew at home in Brunswick is equalled by no other. Our Mumme is the king of beers, so that the bravest drinker cannot take two beakers of it without sinking under the table." The duke listened with displeasure to the haughty words of the knight, for he was not a little proud of the brewings of his country, and commanded his cup-bearer, with a meaning look, to challenge him.

"By your leave, Sir Knight," replied the page, "what you say is not quite true. If it pleases you and my lord Duke, I should like to lay a wager with you."

The duke nodded assent, and the knight, smiling scornfully, challenged the cup-bearer to pledge him.

"Your Brunswick Mumme," continued the page, "may pass as a refreshing drink; but with our beer you cannot compare it, for the best of our brewings is unknown to you. In case, however, you please again to make your appearance at the hospitable court of my gracious lord, I will promise you a beaker of beer which cannot be equalled in any other country of united Christendom. I will drink the greatest bumper that can be found in our court of your Mumme at one draught, if you can take of our beer, even slowly, three beakers. He who a half hour afterward can stand on one leg and thread a needle shall win the wager, and receive from the other a mighty cask of Tokayer Reben-safte."

This speech received loud applause, and the Brunswicker laughingly accepted the challenge.

After the knight had departed the

duke tapped the page on the shoulder and said, "Take care that thou dost not repent thy word, and that the Brunswicker does not win the wager."

The first morning in May the Brunswicker rode into the castle and was welcomed by the duke. All eyes were turned on the cup-bearer, who shortly afterward appeared with a suite of pages carrying on a bier two little casks, one bearing the Bavarian arms and the other those of Brunswick. The right to give to the contents of the former a particular name was reserved to the duke. The page produced likewise a monstrous silver bumper and three beakers of the ordinary size. It was long before the bumper was filled to the rim, and then it required two men to raise it to the table. In the mean time another page placed the three beakers before the knight, who could not suppress a sarcastic laugh at the huge bumper which the page, taking in his strong arms, placed to his lips. As the knight emptied the last beaker the cup-bearer turned down the bumper. Two needles and a bundle of silk lay on the table. It wanted a few moments of the half hour, and the Brunswicker ran toward the garden for fresh air. Hardly arrived in the court, a peculiar swimming of the head seized him, so that he fell to the ground. A servant saw him from the window, and hastened out, followed by the court, with the duke in advance. There lay the Brunswicker, and tried in vain to rise.

"By all the saints, Herr Ritter, what has thrown you in the sand?" inquired the duke sympathetically.

"The bock, the bock" (the goat, the goat), murmured the knight with a heavy tongue.

A burst of sarcastic laughter echoed in the courtyard. In the mean time the page stood on one foot, and without swaying threaded the needle.

"The bock, the bock," repeated the duke smiling. "Our beer is no longer without a name. It shall be called bock, that one may take care."

The bock season lasts about six

weeks, from May into June. Just before it commences a transparency of a goat, drinking from a tall, slender glass, is placed as a sign before certain beer locals, called in Munich dialect *bock stalls*, not because goats are kept there, but because wonderful beer, called *bock*, is dispensed.

He who has not lived in Bavaria can have no idea of what importance beer is in Bavarian life. There are in Munich Germans who exist only for beer, and there have been pointed out to me old gentlemen who have frequented daily the same local for twenty-five or thirty years, and even occupied the same seat, and pounded the same table, by way of enforcing their views, in discussing the politics of the day. They are called *Stammgäste* (literally stock guests), and are much honored in their respective locals.

The greatest personages do not disdain the meanest locals, provided the beer is good and to their taste. Naked pine tables do not disgust them, nor the hardest benches. Often on the table skins of radishes, crusts of bread, cigar stumps, tobacco ashes, herring heads, and cheese rinds form a fragrant *mélange*. The inheritors of this precious legacy push it away without undue irritability. Radishes are carried about by old women called *radi-weibers*, who do a thriving business besides in nuts and herrings. One cannot find in any other country of the world radishes of such size, tenderness, and flavor—a brown variety inherited by the happy Münchener with their breweries. Nowhere else does cutting and salting them rank as an art. To prepare one scientifically they pare it carefully, slit it in three slices nearly to the end, place salt on the top, and draw the finger over it, as if it were a pack of cards. The salt falls between the slices, and when they are pressed together becomes absorbed.

In a German *Bier Local* are represented all classes of society. Beer is the great leveller of social distinctions. The foaming glass of King Gambrinus unites all Germans of all states, cli-

mates, and professions in a closer brotherhood than the sceptre of the Hohenzollerns, and links that portion of the Teutonic race over which the stars and stripes throws its protecting folds to the dear fatherland.

Fine wines are a perquisite of money. The fortunate aristocrat and the house of Israel, which everywhere waxes fat on the needs of travellers, may sip their champagne, their *Lachrymæ Christi*, and their Hockheimer, while less favored humanity contents itself with sour *vin ordinaire*; but beer is the same for all, and in some breweries each one must search for a glass, rinse it, and present himself in his turn at the shank window, to which there is no royal road. "*La bière*," which a great writer calls "*ce vin de la réforme*," is essentially a democratic drink. It became popular at a time when a fatal blow had been struck at class privileges and priestly exclusiveness.

Manfully does a true-hearted Bavarian stand by his brewery, in ill as well as good report. If the beer turns out badly, he does not find it a sufficient reason to desert his local for some other, but rather remains with touching devotion, and anticipates the approaching end of the old beer and the advent of new, with implicit trust and confidence in the future. Some years ago the Bavarian post and railway conductors distinguished themselves by the mournful zeal with which they notified to the passengers the nearing of the frontier. At each station they were sorrowfully communicative.

"The last Bairischer* but four, gentlemen! Gentlemen, there are only two more real Bairischers! Gentlemen," with tears in the voice, "the last Bairischer."

The passengers rushed to the buffet and drank.

Even now, with that curious affection with which every Bavarian's heart turns to his Mecca of beer, the salutation to a stranger is, "Are you going

* The local term in Bavaria for a glass of beer.

to Munich? *Da werden sie gutes Bier trinken.*"*

"You came from Munich? *Ach! da haben sie gutes Bier getrunken.*"†

Even in Beerland there are different kinds of beer, like the federal union, one in many and many in one. Between them are sometimes irreconcilable differences, as for example, between the white and Actiens beer of Berlin. The former is made of wheat, and is exclusively a summer beverage, and a glass of it is fondly termed a "kleine Weisse" (a little white one), perhaps in irony, for it is served in excentric mammoth tumblers, which require both hands to lift.

Then there is the Vienna beer, the antipodes of the Bavarian. The latter must be drunk soon after it is made, while the former must lie many months in the cellar before it is ready for use. In Austria, that forcible union of States of clashing interests and nationalities, which is not a nation, but only a government reposing on bayonets, the population is divided between the partisans of King Gambinus and those of Bacchus.

As little as an artist could maintain that he was familiar with the works of the great masters when he had not visited Italy, so little could a beer drinker assert that he had seen beer rightly drunk when he had not been in Munich. All over the world beer is regarded as a refreshment, but in Munich it is the elixir of life, the fabled fountain of youth and happiness. It is looked upon as nourishment by the lower classes, who drink for dinner two *masses*‡ of it, with soup and black bread. For the price of the beer they could procure a good portion of meat, but they universally maintain that they are best nourished with beer and bread.

The Bavarian drinks to satisfy his "thirst, that beautiful German gift of God." If he is healthy, he drinks because it keeps his life juices in their

normal state; if he is sick and in pain, because it is a soothing and harmless narcotic; if he is hungry, because beer is nourishment; if he has already eaten, because beer promotes digestion; if he is warm, because it is cooling and refreshing; if he is cold, because it warms him; if he is fatigued, because it is a tonic and sovereign strength renewer; if he is angry, because beer soothes him and gives him time to consider; if he needs courage, because beer is precisely the right stimulant. Where the Americans fly to their bitters "to tone up the system and enliven the secretions," the Germans resort to beer; and many are of opinion that frequent trips to the bock stalls in the spring are more healing than a visit to Carlsbad or Baden Baden, where one drinks disgusting water. In all circumstances and all moods they drink and are comforted.

The Jews believed that the sacred waves of the Jordan were powerful to wash away all human suffering, either of the soul or body. Faith was necessary to this pious healing. To the Münchener beer is the river of health. His faith in it dates from his earliest infancy, and he resorts to its beneficent influence at least seven times a day, and drinks his last *Krögl* with apparently the same relish as the first. The quantity which Germans drink is something incredible. Bavarian students usually take from five to seven masses per day. (At the German Jesuit seminary in Prague the novices are allowed daily seven, the clerics ten, and the priests twelve pints of beer.)

Beer is considered good not only for men, but for women, for girls and boys, and even unweaned infants.

"Mein Krögl" the Münchener speaks of as of his natural and human rights. He was born with a right to his beer, and his *Krögl*, as "man is born with a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and equally with these the State must look after this right. The *krögls*, or beer mugs, of each brewery are inspected by the police, to

* There you will drink good beer.

† There you drank good beer.

‡ A *mass* equals fifteen-sixteenths of a quart.

see if the measure is correct, and if the ware has no poisonous lead in its composition. The royal K is stamped on them by the King's authority. The police also examine the contents of the beer with the same zeal as the water or the condition of the sewers.

The Germans as a nation are patient of wrong and peace-loving, but the rumor of a tax on beer raises a frightful commotion, and a riot is often the consequence. As well tax air, water, and fire as beer, the fifth element.

In an ancient neighborhood of Munich, behind the post, and best entered from Maximilian street, is a little square remarkable for its ugliness. All the houses are old, and one feels upon entering it as if one had suddenly walked back into the middle ages. On the east side stands a time-gray, low, irregular building, resembling in architecture, or by its want of it, nothing of the present age. This is the royal Hof Brauerei. After 10 A. M. a constant stream of thirsty souls flows along the streets and narrow alleys leading toward its dismal-looking portals. Its beer is celebrated as being the finest in the world, and is the standard by which all other beers are judged. It is the poetry of beer; it is to all other brewings what Shakespeare is to the drama; what the Coliseum is to other antiquities. None of the beer is exported or sold; it is all drunk on the spot, and when it gives out no other brewery can supply a drop comparable with it. The Parisians, who have heaped every luxury, from the poles to the tropics, in their capital of the world, have not enough money in the Bank of France to purchase a cask of it. It is said that Maximilian II. resolved that the best beer in the world should be made at the royal brewery in Munich. It has never been expected that it would yield any revenue, but merely pay its expenses. It is now under the protection of the present King, and the ingredients are inspected by an officer of the royal household.

For its dirt, its darkness, and its

utter want of service, the Hof Brauerei is unequalled in the world, and nowhere else can be found such a mixed society. Entering the low-vaulted room, each one looks anxiously about for an empty mug. These are of gray stone, containing a mass, the price of which is seven and a half kreutzers. Spying one, he hastens to secure it from other competitors. The first who reaches it carries it off in triumph to the spring in the ante-room, rinses it, and presents himself behind a queue of predecessors at the shank window, where several pairs of hands are occupied all day long in filling mugs from the great casks within. This accomplished, he returns to the guest room and searches for a seat. If found, it is certainly not luxurious—a wooden bench of pine, stained by time and continual use to a dark dirt color, behind an ancient table. The walls and ceiling are grim with age, and the atmosphere hazy with smoke. The scene baffles description. All classes of society are represented. Side by side with the noble or learned professor, one sees the poorest artisan and the common soldier. Here and there the picturesque face of an artist is in close proximity to a peasant, and through the smoky atmosphere one catches the gleam of the scarlet or sky-blue cap of a German student, or the glitter of an epaulette. The Catholic of the most ultramontane stamp is there, as well as the Jew, the Protestant, and the freethinker. Here stands a pilgrim from far America, armed with a Bâdeker, and there an Englishman with the inevitable Murray under his arm, too amazed or disdainful to search for a mass. Remarkable also are the steady habitués of the place, with Albert Dürer-like features which look as if hastily hewn out of ancient wood with two or three blows of a hatchet, or with smoke-dried physiognomies having a tint like that of a meerschaum pipe, acquired by years of exposure to the thick atmosphere of smoky breweries. They are there morning, noon, and night, year in and year out.

Some talk over the news of the day, but most sit in silence. Not a few make a meal with bread and radishes, or a sausage brought from the nearest pork shop.

In Munich a singular and ancient custom prevails. If by chance the cover of a mug is left up, any individual who chooses may seize it, and drink the contents. At the Hof Brauerei I once saw a newly arrived Englishman, carrying the usual red guide-book, quit the room for an instant, leaving uncovered his just acquired mass of beer. There came along a seedy-looking old gentleman, evidently a *Stammgast*. A gleam of satisfaction stole over his wooden features as he espied the open mug. Pausing a moment, he lifted it to his lips and slowly drank the contents. Setting it down empty, with a face mildly radiating satisfaction, he went his way. Presently the owner of the beer returned, took his seat, and lifted the mass, without looking, to his lips. With intense astonishment he put it down again, appeared not to believe the evidence of his senses, applied his glass to his eye, looked with anxiety into his mug, and became satisfied of its emptiness. At his neighbors he cast a quick glance of indignant suspicion—the look of a Briton whose rights were invaded. No one even looked up; apparently the occasion was too common to excite attention. Gradually his face regained its composure. He procured a new supply, and as the wonderful barley juice disappeared became again calm and happy. Miraculous mixture! Who would not, under thy benign influence, forget all rancor and bitterness, even though his deadliest enemy sat opposite?

In the Haupt und Residenz Stadt München, as Munich is always called in official documents, many of the breweries bear the names of orders of monks, because there the friars in olden days made particularly good beer. The breweries borrowed from them the receipt and the name. Hence the

brewery to the Augustiner, to the Dominikaner, to the Franciskaner, and the Salvator.

New beer is in all cities of America and Europe a simple fact. In Munich it is an important public and private family event, concerning each house as well as the entire city.

The opening of the Salvator brewery in the suburbs of Munich, for its brief season of a month in the spring, assumes for the inhabitants the importance of a long anticipated holiday. Thither an eager crowd of townspeople make pilgrimage. I was present on one of these auspicious occasions, and found a joyous multitude of more than two thousand persons, filling to overflowing the capacious building gayly trimmed with evergreens interspersed with the national colors. A band discoursed excellent music, that necessary element, without which no German scene is complete. The waiters, more than usually adroit in supplying the wants of the crowd, carried in their hands fourteen glasses at a time with professional dexterity. The peculiar delicacy of the occasion, aside from the beer, seemed to be cheese, plentifully sprinkled with black pepper.

Late in the evening the people became more excited and sympathetic, and then it was proposed to sing "Herr Fisher," a popular German song of the people. A verse was sung by a few voices as a solo; then followed a mighty chorus from all the persons present. Each one raised the cover of his beer mug at the commencement, and let it fall with a clang at the close of the chorus, with startling effect.

In Munich one-half of the inhabitants appear to be engaged in the fabrication of beer and the entire population in drinking it. It impresses one as being the only industry there. The enormous brewery wagons, drawn by five Norman horses, are ever to be seen. On the trains going from the city there is ordinarily a beer car painted in festive white. It bears an inscription,

that none may mistake its contents, and perhaps that the peasants may bless it as it passes. It is looked upon with as much reverence as if it bore the ark of the covenant.

All over Germany, among the most ordinary of birthday or holiday presents are the elegantly painted porcelain tops for beer glasses. The works of great masters may be found copied in exquisite style for this purpose, as well as illustrations suited to uncultivated tastes. To these pictures there are appropriate mottoes, and often a verse adapted to the comprehension of the most uneducated peasant. A favorite among the Bavarians, judging from the frequency with which it is met with in all parts of Bavaria, represents a peasant in a balcony waving her kerchief to her lover, departing in a little skiff, on an intensely blue sea. Beneath, in patois, is the doggerel:

Beautifully blue is the sea,
But my heart aches in me,
And my heart will never recover
Till returns my peasant lover.

Equally a favorite is the following:

A rifle to shoot,
And a fighting ring to hit,
And a maiden to kiss,
Must a lively boy have.

The rings to which the rhyme refers are of huge size, of silver, with a sharp-edged square of the same metal. They are heirlooms among the peasants, and are worn on the middle finger. It is the custom in a quarrel to hit one's adversary with the *Stoarving* on the cheek, which it tears open.

In Germany many of the great breweries have summer gardens in the suburbs of the cities. In Berlin there are magnificent *Biergärten*, where the two most necessary elements of German existence, beer and music, are united. I need only refer to the Hof Jäger, with its flowers, fountains, miniature lake, and open-air theatre, where popular comedies are performed. Three

times per week there is an afternoon concert by one or two regiment bands. Thither the Germans conduct their families. In the winter there are concert rooms in the cities, where "music is married," not "to immortal verse," but to beer; and these classical concerts are patronized by people of high respectability.

Beer is peculiarly suited to the American temperament, too nervous and sensitive. It is certain that the human race always has, and probably always will, resort to beverages more or less stimulating. The preaching of moralists and the efforts of legislators will not exclude them permanently from our use. It is not in the use but in the abuse of these that the difficulty lies. Neither tea nor coffee answers for all temperaments and all occasions as nervous aliments. The extraordinary and increasing diffusion of liquors is one of the social ulcers of modern society, particularly in America. It is unfortunately true that the use of strong alcoholics is increasing every day, to the great detriment of public health and morals. Taken merely to kill time, they often end by killing the individual.

One of the great advantages of beer, too much forgotten even by physicians, is that it reverses the influence of alcohol, by which it loses its irritating properties on the mucous membrane of the stomach. The celebrated Dr. Bock (late professor of pathological anatomy in the university at Leipsic) says, "Beer exercises on the digestion, on the circulation, on the nerves, and above all on the whole system, a beneficial effect."*

It would be well if Americans would adopt it instead of the innumerable harmful beverages which ruin the health and poison the peace of society.

S. G. YOUNG.

* "Buch vom gesunden und kranken Menschen" (9th edition).

ON READING SHAKESPEARE.

PLAYS OF THE THIRD PERIOD.

WE have followed Shakespeare's course of dramatic production down to the time when he began to embody in the work by which he earned his bread and made his fortune the results of an intuitive knowledge of human nature and a profound reflection upon it never surpassed, if ever equalled, and which, even if possessed, have never been united in any other man with a power of expression so grand, so direct, so strong, and so subtle. "Twelfth Night," "Henry V.," and "As You Like It" mark the close of his second period, which ended with the sixteenth century. His third period opens with "Hamlet," which was written about the year 1600. But here I will say that the division of his work into periods, and the assignment of his plays to certain years, is only inferential and approximative. We are able to determine with an approach to certainty about what time most of his plays were written; but we cannot fix their date exactly. Nor is it of very great importance that we should do so. There are some people who can fret themselves and others as to whether a play was written in 1600 or in 1601, as there are others who deem the question whether its author was born on the 23d of April in one year, and died on the same day of the same month in another, one of great importance. I cannot so regard it. A few days in the date of a man's birth or death, a few months in the production of a play—these are matters surely of very little moment. What is important to the student and lover of Shakespeare is the order of the production of his works; and this, fortunately, is determinable with a sufficient approach to accuracy to enable us to know about at what age he was engaged upon them, and what changes

in his style and in his views of life they indicate.

In the first ten years of the seventeenth century, between his thirty-seventh and forty-seventh year, he produced "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," his part of "Pericles," "All's Well that Ends Well," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Troilus and Cressida," "Cymbeline," "Coriolanus," and "Othello." These, with other works, were the fruit of his mind in its full maturity and vigor. Think of it a moment! what a period it was! As my eye lights upon the back of the eleventh volume of my own edition and the eighth of the Cambridge edition, and I read "HAMLET, KING LEAR, OTHELLO," I am moved with a sense of admiration and wonder which, if I allow it to continue, becomes almost oppressive; and I also take pleasure in the result of a convenience of arrangement that brought into one volume these three marvellous works—the three greatest productions of man's imagination, each wholly unlike the others in spirit and in motive.

Although they were not written one after the other, but with an interval of about five years between them, it would be well to read them consecutively and in the order above named, which is that in which they happen to be printed in the first collected edition (1623) of Shakespeare's plays. They were written—"Hamlet" in 1600-2, "King Lear" in 1605, and "Othello" about 1610, its date being much more uncertain than that of either of the others. The thoughtful reader who, having followed the course previously marked out, now comes to the study of these tragedies, is prepared to apprehend them justly, not only in their own greatness, but in their relative position

as the product of their author's mind in its perfected and disciplined maturity—as the splendid triple crown of Shakespeare's genius. No other dramatist, no other poet, has given the world anything that can for a moment be taken into consideration as equal to these tragedies; and Shakespeare himself left us nothing equal to any one of them, taken as a whole and in detail; although there are some parts of other late plays—"Macbeth," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Troilus and Cressida," and "The Tempest"—which, in their grandeur of imagination and splendor of language, bear the stamp of this great period.

And yet such was the merely stage-providing nature of Shakespeare's work, that even "Hamlet," produced at the very height of his reputation, is, like the Second and Third Parts of "King Henry VI.," which came from his prentice hand, connected in some way, we do not know exactly what, with a drama by an elder contemporary upon the same subject. There are traces in contemporary satirical literature of a "Hamlet" which had been performed as early as 1589, or possibly two years earlier. It is remarkable that in the first edition of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" (1603) Polonius is called Corambis, and Reynaldo, Montano; in which latter names we may safely assume that we have relics of the old play; and, although I am sure that in this edition of 1603 we have merely a mutilated and patched-up version, surreptitiously obtained, and printed in headlong haste, of the perfected play (in which opinion I differ from some English scholars, whose learning and judgment I respect, but to whom I would hold myself ready to prove, under forfeit, to their satisfaction the correctness of my view); there are also in this mutilated 1603 edition passages which not only are manifestly not what Shakespeare wrote, but not even a mutilated form of what he wrote. They are probably taken from the older play to supply the place of passages of the new play

which could not be obtained in time for the hasty publication of this pirated edition of Shakespeare's tragedy. Remark, here, in this hasty and surreptitious edition, evidence of the great impression suddenly made by Shakespeare's "Hamlet." On its production it became at once so popular that a piratical publisher was at the trouble and expense of getting as much of the original as he could by unfair means, and vamping this up with inferior and older matter to meet the popular demand for reading copies. There is evidence of a like success of "King Lear." Since the time when these plays were produced there has been, we are called upon to believe, a great elevation of general intelligence, and there surely has been a great diffusion of knowledge; and yet it may be safely remarked that "Saratoga" and "Pique" and "The Golden Age," which ran their hundred nights and more, are not quite equal to "Hamlet" or to "King Lear," which, even with all their success, did not run anything like a hundred nights; and we may as safely believe that if "Hamlet" or "King Lear" were produced for the first time this winter in New York or in London, there would not be such a great and sudden demand for copies that extraordinary means would be taken by publishers to supply it. This superiority of the general public taste in dramatic literature during the Elizabethan era is one of the remarkable phenomena in literary history; and it is one that remains unaccounted for, and is, I think, altogether inexplicable, except upon the assumption that theatres nowadays rely for their support upon a public of low intellectual grade, and a taste for gross luxury and material splendor.

In reading "Hamlet" there is little opportunity of comparing it instructively with any of its predecessors. Its principal personage is entirely unlike any other created by Shakespeare. The play is all Hamlet: the other personages are mere occasions for his presence and means of his develop-

ment. But Polonius is something the same kind of man as old Capulet in "Romeo and Juliet;" and although there were opportunities enough for the noble Veronese father to utter sentimentally the knowledge of the world which he had gained by living in it, see how comparatively meagre and superficial his "wise saws" are compared with the counsel that Polonius gives to his son and to his daughter, and to the King and Queen; although Polonius, with all his sagacity, is garrulous and a bore; in Hamlet's words, a tedious old fool. As to Hamlet's character, Shakespeare did not mean it to be altogether admirable or otherwise, but simply to be Hamlet—a perfectly natural and not very uncommon man, although he expresses natural and not uncommon feelings with the marvellous utterance of the great master of dramatic poetry. And Hamlet's character is not altogether admirable; but it is therefore none the less, but probably the more, deeply interesting. How closely packed the play is with profound truths of life philosophy is shown by the fact that it has contributed not only very much more—four or five times more—than any other poem of similar length to the storehouse of adage and familiar phrase, but at least twice as much as any other of Shakespeare's plays. I know two boys who, going to see the play for the first time, some years before the appearance of a like story in the newspapers, came home and did actually, in the innocence of their hearts, qualify the great admiration they expressed for it by adding, "but how full it is of quotations." In fact, about one eighth of this long play has become so familiar to the world that it is in common use, and is recognized as the best expression known of the thoughts that it embodies. This, however, is not an absolute test of excellence, for it is remarkable that "King Lear" is very much behind it, and also behind "Othello," in this respect; and indeed there are several plays, including "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Hen-

ry IV.," "As You Like It," and "The Merchant of Venice," which are richer than "King Lear" in passages familiarly quoted; and yet as to the superiority of "King Lear" to the other plays I think there can be no doubt. It is the greatest tragedy, the greatest dramatic poem, the greatest book, ever written; so great is it, in fact, so vast in its style, so lofty in its ideal, that to those who have reflected upon it and justly apprehended it, it has become unplayable. As well attempt to score the music of the spheres, or to paint "the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf." In "King Lear" there is a personage who may be very instructively compared with others of the same kind by the student of Shakespeare's mental development. This is the Fool. Shakespeare's fools or clowns (such as those in "Love's Labor's Lost" and in "Hamlet") are among the most remarkable evidences of his ability to make anything serve as the occasion and the mouth-piece of his wit and his wisdom. He did not make the character; he found it on the stage, and a favorite with a considerable part of the play-goers. It was, however, as he found it, a very coarse character, rude as well as gross in speech, and given to practical joking. He relieved it of all the rudeness, if not of all the grossness, and reformed the joking altogether; but he also filled the Fool's jesting with sententious satire, and while preserving the low-comedy style of the character, brought it into keeping with a lofty and even a tragic view of life. In "King Lear" the Fool rises into heroic proportions, and becomes a sort of conscience, or second thought, to Lear. Compared even with Touchstone he is very much more elevated, and shows not less than Hamlet, or than Lear himself, the grand development of Shakespeare's mind at this period of its maturity. In the representation of Shakespeare's plays there has been no greater affront to common sense than the usual presentation of this Fool upon the stage as a boy, ex-

cept the putting a pretty woman into the part, dressed in such a way as to captivate the eye and divert the attention by the beauty of her figure. It is disturbing enough to see Ariel, sexless, but, like the angels, rather masculine than feminine, represented by a woman dressed below the waist in an inverted gauze saucer, and above the waist in a perverted gauze nothing; but to see Lear's Fool thus unbedecked is more amazing than Bottom's brutal translation was to his fellow actors. This Fool is a man of middle age, one who has watched the world and grown sad over it. His jesting has a touch of heart-break in it which is prevented from becoming pathetic only by the cynicism which pertains partly to his personal character and partly to his office. He and Kent are about of an age—Kent, who when asked his age, as he comes back disguised to his old master, says, "Not so young as to love a woman for her singing, nor so old as to dote on her for anything; I have years on my back forty-eight"—a speech which contains one of the finest of Shakespeare's minor touches of worldly-wise character drawing. The German artist Retsch in his fine outline illustrations of this play has conceived this Fool with fine appreciation of Shakespeare's meaning. He makes him a mature man, with a wan face and a sad, eager eye. The misrepresentation of the character has its origin in Lear's calling the Fool "boy"—a term partly of endearment and partly of patronage, which has been so used in all countries and in all times. A similar misunderstanding of a similar word *fool*, which Lear touchingly applies to Cordelia in the last scene—"and my poor fool is hanged"—caused the misapprehension until of late years* that Lear's court Fool was hanged—although why Edmund's creatures should have been at the trouble in the stress of their disaster to hang a Fool it would puzzle any one to tell.

"Othello" bears throughout the

marks of the same maturity of intellect, and the same mastery of dramatic effect, that appear in "Hamlet" and in "King Lear"; but from the nature of its subject it is not so profoundly thoughtful as the others. It is a drama of action, which "Hamlet" is not in a high degree; and although a grand example of the imaginative dramatic style, it has the distinction of being the most actable of all Shakespeare's tragedies. It is difficult to conceive any age or any country in which "Othello" would not be an impressive and a welcome play to any intelligent audience. Highly poetical in its treatment, it is intensely real in its interest; and it must continue so until there is a radical change in human nature.

In the first of these articles I proposed to analyze and compare the jealousy of Othello, Claudio, and Leontes; but I have abandoned the design, partly because I find that it would require another article in itself, and partly because it would necessarily lead me into a psychological and physiological discussion which would hardly be in keeping with the purpose with which I am now writing, which is merely to offer such guidance and such help as I can give to intelligent and somewhat inexperienced readers of Shakespeare. But I will remark that Othello's jealousy is man's jealousy (so called) raised to the most intense power by the race and the social position of the person who is its subject. The feeling in man and that in woman, called jealousy, are quite different in origin and in nature, although they have the same name. In woman the feeling arises from a supposed slight of her person, the *spreta injuria formæ* of Virgil, to which he attributes Juno's enmity to Troy; and however it may be sentimentally developed, it has this for its spring and its foundation. But a man, unless he is the weakest of all coxcombs, and unworthy to wear his beard, does not trouble himself because a woman admires another man's person more than his own. His feeling has its origin in

* Since 1854.

the motherhood of woman, a recognition of which is latent in all social arrangements touching the sex, and in all man's feeling toward her. Man's jealousy is a mingled feeling of resentment of personal disloyalty, and of grief at unchastity on the part of the woman that he loves. Man is jealous much in the same sense in which it is said, "The Lord thy God is a jealous God"; which saying, indeed, is a consequence of the anthropomorphic conception of the Deity, notwithstanding the exclusion from it of the idea of sex. But it is impossible to conceive of such a feeling as feminine jealousy being referred to in the passage in the second commandment. The "jealousy" of Othello and Leontes, and of Claudio, will be found on examination to be at bottom the same. In Claudio it is correct, gentlemanly, princely, and somewhat weak; in Leontes it is morbid, unreasonable, hard, and cruel; in Othello it is perfectly pure in its quality, and has in it quite as much of tenderness and grief as of wrath and indignation; and it rages with all the fierceness of his half-savage nature. The passion in him becomes heroic, colossal; but it is perfect in its nature and in its proportions, and from the point to which he has been brought by Iago, perfectly justifiable. Hence it is that it is so respected by women. Nothing was more remarkable at Salvini's admirable performance of Othello than the acquiescence of all his female auditors in the fate of Desdemona. They were sorry for the poor girl, to be sure; but they seemed to think that Desdemonas were made to be the victims of Othellos, and that a man who could love in that fashion and be jealous in that style of exalted fury was rather to be pitied and admired when he smothered a woman on a misunderstanding. She should not have teased him so to take back Cassio; and what could she have expected when she was so careless about the handkerchief and told such lies about it! It is somewhat unpleasant to be smothered, to

be sure, but all the same she ought to be content and happy to be the object of such love and the occasion of such jealousy. They mourned far more over his fate than over hers. This representation of manly jealousy, so elemental and simple, and yet so stupendous, is one of Shakespeare's masterpieces. I mean not merely in its verbal expression, but in its characteristic conception of the masculine form of the passion. Compare it with the jealousy of any of his women—of Adriana, of Julia, of Cleopatra, of Imogen, of Regan—and see how different it is in kind; I will not say in degree; for Shakespeare has not exhibited woman as highly deformed by this passion; that he left for inferior dramatists, with whom it is a favorite subject.

In two of these tragedies we have Shakespeare's most elaborate and, so to speak, admirable representations of villany: Edmund in "King Lear" and Iago in "Othello." These vile creations cannot, however, be justly regarded as the fruit of a lower view of human nature consequent upon a longer acquaintance with it. They were merely required by the exigencies of his plots; and being required, he made them as it was in him to do. For in nothing is his superiority more greatly manifested than in the fact that monsters of baseness, or even thoroughly base men, figure so rarely among his *dramatis personæ*. They are common with inferior dramatists and writers of prose fiction, whose ruder hands need them as convenient motive powers and as vehicles of the expression of a lower view of human nature. Not so with him. He has weak and erring men—men who are misled by their passions, ambition, revenge, selfish lust, or what not; but Iago, Edmund, and the Duke in "Measure for Measure" are almost all his characters of their kind. In "Richard III." he merely painted a highly colored historical portrait; and Parolles, in "All's Well that Ends Well," and Iachimo, in "Cymbeline," do not rise to the dignity of even

third-rate personages. Iago, it need hardly be said, is the most perfect of all his creatures in this kind, and indeed he is the most admirably detestable and infamous character in all literature. Edmund is equally base and cruel; but compared with Iago he is a coarse, low, brutal, and rabid animal. In Iago all the craft and venom of which the human soul is capable is united with an intellectual subtlety which seems to reach the limit of imagination or conception. There are some who see in the making the bastard son in "Lear" the monster of ingratitude and villany and the legitimate a model of all the manly and filial virtues an evidence of Shakespeare's judgment and discrimination. But this is one of those fond and over-subtle misapprehensions from which Shakespeare has suffered in not a few instances, even at the hands of critics of reputation. It suited Shakespeare's plot that the villain should be the bastard; that is all; and Lear's legitimate daughters Goneril and Regan are as base, as bad, and as cruelly ungrateful as Gloucester's illegitimate son. Shakespeare knew human nature too well, and handled it with too just and impartial a hand, to let the question of legitimacy influence him in one way or the other. In "King John" we have, on the contrary, the mean-souled Robert Faulconbridge and his gallant and chivalrous bastard brother Philip.

About the same time, or if not in the same time, perhaps in the same year which saw the production of "King Lear," "Macbeth" was written. But its date is not certain within four or five years. It was surely written before 1610, in which year a contemporary diary records its performance on the 20th of April. The Cambridge editors, in their annotated edition of this play, in the "Clarendon Press" series, prefer the later date; but notwithstanding my great respect for their judgment, I hold to my conclusion for the earlier, for the reasons given in my own edition. The ques-

tion has not in itself much pertinence to our present purpose, as there is no doubt that the tragedy was produced in this period, and its general style, both of thought and versification, is that of Shakespeare in its fullest development and vigor. But with the question of date there is involved another of great interest to the thoughtful reader—that of mixed authorship. In the introductory essay to my edition of this play (published in 1861) attention was directed to the internal evidence that it was hastily written and left unfinished.* Subsequent editors and critics, notably the Cambridge editors and the Rev. F. G. Fleay, in his "Shakespearian Manual," starting from this view, have gone so far as to say that "Macbeth," as we have it, is not all Shakespeare's, but in part the work of Thomas Middleton, a second or third-rate playwright con-

* For the convenience of readers to whom my edition is not accessible I quote the following passage:

"I am more inclined to this opinion from the indications which the play itself affords that it was produced upon an emergency. It exhibits throughout the hasty execution of a grand and clearly conceived design. But the haste is that of a master of his art, who, with conscious command of its resources, and in the frenzy of a grand inspiration, works out his conception to its minutest detail of essential form, leaving the work of surface finish for the occupation of cooler leisure. What the Sistine Madonna was to Raphael, it seems that 'Macbeth' was to Shakespeare—a magnificent impromptu; that kind of impromptu which results from the application of well-disciplined powers and rich stores of thought to a subject suggested by occasion. I am inclined to regard 'Macbeth' as, for the most part, a specimen of Shakespeare's unelaborated, if not unfinished, writing, in the maturity and highest vitality of his genius. It abounds in instances of extreme compression and most daring ellipsis; while it exhibits in every scene a union of supreme dramatic and poetic power, and in almost every line an imperially irresponsible control of language. Hence, I think, its lack of formal completeness of versification in certain passages, and also of the imperfection in its text, the thought in which the compositors were not always able to follow and apprehend. The only authority for the text of 'Macbeth' is the folio of 1623, the apparent corruptions of which must be restored with a more than usually cautious hand. Without being multitudinous or confusing, they are sufficiently numerous and important to test severely the patience, acumen, and judgment of any editor."—"The Works of William Shakespeare." Vol. X., P. 494.

temporary with Shakespeare, who wrote a play, called "The Witch," which is plainly an imitation of the supernatural scenes in this tragedy. The Cambridge editors believe that Middleton was permitted to supply certain scenes at the time of the writing of *Macbeth*: Mr. Fleay, that Middleton cut down and patched up Shakespeare's perfected work, adding much inferior matter of his own, and that he did this being engaged to alter the play for stage purposes. The latter opinion I must reject, notwithstanding Mr. Fleay's minute, elaborate, and often specious argument; but the opinion of the Cambridge editors seems to me to a certain extent sound. I cannot, however, go to the length which they do in rejecting parts of this play as not being Shakespeare's work. This study of Shakespeare's style and of what is not his work at a certain period of his life being directly to our purpose, let us examine the tragedy for traces of his hand and of another.

And first let the reader turn to Scene 5 of Act III., which consists almost entirely of a long speech by Hecate, beginning:

Have I not reason, beldames as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with *Macbeth*
In riddles and affairs of death:
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never called to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?

This speech is surely not of Shakespeare's writing. Its being in octosyllabic rhyme is not against it, however; although he abandoned rhyme almost altogether at or before this period. The fact of the business of the scene being supernatural would account for its form. But it is mere rhyme; little more than an unmeaning jingle of verses. Any journeyman at versemaking would write such stuff. Read the speech through, and then think of the writer of "Hamlet," and "Lear," and "Othello," producing such a weak wash of words at the same time when he was writing those

tragedies. And even turn back and compare it with the rhyming speeches of his other supernatural personages, of Puck and Titania and Oberon in "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," which he wrote at least ten or twelve years earlier, and you will see that it is not only so inferior, but so unlike his undoubted work that it must be rejected. Turn next to Scene 3 of Act II., and read the speeches of the Porter. Long ago Coleridge said of these, "This low soliloquy of the Porter and his few speeches afterward I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand." That they were written for the mob is nothing against them as Shakespeare's. Shakespeare wrote for the mob. He made a point of putting in something for the groundlings* in every play that he wrote. But with what a mighty hand he did it! so that those who have since then sat in the highest seats in the world's theatre have laughed, and pondered as they laughed. "*Lear*" is notably free from this element; but even in the philosophical "*Hamlet*" we have the much elaborated scene of the Gravediggers, which was written only to please Coleridge's "mob."† But let the reader now compare these Porter's speeches in "*Macbeth*" with those of the Gravediggers in "*Hamlet*," and if he is one who can hope to appreciate Shakespeare at all, he will at this stage of his study see at once that although both are low-comedy, technically speaking, the former are low-lived, mean, thoughtless, without any other significance than that of the surface meaning of the poor, gross language in which they are written; while

* So called because they stood on the ground. The pit was then a real pit, and its floor was the bare earth. There were no benches. It was so in the French theatre until a much later period. Hence the French name *parterre* for the pit—*par terre*, upon the ground. The name *parquet*, which is given to that part of a theatre in America, is not French, and is no word at all, but a miserable affected nonentity of sound.

† The reader who cares to do so will find something upon this point in my essay on Shakespeare's genius, "Life and Genius of Shakespeare," pp. 230, 231.

the latter, although far more laughable even to the most uncultivated hearer, are pregnant with thought and suggestion. There can be no question that these speeches in "Macbeth" were written by some other hand than Shakespeare's.

Having now satisfied ourselves that some part of "Macbeth" is not Shakespeare's (and I began with those so manifestly spurious passages to establish that point clearly and easily in the reader's apprehension), we are in a proper mood of mind to consider the objections that have been made by the Cambridge editors to other parts of the tragedy. The whole second scene of Act I. is regarded as spurious because of "slovenly metre," too slovenly for him even when he is most careless; "bombastic phraseology," too bombastic for him even when he is most so; also because he had too much good sense to send a severely wounded soldier with the news of a victory. I cannot reject this scene for these reasons. The question of metre and style is one of judgment; and the one seems to me not more irregular and careless, and the other not more tumid, than Shakespeare is in passages undoubtedly of his writing; while there is a certain flavor of language in the scene and a certain roll of the words upon the tongue which are his peculiar traits and tricks of style. The point as to the wounded soldier seems to me a manifest misapprehension. He is not sent as a messenger. Nothing in the text or in the stage directions of the original edition gives even color to such an opinion. The first two scenes of this act prepare one's mind for the tragedy and lay out its action; and they do so, as far as design is concerned, with great skill. The first short scene announces the supernatural character of the agencies at work; the next tells us of the personages who are to figure in the action and the position in which they are placed. In the second scene King Duncan and his suite, marching toward the scene of conflict, and so near it that they are

within ear-shot, if not arrow-shot, meet a wounded officer. He is not sent to them. He is merely retiring from the field severely wounded—so severely that he cannot remain long uncared for. The stage direction of the folio is "Alarum within," which means (as will be found by examining other plays) that the sound of drums, trumpets, and the conflict of arms is heard. Then, "Enter King, etc., etc., *meeting* a bleeding Captaine." The King, then, does not greet or regard him as a messenger, but exclaims, "What bloody man is that?" and adds, "He can report, as *seemeth by his plight*, the condition of the revolt." Plainly this is no messenger, but a mere wounded officer who leaves the field because, as he says, his "gashes cry for help."

In Act IV., Sc. 1, this speech of the First Witch after the "Show of Eight Kings," is plainly not Shakespeare's:

Ay, sir, all this is so; but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did him welcome pay.

This is condemned by the Cambridge editors, and I agree entirely with them. Moreover it seems to be manifestly from the same hand as Hecate's speech (Act III., Sc. 5), previously referred to. The style shows this, and the motive is the same—the introduction of fairy business, dancing and singing, which have nothing to do with the action of the tragedy, and are quite foreign to the supernatural motive of it as indicated in the witch scenes which have the mark of Shakespeare's hand.

In Act IV., Sc. 3, the passage in regard to touching for the King's Evil, from "Enter a Doctor" to "full of grace," was, we may be pretty sure, an interpolation previous to a representation at court, as the Cambridge editors suggest, and it is probably not Shakespeare's; but I would not undertake to say so positively. The same editors say they "have doubts about

the second scene of Act V." I notice this not merely to express my surprise at it, but to let the reader see how difficult it is to arrive at a general consent upon such points which are merely matters of judgment. To me this scene is unmistakably Shakespeare's. Who else could have written this passage, not only for its excellence but for its peculiarity?

Calithness.—Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valliant fury; but for certain
He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule.

Angus.— Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraids his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

I am sure that I should have suspected those lines to be Shakespeare's if I had first met them without a name, in a nameless book. Still more surprising is it to me to find these editors saying that in Act V., Sc. 5, lines 47-50 are "singularly weak." Here they are:

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence or tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate of the world were now undone.

The first two have no particular character, nor need they have any, as they merely introduce the last two, which contain an utterance of blank despair and desolation which seems to me more expressive than any other that I ever read.

The last passage of the play, that after line 34, when Macbeth and Mac-

duff go off fighting, and Macbeth is killed, are probably, as the Cambridge editors suggest, by another hand than Shakespeare's. Their tameness and their constrained rhythm are not Shakespearian work, particularly at this period of his life, and in the writing of such a scene. "Nor would he," as the Cambridge editors say, "have drawn away the veil which with his fine tact he had dropped over her [Lady Macbeth's] fate by telling us that she had taken off her life 'by self, and violent hands.'"

The person who wrote these un-Shakespearian passages was probably Middleton. Shakespeare, writing the tragedy in haste for an occasion, received a little help, according to the fashion of the time, from another playwright; and the latter having imitated the supernatural poets of this play in one of his own, the players or managers afterward introduced from that play songs by him—"Music and a song, Come away, come away," Act III., Sc. 5, and "Music and a song, Black spirits," etc., Act IV., Sc. 1. This was done to please the inferior part of the audience. These songs and all this sort of operatic incantation are entirely foreign to the supernatural motive of the tragedy as Shakespeare conceived it. And I will here remark that the usual performance of "Macbeth" with "a chorus" and "all Locke's music" is a revolting absurdity.

My next paper will close this series with an examination of some of Shakespeare's least known dramas.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

A LOVE STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE village of Salmon Falls, in eastern New England, consists of a number of mills and factories, the railroad station, a store or two, and two hundred dwellings. Among these is the Denny mansion at the top of the hill, where the road climbs up from the station and the river. It is a large square house in the old colonial fashion, with two wings at the rear and a garden in front.

It was a warm July morning when Mr. John Denny, mill owner and proprietor of the homestead, had his chair rolled out to the porch, and with some assistance from the servants, reached it on his crutch and sat down in the shadow of the great house and out of the glare of the hot sun. The vine-covered porch and the wide piazza opened directly upon the garden and gave a full view of the road. Beyond there was an outlook over the open fields, the mills, the stream, and the village in the valley. By the road there was a stone wall and a wicker gate opening upon the grassy sidewalk outside. A table had been laid with a white cloth in the porch, and Mr. Denny sat by it and waited for the coming of his daughter and breakfast. While he sat thus he turned over a number of papers, and then, after a while, he began to talk to himself somewhat in this wise:

"Expense! expense! expense! There seems no end to it. Bills coming in every day, and every one larger than was expected. In my young days we built a shop and knew to a dollar what it would cost. Now the estimates are invariably short. The batting mill has already gone a thousand dollars beyond the estimates, and the roof is but just put on. Even the new chimney cost four dol-

lars a foot more than was expected. Thank Heaven, it is done, and that expense is over. Could I walk, I might look after things and keep them within bounds. With my crushed foot I sit a prisoner at home, and must leave all to Lawrence. It is fortunate that I have one man I can trust with my affairs."

Just here Alma, his only child, a bright and wholesome girl of nineteen, appeared from the house. Fairly educated, sensible, and affectionate, but perhaps a trifle inexperienced by reason of her residence in this quiet place, she is at once the pride and the light of the house.

"Good morning, father. Are you well this happy summer's day?"

The old gentleman kissed her fondly, and asked did she pass a quiet night.

"Oh, yes. I didn't sleep much, that is all—for thinking."

"Thinking of what?"

"The expected guest. To-day is the 9th of July, and cousin Elmer comes."

"Ah, yes—Elmer Franklin. I had almost forgotten him."

"How does he look, father? Is his hair dark, or has he blue eyes? I hardly know which I like best."

"I do not remember. I've not seen the boy since he was a mere child, years ago. He has been at school since."

"He must be a man now. He is past twenty-one, and, as for school, why, it's the Scientific School, and I'm sure men go to that."

"You seem greatly interested in this unknown relative, Alma."

"He is to be our guest, father—for a whole month. Come! Will you have breakfast out here in the porch?"

"Yes, dear. It is quite comfortable

here, and it will save the trouble of moving."

Thereupon Alma entered the house in search of the breakfast, and a moment after Mr. Lawrence Belford entered the garden at the street gate. The son of an old friend of Mr. Denny's lamented wife, Mr. Belford had been admitted to the house some months since as confidential clerk and business man. He was a rather commonplace person, about thirty years of age, and his education and manners were good if not remarkable. During his residence with the Dennys he had found time to fall in love with Alma, and they had been engaged—and with Mr. Denny's consent.

"Good morning, Lawrence. You're just in time for breakfast."

"Good morning, sir. Thank you, no. I have been to breakfast. I am just up from the station."

"Seen anything of the railroad coach? The train is in, and it is time for the coach to pass. Our guest may be in it."

"No, sir, but I saw the express coming up the hill with an extra large load of baggage."

Just here Alma returned from the house bearing a large tray of plates and breakfast things. The young people greet each other pleasantly, and Alma proceeds to lay the table.

"Now for breakfast, father. Everything waits upon a good appetite. Will you not join us, Lawrence?"

Mr. Belford replies that he has been to breakfast. Mr. Denny takes a cup of coffee, and while sipping it remarks:

"How many more window-frames shall you require for the new mill, Lawrence?"

"Ten more, sir. There is only a part of the fourth story unfinished."

"Alma, dear, do you remember how high we decided the new chimney was to be? Yes, thank you, only two lumps of sugar. Thank you. You remember we were talking about it when the Lawsons were here."

"Don't ask me. Ask Lawrence. I

never can remember anything about such matters."

Just at that moment the express pulled up at the gate, and there was a knock. Alma rose hastily, and said:

"Oh! That must be Elmer."

She opened the gate, and young Mr. Elmer Franklin of New York entered. A man to respect: an open, manly face, clear blue eyes, and a wiry, compact, and vigorous frame. A man with a sound mind in a sound body. He was dressed in a gray travelling suit, and had a knapsack strapped to his back; in his hand a stout stick looking as if just cut from the roadside, and at his side a field glass in a leather case. Immediately behind him came a man bending under the load of an immense trunk. Alma smiled her best, and the young stranger bowed gallantly.

"Mr. Denny, I presume?"

"Welcome, cousin Franklin," said Mr. Denny from his chair. "I knew you at once, though it is years since any members of our families have met. Pardon me if I do not rise. I'm an old man, and confined to my chair."

Mr. Franklin offered his hand and said politely:

"Thank you, sir, for your kind reception. I am greatly pleased to—Hullo! Look out there, boys! That baggage is precious and fragile."

Another man appeared, and the two brought in trunks and boxes, bundles and parcels, till there was quite a large heap of baggage piled up on the grass. Alma and Lawrence were properly amazed at this array of things portable, and Mr. Denny laid aside the breakfast things to look at the rather remarkable display.

The young man seemed to think apologies essential.

"I do not wonder that you are alarmed. I do not often take such a load of traps. I wrote you that my visit would be one of study and scientific investigation, and I was obliged to bring my philosophical apparatus and books with me."

"It is indeed a wonderful train of luggage for a man. One would have thought you intended to bring a wife."

Then Mr. Denny bethought him of his duty, and he introduced his newly found relative to his daughter and to Mr. Lawrence Belford, and then bade him draw up to the table for breakfast. The young man made the motions suitable for such an occasion, and then he turned to pay his expressman. This trifling incident deserves record as happily illustrating the young man's noble character.

"Thank you, sir. Breakfast will be a cheerful episode. I've a glorious appetite, for I walked up from the station."

"There's a coach, Mr. Franklin, and it passes our door."

"I knew that, sir, but I preferred to walk and see the country. Fine section of conglomerate you have in the road cutting just above the station."

"Eh! What were you saying?"

"I said that I observed an interesting section of conglomerate—water-worn pebbles, I should say—mingled with quartz sand, on the roadside. I must have a run down there and a better look at it after breakfast."

Mr. Denny was somewhat overwhelmed at this, and said doubtfully,

"Ah, yes, I remember—yes, exactly."

"Are you interested in geology, Miss Denny?"

Alma was rather confused, and tried hard to find the lump of sugar that had melted away in her coffee, and said briefly,

"No. I didn't know that we had any in this part of the country."

Mr. Belford here felt called upon to say:

"My dear Alma, you forget yourself."

"Why will you take me up so sharply, Lawrence? I meant to say that I didn't know we had any quartz conglomerate hereabouts."

Mr. Franklin smiled pleasantly, and remarked to himself:

"My dear Alma! That's significant. Wonder if he's spooney on her?"

Then he said aloud:

"The pursuit of science demands good dinners. Pardon me if I take some more coffee."

"Yes, do—and these rolls. I made them myself—expressly for you."

"Thank you for both rolls and compliment."

Mr. Lawrence took up some of the papers from the table and began to read them, and the others went on with their breakfast. Presently Mr. Denny said:

"I presume, Mr. Franklin, that you are greatly interested in your school studies?"

"Yes, sir. The pursuit of pure science is one of the most noble employments that can tax the cultivated intellect."

"But you must confess that it is not very practical."

Before the young man could reply Alma spoke:

"Oh! cousin Elmer—I mean Mr. Franklin—excuse me. You haven't taken off your knapsack."

Taking it off and throwing it behind him on the ground, he said:

"It's only my clothes."

"Clothes!" said Mr. Denny. "Then what is in the trunks?"

"My theodolite, cameras, chains, levels, telescopes, retorts, and no end of scientific traps."

Alma, quite pleased:

"How interesting. Won't you open one of the trunks and let us see some of the things?"

"With the greatest pleasure; but perhaps I'd better take them to my room first."

"Anything you like, Elmer—Mr. Franklin, I mean. Our house is your home."

Lawrence Belford here frowned and looked in an unpleasant manner for a moment at the young stranger, who felt rather uncomfortable, though he could scarcely say why. With apparent indifference he drew out a small brass sounder, such as is used in tele-

graph offices, and began snapping it in his fingers.

In his mind he said:

"Wonder if any of them are familiar with the great dot and line alphabet!"

Alma heard the sounder and said eagerly:

"Oh! cou—Mr. Franklin, what is that?"

"It is a pocket sounder. Do you know the alphabet?"

"I should hope so."

"I beg pardon. I meant Morse's."

"Morse's?"

"Yes. Morse's alphabet."

"No. You must teach it to me."

Thereupon he moved the sounder slowly, giving a letter at a time, and saying:

"A - - L - - - M - - A - -."

That's your name. Queer sound, isn't it?"

"Let me try. Perhaps I could do it."

"My dear Alma, your father is waiting. You had best remove the things."

"Yes, Lawrence. I'll call Mary."

The maid soon appeared, and the breakfast things were removed. Then Mr. Denny drew Mr. Franklin's attention to the new factory chimney that stood in plain sight from where they sat.

The young man promptly drew out his field glass, and, mounting one of the steps of the porch, took a long look at the new shaft.

"Not quite plumb, is it?"

"Not plumb! What do you mean?"

"It is impossible," said Mr. Belford with some warmth.

"It looks so," said the young man with the glass still up at his eyes.

"I tell you it is impossible, sir. I built it myself, and I ought to know."

"Oh! Beg pardon. You can take the glass and see for yourself."

"I need no glass. I took the stage down only yesterday, and I ought to know."

"Allow me to take your glass, cousin Franklin," said Mr. Denny. He

took the glass, but quickly laid it down with a sigh.

"My eyes are old and weak, and the glass does not suit them. I am very sorry to hear what you say. I would not have one of my chimneys out of line for the world."

"I am sorry I said anything about it, sir. I did not know the chimney belonged to you."

Alma was apparently distressed at the turn the conversation had taken, and tried to lead it to other matters, but the old gentleman's mind was disturbed, and he returned to the chimney.

"I designed it to be the tallest and finest chimney I ever erected, and I hope it is all correct."

"It is, sir," said Mr. Belford. "Everything is correct to the very capstones."

"It is my tallest chimney, Mr. Franklin—eighty-one feet and six inches; and that is two feet taller than any chimney in the whole Salmon Falls valley."

Mr. Franklin, in an innocent spirit of scientific inquiry, put his glass to his eyes and examined the chimney again. Alma began to feel ill at ease, and Lawrence Belford indulged in a muttered curse under his black moustache.

"Eighty-one feet and six inches—the tallest chimney in the valley."

No one seemed to heed the old gentleman's remark, and presently Mr. Franklin laid his field glass on the table, and taking out his brass sounder, he idly moved it as if absently thinking of something.

Alma suddenly looked up with a little blush and a smile. Her eyes seemed to say to him:

"I heard you call? What is it?"

He nodded pleasantly, and said, "Would you like to see some of my traps?"

"Oh, yes. Do open one of your trunks."

Mr. Franklin took out a bunch of keys and went to one of the trunks. As he did so he said to himself:

"Deuced bright girl! She learned

my call in a flash. I must teach her the whole alphabet, and then will have some tall fun and circumvent that fool of a clerk."

This remark was applied to Mr. Belford, and was eminent for its touching truth.

While the young people were opening the trunk, Mr. Denny and Mr. Belford were engaged in examining the business papers spread on the table, and for several minutes they paid no attention to things done and said almost under their eyes.

Such a very strange trunk. Instead of clothing, it contained the most singular assortment of scientific instruments. Each was carefully secured so that no rude handling would harm it, and all shining and glistening brilliantly as if kept with the most exquisite care. Mr. Franklin unfastened a small brass telescope, mounted upon a stand, with a compass, levels, plumb line, and weight attached.

"That's my theodolite. There's a tripod in one of my boxes. I'll get it and mount it, and we'll have a shot at the chimney.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing! I'm going to measure it. Wouldn't you like to help me?"

"With all my heart. Tell me what to do."

"Presently. Wait till I've screwed things together; then I'll tell you what to do. Oh! By the way, I must tell you an amusing episode that happened at the railroad station while I was waiting for my luggage. There was a young man sending off a message at the little telegraph station, and I overheard the message and the comments of the operator."

Alma didn't appear to enjoy this incident.

"Not listening intentionally, you know. It was the telegraph I heard, not the people."

Alma felt better.

"It was all by mere sounds, and it ran this way: 'The old fool is here again.' That's what she said—the op-

erator, I mean. 'To Isaac Abrams, 1,607 Barclay street, New York. I have secured the will. Foreclose the mortgage and realize at once. Get two state rooms for the 25th.—L. B.' That was the message, and it was so very strange I wrote it out in my— Oh! Beg pardon, Miss Denny. Are you ill?"

Alma's face had assumed a sudden pallor, and she seemed frightened and ill at ease.

"'Tis nothing—really nothing! I shall be better presently."

Then, as if anxious to change the conversation, she began to ask rapid questions about the theodolite and its uses.

Mr. Franklin was too well bred to notice anything, but he confessed to himself that he had said something awkward, and, for the life of him, he could not imagine what it might be. He replied briefly, and then went on with his preparations for some time in silence, Alma meanwhile looking on with the greatest interest. The theodolite having been put together, Mr. Franklin opened another box and took out a wooden tripod, such as are used to support such instruments. He also took out a fine steel ribbon, or measuring tape, neatly wound up on a reel.

"You shall carry that, Miss Denny, and I'll shoulder the theodolite."

"Wait till I get my hat and the sun umbrella."

"To be sure; it will be warm in the fields."

Alma was soon arrayed in a dainty chip. At least she called it a chip, and the historian can do naught but repeat her language. Besides this, it was not bigger than a chip, and it looked very pretty tied under her chin. Over her head she carried its real protection, an immense Japanese paper umbrella, light, airy, and generous.

"Where are you going, Alma?" said Mr. Denny.

"Oh! only to the fields for a little walk. We'll be back presently."

The confidential clerk thought it

strange that the daughter of the house should be so free with the stranger. But the young people were distant cousins, and it wouldn't have been polite in him to have objected to the little walk.

So the two, under the friendly shade of the big paper umbrella, went out to see the new chimney, while Mr. Deny and the confidential clerk staid behind to talk business.

The new chimney stood at the south-east corner of the great four-story mill, and close beside the little brick engine house. Alma led the youthful son of science out of the gate, down the road a few rods, and then they passed a stile, and took the winding path that straggled over the pastures to the mill.

Of course they talked volubly. This being the stern and prosy record of applied science, it becomes us not to report the chatterings of these two till they reached the base of the vast brick chimney, towering nearly eighty feet into the air above them. Its long shadow lay like a stiffened snake upon the fields, and Elmer, observing it, said:

"Good! We can use the shadow, too, and have double proof."

"How?" said the bright one, in a beautiful spirit of inquiry.

"If an upright stick, a foot long, casts a shadow three feet long, the shadow of another stick beside it, at the same time, is proportionally long."

"I knew that before. That isn't very high science."

"Why did you say 'how'?"

"Because I didn't think. Because I was a goose."

"Such terms are not choice, and are devoid of truth. Here! stern duty calls. Do you hold one end of the tape at the foot of the chimney, and I'll measure off the base line of our triangle."

Alma was charmed to be of use, and sat on a stone with the brass ring of the tape on her ring finger next her engagement ring, and her hand flat against the first course of bricks.

Trifles sometimes hint great events. Little did she think that the plain brass ring on her finger was the hard truth of science that should shiver her gold ring to fragments and pale its sparkling diamond. Being a wholesome creature, and not given to romance, she thought nothing about it, which was wise. Her cousin, the knight of the theodolite, set his instrument upright upon the grass, and then ran the measuring line out to its full length.

"All right! Let the tape go."

Alma took off the brass ring, and the steel ribbon ran like a glittering snake through the grass, and she slowly followed it and joined her knight.

"Once more, please. Hold the ring on this bit of a stake that I've set up in the ground."

Alma, like a good girl, did as she was bid, and the ribbon ran out again to its full length. Another stake was set up, and the theodolite was placed in position and a sight obtained at the top of the tall chimney. A little figuring in a note-book, and then the son of high science quietly remarked:

"Seventy-six feet four inches—short five feet two inches."

Just here several urchins of an inquiring turn of mind drew near and began to make infantile comments, and asked with charming freedom if it was circus.

"No!" said Alma, from under her paper tent. "No! Run away, children, run away."

It was too warm for so much exertion, and they wouldn't move.

"Oh! never mind them. They don't trouble me; and if it amuses them, it's so much clear gain."

"They are some of the factory children, and I thought they might bother you."

"Inelegant, but thoughtful." He didn't say so. He only thought it, which was quite as well.

During this little episode the impressive facts that all this scientific exertion had brought out concerning the chimney were lost upon Alma.

It was small consequence. She knew it well enough before night.

Now for the shadow by way of proof. The theodolite, paper umbrella, and admiring crowd of children trotted severally and collectively over the grass till they reached the chimney again.

"The tape-measure, Alma. You hold the ring, and I'll unreel the string."

It was surprising how quickly these two made each other's acquaintance. By the time the long shadow was measured, a stake set up, and the two shadows compared, they seemed to have known each other for weeks. Such is the surprising effect of pure science when applied to love.

Had it come to this already? She was engaged to the confidential, the chimney-builder. His ring glittered on her finger. True—all of it!

See them sauntering slowly (the thermometer at 87 deg.) homeward under the friendly shade of an oiled paper umbrella. They are indeed good friends already. They enter the house together, and the cheerful dinner bell greets their ears. She folds her oiled paper tent and he sets his instrument up in a corner of the great shady hall. She leads the way to the chamber that is to be his room during his stay, and then retires to her own to prepare for the frugal noontide meal.

The exact truth records that the meal was not severely frugal. It was otherwise, and so much nicer.

The entire family were assembled, and conversation was lively, considering the weather. Near the close of the meal it grew suddenly warm. The innocent son of science, proud of his accomplishments, made a most incautious statement, and the result was peculiar.

"Oh, uncle, you were saying this morning that my science was not very practical. I tried a bit of it on your chimney this morning, and what do you think I found?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Mr. Denny.

"I measured it, and it is exactly seventy-six feet, four inches high."

If he had dropped a can of nitro-glycerine under the table, the effect couldn't have been more startling. Mr. Lawrence Belford dropped his fruit knife with a ruinous rattle, his face assumed the color of frosted cake (the frosting, to be exact), and he seemed thoroughly frightened. Mr. Denny looked surprised, and said,

"What?"

Alma said nothing, but fished for the sugar in her strawberries and cream.

"What did you say, Mr. Franklin?"

"I said that I measured the new chimney, just for the fun of the thing, and found that it is exactly seventy-six feet, four inches high."

"It's an abominable lie."

"Lawrence!" said Alma, with an appealing glance.

"Are you sure, Mr. Franklin? Have you not made some mistake?"

"You are utterly mistaken, Mr. Franklin. I measured that chimney with a line from the top, and I know your statement is entirely incorrect."

"I hope so," said the old gentleman.

"It is so, sir," added Mr. Belford; and then, waxing bolder, he said, "How could this young person, just from school, know anything of such matters? Did he build a staging, or did he climb up the inside like a chimney sweep?"

Young Mr. Franklin saw that he had in some innocent fashion started a most disagreeable subject. Why Mr. Denny should be so disturbed and Mr. Belford so angry was past his comprehension. At the same time Mr. Belford's language was offensive, and he replied with some spirit:

"There is no need to climb the chimney, or use a line. It is a trifling affair to ascertain the height of any building with a theodolite, as you probably know."

"I tell you, sir, it is false—utterly false. Besides, you have made some mistake in the figures. You—you—

but I've no patience with such boy's play. It's only fit for school children."

"Lawrence," said Alma, "you are unkind. I'm sure we meant no harm. I helped Mr. Franklin, and I'm sure he's right; besides, we measured the chimney by its shadow, and both statements were alike."

"Oh, if you've turned against me, I've nothing more to say."

Mr. Denny meanwhile seemed lost in deep study, and he hardly heeded what was going on.

"What can that boy know about such things? I tell you, it's——"

"It seems to me, Mr. Belford, you are unnecessarily excited," said Mr. Denny. "Mr. Franklin is a much younger man than you, but he showed a knowledge of this matter, and if his figures are correct——"

"They are, sir," said Elmer warmly. "I can show you the base line, and the theodolite is still at the same angle. Alma saw me measure the base, and she can tell you its length. There are the figures in my note-book."

Mr. Denny took the note-book and examined the figuring out of this problem, and Elmer went to the hall for his instrument. He returned with the theodolite still secured at the angle at which the sight had been taken. As he laid the instrument on the dining table, he said:

"I am very sorry, uncle, that I did anything about this matter. It was done in mere sport, and I wish I had said nothing concerning it. I would not had not Mr. Belford used the language he did."

Mr. Denny ran his eye over the figures in the book, and then, with a pained expression, he said briefly,

"Everything seems to be correct."

"Damnation! I'll break his head for him, the intermeddling fool." This language was not actually used by Mr. Belford, but he thought as much. His eyes flashed, and he clenched his fists under the table. Alma's presence alone restrained him from something more violent. He appeared calm, but inwardly he was angry. This unex-

pected announcement concerning the chimney he had built cast a heavy shadow over him, and his conscience awoke with a sudden smart.

Alma was greatly disturbed, and ready to cry for shame and vexation. She did not, for she felt sure this was only the beginning of a new trouble, and she well knew that heavy sorrows had already invaded the house. They needed no more.

Mr. Franklin glanced from one to another in alarm. He saw that he was treading upon uncertain ground, and he wisely held his peace. After a brief and awkward pause, Mr. Belford rose, and pleading the calls of business, went out, and the unhappy interview came to an end.

It was a strange room. Its belongings stranger still. A large square chamber, with windows on three sides and a door and a fireplace on the other. Just now the fireplace had fallen from its high estate and had become a catch-all for the wrecks of much unpacking. There was a small single bed, two chairs, and an indefinite number of tables. Impossible to say how many, for they were half obscured by numberless things scientific: microscopes, a retort, small furnace, two cameras, galvanic battery, coils of wire and rubber tubing, magic lantern, books, photographs, and papers; on a small desk a confused pile of papers; on the walls a great number of pictures and photographs.

The very den of a student of science. Hardly room to walk among the wilderness of traps, boxes, and trunks. At the window, the young man, just dressed, and taking a view of the mill and its new chimney.

"Gad! how mad the fellow was over my little measurements. Wonder what it all means? The girl's in trouble, the father has a grief, and the clerk—I can make nothing of him. What matter? My duty is with my books, that I may pursue pure science. The moment things become practical I drop 'em."

Then he turned and looked out of the next window.

"Fine view of the river. I must have another try at it with the camera."

He crossed the room, and standing in the bright morning sunshine, he looked about to examine the other L that had been thrown out from the back of the main building.

"That's Alma's room, and the next is the clerk's, the chimney man. The window is open, and the place looks as dark as a cave. I've a mind to light it up."

So saying he took a small hand mirror from a table near by. Holding it in the full sunlight, he moved it slowly about till the dancing spot of reflected light fell upon the open window and leaped in upon the opposite wall of the room. The observer with steady hand moved the spot of light about till he had probed the room, and found all it contained, which was nothing save a bed and two chairs.

"Applied science reports the man is fit for treason, spoils, and that sort of thing. He has no pictures. His room is a sleeping den. The man is a—Hallo! Steady there!"

The door in the room opened, and the student of applied science turned quickly away with his back to the wall beside his window. Cautiously raising the mirror, he held it near the window in such a way that in it he could see all that went on in the other room, without being himself seen.

Suddenly he saw something in the glass. Some one appeared at the window, looked out as if watching for something, and then withdrew into the bare little sleeping room. Then the figure in the mirror went to the bed and carefully turned all the clothes back. The student of science watched the mirror intently. The figure bent over the uncovered mattress and quietly opened the sacking and took something out. It sat down on the edge of the disordered bed and proceeded to examine the box or bundle, whatever it might be, that it had found in the bed.

Just here there was the sound of a distant door opening and closing. The figure crouched low on the bed, as if fearing to be seen, and waited till all was quiet again. Then it slowly opened the box or package, and took out a folded paper. The student bent over the mirror with the utmost interest. What did it mean? What would happen next? Nothing in particular happened. The figure closed the box, returned it to its hiding place in the bed, and then crept out of the range of reflected vision.

Why should the confidential clerk hide papers in his bed? What was the nature of the documents? A strange affair, certainly, but it did not concern him, and perhaps he had better drop the subject. He turned to his books and papers, and for an hour or more was too much occupied with them to heed aught else.

Suddenly there was a brisk series of taps at his door, like this:

- - - - -

"I'm here. Come in."

Alma, the bright one entered.

"What a room! Such disorder, Elmer."

"Yes. It is quite a comfortable den. I've unpacked everything, and—mind your steps—feel quite at home—thank you."

"I should say as much. Do look at the dust. I must have Mary up here at once."

"Madam, I never allow any female person to touch my traps. Mary may make the bed, but she must not sweep, nor dust, nor touch anything."

"Oh! really. Then I'll go at once."

"Better not."

"Why?"

"Because I've many things to show—"

"Oh, Elmer! What is that—that queer thing on the table? May I look at it?"

"That's my new camera."

"How stupid. I might have known that. Do you take pictures?"

"Photos? Yes. Will you sit?"

"Oh, dear, no. I hate photo-

graphs. It's so disagreeable to see oneself staring with some impossible expression, and sitting in an impossible palace, with a distant landscape and drapery curtains."

"Then I'll take a view for you. Find a seat somewhere while I rig things. See those two people sitting on the little bridge that crosses the race beyond the mill? I'll photograph them without their permission."

Alma looked out of the window when Elmer had raised the curtain, but declared she couldn't see anything.

"They are very far off. Take the field glass, and you'll see them."

Alma took the glass from the table, and looked out on the sunny landscape.

"I see what you mean, but I can't make out who they are, even with the glass. It's a man and a woman, and that's as much as I can see."

"You shall see them plain enough in a moment."

So saying, Elmer placed a long brass telescope upon a stand by the open window, and through it he examined the couple on the bridge. Meanwhile Alma gazed round the room and examined its strange contents with the greatest interest.

The moment the focus of the glass was secured, Elmer hastily took the little camera, and adjusting a slide in it from a table drawer, he placed it before the telescope on the table and close to the eye hole. Then, by throwing a black cloth over his head, he looked into it, turned a screw or two, and in a moment had a negative of the distant couple.

"Aren't you almost ready?"

"In one moment, Alma. I must fix this first. I'll be right back."

So saying he took the slide from the little camera, and went out of the room into a dark closet in the entry.

Alma waited patiently for a few moments, and then she took up the field glass, and looked out of the window. Who could they be? They seemed to be having a cosy time together; but beyond the fact that one figure was a

woman she could learn nothing. She wanted to take a look through the telescope, but did not dare to move the little camera that stood before it.

"Here's the picture," said Elmer as he entered the room.

Alma took the bit of glass he offered her, but declared she couldn't see anything but a dirty spot on the glass.

"That's the negative. Let me copy it, and then I'll throw it up with the stereopticon."

He selected another bit of glass from a box, and in a few minutes had it prepared and the two put together and laid in the sun on the window-seat.

"What's in that iron box, Elmer?"

"Nitrous oxide."

"The same thing that the dentists use?"

"Yes. Would you like to try a whiff? It's rather jolly, and will not hurt you in the least."

Elmer caught up a bit of rubber pipe, secured one end to the iron chest and inserted the other in a mouth-piece having the proper inhalation and exhalation valves.

"Put that in your mouth for a moment."

Alma, with beautiful confidence, put the tube in her mouth, and in a moment her pretty head fell back against the back of the chair in deep sleep. With wonderful speed and skill Elmer rolled a larger camera that stood in a corner out into the centre of the room, ran in a slide, adjusted the focus, and before the brief slumber passed had a negative of the sleeping one.

"Oh, how odd! What a queer sensation to feel yourself going and going, off and off, till you don't know where you are!"

"It is rather queer. I've often taken the gas myself—just for fun. Now, Alma, if you will let down the curtains, and close the shutters, and make the room dark, I'll light the lantern and show you the picture."

Alma shut the blinds, drew down the curtains, and closed all the shutters save one.

"Won't it be too dark?"

"No. It must be quite dark. You can stand here in the middle of the room and look at that bit of bare wall between the windows. I left that space clear for a screen."

Alma eagerly took her place, and said with a laugh:

"If this is the pursuit of pure science, it is very amusing. I'd like to study science—in this way."

"Yes, it is rather interesting——"

"Oh, Elmer, it's pitch dark."

"Never mind. Stand perfectly still and watch the wall. There—there's the spot of light. Now I'll run in the positive."

A round spot of white light fell on the unpapered wall, and then two dusky shadows slid over it, vague, obscure, and gigantic.

"There are your people. Now I'll adjust the focus. There—look."

A heavy sob startled him.

"Oh! It's that hateful Alice Green!"

Elmer opened the door of the lantern, and the light streamed full upon Alma. She was bathed in tears, and her shoulders, visible through her light summer dress, shook with sobs.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing! Oh, it's—nothing—let me—go——"

With an impatient gesture she tried to brush the tears from her eyes, and then, without a word, she hastily ran out of the room.

The student of pure science was surprised beyond measure. What had happened? What new blunder had he committed? With all his deep study of things material he was ignorant of things emotional and sentimental. This exhibition of anger and grief in his pretty cousin utterly disconcerted him. He did not know what to do, nor what to think, and he stood in the glare of his lantern for a moment or two in deep thought.

Then he closed the lantern and turning round, examined the shadowy picture thrown upon the wall. It represented a young man and a young

woman seated upon the wooden rail of the bridge in the open air, and in most loving embrace. His arm was about her waist, and he was looking in her face. His straw hat hid his features, but the face of the young woman was turned toward the camera that had so perfectly mirrored them both. She seemed to be a young and pretty girl in the more lowly walks of life, and her lover seemed to be a gentleman. What a pity he hadn't looked up! Who could he be? And she? Alma's remark plainly showed that she at least knew the girl, and for some reason was hotly indignant with her.

Thinking he had made trouble enough already, Elmer took one more good look at the picture, and then prepared to destroy it. Something about the young man's hat struck him as familiar. It was a panama hat, and had two ribbons wound round it in a fanciful manner that was not exactly conventional.

He silently opened a shutter, and the picture faded away. He drew up the curtains and looked out on the bridge. The young couple had disappeared. Poor innocents! They little knew how their pictures had been taken in spite of themselves, and they little knew the tragic and terrible consequences that were to flow from the stolen photograph so strangely made. Elmer took the little slide from the lantern, and was on the point of shivering it to fragments on the hearthstone, when he paused in deep thought. Was it wise to destroy it? Had he not better preserve it? Perhaps he could some day solve the mystery that hung about it, and find out the cause of Alma's grief and anger. Perhaps he might help her; and there came a softening about his heart that seemed both new and wonderfully unscientific.

Shortly after this the dinner bell rang, and he went down to the dining-room. Alma sent word that she had a severe headache and could not appear. Mr. Belford was already there, and he looked at Mr. Franklin

with an expression that made the young man uncomfortable in spite of himself. Mr. Denny was unusually thoughtful and silent, and conversation between the younger men was not particularly brilliant or entertaining. At last the dreary meal was finished. Mr. Belford rose first and went out into the hall. Mr. Franklin followed him, and saw something that quite took his breath away.

There lay the hat of the photographer, double ribbons and all. Mr. Belford quietly took it up and put it on, and it fitted him perfectly. Elmer stopped abruptly and looked at the man with the utmost interest. The confidential, the chimney builder paid no attention, and quickly passed on out of the front door.

"E. Franklin, you have made a discovery. The pursuit of pure science never showed anything half so interesting as this. You had better raise a cloud on the subject. Gad! It's cloudy enough already!"

This to himself as he slowly went up stairs to his room. Selecting a pipe, he filled it, and finding a comfortable seat, he fired up and prepared to examine mentally the events of the day.

"It was the confidential, making love to some village beauty, supposed to be 'Green,' by name, if not by nature. Alma loves him. That's bad. Perhaps she's engaged to him. Has she a ring? Yes—saw it the other day. The affair is cloudy—and—Gad! Blessed if I don't keep that lantern-slide! It may be of use some day. Come in."

This last was in response to a knock at the door. Mr. Belford entered, panama hat with two ribbons in hand.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Franklin. I thought I might find you here."

"Yes, I'm at leisure. What can I do for you? Smoke?"

"No; I can't to-day. The fact is, I've a bad tooth, and smoking troubles it."

"Indeed? Let me see it. I'm a bit of a dentist."

"Are you? That's fortunate, for it aches sadly, and our nearest dentist is five miles away."

"Sit right here by the window, where I can have a good light."

Mr. Belford, a physical coward, could not bear pain; and though he was unwilling to be under obligations to one whom he considered a mere boy, he sat down in the proffered chair, and opened his mouth dutifully.

"Ah, yes—*dentes sapientia*. It's quite gone. Shall I take it out for you?"

"Will it be painful?"

"No. I'll give you nitrous oxide. Without it it might be very painful, for the tooth is much broken down."

Mr. Belford hesitated. Had he better place himself so utterly at the mercy of this young man?

"It will pass off in a moment, and leave no ill effects behind. You had better take it."

"Well, I will; but make it very mild, for I am afraid of these new-fangled notions."

"You need have no fear," said Elmer, bringing up his iron box of nitrous oxide, and selecting a pair of forceps from the mass of instruments in one of his trunks.

"It's very odd. It's the merest chance that I happened to have a pair of forceps. Are you ready now? Put this tube in your mouth, and breathe easily and naturally."

The patient leaned back in the chair, and the amateur stood silently watching him.

"It's a fearful risk, but I'm going to try it. I succeeded with Alma, and I fancy I can with this fool. He was a fool to run right into my arms in this fashion. No wonder his wisdom tooth was rotten. I'll have it out in a moment."

All this to himself. The patient closed his eyes, and fell into a deep sleep.

"Take it strong. It will not hurt you, and I must keep you quiet till the deed is done."

High science was to be brought to

bear upon rascality, and he must move cautiously and quickly. The instant the patient was unconscious, Elmer bent over him and turned back his coat, and from the inside pocket he drew forth a folded paper. He had caught a glimpse of it when he looked in the man's mouth, and on the spur of the moment he had conceived and put into practice this bold stroke of applied science. Making him comfortable, and giving him a little air with the gas, he opened the paper and spread it wide open before a pile of books in the full sunlight. The patient stirred uneasily. With a breathless motion Elmer plied him with more gas, and he sighed softly and slumbered deeper than ever. With a spring he reached the camera, rolled it up before the paper, and set in a new slide. It copied the paper with terrible certainty, and then, without reading it, Elmer folded the paper up again and restored it to his patient's pocket.

The patient revived. He put his hand in his mouth. The tooth was still there.

• "Why, you didn't touch it?"

"No. I was delayed a bit. Take the gas again."

The man submitted, and inhaled more gas. At the instant he slumbered the forceps were deftly plied and the tooth removed. Bathing the man's face with water, the young dentist watched him closely till he revived again.

"Do you feel better?"

"Better! Why, I'm not hurt! Is it really out?"

"Yes. There it is in the wash-bowl."

"You did very well, young man. Excellently. I'm sure I'm much obliged."

"You're welcome," replied Mr. Franklin. "It was a trifling affair."

Repeating his thanks, the visitor put on his hat with its two ribbons and retired.

For an hour or more the youthful son of science worked over his new negatives, and then he quietly closed

the shutters and lighted his stereopticon. The first picture he threw upon the wall greatly pleased him. With half-parted lips, a placid smile, and closed eyes, the sleeping Alma lived in shadowy beauty before him.

"Queer such a charming girl should belong to such a fool!"

Not choice language for a son of pure-eyed science, but history is history, and the truth must be told.

"Now for the paper."

He took Alma's stolen picture from the lantern, and inserted in its place a positive copy of the paper he had captured from her lover. Suddenly there flashed upon the wall a document of the most startling and extraordinary character. He read it through several times before he could bring himself to understand the peculiar nature of the important discovery he had made. Long and earnestly he gazed upon the gigantic writing on the wall, and then he slowly opened one of the shutters, and the magic writing faded away in the rosy light of the setting sun.

A moment after, the tea-bell rang. This over, young Mr. Franklin said he must go out for his evening constitutional. He wished to be alone. The events of the day, the discoveries he had made, and, more than all, Alma's grief and silence at the supper-table, disturbed him. He wished more air, more freedom to think over these things and to devise some plan for future action.

Alma. What of her? Was he not growing to like her—perhaps love her? And she was engaged to that—that—he could not think of him with patience. The chimney, the two in the photo, and the strange paper: what did they all mean? Why were both father and daughter in such evident distress? He pondered these things as he walked through the shadowy lanes, and then, about eight o'clock, he returned, in a measure composed and serene.

There was a light in the parlor, and he went in and found Alma alone.

"Oh, Elmer! I'm glad you've come. It's very lonely here. Father has gone

to bed quite ill, and Lawrence asked me to sit up till he returned. He's gone down to the village on some business. I can't see why he should. The stores are closed and the last train has gone."

She made a place for him on the sofa, and he sat down beside her. For some time they talked indifferently upon various matters—the weather, the heat of the day, and like trivialities.

Suddenly she turned upon him, and said, with ill-suppressed excitement:

"What did you do with it, Elmer?"

"Do with what?"

"The picture."

"Oh, yes—the lantern slide. I wish I had never made it. It's up stairs in my room."

"You didn't know it was Alice Green?"

"No. How should I? I did not know who either of the people was till the picture was thrown upon the wall."

"Do you know now—know both of them, I mean?"

"Yes—I think I do. One was Mr.—"

"Yes, Elmer, you may as well say it. It was Lawrence."

Elmer could think of nothing to say, and wisely said nothing. After a brief pause Alma said slowly, as if talking to herself:

"It was a cruel thing to do."

"I did not mean to be cruel."

"Oh, my dear—cousin, don't think of it in that way. It was Lawrence who was so cruel."

"Yes. It was not very gentlemanly; but perhaps he does not care for—for this person."

"He does. The picture was only confirmation of what I had heard before. I've done with him," she added in a sort of suppressed desperation. "I'm going to break our engagement this very night. I know it will nearly break my heart, and father will be very angry; but, Elmer, come nearer; let me tell you about it. I'm afraid of him. He has such an evil eye, and you remember the chimney—the day

you came—I thought he would kill you, he was so angry."

Evidently she was in sore trouble. Even her language was marked by doubt and difficulty.

"Advise me, Elmer. Tell me what to do. I hardly know which way to turn, and I'm so lonely. Father is busy every day, and I can't talk to him. And Lawrence—I dare not trust him."

Here she began to cry softly, and hid her face in her handkerchief. The son of science was perplexed. What should he do or say? All this was new to him. That a young and pretty girl should appeal to him with such earnestness disconcerted him, and he did not know how to act. A problem in triangulation or knotty question in physics would have charmed him and braced him up for any work. This was so new and so peculiar that he said, "Don't cry, cousin," and repented it at once as a silly speech.

"I must. It does me good."

"Then I would."

Thereupon they both laughed heartily and felt better. He recovered his wits at once.

"Do you think you really love him?"

The man of science is himself again.

"No, I don't."

"Then—well, it's hardly my place to say it."

"Then break the engagement. That's what you mean. I intend to do so; but, Elmer, I wish you could be here with me."

"It would be impossible. Oh! I've an idea."

"Have you? There! I knew you would help me. You are so bright, Elmer, and so kind——"

He nipped her enthusiasm in the bud.

"Do you think you could telegraph to me from your pocket?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You know the letters now perfectly, and if you had your hand on an armature, you could send off messages quickly?"

"Yes. You know I learned the alphabet in one day, and it's nearly a

week since you put up that line to my room. Think how we have talked with it already. And you remember the tea table, when the Lawsons and the Stebbens were here. Didn't I answer all your questions about Minna Lawson while I was talking with her by tapping on the table with a spoon?"

"Yes. So far so good; but now I'm going to try a most dangerous and difficult piece of scientific work, and you must help me. My plan is for you to keep in telegraphic communication with me while the interview goes on. Then, if he is insulting or troublesome, you can call me."

"How bright of you, Elmer. If Lawrence had been half so good and kind and bright—if he knew half as much—I might have loved him longer."

"Wait a bit, and I'll get the lines."

"May I go too?"

"Oh, yes; come."

The two went softly up the hall stairs, through the long entry to the L, and into Elmer's room. They set the lamp on a table, and Elmer dragged forth from the scientific confusion of the place a collection of telegraphic apparatus of all kinds.

"There's the battery. That I'll keep here. There is the recording instrument. That I'll keep here also. Now you want a small armature to open and close the current. Wait a bit! I'd better make one."

Alma sat down on a box, and her new Lohengrin set to work with shears and file to make something that would answer for an armature and still be small enough to hide in the hand. Cutting off two small pieces of insulated copper wire, he bound them together side by side at one end. The loose ends he separated by crowding a bit of rubber between them, and then with the file and his knife he removed a part of the insulating covering till the bright copper showed at the tips of each wire.

"There! You can hide that in the pocket of your dress, or hold it in your hand even. When you wish to close the circuit, pinch the wires, and they will touch each other. When you

withdraw the pressure the rubber will push them apart."

Alma declared she could do it easily, and the armature having been connected with the wires and the battery, they both prepared to go to the parlor.

Down the stairs they crept, slowly unwinding two delicate coils of insulated wire as they went, and pushing them back against the wall well out of sight. When they came to the mats, Alma lifted them up, and Elmer laid the wires down, and then the mats covered them from sight.

"Now, you sit here, in a comfortable chair, and hide the wires in the folds of your dress. I'll lead them off over the carpet behind you, and unless the — Lawrence is brighter than I think he is, he'll not find them."

These mysterious operations were hardly completed before the door bell rang and Lawrence came in. He did not seem particularly pleased to find Mr. Franklin sitting up with Alma, and the meeting was not very cordial. After a few unimportant remarks Mr. Franklin said that he must retire.

"I'd like to know, miss, what that puppy said to you. He's been here all the evening, I dare say."

"He has, Lawrence; but I will not have my friends spoken of in that way."

"Your friends indeed! What do you intend to do about it?"

Meanwhile her hand, persistently kept in her pocket, nervously moved the electric armature, and a sudden twinge of pain startled her. Her finger, caught between the wires, felt the shock of a returning current. Suddenly the pain flashed again, and she understood it. Elmer was replying to her. She forced herself to read his words by the pain the wires caused her, and she spelled out:

"Keep cool. Don't fear him."

"Seems to me you're precious silent, miss."

"One might well keep silence while you use such language as you do, Lawrence Belford."

"Who's a better right?"

"No man has a right not to be a gentleman, and as for your right, I have decided to withdraw it."

"What do you mean?" he cried in sudden anger.

She drew her hand out of her pocket, slowly took off her engagement ring, and said,

"That."

"Oh! We'll have none of that. You may put your ring on again."

"I shall never wear it again."

"Yes, you will."

"I shall not."

"Look here, Miss Denny. We'll have no nonsense. You are going to marry me next week. I suppose you know that mortgage is to be foreclosed on Monday, and you and your father will be beggars. I know how to stop all this, and I can do it. Marry me, and go to New York with me on Wednesday, and the mortgage will be withdrawn."

"We may find the will before that."

"Oh! You may, you may. You and your father have been searching for that will these ten years. You haven't found it yet, and you won't."

Alma under any ordinary circumstances would have quailed before this man. As it was, those trails of copper wire down her dress kept her busy. She rapidly sent off through them nearly all that was said, and her knight of the battery sat up stairs copying it off alone in his room, and almost swearing with anger and excitement.

Suddenly the messages stopped. He listened sharply at the door. Not a sound. The old house was as still as a grave. Several minutes passed, and nothing came. What had happened? Had he cut the wires? Had Alma fainted? Suddenly the sounder spoke out sharp and clear in the silent room:

"Elmer, come!"

He seized a revolver from the bureau, and thrusting it into his pocket, tore off the white strip of paper that had rolled out of the instrument, and with it in his hand he went quickly

down stairs. He opened the door without knocking, and advanced into the middle of the room.

The moment he entered, Alma sprang up from her seat, pulling out the two wires as she did so, and throwing her arm about the young man, she cried out in an agony of fear and shame:

"Oh, Elmer, Elmer! Take me away! Take me to my father!"

He supported her with his right arm, and turned to face her assailant with the crumbled ribbon of paper still in his hand.

"What does this mean, sir? Have you been ill treating my cousin?"

"Go to bed, boy. It's very late for school children to be up."

"Your language is insulting, sir. I repeat it. What have you said or done to Miss Denny?"

"Oh! Come away! come away, Elmer!"

"None of your business, you puppy."

"There is no need to ask what you said, sir. I know every word and have made a copy of it."

"Ah! Listening, were you?"

"No, sir. Miss Denny has told me. Do you see those wires? They will entangle you yet and trip you up."

"Come away, Elmer. Come away."

"For the present I will retire, sir; but, mark me, your game is nearly up."

"By, by, children. Good night. Remember your promise, Miss Denny. The carriage will be all ready."

Without heeding this last remark, Elmer, with his cousin on his arm, withdrew. As they closed the door the telegraph wires caught in the carpet and broke. The man saw them, and picking one up, he examined it closely.

Suddenly he dropped it and turned ashen pale. With all his bravado, he quailed before those slender wires upon the carpet. He did not understand them. He guessed they might be some kind of telegraph, but beyond this everything was vague and mysterious, and they filled him with guilty alarm and terror.

FROM NORMANDY TO THE PYRENEES.

THE other day, before the first fire of winter, when the deepening dusk had compelled me to close my book and wheel my chair closer, I indulged in a retrospect. The objects of it were not far distant, and yet they seemed already to glow with the mellow tints of the days that are no more. In the crackling flame the last remnant of the summer appeared to shrink up and vanish. But the flicker of its destruction made a sort of fantastic imagery, and in the midst of the winter fire the summer sunshine seemed to glow. It lit up a series of visible memories.

I.

ONE of the first was that of a perfect day on the coast of Normandy—a warm, still Sunday in the early part of August. From my pillow, on waking, I could look at a strip of blue sea and a section of white cliff. I observed that the sea had never been so brilliant, and that the cliff was shining like the coast of Paros. I rose and came forth with the sense that it was the finest day of summer, and that one ought to do something uncommon by way of keeping it. At Etretat it was uncommon to take a walk; the custom of the country is to lie all day upon the pebbly strand watching, as we should say in America, your fellow boarders. Your leisurely stroll, in a scanty sheet, from your bathing cabin into the water, and your trickling progress from the water back into your cabin, form, as a general thing, the sum total of your peregrination. For the rest you remain horizontal, contemplating the horizon. To mark the day with a white stone, therefore, it was quite sufficient to stretch my legs. So I climbed the huge grassy cliff which shuts in the little bay on the right (as you lie on the beach, head upward),

and gained the bleak white chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, which a lady told me she was sure was the original of Matthew Arnold's "Little Gray Church on the Windy Hill." This is very likely; but the little church to-day was not gray; neither was the hill windy.

I had occasion, by the time I reached the summit, to wish it had been. Deep, silent sunshine filled the air, and the long grass of the downs stood up in the light without a tremor. The downs at Etretat are magnificent, and the way they stretched off toward Dieppe, with their shining levels and their faintly-shaded dells, was in itself an irresistible invitation. On the land side they have been somewhat narrowed by cultivation; the woods, and farms, and grain fields here and there creep close enough to the edge of the cliff almost to see the shifting of the tides at its base. But cultivation in Normandy is itself picturesque, and the pedestrian rarely need resent its encroachments. Neither walls nor hedges or fences are anywhere visible; the whole land lies open to the breezes and to his curious footsteps. This universal absence of barriers gives an air of vastness to the landscape, so that really, in a little French province, you have more of the feeling of being in a big country than on our own huge continent, which bristles so unconsciously with prohibitory rails and stone-piles. Norman farmhouses, too, with their mossy roofs and their visible beams making all kinds of triangles upon the ancient plaster of their walls, are very delightful things. Hereabouts they have always a dark little wood close beside them; often a *chênaie*, as the term is—a fantastic little grove of tempest-tossed oaks. The trees look as if, some night, when the sea-blasts were howling their loudest and their boughs were tossing most

wildly, the tumult had suddenly been stilled and they had stopped short, each in the attitude into which the storm was twisting it. The only thing the storm can do with them now is to blow them straight. The long, indented coast line had never seemed to me so charming. It stretched away into the light haze of the horizon, with such lovely violet spots in its caves and hollows, and such soft white gleams on its short headlands—such exquisite gradations of distance and such capricious interruptions of perspective—that one could only say that the land was really trying to smile as hard as the sea. The smile of the sea was a positive simper. Such a glittering and twinkling, such a softness and blueness, such tiny little pin-points of foam, and such delicate little wrinkles of waves—all this made the ocean look like a flattered portrait.

The day I speak of was a Sunday, and there were to be races at Fécamp, ten miles away. The agreeable thing was, of course, to walk to Fécamp, over the grassy downs. I walked and walked, over the levels and the dells, having land and ocean quite to myself. Here and there I met a shepherd, lying flat on his stomach in the sun, while his sheep, in extreme dishabille (shearing time being recent), went huddling in front of me as I approached. Far below, on the blue ocean, like a fly on a table of lapis, crawled a little steamer, carrying people from Etretat to the races. I seemed to go much faster, yet the steamer got to Fécamp before me. But I stopped to gossip with a shepherd on a grassy hillside, and to admire certain little villages which are niched in small, transverse, seaward-sloping valleys. The shepherd told me that he had been farm-servant to the same master for five-and-thirty years—ever since the age of ten; and that for thirty-five summers he had fed his flock upon those downs. I don't know whether his sheep were tired of their diet, but he professed himself very tired of his life. I remarked that

in fine weather it must be charming, and he observed, with humility, that to thirty-five summers there went several rainy days.

The walk to Fécamp would be purely delightful if it were not for the *fonds*. The *fonds* are the transverse valleys just mentioned—the channels, for the most part, of small water-courses which discharge themselves into the sea. The downs subside, precipitately, to the level of the beach, and then slowly lift their grassy shoulders on the other side of the gully. As the cliffs are of immense height, these indentations are profound, and drain off a little of the exhilaration of the too elastic pedestrian. The first *fonds* strike him as delightfully picturesque, and he is down the long slope on one side and up the gigantic hump on the other before he has time to feel hot. But the second is greeted with that tempered *empressement* with which you bow in the street to an acquaintance with whom you have met half an hour before; the third is a stale repetition; the fourth is decidedly one too many, and the fifth is sensibly exasperating. The *fonds*, in a word, are very tiresome. It was, if I remember rightly, in the bottom of the last and widest of the series that I discovered the little town of Yport. Every little fishing village on the Norman coast has, within the last ten years, set up in business as a watering-place; and, though one might fancy that Nature had condemned Yport to modest obscurity, it is plain that she has no idea of being out of the fashion. But she is a miniature imitation of her rivals. She has a meagre little wood behind her and an evil-smelling beach, on which bathing is possible only at the highest tide. At the scorching mid-day hour at which I inspected her she seemed absolutely empty, and the ocean, beyond acres of slippery seaweed, looked very far away. She has everything that a properly appointed *station de bains* should have, but everything is on a Lilliputian scale. The whole place looked like a huge Nū-

remburg toy. There is a diminutive hotel, in which, properly, the head waiter should be a pigmy and the chambermaid a sprite, and beside it there is a *Casino* on the smallest possible scale. Everything about the *Casino* is so harmoniously undersized that it seems a matter of course that the newspapers in the reading-room should be printed in the very finest type. Of course there is a reading-room, and a dancing-room, and a *café*, and a billiard-room, with a bagatelle board instead of a table, and a little terrace on which you may walk up and down with very short steps. I hope the prices are as tiny as everything else, and I suspect, indeed, that Yport honestly claims, not that she is attractive, but that she is cheap.

I toiled up the perpendicular cliff again, and took my way over the grass, for another hour, to Fécamp, where I found the peculiarities of Yport directly reversed. The place is a huge, straggling village, seated along a wide, shallow bay, and adorned, of course, with the classic *Casino* and the row of hotels. But all this is on a very brave scale, though it is not manifest that the bravery of Fécamp has won a victory; and, indeed, the local attractions did not strike me as irresistible. A pebbly beach of immense length, fenced off from the town by a grassy embankment; a *Casino* of a bold and unsociable aspect; a principal inn, with an interminable brown façade, suggestive somehow of an asylum or an almshouse—such are the most striking features of this particular watering-place. There are magnificent cliffs on each side of the bay, but, as the French say, without impropriety, it is the devil to get to them. There was no one in the hotel, in the *Casino*, or on the beach; the whole town being in the act of climbing the further cliff, to reach the downs on which the races were to be held. The green hillside was black with trudging spectators and the long sky line was fretted with them. When I say there was no one at the inn, I forget the gentleman at the door who

informed me positively that he would give me no breakfast; he seemed to have staid at home from the races expressly to give himself this pleasure. But I went further and fared better, and procured a meal of homely succulence, in an unfashionable tavern, in a back street, where the wine was sound, the cutlets tender, and the serving-maid rosy. Then I walked along—for a mile, it seemed—through a dreary, gray *grand rue*, where the sunshine was hot, the odors portentous, and the doorsteps garnished with aged fishwives, retired from business, whose plaited linen coifs looked picturesquely white, and their faces picturesquely brown. I inspected the harbor and its goodly basin—with nothing in it—and certain pink and blue houses, which surround it, and then, joining the last stragglers, I clambered up the side of the cliff to the downs.

The races had already begun, and the ring of spectators was dense. I picked out some of the smallest people, looked over their heads, and saw several young farmers, in parti-colored jackets, and very red in the face, bouncing up and down on handsome cart-horses. Satiated at last with this diversion, I turned away and wandered down the hill again; and after strolling through the streets of Fécamp, and gathering not a little of the wayside entertainment that a seaport and fishing town always yields, I repaired to the Abbey church, a monument of some importance, and almost as great an object of pride in the town as the *Casino*. The Abbey of Fécamp was once a very rich and powerful establishment, but nothing remains of it now save its church and its *trappistino*. The church, which is for the most part early Gothic, is very stately and picturesque, and the *trappistino*, which is a distilled liquor of the *Chartreuse* family, is much prized by people who take a little glass after their coffee. By the time I had done with the Abbey, the townsfolk had slid *en masse* down the cliff again, the yel-

low afternoon had come, and the holiday takers, before the wine-shops, made long and lively shadows. I hired a sort of two-wheeled gig, without a board, and drove back to Etretat in the rosy stage of evening. The gig dangled me up and down in a fashion of which I had been unconscious since I left off baby-clothes; but the drive, through the charming Norman country, over roads which lay among the peaceful meadows like paths amid a park, was altogether delightful. The sunset gave a deeper mellowness to the standing crops, and in the grassiest corner of the wayside villages the young men and maidens were dancing like the figures in vignette illustrations of classic poets.

II.

You may say there is nothing in this very commonplace adventure to sentimentalize about, and that when one plucks sentimentally a brand from the burning one should pick out a more valuable one. I certainly call it a picked day, at any rate, when I went to breakfast at St. Jouin, at the beautiful Ernestine's. Don't be alarmed; if I was just now too tame, I am not turning wild. The beautiful Ernestine is not my especial beauty, but every one's, and to contemplate her charms you have only to order breakfast. They shine forth the more brilliantly in proportion as your order is liberal, and Ernestine is beautiful according as your bill is large. In this case she comes and smiles, really very handsomely, around your table, and you feel some hesitation in accusing so well-favored a person of extortion. She keeps an inn at the end of a lane which diverges from the high road between Etretat and Havre, and it is an indispensable feature of your "station" at the former place that you choose some fine morning and seek her hospitality. She has been a celebrity these twenty years, and is no longer a simple maiden in her flower; but

twenty years, if they have diminished her early bloom, have richly augmented her *musée*. This is a collection of all the verses and sketches, the autographs, photographs, monographs, and trinkets presented to the amiable hostess by admiring tourists. It covers the walls of her sitting-room and fills half a dozen big albums which you look at while breakfast is being prepared, just as if you were awaiting dinner in genteel society. Most Frenchmen of the day whom one has heard of appear to have called at St. Jouin, and to have left their *homages*. Each of them has turned a compliment with pen or pencil, and you may see in a glass case on the parlor wall what Alexandre Dumas, Fils, thought of the landlady's nose, and how several painters measured her ankles.

Of course you must make this excursion in good company, and I affirm that I was in the very best. The company prefers, equally of course, to have its breakfast in the orchard in front of the house; which, if the repast is good, will make it seem better still, and if it is poor, will carry off its poorness. Clever innkeepers should always make their victims (in tolerable weather) eat in the garden. I forget whether Ernestine's breakfast was intrinsically good or bad, but I distinctly remember enjoying it, and making everything welcome. Everything, that is, save the party at the other table—the Paris actresses and the American gentlemen. The combination of these two classes of persons, individually so delightful, results in certain phenomena which seem less in harmony with appleboughs and summer breezes than with the gas lamps and thick perfumes of a *cabinet particulier*, and yet it was characteristic of this odd mixture of things that Mlle. Ernestine, coming to chat with her customers, should bear a beautiful infant on her arm, and smile with artless pride on being assured of its filial resemblance to herself. She looked decidedly handsome as she caressed this startling attribute of quiet spinsterhood.

St. Jouin is close to the sea and to the finest cliffs in the world. One of my companions, who had laden the carriage with his painting traps, went off into a sunny meadow to take the portrait of a windmill, and I, choosing the better portion, wandered through a little green valley with the other. Ten minutes brought us to the edge of the cliffs, which at this point of the coast are simply sublime. I had been thinking the white sea-walls of Etratal the finest thing conceivable in this way, but the huge red porphoritic-looking masses of St. Jouin have an even grander character. I have rarely seen anything more picturesque. They are strange, fantastic, out of keeping with the country, and for some rather arbitrary reason suggested to me a Spanish or even African landscape. Certain sun-scorched precipices in Spanish Sierras must have very much the same warmth of tone and desolation of attitude. A very picturesque feature of the cliffs of St. Jouin is that they are double in height, as one may say. Falling to an immense depth, they encounter a certain outward ledge, or terrace, where they pause and play a dozen fantastic tricks, such as piling up rocks into the likeness of needles and watch-towers; then they plunge again, and in another splendid sweep descend to the beach. There was something very impressive in the way their evil brows, looking as if they were all stained with blood and rust, were bent upon the blue expanse of the sleeping sea.

III.

In a month of beautiful weather at Etratal, every day was not an excursion, but every day seemed indeed a picked day. For that matter, as I lay on the beach watching the procession of the easy-going hours, I took a good many mental excursions. The one, perhaps, on which I oftenest started was a comparison between French manners, French habits, French types, and

those of my native land. These comparisons are not invidious; I don't conclude against one party and in favor of the other; as the French say, *je constate* simply. The French people about me were "spending the summer" just as I had so often seen my fellow countrymen spend it, and it seemed to me, as it had seemed to me at home, that this operation places men and women under a sort of monstrous magnifying glass. The human figure has a higher relief in the country than in town, and I know of no place where psychological studies prosper so as at the seaside. I shall not pretend to relate my observations in the order in which they occurred to me (or indeed to relate them in full at all); but I may say that one of the foremost was to this effect—that the summer question, for every one, had been more easily settled than it usually is at home. The solution of the problem of where to go had not been a thin-petalled rose, plucked from among particularly sharp-pointed thorns. People presented themselves with a calmness and freshness very different from the haggard legacy of that fevered investigation which precedes the annual exodus of the American citizen and his family. This impression, with me, rests perhaps on the fact that most Frenchwomen turned of thirty—the average wives and mothers—are so comfortably fat. I have never seen such massive feminine charms as among the mature *baigneuses* of Etratal. The lean and desiccated person into whom a dozen years of matrimony so often converts the blooming American girl has no apparent correlative in the French race. A majestic plumpness flourished all around me—the plumpness of triple chins and deeply dimpled hands. I mused upon it, and I concluded that it was the result of the best breakfasts and dinners in the world. It was the corpulence of ladies who are thoroughly well fed, and who never walk a step that they can spare. The assiduity with which the women of America measure the length of our democratic pavements

is doubtless a factor in their frequent absence of redundancy of outline. As a "regular boarder" at the Hotel Blanquet—pronounced by Anglo-Saxon visitors Blanket—I found myself initiated into the mysteries of the French dietary system. I assent to the common tradition that the French are a temperate people, so long as it is understood in this sense—that they eat no more than they want to. But they want to eat so much! Their capacity strikes me as enormous, and we ourselves, if we are less regulated, are certainly much more slender consumers.

The American breakfast has, I believe, long been a subject of irony to the foreign observer; but the American breakfast is an ascetic meal compared with the French *déjeuner à la fourchette*. The latter, indeed, is simply a dinner without soup; it differs neither generically nor specifically from the evening repast. If it excludes soup, it includes eggs, prepared in a hundred forms; and if it proscribes champagne, it admits beer in foaming pitchers, so that the balance is fairly preserved. I think it is rarely that an American will not feel a certain sympathetic heaviness in the reflection that a French family that sits down at half past eleven to fish and entrées and roasts, to asparagus and beans, to salad and dessert, and cheese and coffee, proposes to do exactly the same thing at dinner time. But we may be sure at any rate that the dinner will be as good as the breakfast, and that the breakfast has nothing to fear from prospective comparison with the dinner; and we may further reflect that in a country where eating is a peculiarly unalloyed pleasure it is natural that this pleasure should be prolonged and reiterated. Nothing is more noticeable among the French than their superior intelligence in dietary matters; every one seems naturally a judge, a dilettante. They have analyzed tastes and savors to a finer point than we; they are aware of differences and relations of which we take no heed. Observe a Frenchman of any age and of

any station (I have been quite as much struck with it in the very young men as in the old) as he orders his breakfast or his dinner at a Parisian restaurant, and you will perceive that the operation is much more solemn than it is apt to be in New York or in London. (In London, indeed, it is intellectually positively brutal.) Monsieur has, in a word, a certain ideal for that particular repast, and it will make a difference in his happiness whether the kidneys, for instance, of a certain style, are chopped to the ultimate or only to the penultimate smallness. His directions and admonitions to the waiter are therefore minute and exquisite, and eloquently accentuated by the pressure of thumb and forefinger; and it must be added that the imagination of the waiter is usually quite worthy of the refined communion thus opened to it.

This subtler sense of quality is observable even among those classes in which in other countries it is generally forestalled by a depressing consciousness on the subject of quantity. Watch your Parisian porter and his wife at their mid-day meal, as you pass up and down stairs. They are not satisfying nature upon green tea and potatoes; they are seated before a meal which has been reasoned out, which, on its modest scale, is served in courses, and has a beginning, a middle, and an end. I will not say that the French sense of comfort is confined to the philosophy of nutrition, but it is certainly higher at this point (and perhaps one other) than it is elsewhere. French people must have a good dinner and a good bed; but they are willing that the bed should be stationed and the dinner be eaten in the most unpleasant neighborhoods. Your porter and his wife dine grandly and sleep soft in their lodge, but their lodge is in all probability a fetid black hole, five feet square, in which, in England or in America, people of their talents would never consent to live. French people consent to live in the dark, to huddle together, to forego privacy, and to let bad smells grow great among

them. They have an accursed passion for coquettish furniture: for cold, brittle chairs, for tables with scalloped edges, for ottomans without backs, for fireplaces muffled in plush and fringe and about as cheerful as a festooned hearse. A French bedroom is a bitter mockery—a ghastly attempt to serve two masters which succeeds in being agreeable to neither. It is a thing of traps and delusions, constructed on the assumption that it is inelegant to be known to wash or to sleep, and yet pervaded with suggestions of uncleanness compared with which a well-wrung bathing sponge, well *en évidence*, is a delightful symbol of purity. This comes of course from that supreme French quality, the source of half the charm of the French mind as well of all its dryness, the genius for economy. It is wasting a room to let it be a bedroom alone; so it must be tricked out as an ingeniously contrived sitting-room, and ends by being (in many cases) insufferable both by night and by day. But allowing all weight to these latter reflections, it is still very possible that the French have the better part. If you are well fed, you can perhaps afford to be ill lodged; whereas, I doubt whether enjoyment of the most commodious apartments is compatible with inanition and dyspepsia.

IV.

If I had not cut short my mild retrospect by these possibly milder generalizations, I should have touched lightly upon some of the social phenomena of which the little beach at Etretat was the scene. I shall have narrated that the French, at the seaside, are not "sociable" as Americans affect to be in a similar situation, and I should subjoin that at Etretat it was very well on the whole that they were not. The immeasurably greater simplicity of composition of American society makes sociability with us a comparatively untaxed virtue; but

anything like an equal exercise of it in France would be attended with alarming perils and inconveniences. Sociability (in the American sense of the word) in any aristocratic country would indeed be very much like an attempt to establish visiting relations between birds and fishes. At Etretat no making of acquaintance was observable; people went about in compact, cohesive groups, of natural formation, governed doubtless, internally, by humane regulation, but presenting to the world an impenetrable defensive front. These groups usually formed a solid phalanx about two or three young girls, compressed into the centre, the preservation of whose innocence was their chief solicitude. Here, doubtless, the groups were acting wisely, for with half a dozen *coquettes*, in scarlet petticoats, scattered over the sunny, harmless looking beach, what were mammas and duennas to do? In order that there should be a greater number of approachable-irreproachable young girls in France there must first be a smaller number of *coquettes*. It is not impossible, indeed, that if the approachable-irreproachable young ladies were more numerous, the *coquettes* would be less numerous. If by some ingenious sumptuary enactment the latter class could be sequestered or relegated to the background for a certain period—say ten years—the latter might increase and multiply, and quite, in vulgar parlance, get the start of it.

And yet after all this is a rather superficial reflection, for the excellent reason that the very narrow peep at life allowed to young French girls is not regarded, either by the young girls themselves or by those who have their felicity most at heart, as a grave privation. The case is not nearly so hard as it would be with us, for there is this immense difference between the lot of the *jeune fille* and her American sister, that the former may as a general thing be said to be certain to marry. "Ay, to marry ill," the Anglo-Saxon

objector may reply. But the objection is precipitate; for if French marriages are almost always arranged, it must be added that they are in the majority of cases arranged well. Therefore, if a *jeune fille* is for three or four years tied with a very short rope and compelled to browse exclusively upon the meagre herbage which sprouts in the maternal shadow, she has at least the comfort of reflecting that according to the native phrase, *on s'occupe de la mariet*—that measures are being carefully taken to promote her to a condition of unbounded liberty. Whatever, to her imagination, marriage may fail to mean, it at least means freedom and consideration. It does not mean, as it so often means in America, being socially shelved—and it is not too much to say, in certain circles, degraded; it means being socially launched and consecrated. It means becoming that exalted personage, a *mère de famille*. To be a *mère de famille* is to occupy not simply (as is rather the case with us) a sentimental, but a really official position. The consideration, the authority, the domestic pomp and circumstance allotted to a French mamma are in striking contrast with the amiable tolerance which in our own social order is so often the most liberal measure that the female parent may venture to expect at her children's hands, and which, on the part of the young lady of eighteen who represents the family in society, is not infrequently tempered by a conscientious severity. All this is worth waiting for, especially if you have not to wait very long. *Mademoiselle* is married certainly, and married early, and she is sufficiently well informed to know, and to be sustained by the knowledge, that the sentimental expansion which may not take place at present will have an open field after her marriage. That it should precede her marriage seems to her as unnatural as that she should put on her shoes before her stockings. And besides all this, to browse in the maternal shadow is not considered in the

least a hardship. A young French girl who is *bien élevée*—an expression which means so much—will be sure to consider her mother's company the most delightful in the world, and to think that the herbage which sprouts about this lady's petticoats is peculiarly tender and succulent. It may be fanciful, but it often seems to me that the tone with which such a young girl says *Ma mère* has a peculiar intensity of meaning. I am at least not wrong in affirming that in the accent with which the mamma—especially if she be of the well-rounded order alluded to above—speaks of *Ma fille* there is a kind of sacerdotal dignity.

V.

AFTER this came two or three pictures of quite another complexion—pictures of which a long green valley, almost in the centre of France, makes the general setting. The valley itself, indeed, forms one delightful picture, although the country which surrounds it is by no means a show region. It is the old region of the Gâtinais, which has plenty of history, but no great beauty. It is very still, deliciously rural, and immitigably French. Normandy is Norman, Gascony is Gascon, but this is France itself—the typical, average, “pleasant” France of history, literature, and art—of art, of landscape art, perhaps, especially. Wherever I look in the country I seem to see one of the familiar pictures on a dealer's wall—a Lambinet, a Troyon, a Daubigny, a Diaz. The Lambinets perhaps are in the majority; the mood of the landscape usually expresses itself in silvery lights and vivid greens. The history of this part of France is the history of the monarchy, and its language is, I won't say absolutely the classic tongue, but a nearer approach to it than any local *patois*. The peasants deliver themselves with rather a drawl, but what they speak is good clean French that any cockney can understand, which is more than can be

said sometimes for the violent jargon that emanates from the fishing folk of Etretat.

Each side of the long valley is a long low ridge, which offers it a high, bosky horizon, and through the middle of it there flows a charming stream, wandering, winding, and doubling, smothered here and there in rocks, and spreading into lily-coated reaches, beneath the clear shadow of tall, straight, light-leaved trees. On each side of the stream the meadows stretch away flat, clean, and magnificent, lozenged across with rows of sober foliage under which a cow-maiden sits on the grass hooting now and then, nasally, to the large uddered browsers in front of her. There are no hedges, nor palings, nor walls; it is all a single estate. Here and there in the meadows stands a cluster of red-roofed hovels—each a diminutive village. At other points, at about half an hour's walk apart, are three charming old houses. The châteaux are extremely different, but, both picturesquely and conveniently, each has its points. They are very intimate with each other, so that these points may be amicably discussed. The points in one case, however, are remarkably strong. The château stands directly in the little river I have mentioned, on an island just great enough to hold it, and the garden flowers grow upon the further bank. This, of course, is a most delightful affair. But I found something very agreeable in the aspect of one of the others, when I made it the goal of certain of those walks before breakfast which of cool mornings in the late summer do not fall into the category of ascetic pleasures. (In France, indeed, if one did not do a great many things before breakfast, the work of life would be but meagerly performed.)

The dwelling in question stands on the top of the long ridge which encloses the comfortable valley to the south, being by its position quite in the midst of its appurtenant acres. It is not particularly "kept up,"

but its quiet rustiness and untrimmedness only help it to be picturesque. A grassy plateau approaches it from the edge of the hill, bordered on one side by a short avenue of horse-chestnuts, and on the other by a dusky wood. Beyond the chestnuts are the steep-roofed, yellow-walled farm buildings, and under cover of the wood a stretch of beaten turf, where, on Sundays and holidays, the farm-servants play at bowls. Directly before the château is a little square garden enclosed by a low stone parapet, interrupted by a high gateway of mossy pillars and iron arabesques, the whole of it overclambered by flowering vines. The house, with its yellow walls and russet roof, is ample and substantial; it is a very proper *gentilhomme's*. In a corner of the garden, at the angle of the parapet, rises that classic emblem of rural gentility, the *pigeonnier*, the old stone dovecote. It is a great round tower, as broad of base as a lighthouse, with its roof shaped like an extinguisher, and a big hole in its upper portion, in and out of which a dove is always fluttering.

You see all this from the windows of the drawing-room. Be sure that the drawing-room is panelled in white and gray, with old rococo moulding over the doorways and mantlepiece. The open garden gateway, with its tangled vines, makes a frame for the picture that lies beyond the little grassy esplanade where the thistles have been suffered to grow around a disused stone well, placed at quaint remoteness from the house (if, indeed, it is not a relic of an earlier habitation), a picture of a wide green country rising beyond the unseen valley, and stretching away to a far horizon in deep blue lines of wood. Behind, through other windows, you look out on the gardens proper. There are places that take one's fancy by some accident of expression, by some mystery of accident. This one is high and breezy, both sunny and shady, plain yet picturesque, extremely cheerful,

and a little melancholy. It has what in the arts is called "style," and so it took mine.

Going to call on the peasants was as charming an affair as a chapter in one of George Sand's rural tales. I went one Sunday morning with my hostess, who knew them well and engaged their most garrulous confidence. I don't mean that they told her all their secrets, but they told her a good many; if the French peasant is a simpleton, he is a very shrewd simpleton. At any rate, of a Sunday morning in August, when he is stopping at home from work, and he has put on his best jacket and trousers, and is loafing at the door of his neighbor's cabin, he is a very charming person. The peasantry in the region I speak of had admirably good manners. The curé gave me a low account of their morals; by which he meant, on the whole, I suspect, that they were moderate church-goers. But they have the instinct of civility and a talent for conversation; they know how to play the host and the entertainer. By "he," just now, I meant *she* quite as much; it is rare that, in speaking superlatively of the French, in any connection, one does not think of the women even more than of the men. They constantly strike the foreigner as a stronger expression of the qualities of the race. On the occasion I speak of the first room in the very humble cabins I successively visited—in some cases, evidently, it was the only room—had been set into irreproachable order for the day. It had usually a sort of brown-toned picturesqueness, begotten of the high chimney-place, with its swinging pots, the important bed, in its dusky niche, with its flowered curtains, the big-bellied earthenware on the cupboard, the long-legged clock in the corner, the thick, quiet light of the small, deeply-set window; the mixture, on all things, of smoke-stain and the polish of horny hands. Into the midst of this "la Rabillon" or "la Mère Léger" brings forward her chairs

and begs us to be seated, and seating herself, with crossed hands, smiles handsomely and answers abundantly all questions about her cow, her husband, her bees, her eggs, and her last-born. The men linger half outside and half in, with their shoulders against dressers and door-posts; every one smiles, with that simple, clear-eyed smile of the gratified peasant; they talk much more like George Sand's Berrichons than might be supposed. And if they receive us without gross awkwardness, they speed us on our way with proportionate urbanity. I go to six or eight little hovels, all of them dirty outside and clean within; I am entertained everywhere with the *bonhomie*, the quaintness, the good faces and good manners of their occupants, and I finish my tour with an esteem for my new acquaintance which is not diminished by learning that several of them have thirty or forty thousand francs securely laid by.

And yet, as I say, M. le Curé thinks they are in a bad way, and he knows something about them. M. le Curé, too, is not a dealer in scandal; there is something delightfully quaint in the way in which he deprecates an un-Christian construction of his words. There is more than one curé in the valley whose charms I celebrate; but the worthy priest of whom I speak is the pearl of the local priesthood. He has been accused, I believe, of pretensions to what is called *illuminiisme*; but even in his most illuminated moments it can never occur to him that he has been chronicled in an American magazine, and therefore it is not indiscreet to say that he is the curé, not of Gy, but of the village nearest to Gy. I write this sentence half for the pleasure of putting down that briefest of village names and seeing how it looks in print. But it may be elongated at will, and yet be only improved. If you wish to be very specific, you may call it Gy-les-Nonnains—Gy of the Little Nuns. I went with my hostess, another morning, to call

upon M. le Curé, who himself opened his garden door to us (there was a crooked little black cross perched upon it), and, lifting his rusty *calotte*, stood there a moment in the sunshine, smiling a greeting more benignant than words.

A rural *presbytère* is not a very sumptuous dwelling, and M. le Curé's little drawing room reminded me of a Yankee parlor (*minus* the subscription books from Hartford, on the centre-table) in some out-of-the-way corner of New England. But he took us into his very diminutive garden, and showed us an ornament that would not have flourished in the shade of a Yankee parlor—a rude stone image of the Virgin, which he had become possessed of I know not how, and for which he was building a sort of niche in the wall. The work was going on slowly, for he must take the labor as he could get it; but he appealed to his visitors, with a smile of indulgent irony, for an assurance that his little structure would not make too bad a figure. One of them told him that she would send him some white flowers to set out round his statue; whereupon he clasped his hands together over his snuff-box and expressed cheerful views of the world we live in. A couple of days afterward he came to breakfast, and, of course, he arrived early, in his new cassock and band. I found him in the billiard-room, walking up and down alone, and reading his breviary. The combination of the locality, the personage, and the occupation made me smile; and I smiled again when, after breakfast, I found him walking up and down the garden, puffing a cigarette. Of course he had an excellent appetite; but there is something rather cruel in those alternations of diet to which the French parish priest is subjected. At home he lives like a peasant—a fact which, in itself, is not particularly cruel, inasmuch as he is usually a peasant born. But his fellow peasants don't breakfast at the château and gaze adown the savory vistas opened by outlets à la Soubise.

They have not the acute pain of being turned back into the stale atmosphere of bread and beans. Of course it is by no means every day or every week even that M. le Curé breakfasts at the château; but there must nevertheless be a certain uncomfortable crookedness in his position. He lives like a laborer, and yet he is treated like a gentleman. The latter character must seem to him sometimes a rather heavy irony on the other. But to the ideal curé, of course, all characters are equal; he thinks neither too ill of his bad breakfasts, nor too well of his good ones. I won't say that the excellent man I speak of is the ideal curé, but I suspect he is an approach to it; he has a grain of epicureanism to an ounce of stoicism. In the garden path, beside the moat, while he puffed his cigarette, he told me how he had held up his head to the Prussians; for, hard as it seemed to believe it, that pastoral valley had been occupied by ravaging Teutons. According to this recital, he had spoken his mind civilly, but most distinctly, to the group of officers who had made themselves at home in his dwelling—had informed them that it grieved him profoundly that he was obliged to meet them standing there in his cassock, and not out in the fields with a musket in his hands and a dozen congenial spirits at his side. The scene must have been picturesque. The first of the officers got up from table and asked for the privilege of shaking his hand. "M. le Curé," he said, "*j'estime hautement votre caractère.*"

Six miles away—or nearer, by a charming shaded walk along a canal—was an ancient town with a legend—a legend which, as a child, I read in my lesson-book at school, marvelling at the wood-cut above it, in which a ferocious dog was tearing a strange man to pieces, while the king and his courtiers sat by as if they were at the circus. I allude to it chiefly in order to mention the name of one of its promenades, which is the stateliest, beyond all comparison, in the world; the name, I mean, not the street. The

latter is called *Les Belles Manières*. Could anything be finer than that? With what a sweep gentlemen must once have taken off their hats there; how ladies must once have curtsied, regardless of gutters, and how people must have turned up their toes as they walked!

VI.

My next impressions were gathered on the margin of a southern sea—if the Bay of Biscay indeed deserves so soft-sounding a name. We generally have a mental image beforehand of a place we think of going to, and I supposed I had a tolerably vivid prevision of Biarritz. I don't know why, but I had a singular sense of having been there; the name always seemed to me expressive. I saw the way it lay along its gleaming beach; I had taken in imagination the long walks toward Spain over the low cliffs, with the blue sea always to my right, and the blue Pyrenees always before me. My only fear was that my mental picture was not brilliant enough; but this could easily be touched up on the spot. In truth, however, I was exclusively occupied in toning it down. Biarritz seemed to be decidedly below its reputation; I am at a loss to see how its reputation was made. There is a partial explanation that is obvious enough. There is a low, square, bare brick mansion seated on the sands, under shelter of a cliff; it is one of the first objects to attract the attention of an arriving stranger. It is not picturesque, it is not romantic, and even in the days of its prosperity it never can have been impressive. It is called the *Villa Eugénie*, and it explains in a great measure, as I say, the Biarritz which the arriving stranger, with some dismay, perceives about him. It has the aspect of one of the "cottages" of Newport during the winter season, and is surrounded by an even scantier umbrage than usually flourishes in the vicinity of those establishments.

It was what the newspapers call the "favorite resort" of the ex-Empress of the French, who might have been seen at her imperial avocations with a good glass at any time from the Casino. The Casino, I hasten to add, has quite the air of an establishment frequented by gentlemen who look on ladies' windows with telescopes. There are Casinos and Casinos, and that of Biarritz is, in the summary French phrase, "impossible." Except for its view, it is moreover very unattractive. Perched on the top of a cliff which has just space enough to hold its immense brick foundations, it has no garden, no promenade, no shade, no place of out-of-door reunion—the most indispensable feature of a Casino. It turns its back to the Pyrenees and to Spain, and looks out prettily enough over a blue ocean to an arm of the low French coast.

Biarritz, for the rest, scrambles over two or three steep hills, directly above the sea, in a promiscuous, many-colored, noisy fashion. It is a watering-place, pure and simple; every house has an expensive little shop in the basement, and a still more expensive set of rooms to let above stairs. The houses are blue, and pink, and green; they stick to the hillsides as they can, and being near Spain, you try to fancy they look Spanish. You succeed perhaps, even a little, and are rewarded for your zeal by finding, when you cross the border a few days afterward, that the houses at San Sebastian look strikingly French. Biarritz is bright, crowded, irregular, filled with many sounds, and not without a certain second-rate picturesqueness; but it struck me as common and cocknified, and my vision travelled back to modest little Etretat, by its northern sea, as to a more truly delectable resting-place. The southwestern coast of France has little of the exquisite charm of the Mediterranean shore. It has of course a southern expression which in itself is always delightful. You see a brilliant, yellow sun, with a pink-faced, red-tiled house staring up

at it. You can see here and there a trellis and an orange tree, a peasant woman in gold necklace, driving a donkey, a lame beggar adorned with ear-rings, a glimpse of blue sea between white garden walls. But the superabundant detail of the French Riviera is wanting; the softness, luxuriosness, enchantment.

The most picturesque thing at Biarritz is the Basque population, which overflows from the adjacent Spanish provinces and swarms in the crooked streets. It lounges all day in the public places, sprawls upon the curbstones, clings to the face of the cliffs, and vociferates continually in a shrill, strange tongue, which has no discoverable affinity with any other. The Basques look like the hardier and thriftier Neapolitan lazzaroni; if the superficial resemblance is striking, the difference is very much in their favor. Although those specimens which I observed at Biarritz appeared to enjoy an excess of leisure, they had nothing of a shiftless or beggarly air, and seemed as little disposed to ask favors as to confer them. The roads leading into Spain were dotted with them, and here they were coming and going as if on important business—the business of the abominable Don Carlos himself. They struck me as a very handsome race. The men are invariably clean shaved; smooth chins seem a positively religious observance. They wear little round, maroon-colored caps, like those of sailor-boys, dark stuff shirts, and curious white shoes, made of strips of rope laid together—an article of toilet which makes them look like honorary members of base-ball clubs. They sling their jackets, cavalier fashion, over one shoulder, hold their heads very high, swing their arms very bravely, step out very lightly, and when you meet them in the country at eventide, charging down a hillside in companies of half a dozen, make altogether a most impressive appearance. With their smooth chins and childish caps, they may be taken, in the distance, for a lot of very naughty little

boys. They have always a cigarette in their teeth.

The best thing at Biarritz is your opportunity for driving over into Spain. Coming speedily to a consciousness of this fact, I found a charm in sitting in a landau and rolling away to San Sebastian, behind a driver in a high glazed hat with long streamers, a jacket of scarlet and silver, and a pair of yellow breeches and of jack-boots. If it has been the desire of one's heart and the dream of one's life to visit the land of Cervantes, even grazing it so lightly as by a day's excursion from Biarritz is a matter to set one romancing. Everything helping—the admirable scenery, the charming day, my operatic coachman, and smooth-rolling carriage—I am afraid I romanced more than it is decent to tell of. You face toward the beautifully outlined mass of the Pyrenees, as if you were going to plunge straight into them, but in reality you travel beneath them and beside them; you pass between their expiring spurs and the sea. It is on proceeding beyond San Sebastian that you seriously attack them. But they are already extremely picturesque—none the less so that in this region they abound in suggestion of the recent Carlist war. Their far-away peaks and ridges are crowned with lonely Spanish watch-towers and their lower slopes are dotted with demolished dwellings. It was hereabouts that the fighting was most constant. But the healing powers of nature are as remarkable as the destructive powers of man, and the rich September landscape appeared already to have forgotten the injuries of yesterday. Everything seemed to me a savory foretaste of Spain. I discovered an unconscionable amount of local color. I discovered it at St. Jean de Luz, the last French town, in a great brown church, filled with galleries and boxes, like a playhouse—the altar and chair, indeed, looked very much like a proscenium; at Bohebia, on the Bidassoa, the small yellow stream which divides France from Spain, and which at this

point offers to view the celebrated Isle of Pheasants, a little bushy strip of earth adorned with a decayed commemorative monument, on which, in the seventeenth century, the affairs of Louis XIV. and his brother monarch were discussed in ornamental conference; at Fuentarabia (glorious name), a mouldering relic of Spanish stateliness; at Hondaye, at Irun, at Renteria, and finally at San Sebastian. At all of these wayside towns the houses show marks of Alphonsist bullets (the region was strongly Carlist); but to be rid-dled and battered seems to carry out the meaning of the pompous old escutcheons carven above the doorways, some of them covering almost half the house. It seemed to me, in fact, that the narrower and shabbier was the poor little dusky dwelling, the grander and more elaborate was this noble advertisement. But it stood for knightly prowess, and pitiless Time had taken up the challenge. I found it fine work to rumble through the narrow single street of Irun and Renteria, between the strange-colored houses, the striped awnings, the universal balconies, and the heraldic doorways.

San Sebastian is a lively watering-place, and is set down in the guide-books as the Biarritz or the Brighton of Spain. It has of course a new quarter in the provincial-elegant style (fresh stucco cafés, barber shops, and apartments to let), looking out upon a planted promenade and a charming bay, locked in fortified heights, with a narrow portal to the ocean. I walked about for two or three hours, and devoted most of my attention to the old quarter, the town proper, which has a great frowning gate upon the harbor, through which you look along a vista of gaudy house fronts, balconies, and awnings, surmounted by a narrow strip of sky. Here the local color was richer, the manners more *naïf*. Here too was a church with a flamboyant Jesuit façade and an interior redolent of Spanish Catholicism. There was a life-sized effigy of the Virgin perched upon a table beside the great

altar (she appeared to have been walking abroad in a procession), whom I looked at with extreme interest. She seemed to me a heroine, a solid Spanish person, as perfect a reality as Don Quixote or St. Theresa. She was dressed in an extraordinary splendor of laces, brocades, and jewels, her coiffure and complexion were of the finest, and she evidently would answer to her name if you spoke to her. Improving the stateliest title I could think of, I addressed her as *Dofia Maria* of the Holy Office; whereupon she looked round the great dusky, perfumed church, to see whether we were alone, and then she dropped her fringed eyelids and held out her hand to be kissed. She was the Sentiment of Spanish Catholicism: gloomy, yet bedizened, emotional as a woman, and yet mechanical as a doll. After a moment I grew afraid of her, and went slinking away. After this I didn't really recover my spirits until I had the satisfaction of hearing myself addressed as "*Cabellero*." I was hailed with this epithet by a ragged infant, with sickly eyes and a cigarette in his lips, who invited me to cast a copper into the sea, that he might dive for it; and even with these limitations, the sensation seemed worth the cost of my excursion. It appeared kinder, to my gratitude, to make the infant dive upon the pavement.

A few days later I went back to San Sebastian, to witness a bull fight; but I suppose my right to descend upon this entertainment should be measured less by the gratification it afforded me than by the question whether there is room in literature for another bull fight. I incline to think there is not; the Spanish diversion is the best described thing in the world. Besides, there are other reasons for not describing it. It is extremely disgusting, and one should not describe disgusting things—except (according to the new school) in novels, when they have not really occurred, and are manufactured on purpose. But one has taken a certain sort of pleasure in the bull fight,

and yet how is one to state gracefully that one has taken pleasure in a disgusting thing? It is a hard case. If you record your pleasure, distinctly, you seem to exaggerate it and to calumniate your delicacy; and if you record nothing but your displeasure, you feel rather crabbed and stingy. This much I can say, at any rate, that as there had been no bull fights in that part of the country during the Carlist war, the native dilettanti (and every man, woman, and child of them comes under this denomination) returned to their previous pastime with peculiar zest. The spectacle, therefore, had an unusual splendor. Under these circumstances it is highly picturesque. The weather was beautiful; the near mountains peeped over the top of the vast open arena, as if they too were curious; weary of disembowelled horses and posturing *espadas*, the spectator (in the boxes) might turn away and look through an unglazed window at the empty town and the cloud-shadowed sea. But few of the native spectators availed themselves of this privilege. Beside me sat a blooming matron, in a white lace mantilla, with

three very juvenile daughters; and if these ladies sometimes yawned, they never shivered. For myself, I confess that if I sometimes shivered, I never yawned. A long list of bulls was sacrificed, each of whom had pretensions to originality. The *banderillos*, in their silk stockings and embroidered satin costumes, skipped about with a great deal of elegance; the *espada* folded his arms, within six inches of the bull's nose, and stared him out of countenance; but I thought the bull, in any case, a finer fellow than any of his tormentors, and I thought his tormentors finer fellows than the spectators. In truth, we were all, for the time, rather sorry fellows together. A bull fight will, to a certain extent, bear looking at, but it will not bear thinking of. There was a more innocent picturesqueness in what I saw afterward, when we all came away, in the late afternoon, as the shadows were at their longest: the bright-colored southern crowd, spreading itself over the grass, and the women, with mantillas and fans, strolling up along before the mountains and the sea.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANCE.

I.

WITH diamond dew the grass was wet,
T'was in the spring, and gentlest weather,
And all the birds of morning met,
And carolled in her heart together.

II.

The wind blew softly o'er the land,
And softly kissed the joyous ocean:
He walked beside her, on the sand,
And gave and won a heart's devotion.

III.

The thistledown was in the breeze,
With birds of passage homeward flying:
His fortune called him o'er the seas,
And on the shore he left her sighing.

IV.

She saw his barque glide down the bay—
 Through tears and fears she could not banish;
 She saw his white sails melt away;
 She saw them fade; she saw them vanish.

V.

And "Go," she said; "for winds are fair,
 And love and blessing round you hover:
 When you sail backward through the air,
 Then I will trust the word of lover."

VI.

Still ebb'd, still flow'd the tide of years,
 Now chilled with snows, now bright with roses,
 And many smiles were turned to tears,
 And sombre morns to radiant closes.

VII.

And many ships came gliding by,
 With many a golden promise freighted:
 But nevermore from sea or sky
 Came love to bless her heart that waited.

VII.

Yet on, by tender patience led,
 Her sacred footsteps walked unbidden,
 Wherever sorrow bows its head,
 Or want and care and shame are hidden.

IX.

And they who saw her snow-white hair,
 And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,
 Breathed all at once the chancel air,
 And seemed to hear the organ pealing.

X.

Till once, at shut of autumn day,
 In marble chill she paused and harkened,
 With startled gaze where far away
 The waste of sky and ocean darkened.

XI.

There, for a moment, faint and wan,
 High up in air, and landward striving,
 Stern-fore a spectral barque came on,
 Across the purple sunset driving.

XII.

Then something out of night she knew,
 Some whisper heard, from heaven descended,
 And peacefully as falls the dew
 Her long and lonely vigil ended.

XIII.

The violet and the bramble-rose
 Make glad the grass that dreams above her;
 And freed from time and all its woes,
 She trusts again the word of lover.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE HEARTBREAK CAMEO.

“IT is a cameo to break one's heart !” said Mrs. Dalliba, as she toyed with the superb jewel. “The cutting is unmistakably Florentine, and yet you have placed it among your Indian curiosities. I do not understand it at all.”

Mrs. Dalliba was a connoisseur in gems; she had travelled from one extremity of Europe to the other; had studied the crown jewels of nearly every civilized nation, haunted museums, and was such a frequent visitor at the jewellers' of the Palais Royal, that many of them had come to regard her as an individual who might harbor burglarious intentions. She was a very harmless specialist, however, who, though she loved these stars of the underworld better than any human being, could never have been tempted to make one of them unfairly her own, and she seldom purchased, for she never coveted one unless it was something quite extraordinary, beyond the reach of even her considerable fortune. Meanwhile few of the larger jewelry houses had in their employ lapidaries more skilled than Mrs. Dalliba. She pursued her studies for the mere love of the science, devoting a year in Italy to mosaics, cameos, and intaglios. And yet the Crèvecoeur cameo had puzzled wiser heads than Mrs. Dalliba's, adept though she was. It was cut from a solid heart-shaped gem, a layer of pure white, shading down through exquisite gradations into deep green, and represented Aphrodite rising from the sea; the white form rose gracefully, with arms extended, scattering the drops of spray from her hands and her wind-blown hair; the foamy waves were beautifully cut with their intense hollows and snowy crests; it was evidently the work of a cultivated as well as a natural artist; it was not surprising that Mrs. Dalliba should

insist that it could not have been executed out of Italy.

But Prof. Stonehenge was right too; it was a stone of the chalcedonic family, resembling sardonyx, except in color; others, similar to it both in a natural state and wrought into arrow-heads, had been found along the shores of Lake Superior. This seemed to have been brought away from its associates by some wandering tribe, for it had been discovered in Central Illinois. The nearest point at which other relics belonging to the same period had been found was the site of Fort Crèvecoeur, near Starved Rock, Illinois. After all, the stone only differed from the arrow-heads of Lake Superior in its beautiful carving and unprecedented size—and, ah, yes! there was another difference, the mystery of its discovery. No other skeleton among all the buried braves unearthed by scientific research at Crèvecoeur had been found with a gem for a heart—a gem that glittered not on the breast, but within a chest hooped with human bone. Mrs. Dalliba had just remarked that she had never felt so strong a desire to possess and wear any jewel as now; but when Prof. Stonehenge told how the uncanny thing rattled within the white ribs of the skeleton in which it was found, she allowed the gem to slip from her hand, while something of its own pale green flickered in the disgusted expression which quivered about the corners of her mobile mouth. The cameo was a mystery which had baffled geologist, antiquarian, and sculptor alike, for Father Francis Xavier had gone down to his grave with his secret and his cameo hidden in his heart. He had kept both well for two centuries, and when the heart crumbled in dust it took its secret with it, leaving only the cameo to bewilder conjecture.

Its story was, after all, a simple one. On the southern shore of Michillimackinac, in the romantic days of the first exploration of the great lakes by the *Courreurs de Bois* and pioneer priests, had settled good *Père Ignace*, a devoted Jesuit missionary. The old man was revered and loved by the Indians among whom he dwelt. His labors blossomed in a little village, called from his patron saint the mission of *St. Ignace*, that displayed its cluster of white huts and wigwams like the petals of a water-lily on the margin of the lake. Just back of the village was a round knoll which served as a landmark on the lake, for the shore near *St. Ignace* was remarkably level. On the summit of this mound the good father had reared a great white cross, and at its foot the superstitious Indians often laid votive offerings of strongly incongruous character. Here he had lived and taught for many years, succeeding in instructing his little flock in the French tongue, and in at least an outward semblance of the Catholic religion. Even the rude trappers, who came to trade at regular intervals, revered him, and lived like good Christians while at the mission, so as not to counteract his teaching by their lawless example. Here *Père Ignace* was growing old, and even this grasshopper of a spiritual charge was becoming a burden. His superior, at Montreal, understood this and sent him an assistant.

Very unlike Father Ignatius was *Père François Xavier*, a man with all the fire and enthusiasm of youth in his blood—just the one for daring, hazardous enterprises; just the one to undergo all the privation and toil of planting a mission; to undertake plans requiring superhuman efforts, and to carry them through successfully by main force of will. A better assistant for Father Ignatius could not have been found. It was force, will, and intellect in the service of love and meekness; only there was a doubt if the servant might not usurp the place of the master, and the sway of love be

not materially advanced by its new ally. Indeed, if the truth had been known, even the Bishop of Montreal had felt that Father Francis Xavier was too ambitious a character to reside safely in too close proximity to himself; and engrossing employment at a distance for him, rather than the expressed solicitude for Father Ignatius, prompted this appointment. The results of the following year approved the arrangement. The mission received a new accession of life; its interests were pushed forward energetically.

Father Francis Xavier devoted himself to an acquisition of the various Indian dialects, and to excursions among the neighboring tribes. Converts were made in astonishing numbers, and they brought liberal gifts to the little church from their simple possessions. Father Ignatius had never thought to barter with the trappers and traders, but his colleague did; large church warehouses were erected, and the mission soon had revenues of importance. Away in the interior Father Xavier had discovered there was a silver mine; but this discovery, for the present, he made no attempt at exploiting. He had secured it to the church by title deed and treaty with the chief who claimed it; had visited it and assured himself that it would some day be very valuable, and he contented himself with this for the present, and even managed to forget its acquisition in his yearly report sent to Montreal. Father Francis Xavier was something of a geologist; his father was a Florentine jeweller, and the son had studied as his apprentice, not having at first been destined for the church. Even after taking holy orders, Father Francis Xavier had labored over precious stones designed for ecclesiastical decoration. His specialty had been that of a gem engraver, and his long white fingers were remarkably skilful and delicate. This northern region, with all its wealth of precious stones, was a great jewel casket for him, and he became at once an enthusiastic collector.

Before the coming of his assistant, Father Ignatius had managed his own simple housekeeping in all its most humble details. Now they had the services of an Indian maid of all work, who had been brought up under the eyes of Father Ignatius, and whom the old man regarded rather as a daughter than as a servant. Her moccasined feet fell as silently as those of spirits as she glided about their lodge. She never sang at her work, and rarely spoke, but she smiled often with a smile so childlike as to be almost silly in expression. Father Ignatius loved the silent smile, and a word from him was always sure to bring it; but it angered Father Francis Xavier more than many a more repulsive thing would have done. It seemed so utterly imbecile and babyish to him, he had got so far away from innocence and smiles and childhood himself, that the sight of them irritated him. The young Indian girl had a long and almost unpronounceable name. Père Ignace had baptized her Marie, and the new name had gradually taken the place of the old.

One day, as she was silently but dexterously putting to order the large upper room, which served Père Francis Xavier as study and dormitory, she paused before his collection of agates and minerals, and stroking the stones, said in her soft French and Indian patois, "Pretty, pretty." Father Xavier was seated at the great open window, looking over the top of his book away across the breezy lake. He heard the words, and knew that she was looking at him from the corner of her eye, but his only reply was a deeper scowl and a lowering of his glance to the printed page. The silly smile which he felt sure was upon her face faded out, but the girl spoke again, and this time more resolutely, determined to attract his attention. "Pretty stones. Marie's father many more, much prettier—much."

Father Xavier laid down his book. He was all attention. "Where did your father get them?" he asked.

"In the mountains climb, in the mines dig, in the lake dive, he seek them all the time summer."

"What does he do with them?"

"Cuts them like *mon père*," and Marie imitated in pantomime the use of the hammer and chisel. "Cut them all time winter, very many."

"What does he do that for?" asked the priest, surprised.

"All the same you," replied the girl—"make arrow-heads."

"Oh! he makes arrow-heads, does he? Mine are not arrow-heads, but I should like to see what your father does. Does he live far from here?"

"Marie take you to-night in canoe."

"Very well, after supper."

She had often taken him out upon the lake before, for she managed their birch-bark canoe with more skill than himself, and it was convenient to have some one to paddle while he fished or read or dreamed. She rowed him swiftly up the lake for several miles, then, fastening the canoe, led the way through a trail in the forest. The sun was setting, and "the whispering pines and the hemlocks" of the forest primeval formed a tapestry of gloom around the paternal wigwam as they reached it. Black Beaver, her father, reclined lazily in the door, watching the coals of the little fire in front of his tent. He was always lazy. It was difficult to believe that he ever climbed or dug or dived for agates as Marie had said, so complete a picture he seemed of inaction. The girl spoke a few words to him in their native dialect, and he grumblingly rose, shuffled into the interior of the wigwam, and brought out two baskets. One was a shallow tray filled with the finished heads in great variety of material and color. There were white carnelian, delicately striped with prophetic red, blood-stone deep-colored and hard as ruby, agates of every shade and marking, flinty jasper, emerald-banded malachite, delicate rose color, and purple ones made from shells, and various crystals with whose names Father François Xavier was un-

familiar. There was one shading from dark green through to red, only a drop of the latter color on the very tip of the arrow where blood would first kiss blood. Father Xavier looked at it in wondering admiration, and at last asked Black Beaver what he called it.

"It is a devil-stone," replied the Indian. "More here," and he opened the deeper basket in which were stored the unground and uncut stones, and placed a superb gem in Father Xavier's hand. He had ground it sufficiently to show that it was in two layers, white and green; in this there was no touch of red, but in every other respect it was the handsomer stone.

"Will you sell it to me?" asked the priest. "How much?"

The Indian smiled with an expression strangely like that of his daughter, and put it back with alacrity in his basket, saying, "Me no sell big devil-stone. No money buy."

"What do you mean to do with it?" asked Father Xavier.

"Make arrowhead—very hungry—no blood"; and he indicated the absence of the red tint. "Very hungry—kill very much—never have enough!"

"Then you mean to keep it and use it yourself?"

"No," said the other. "Me no hunt game—hunt stones."

"What will you do with it?" asked the puzzled priest.

"Give it away," said Black Beaver—"give away to greatest—"

"Chief?" asked Father Xavier.

Black Beaver shook his head.

"Friend then?"

"No," grunted the arrowhead maker—"give away to big *enemy*!"

"What did he mean by that?" Father Xavier asked of Marie on their way back to the mission. And the girl explained the superstition that Indians of their own tribe never killed an enemy with ordinary weapons, for fear that his soul would wait for theirs in the Happy Hunting Grounds; but if he was shot with a devil-stone, the

soul could not fly upward, but would sink through all eternity, until it reached the deepest spot of all the great lakes under the stony gaze of the Doom Woman.

When he inquired further as to the whereabouts of the Doom Woman's residence he ascertained that she was only a sharp cliff among "the pictured rocks of sandstone" of the upper lake—a cliff that viewed from either side maintained its resemblance to a female profile looking sternly down at the water beneath it, which was here believed to be unfathomable. The Doom Woman still exists. Strange to say, under its sharp-cut features a steamer has since been wrecked and sunk, and its expression of gloomy fate is now awfully appropriate. Marie had visited "the great Sea Water" with her father. Nature's titanic and fanciful frescoing and cameo cutting had strongly wrought upon her impressionable mind, and the old legends and superstitions of paganism had been by no means effaced by the very slight veneer of Christianity which she had received at the mission.

From this evening Father Xavier's manner toward her changed. Her smile no longer seemed to irritate him, and a close observer might have noticed that she smiled less than formerly. He talked with her more, paid closer attention to her studies, made her little presents from time to time, and spoke to her always with studied gentleness that was quite foreign to his nature. And Marie watched him at work over his stones, spent her spare time in rambling in search of those which she had learned he liked, and laid upon his table without remark each new discovery of quartz, or crystal, or pebble. She had been in the habit of making little boxes which she decorated with a rude mosaic of small shells, and Father Xavier noticed that these gradually acquired more taste and were arranged with some eye to the harmonies of color, while the forms were copied with Chinese accuracy from patterns on the

bindings of his books or the borders of the religious pictures. Marie was developing under an art education which if carried far enough might effect great things. She even managed his graving tools with a good deal of accuracy, copying designs which he set her, until he wondered what his father would have thought of so apt an apprentice.

Suddenly, one morning in midsummer, Marie announced that she should leave them. Her father was going on a long expedition for stones to the head of Lake Superior, and she did not know when she might return. As she imparted this information she watched Father Xavier from the corner of her eye, and something of the old childish smile reappeared as he showed that he was really annoyed.

The summer passed profitably for the Black Beaver, and he began to think of returning to St. Ignace with his small store of valuable stones before the fall gales should set in. He was just a few days too late. When within sight of Michillimackinac a storm arose driving them out upon the open lake, and playing with their canoe as though it were a cockle shell. When the storm abated a cloudy night had set in; no land was visible in any direction; they had completely lost their direction, and knew not toward which point to seek the shore. Paddling at hazard might take them further out into the centre of the lake, and indeed they were too worn with battling with the storm to do any more than keep the tossed skiff from capsizing. Morning dawned wet and gray, after a miserable night; they were drenched to the skin, and almost spent with weariness and hunger, and now that a wan and ghostly daylight had come they were no better for it, for an impenetrable fog shut them in on every side. Marie and her mother began to pray. The Black Beaver sat dogged and inert, with upturned face, regarding the sky.

The day wore by wearily; some of the time they paddled straight on-

ward, with sinking hearts, knowing not toward what they were going, and at others rested with the inaction of despair. When the position of the bright spot which meant the sun told that it lacked but an hour of sunset, and the clouds seemed to be thickening rather than dispersing, the Black Beaver gave a long and hideous howl. His wife and daughter shuddered when they heard it, as would any one, for a more unearthly and discordant cry was never uttered by man or beast; but they had double reason to shudder; it was the death cry of their nation.

"We can never live through another night," said he, and he covered his face with his arms.

"Father," said Marie, "try what power there is in the white man's God. Say that you will give Him your devil-stone if He will save us now."

"The priest may have it," said the Black Beaver, and he uncovered his face and sat up as though expecting a miracle. And the miracle came. The sun was setting behind them, and in front, somewhat above the horizon, the clouds parted, forming a circle about a white cross which hung suspended in the air. They all saw it distinctly, but only for a few moments; then the clouds closed and the vision vanished. With new hope the little party rowed toward the spot where they had last seen it, and through the fog they could dimly discern the outlines of the coast—they were nearing land. A little further on, and a village was visible, which gained a more and more familiar aspect as they approached. Night settled down before they reached it, but ere their feet touched the land they had recognized the mission of St. Ignace. The cross was not a vision. The clouds had parted to show them the great white landmark and sign which Father Ignatius had raised upon the little knoll.

The next day the Black Beaver unearthed his devil-stone, and fastening a silver chain to it, was about to carry it away and attach it to the cross, which was already loaded with the

gifts of the little colony; but Marie took it from his hand. "I will give it to the good priest myself," she said. "He may see fit to place it on the image of the Virgin in the church."

A few days later Marie placed the coveted stone in Father Xavier's hand; but what was his bitter disappointment to find that she had marred the exquisite thing by a rude attempt at a delineation upon it of the vision of the cross. She had carefully chiselled away the milky white layer, excepting on the crests of some very primitive representations of waves, and within the awkwardly plain cross in the centre of the gem. All his hopes of cutting a face upon this lovely jewel were crushed; it was ruined by her unskilful work. Father Xavier was completely master of his own emotions. He took the stone without remark, and hung it, as Marie requested, about the neck of the Madonna. Each day as he said mass the sight of the mutilated jewel roused within him resentful feelings against poor, well-wishing little Marie. He had been very kind to her since he had first seen the stone in the possession of her father, but now it was worse than before. He avoided her markedly, for the smile which so annoyed him still lighted her face whenever she saw him, and there was in it a reproachful sadness which was even more aggravating than its simple childishness had been.

One day Father Xavier in turning over his papers came across an old etching of Venus rising from the sea. The figure, with its outstretched arms, suggested a possibility to him. He made a careful tracing of it, took it to the church and laid it upon the stone. All of its outlines came within the white cross; there was still hope for the cameo. All that winter Father Xavier toiled upon it, exhausting his utmost skill, but never exhausting his patience. His chief trial was in the extreme hardness of the stone, which rapidly wore out his graving tools. At last it was finished, and Father Xavier confessed to himself, in all hu-

mility, that he had not only never executed so delicate a piece of workmanship, but he had never seen its equal. Every curve of the exquisite-hued waves was studied from the swell that sometimes swept grandly in from the lake on the long reef of rocks a few miles above St. Ignace. The form of the goddess was modelled from his remembrance of the Greek antique. It was a gem worthy of an emperor. What should he do with it?

As the spring ripened into summer, ambitious thoughts flowered in Père Francis Xavier's soul. What a grand bishopric this whole western country would make with its unexplored wealth of mines, and furs, and forest. Why should he be obliged to make reports of the revenue which his own financiering had secured to the mission, to the head at Montreal? Why should not his reverence the Lord Bishop Francis Xavier dwell in an episcopal palace built somewhere on these lakes, with unlimited spiritual and temporal sway over all this country? To effect such a scheme it would be necessary for him to see both the King of France and the Pope. He was not sure that even if he could return to Europe immediately, he had the influence necessary in either quarter, but the cameo was a step in the right direction. Something of the same thought occurred at the same time to the Bishop of Montreal. Father Xavier's reports showed the mission to be in a flourishing condition. The first struggles of the pioneer were over. Father Xavier must not be left in too luxurious a position. The Chevalier La Salle was now fitting out his little band designed to explore the lakes and follow the Mississippi from its source to the Gulf. A most important expedition; it would be well that the Jesuit fathers should share in the honors if it proved successful, and if the little party perished in its hazardous enterprise, Père Francis Xavier could perhaps be spared as easily as any member of his spiritual army.

And so, in the summer of 1679, the

Chevalier sailed up the Lac du Dauphin, as Lake Erie was then called, into the Lac d'Orleans, or Huron, carrying letters in which Père Francis Xavier was ordered to leave his charge for a time in order to render all the assistance in his power to the explorers. The Bishop of Montreal could never have guessed with what heartfelt joy his command was obeyed. Father Xavier was tired of this peaceful life, tired of "the endless wash of melancholy waves," of the short cool summers, and long white blank of winter; tired of inaction, of the lack of stimulating surroundings, of the gentleness of Father Ignatius and Marie's haunting smile. Here, too, might be the very occasion he craved of making himself famous and deserving of reward as an explorer. It was true that he started as a subordinate, but that was no reason that he should return in the same capacity. Marie had served the noble guests with pleasant alacrity, passing the rainbow-tinted trout caught as well as broiled by her own hand, and the luscious huckleberries in tasteful baskets of her own braiding, and Tontz Main de Fer, the chivalric companion and friend of La Salle, was moved like Geraint, served by Enid, "to stoop and kiss the dainty little thumb that crossed the trencher." The salutation was received with unconscious dignity by little Marie; once only was Père François Xavier annoyed by the absence of a display of childish pleasure in an ever ready smile.

History tells how trial and privation of every kind waited on this little band of heroic men—how hunger, and cold, and fever dogged their steps; how the Indians proved treacherous and hostile; how, having reached central Illinois after incredible exertion, they found themselves in the dead of winter unable to proceed further, and surrounded by tribes incited against them by some unknown enemy. A fatality seemed to hang over them; suspicious occurrences indicated that they had a traitor among their number,

but he was never discovered. La Salle did not despair or abandon the enterprise, but when six of his most trusted men mutinied and deserted, he lost hope, and became seized with a presentiment that he would never return from his expedition. Father Xavier was his confidant as well as confessor, but he seems not to have been able to disperse the gloom which settled over the leader's mind. Perhaps he did not endeavor to do so. Hopeless but still true to his trust, La Salle constructed near Peoria a fort which he named Crèvecoeur, in token of his despondency and disappointment. Leaving Tontz Main de Fer in command here with the greater part of his men, he set out with five for Frontenac, on the 2d of March, 1680, intending to return with supplies to take command again of his party, and to proceed southward. It was at this point that the most inexplicable event of the entire enterprise occurred. Before the party divided *some one* attempted to poison the Chevalier La Salle. The poison was a subtle and slow one, similar in its effects to those used by the Borgia family; the secret of its manufacture was thought to be unknown out of Italy. Fortunately he had taken an under or overdose of it, and the effects manifested themselves only in a long illness. He was too far on his journey from Fort Heartbreak when stricken down to return to it, and was mercifully received and nursed back to health by the friendly Pottawottamies.

While the leader was lying sick in an Indian lodge, the knightly Tontz, ignorant of the fate of his friend, was having his troubles at the little fort of Heartbreak. Père François Xavier had remained with him, and aided him with counsels and personal exertions; he had made himself so indispensable that he was now lieutenant; if anything should happen to Tontz, he would be commander. He was secretary of the expedition, drew careful maps, and made voluminous daily entries in a journal, which was afterward found to be a marvel of painstaking

both in the facts and fictions which it contained. Scanty mention was there of La Salle and Tontz Main de Fer, and much of Père François Xavier, but it was clear, explicit, depicting the advantages of an acquisition of this territory to the crown of France in glowing terms, and strongly advising that the man who had most distinguished himself in the difficulties of its discovery should be appointed as governor, or baron, under the royal authority.

While Father Xavier was compiling this remarkable piece of authorship, the Iroquois descended in warlike array upon the somewhat friendly disposed Illinois Indians, in whose midst Fort Crèvecoeur had been built. The suspicious Indian mind immediately connected the advent of their enemies with the building of the fort, and regarded the little garrison with distrust. Tontz, at the instance of Father Xavier, presented himself to their chief, and offered to do anything in his power to prove his friendly intentions. The chief accepted his services, and sent him as ambassador to inquire into the cause of the coming of the Iroquois. This mission had nearly been his last, for Tontz was received with stabs, and hardly allowed to give the message of the chief. His ill treatment at the hands of their enemies did not reassure the suspicious Illinois, who ordered Tontz to immediately evacuate the fort and return with his forces to the country whence he had come. In his wounded condition such a journey was extremely hazardous, and it must have been with grave doubts as to his surviving it that Father Xavier took temporary command of the returning expedition.

It was the spring of 1681. Father Xavier had been absent nearly two years. Father Ignatius missed him sadly—all the life and fire seemed to have gone out of the mission. Even Marie moved about her work in a listless, languid way, which contrasted markedly with her once lithe and rapid movements. They had not once heard

from the explorers, and Father Ignatius shook his head sadly, and feared that he would never see his energetic colleague again. The Black Beaver had slept through the last months of winter, and, as with the general awakening of spring the bears came out of their dens, and the snakes sunned themselves near their holes, he too stretched himself lazily and awoke to a consciousness of what was passing around him. In the first place something was amiss with Marie. When she came to the wigwam it was not to chat merrily of the affairs of the mission. She did not braid as many baskets as formerly, and no longer showed him new patterns in shell mosaic on the lids of little boxes. He was a curious old man, and he soon drew her secret from her. Marie loved Père François Xavier, and he had gone.

The Black Beaver went down to the mission one evening and had a long talk with Father Ignatius. He ascertained first that Père François Xavier really meant to return; then, with all the dignity of an old feudal baron, he offered Marie as a bride for his spiritual son. Very gently the good Père Ignace explained that Romish priests were so nearly in the kingdom of heaven that the question of marrying and giving in marriage was not for them to consider. The Black Beaver went home, told no one of his visit, and for several days indulged in the worst drunken spree of which he was capable. When he came out of it he announced to his wife and Marie that he was going away on his annual trip for stores, but that they need not accompany him.

Marie knelt as usual in the little church on the evening of the day on which her father had gone away. Père François Xavier had replaced the cameo on the Virgin's breast before he went; it was a safer place than the vault of a bank would have been, had such a thing existed in the country. There was no one in the island sacrilegious enough to rob the church. Marie had gazed at the stone each

time that she repeated the prayer which he had taught her. She looked up now, and it was gone.

Half-way upon their northward route, Tontz's band were struggling wearily on when they were met by a solitary Indian, who, though he carried a long bow, had not an unfriendly aspect. He eyed the little band silently as they passed by him in defile, then ran after them, and inquired if the Père François Xavier, of Mission St. Ignace, was not of their number. He was informed that the reverend father had remained a short distance behind to write in his journal, but that he would soon overtake them; and he was warmly pressed to remain with them if he had messages for the priest, and give them to him when he arrived; but the Indian shook his head and passed on in the direction in which they told him he would be likely to meet Father Xavier. The party halted and waited hour after hour for the priest, but he did not come. Finally two went back in search, and found him lying upon the sod with upturned face—the place where he had written last in his journal marked by a few drops of his

heart's blood, and the long shaft of an arrow protruding from his breast. They drew it out, but the arrow-head had been attached, as is the custom in some Indian tribes, by means of a soft wax, which is melted by the warmth of the body, and it remained in the heart. Father Xavier had been dead some hours. They buried him where they found him, and proceeded on their march. Tontz recovered on the way. They reached Michillimackinack in safety, where they were joined two months later by La Salle; and the world knows the result of his second expedition.

Little Marie learned by degrees to smile again, and in after years married another arrow-head maker, as swarthy and as shaggy as the Black Beaver. There is no moral to my story except that of poetic justice. Père François Xavier had sown a plentiful crop of stratagems, and he learned in the lonely forest that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Meanwhile to all but you, my readers, the Crève-cœur cameo remains as great a mystery as ever.

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

MONSIEUR DELILLE.

NOTE-BOOK OF A SECRETARY OF LEGATION.

THE newspapers of Berlin announced the arrival of a superior artist, the celebrated M. Delille of the Théâtre Français de Paris, where he had played first parts. Born and bred in the French metropolis, it was believed he would not only open new sources of amusement to the public, but add elegance to the French even of the highest regions. Everybody was talking of him. His acquisition, rendered possible only by a *différend* with the Paris manager, was a triumph for Berlin. I was quite curious to see him.

One day I stepped into Rey's perfumery shop to buy some cologne water. The rooms were crowded with fashionable ladies looking over the glittering and fragrant assortment of *savons de toilette, pâtes d'amandes, huiles essentielles, eaux de vie aromatisées*, etc. While making my purchase, a very handsome fellow came in who excited unusual attention. His *toilette recherchée*, his noble but modest air made one look at him again and again. He spoke with Rey in a voice so harmonious and in such French as one does not hear every day even in Paris. I

heard a lady whisper to another: "Ah, voilà qui est parlez Français (that is the way to speak French)." The stranger was certainly *somebody*, or so many furtive glances would not have been cast at him. I might, by inquiry, easily have ascertained who he was, but I found a kind of pleasure in prolonging my curiosity. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was daily expected. He was supposed to be the handsomest man in the world. But he was six feet two, taller than this person. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin had arrived the previous afternoon; but, it seemed to me, no German could speak French with just that modulation. The Prince de Joinville was expected. Perhaps it was he.

"Will you kindly give yourself the trouble to send the box to M. Delille, Friedrich strasse 80?"

Ah ha! *Le voilà!* There was my man. Strange I had not thought of him.

I had a season ticket at the French theatre for the purpose of learning French, and I had been as much entertained as instructed (I mean instructed in the language). Every one knows a Frenchman can infuse airy elegance into a button, bestow a marketable value upon a straw, breathe *esprit* into a feather, and make ten dishes out of a nettle-top. So the poet can transform any incident into an attractive vaudeville. The tender *situation dramatique*, the humorous *coup de théâtre*, the *jeu d'esprit* sparkling up into music, the elevated sentiment, the merciless exposure of vice and folly, the purest and noblest morality, largely mixed with an ostentatious ridicule of every sacred truth, and an absolute disregard of every principle of decency and duty, give strange glimpses into French social life.

As a school for the French student, however, the theatre is a useful institution. For French has got to be learned somehow or other. A dancing master of my acquaintance used always to commence his course by a short address to his class in which

he remarked: "Mesdemoiselles! La chose la plus importante du monde c'est la danse!" (the most important thing in the world is dancing.) Perhaps he was right. In that case I must add that the next most important thing in the world is the French language; at least to a foreigner on the continent of Europe. Without that you do not know anything. You are a straw man. You are a deaf and dumb creature. Ladies gaze at you with compassion, gentlemen with contempt, children with wonder, while waiters quiz you, cheat you, and make the imaginary mill behind your back.

Impressed with the inconvenience of this position, I had long ago commenced a siege of the French language. I studied it *a fond*. I looked into every *y* and *en*. I had attended the French theatre as a school, and profited by the performances. The company was excellent, particularly one young girl, Mlle. Fontaine. Her playing was unsurpassable. She knew always when to go on and when to stop. Perfect simplicity, a taste never at fault, delightful humor, a high tragic power; to these add a lovely face, a beautiful form, grace in every movement, a voice just as sweet as a voice could be, and you have a dim idea of Mlle. Fontaine. In her private life, moreover, she enjoyed the reputation of being without reproach. The whole world repeated of her the old saying: "Elle n'a qu'un défaut, celui de mettre de l'esprit partout!" (She has but one fault: she touches nothing without importing to it a charm of her own.)

When M. Delille came out, Mlle. Fontaine and he generally played together, amid thundering plaudits of overflowing audiences. Delille himself was a perfect artist. The French theatre was in its glory.

One morning, hard at work in my office, I was surprised by a card, "Monsieur Delille, du Théâtre Français." The gentleman wished to have the honor of a few moments' conversation.

The theatre and all the various per-

sonages of its imaginary world were so completely apart from my real life, that I could scarcely have been more surprised at receiving a card from Louis XIV., or hearing that the General Napoleon Bonaparte was waiting at the door, and desired the honor of my acquaintance.

M. Delille entered, hat in hand, with bow and smile, as I had so often seen him do in the theatre drawing-rooms. We had a pleasant chat. He spoke no English, which forced upon me the necessity of exhibiting my dazzling French. He complimented me upon it. I told him it was principally owing to himself and to Mlle. Fontaine. This brought out the object of his visit. He was going to be married. He had been in America, which emboldened him to consider himself in some sort my countryman, and to request the honor of my presence at the ceremony.

"And the lady?"

"*Monsieur*," he said, "*peut-on douter?* (can you doubt?) Mlle. Fontaine! You are to come to the French church at 8. You will, then, will you not, do us the honor to dine at our lodgings, Friedrich strasse, No. 80?"

I returned his own answer:

"*Monsieur*, *peut-on douter?*"

At the hour appointed I was at the church. I found quite an assembly—artists, painters, sculptors, actors, critics, poets, newspaper writers, several members of the corps diplomatique, some officers, a few gentlemen of the court, etc.

The bride and groom appeared very simply attired. Their deportment was perfect. The ceremony was impressive. In a short time the holy bands had made them one. There was no acting about either of them. M. Delille was pale; Mademoiselle still paler. Their emotion was obviously genuine. Some folks think when actors tremble or shed tears, it must be only acting; and that they can get married or die as easily in the world as on the stage. This is a mistake. Getting really married is as serious a

step to them as to you; and they know that real dying is a very different thing from those exits which they make at the end of the tragedy. They struggle with life, and walk forward toward death just as do their fellow-creatures, who preach from the pulpit, speak in the Senate, or congregate on the exchange. The rich banker; the self-important diplomat; the general, covered with orders; the minister, who holds the helm of state; the emperor, the queen, who deign to honor the representation with their presence, smile when they behold themselves reflected on the stage. But there is not so much difference, as they are pleased to suppose, between themselves and their theatre colleagues. Shakespeare says:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

The question is, which of these men and women are the best? Perhaps the theatre statesman would have administered the affairs of his country with more wisdom; the dramatic banker would have made his money more honestly and used it with greater discretion; the stage general would have conducted the war with more humanity and success; and the senators, in "*Julius Cæsar*" and "*Damon and Pythias*," would have been less open to bribery and corruption than the gentlemen who have really occupied similar positions in the world. Perhaps, if M. Delille had been Admiral Blank, he would have looked at his chart, and not run his ship upon that rock in the Mediterranean on a clear summer morning. Perhaps, if Mme. Delille had been Empress of France, she would not have striven quite so hard to bring on the last war with Prussia.

From the church to the lodgings of Monsieur and Madame Delille. On passing through the entrance, in Berlin generally a way for horses and carriages, you would scarcely expect such elegant apartments. The moment you crossed the threshold you were in another world. Everything rich, taste-

ful, new; the walls superbly papered; the woodwork painted like snow and varnished like a mirror: Brussels carpet, then not over-common in the richest houses; lounges, *chaises longues*, sofas, divans; a strong smell of Russia binding from splendid volumes on the table, and gleaming from mahogany book-cases; beautiful paintings and engravings; a lavish display of clocks on tables and writing-desks; one, looking down from a loftier pedestal, clicked audibly the seconds and struck the quarters with a solemn sound, like the booming of some far-off old cathedral bell hanging in the clouds. Everything told of the new married man: everything new, bright, unexceptionable, faultless, perfect—like the new wife, the new husband, the new affection, the new hopes, yet unexposed to the wear and tear of years.

I was among the first. My host and hostess awaited their guests. Mademoiselle—I beg her pardon—madame received me with graceful cordiality. The company immediately began to appear, principally performers whose faces I had never seen before, except on the stage, associated with incidents, words, actions, intrigues, and scenes of the poet's imagination. I enjoyed as if I had been a boy, recognizing the various characters whose pranks, joys, and sorrows I had followed with so much interest: the wicked "jeune homme à la mode," the bewitching "femme de chambre," the *vieux* "général sous l'empire," the rich *banquier de Paris*, the handsome, dangerous *gardien*, the naughty husband who had exclaimed, "Ciel ma femme!" the jealous lover, the hard-hearted landlord, and the *comique* of the troupe, upon whose mobile face I could scarcely look without laughing when he asked me: "Voulez-vous bien avoir la bonté de passer le sel?" There were present several from the court: the Marquis de B—, who in private theatricals at the King's had distinguished himself; M. le Comte de S—, supposed to be a little *impressionné* by Mlle. Zoé, the last success-

ful débutante, and now among the guests.

Mme. Delille looked like a lady born, and did the honors of her house like one. The servant announced the dinner, and we adjourned to the dining-room.

The dinner was *on ne peut pas mieux*. I sat between the lady of the house and Mlle. Zoé. One of the French arts is that of placing people at ease in society. It is not uncommon to meet persons not wanting in intelligence, yet who, unless you draw them out, will simply remain in the whole evening. My charming neighbors drew me out immediately. They possessed a magnetism which made talking, and in one's best style, as easy as flying to a bird. Mlle. Zoé said a great many brilliant and surprising things; but Mme. Delille's manners and conversation were far superior. I found in her a thoughtful, cultivated, balanced mind, inspiring genuine esteem. I was struck by her views of political events and characters. She touched lightly and skillfully upon various personages with wisdom and humor, but with charity. She referred to her own position in life as an actress in a way which interested me extremely, and she found opportunity amid the miscellaneous conversation to relate her history, and how she came to adopt a profession contrary to her taste; and a more touching story I never heard. The conversation even ascended to higher subjects. I was not a little astonished to find in a young and universally flattered French actress a noble-minded, superior woman, who had suffered deeply, and thought seriously and spiritually upon subjects generally considered irreconcilable with her profession.

The dinner was finished; the nuts and the jokes were cracked; the café, the chasse-café, the enigmas, the conundrums, the anecdotes, the songs, the *tableaux-vivants* followed each other. My amiable hostess seemed to think I must have had enough of it, and, with

her graceful acquiescence, I stole out after a confidential pantomimic leave-taking with her and my host.

I became subsequently well acquainted with Monsieur and Madame Delille, and have seldom known more interesting persons. Occasionally they invited me to a quiet family dinner, where I always met one or two distinguished guests; and sometimes I had the pleasure of having them at my house in a quiet way. They both rose more and more in my esteem the more I observed their inner life and character. As years rolled on, my visits were enlivened by the sight of small drums, trumpets, horses with their tails pulled out, and dolls with their noses knocked off. Sometimes very pretty little cherubs peeped in at the door, or were invited for half an hour to the dinner table.

The world went on with its ways. More than one throne was vacated and filled anew. Great knotty questions of diplomacy rose and disappeared. Mehemet Ali, M. Thiers, the King of Hanover, Metternich, the Chartist, the anti-corn law league, Sir Robert and Mr. Cobden filled the newspapers. Nations growled at each other like bulldogs, and we had wars and rumors of wars a plenty.

One day who should come in but Monsieur and Madame Delille, the very picture of a perfectly happy man and wife. They came to bid me good-by. He had made his fortune, wound up his affairs with the theatre, and abandoned his profession for ever. Madame was at the summit of earthly felicity. She spoke with inexpressible delight of the change in her life. She had longed so often to quit the theatre, and now at last her dream was realized. M. Delille was going to buy a cottage in the south of France, and to be perfectly happy with his dear wife and four children. Amid oranges, lemons, and grapes, beneath the blue summer sky, surrounded by flowers, the waves of the beautiful Mediterranean breaking at his feet, he intended to pass the rest of his days in uncloud-

ed peace and joy. He had worked all his life, and now he was going to take his reward.

"But," said I, "did you say *four* children?"

"*Mais oui!* I have four.

"Why, it seems but yesterday that——"

"*Comptes done!* Six years and six months."

His picture of future felicity was very bright. I thought in my heart that such plans of retirement were—but I suppressed my sermon and congratulated him upon his prospects. Why should I disturb his happiness even though it might be a dream? What but a dream would have been even the realization of all his hopes?

We parted after embracing like old friends. I had more respect for those two than I had for a great many whose sonorous titles did not cover qualities half so estimable, manners half so agreeable, characters half so pure, or a sense of religion half so true and deep.

The French theatre declined after the departure of Monsieur and Madame Delille. I had entirely ceased attending or taking any interest in it.

Two years passed, when one day, in a lonely part of the Thiergarten, I met—whom do you think? M. Delille; but pale, sad, solitary, subdued.

"Well, here I am again," said he. "All my fine dreams have disappeared. I won't bore you with the story. The fact is—that is to say—one can never count upon one's plans in this world. I have lost my fortune, and accepted an invitation to become director of the Berlin French theatre. I am to form a new company. There is a great opposition to this, and the matter has raised up against me furious enemies. They accuse me of everything base. You know me. You know I would not be guilty of anything dishonorable."

I looked into his sad, ingenuous face, and replied:

"I am sure you would not."

"Oh, I thank you. But the worst remains to be told. My wife—my

poor, dear wife—who had been my consolation in all this trouble ! *Pauvre Marie* ! she is very ill, and I was obliged to leave her in Paris, or to lose all our prospects. She would have it so. This annoys me. This makes me unhappy. With her I am proof against all troubles. Ah, monsieur, you do not know my Marie. The most faithful, the most gentle, the purest, the——”

“But is she so dangerously ill ?”

“I hope not. I think not. She will be here in a few weeks. The doctor has given me his *word of honor*.”

A couple of months more. A series of articles, in the mean time, appeared in the newspapers against M. Delille and the new French theatre government. The venomous shafts were launched by an able hand. Gall is sweet compared with them. An actor is the most sensitive of human beings. His reputation is his all. The personal malice and interest of the writer were obvious, but the public were too busy to examine. The crowd enjoy a battle, without caring much about the right.

I met M. Delille a few days after the appearance of the fifth of these articles, and expressed my indignation. His manner of viewing the subject was really noble and more instructive to me than many a sermon. He spoke temperately of the *désagrément* of his position and the wisdom of keeping on his way calmly. “An actor,” he said, “is a public target. Every one has the right to shoot at him. I cannot always forget, but I try to forgive.”

“And your wife ?”

His face darkened.

“Oh, I am weary. She does not get well. She lingers on. She is not strong enough to come to me. I cannot go to her. She will not consent. They would declare I had run away. Her short letters are full of encouragement and consolation. Ah, if these men knew—but we must be patient. The doctor positively assures me she is doing very well.”

Three weeks later I was again taking a walk through the Thiergarten, wrapped in my cloak, for it was winter, when I perceived M. Delille sitting on a quite wet bench. His face was very pale. I never saw a sadder expression. Hoping to rally him, I said :

“What a melancholy countenance ! What a brown study ! Come, I have arrived in time to laugh to you and of it !”

His face did not reply to my gayety. He asked after my health.

“But you are sitting on a wet, snowy bench. You will take cold.”

“No, I shall not take cold.”

“And how,” said I, “is your——”

I paused, for I now for the first time remarked a black crape on his hat.

He perceived my embarrassment and relieved me.

“My children ?”

I was silent.

“They are very well, I thank you—they are very well.”

“Come,” added he, with an effort, after covering his eyes a moment with his hand, “what have we now ? Is there *really* to be a war ?”

THEODORE S. FAY.

INFLUENCES.

THE southern bird, which, swift in airy speed,
Toward ruder regions wings its careless way,
Wafts from its plumage oft a floating seed,
Unheeded relic of some tropic day.

And lo ! a wonder ! on the spot beneath
The tiny germ asserts its mystic power ;
With sudden bloom illumines the rugged heath,
And bursts at once to fragrance, light, and flower.

All the sad woodland flushes at the sight :
The brook, which murmured, sparkles now,
and sings :

The cowslips watch, with yearning, strange delight,
The bird which shed such glories from its wings,
Watching it hover onward free and far ;
Breathing farewell with restless doubt and pain.
What were a heaven with but one only star ?
Must this be all ? Will it not come again ?

While the new lily, lonely in her pride,
Sighing through silver bells, repeats the strain,
Longing for sister blossoms at her side,
And whispering soft, Will it not come again ?

CHARLES CARROLL.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE TWELVE-MONTH SERMON.

THE year's end is traditionally the season for moralizing and retrospect. *Eheu ! fugaces anni* is a sigh that even the Latin primer teaches us; and though in school-book days calling the years fugacious seems absurd, we catch the meaning as they glide away. To schoolboys the man of fifty is immoderately old: thirty marks a milestone on the downhill of life. People whom we looked upon as of great antiquity, in childhood, turn out to have been mere striplings. I saw "old Kent" yesterday after the lapse of thirty years, and protest he was younger than when he rapped sepulchral silence from his resounding desk. "How are you, Quilibet First?" he said, quite in the ancient way; he seemed once more to brandish the ferule on his awful throne.

Boys always call schoolmasters and sextons "old," irrespective of their years. Clerks in the shop style their employer "the old gentleman" without meaning to impute antiquity. Gray-haired diggers and pounders speak of their overseer as "the old man," even though he be a rosy-cheeked youth of two-and-twenty. Lexicographers should look to this. "Old" evidently means sometimes "having independent authority," and does not necessarily signify either lack of freshness or being stricken in years. Thus Philip Festus Bailey's dictum, that "we live in deeds, not years," is borne out by common parlance, and future Worcesters and Websters must make a note of it.

Whoever, also, reaches a fixed position of authority, seems (rightly enough, as the world goes) to have achieved success in life. This measurement of success by the kind of occupation one follows begins with us in short clothes. Mary's ambition is to be "either a milliner, a queen, or a cook;" the ideal of Augustus is a woodchopper, killing bears when they attack him at his work, and living in a hut. The sons of confectioners must be marvels if they grow up alike unspoiled in morals by the universal envy of comrades, and unspoiled in teeth by the

parental sugar-plums. People of older growth attach childish importance to the trade one plies. Nobs and nabobs (at least on the stage) disinherit daughters offhand for marrying grocers, and groan over sons who take to high art. The smug and prudent citizen shudders at the career of the filibuster, while the adventurer would commit suicide rather than achieve a modest livelihood in tape and needles. The mother of Sainte Beuve was sorely distressed at his pursuit of literature, a career that she reckoned mere vagabondage, despite his brilliant feats in it, until the day he was elected to the French Academy, and thereby became entitled to \$300 a year. "Then my mother was a little reassured; thenceforth, *j'avais une place*."

When the close of the year sets us to reckoning up how much we have made of life, pray what is that "success" of which we all talk so glibly? It is plainly a standard varying according to each man's taste and temperament, his humility or vanity, and shifting as his life advances. What to the Bohemian is success to the Philistine is stark failure. The anchorite looks on this sublunary sphere as one of sighing, the attorney as one of suing—there being all that difference betwixt law and gospel. Sixty years cannot see life through the eyes of sixteen. When men, fearing to measure themselves, seek the judgment of their fellows, adulation or affection may lead astray. In the year's retrospect of science, touching the solar eclipse it is said: "Cape Flattery is our northwestern cape, and there occurred the largest obscuration of the sun in the United States." "Cape Flattery," I fear, is the locus of largest obscuration for the United States every year, and was particularly so in the past twelvemonth of jubilee and gratulation; and what the mantle of flattery is for the sunlight of truth in the nation it is in the individual. In politics, at any rate, the centennial year is closing with some reproof of our all-summer conceit. Our frame of government is not so flawless as we fancied;

the pharisaic contrast we drew between our politics and those of other nations is no longer so effective.

And with men as with nations, a ray of clear light reveals the shams and shortcomings of what is hastily styled success. The pushing, elbowing fellow gets ahead in the struggle of life, but his success is a questionable one. The bargaining man, who, partly by instinct and partly by practice, judges everything from the point of view, "How is that going to affect me?" will no doubt make money. Even his most disinterested advice pivots on the thought, "What will pay me best?" as the magnet surely wheels to the pole. But when all is done, to have achieved this artistic perfection of self-seeking is a sorry account to give of life.

Thus, the very successes on which we plume ourselves are sometimes badges of disaster, as we ourselves may secretly know if others do not. "When one composes long speeches," says Jarno, "with a view to shame his neighbors, he should speak them to a looking-glass." If not a hypocrite or a vain man, he may find himself blushing at the thought *de me fabula narratur*. The only alteration that our satire on others may require is to change the name of the folly or fault we lash, and then the stripes will be merited by ourselves. The other day Temple and I listened to a discourse of the Rev. Dr. Waddell of St Magdalen's on the perils of novel-reading. I think the worthy doctor really refrains from that sin; he is certainly severe on those who are given to it. "That fat man," said Temple, as we strolled away from St. Magdalen's sanctuary, "is too greedy, too gluttonous to listen to any cry but that of his own stomach. His god is his belly. His indifference to the sufferings of others amounts to a disease."

"What disease do you call it?" I asked.

"Fatty degeneration of the heart," replied Temple, with a laugh. On the other hand, quite shocked at people who "make pigs" of themselves, is Mrs. Pavanne, who starves her stomach to beautify her back, and who, I assure you, would prefer after three days' fasting a new boiled silk and trimmings to any similarly treated leg of mutton and capers.

Grundy is a model of social demeanor and domesticity, but occasionally cheats in a bargain wherever it is safe; Gregory, honest as the day, gets tipsy. Let Gregory remember his own weakness before scorning Grundy, and let Grundy respect the good in Gregory before holding him up to disgrace. The question is often not whether X is a saint and Y a Satan, but rather what road a man's indulgence takes. Is it body or spirit that rules him—his fear, lust, vanity, gluttony, surliness, or sloth? his humility, generosity, piety, sense of justice, sense of duty? Is his cardinal weakness a vice or only a foible—a crime that degrades or only a pettiness that narrows him?

If we hold with Scripture that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city, we must not give all the laurels of success to the mighty, wealthy, witty, and renowned. Poor John Jones, the clerk yonder at a thousand a year, if we reckon at anything gentleness, courage, simplicity, devotion to mother, wife, and babes, has made as great a success of life as old-Rollin Ritchie, the head of the house. You would imagine a first use of wealth to be the liberty to pick at will one's employees and allies, one's friends and agents, to repel the dishonest and rebuke the impudent, dealing with those whom one chooses to deal with, where personal choice can fairly be exercised; but such a privilege is Utopian in business, even among men of fortune, and envied Ritchie has little more freedom than humble Jones. Besides, the pursuit of startling success, though it often ruins possibilities of contentment, rarely creates them. Frédéric Soulié, having had the misfortune to gain \$16,000 in one year by his pen, refused a government place at \$3,000, with leisure to write an occasional play or a novel; he was eager to produce half a dozen plays and novels in a twelvemonth, says a biographer, and to repeat his \$16,000; and he died of work and watching in two years more.

We are not, in these kindly Christmas days, to cynically deny to unpromising careers all power of recovery. Temple was telling me the other day of this instance known to him: Honorius had an exceedingly dissolute son, who pursued his vicious courses almost unchecked by parental rein, until he seemed to think his iniquities the rather fostered than

forbidden. But one day a friend of both questioned the father why he allowed his son such abused license? "Sir," replied he, "if my son chooses to go to the devil, as he is now fast going, he alone must take the consequences." The conversation being reported to our young rake, he was so affected by the view of his responsibility, which he now appreciated for the first time, as to turn back toward the way of virtue. And as before he had conceived his father in some sort liable for those scandalous excesses, so now, being driven from that strange error, he chooses for himself the path of honor and usefulness.

In judging unsuccessful lives, too, we need to make large allowance for the unknown elements of fortune. "It is fate," says the Greek adage, "that bring-eth good and bad to men; nor can the gifts of the immortals be refused." But we can find justification for charitable judgments without resorting to this general theory. We discover one youth, who promised well, ruined by a bad choice of profession, while a second, who selected well, finds the immediate problem in life to be not personal eminence, but providing for a wife and half a dozen children: and if he does fitly provide for them, pray, why set down his life, however pruned of its first ambitious pinions, as a failure?

So, finally, our unaspiring old-year homily simply chimes in with the traditional spirit of Christmastide—season of hopeful words and wishes, of kindness for the struggling, of encouragement for the discouraged, of charity for the so-called failures.

RIBBONS AND CORONETS AT MARKET RATES.

It is said that a Yankee has arranged to furnish foreign titles (warranted genuine) of "earl or count for \$10,000; European orders, from \$250 to \$10,000; membership in foreign scientific and literary societies, \$250 and upward." The story is plausible. Impecunious princes and potentates have been known to replenish their purses in this way, though hitherto usually by private sale rather than market quotations. It is not probable that our ingenious countryman has the Order of the Seraphim or of the Annonciade at disposal, or that he can supply the Golden Fleece to whoever will "gif a good

prishe," or even that he would pretend to furnish the Black Eagle of Prussia in quantities to suit purchasers. He can hardly be the medium of creating many Knights of the Garter, nor can the Bath or the St. Michael and St. George very well be in his list of decorations "to order." But we know from the Paris and Vienna fairs that a Cross of the Legion is obtainable by Americans of the mercantile class; and as for the Lion and the Sun, it was an order created by some bygone shah for the express purpose of rewarding strangers who had rendered service to Persia; and what service more substantial, pray, than helping to fill the Persian purse? When you come to central and southern Europe, titles are going a-begging, and hard-up princelets will presumably be eager to raise the wind with them.

And there will be buyers as well as sellers. To the democratic mind a royal star or ribbon is an object of befitting reverence. None of our countrymen would, indeed, on purchasing a title, really ask to be addressed as "Your lordship," or even to be familiarly called Grand Forester or Sublime Bootjack to His Serene Highness—unless in private, by some very much indulged servitor or judicious retainer. But though the badge of nobility may not be worn in the streets by the happy purchaser, for fear of attracting a rabble of the curious, he can fondly gaze upon it in the privacy of home, or try it on for the admiration of the domestic circle, or haply submit it to the inspection of discreet friends.

The case is different with the "bogus diploma" trade. Business and not vanity is doubtless the ruling motive with the foreigners who strut in plumage bought of the Philadelphia "university." The diploma of M. D. is worth its price for display before the eyes of the patients waiting in the "doctor's" office, while to Squeers of Dotheboys Hall the degree of A. M. is good for at least three new pupils, and Ph. D. for a dozen. I presume that in some of the foreign magazines and weekly newspapers of a certain class, D. D. or L.L. D. has a real cash value of at least five per cent. more in pay, or perhaps it may turn the scale in favor of an article which, without that honorary signature, might be put in the waste-paper basket. So long as such practical results can be had the diploma

trade is likely to flourish, with full variety offered to buyers.

Now, it is not impossible to turn to trade account an Order of the Elephant, of the Iron Crown, of the Legion of Honor, or of the Medjidieh, as probably shrewd mechanics, contractors, and tradesmen in America and England can attest. But while this is an additional inducement to buyers, I am sure the new industry appeals to a loftier emotion than that of mere money-making. America, in fact, is ripe for this improvement. The modern phrase of ambition here in America is "social status;" and dealers in heraldry are doing a business so thriving in coats of arms for seal rings and scented note-paper, that I fancy it is this that has suggested the trade in noble titles. The village of Podunk looks down on the neighboring town of Hardscrabble. "Hardscrabble," say the scornful Podunkers, "plumes itself on its wealth, but Podunk prides herself on her birth—on her extremely old families!" In fact you find all over the republic people talking of their aristocratic families, and their "refined neighborhood," and "refined birth"—even where, after all, it may be only a case of refined petroleum.

Here, then, is the sphere and the opportunity for the enterprising middleman. He appeals to a tuft-hunting instinct so deep in human nature that the mere surface difference of republic or monarchy hardly touches it. In a London church you will see a pew full of ladies' maids, and presently there is a great crowding and squeezing, and a low whisper of "make room for Lady Philippa." It is only another lady's maid joining her friends; but they all get titles by reflection. Turn from this scene to the New York area steps, and the artful little rascal who is peddling strawberries, says to Bridget, who answers the bell, "Have some berries, *lady*?" knowing that this will make a market, if anything can. The fact is, we all like to be "Colonel" and "Deacon" and "Doctor," instead of simple Jones, Brown, and Robinson; calling us "the judge" or "alderman" is a perpetual titillation of a pleasant feeling. "Good morning, Mr. Secretary," or, "I hope you are very well, State Senator," is a greeting that carries a kind of homage with it; and from that you go upward in titular recognition of official eminence

until you come to "His Great Glorious and most Excellent Majesty, who reigns over the Kingdoms of Thunaparanta and Tampadipa and all the Umbrella-Bearing Chiefs of the Eastern Country, the King of the Rising Sun, Lord of the Celestial Elephants, Master of Many White Elephants, the Great Chief of Righteousness, King of Burmah."

Macte virtute I would say, then, to the peddlers of stars, crosses, garters, and A. S. S.'s. There are poverty-stricken principalities and hard-up beys and khedives enough to find ribbons for a thousand American buttonholes, and to turn ten thousand of our exemplary fellow citizens to chevaliers. An envious public sentiment might prevent the wearing of all the ribbons and crosses that a liberal man of means could buy; but decorations, like doorplates, are "so handy to have in the house." The centennial year, by bringing to our shores a shoal of titled personages, has presumably whetted the appetite of our people for heraldic distinctions. But for years before we had even the village tailor appearing occasionally in the local newspaper as Sir Knight Shears, and the apothecary as Most Worthy Grand Commander and Puissant Potentate Senna. If it is pleasant for Bobby Shears and Sammy Senna to be knighted by their cronies and customers, how much more agreeable to the American mind a decoration and investiture from a real prince!

The possibilities, to be sure, are limited. Aristocratic exclusiveness confines the Garter to twenty-five persons, the Order of the Thistle is only for Scotch nobles, and the Iron Cross of Savoy is purely Italian; military or naval services are required for the St. George of Russia and the Victoria Cross; and it is to be feared that some sort of illustrious services would be needed even for the Leopold of Belgium, the Iron Cross of Prussia, the St. James of Spain, or the Tower and Sword of Portugal. But in the little principalities of Germany, where the people are ravenous for titular distinctions, there is a large supply; and as, in fine, there are said to be sixscore orders of chivalry scattered over both Christian and Mussulman lands, a wealthy aspirant may not despair of reaching one or two of them without the pangs of knight errantry.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

COMPLICATIONS OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

BARON VON WEBER, a distinguished English engineer, predicts that the Channel tunnel between England and France, if constructed, will be the cause of great annoyance to English railway managers, and bring forward some very acute observations in support of this opinion.

The English railway system was a world of its own; it was an insular world which could hardly have been more peculiar if it had belonged to another quarter of the globe altogether. All this, however, will change as soon as the tunnel is pierced between England and the Continent.

England will then no longer be an island, but a peninsula, and although the isthmus which connects it with the Continent will be submarine, its effect on the railway system will be exactly the same as if it were a natural one.

If the importance of the object to be attained by the Channel tunnel is to bear any rational proportion at all to the means required, the tunnel will be constructed only if a very considerable goods traffic between the two shores is expected, besides the large passenger traffic. Such a traffic, which would have to compete with sea carriage, is only possible for goods if shifting the loads is completely avoided, and the wagons and trucks can run from England far into the Continent and *vice versa*. Now the English exports to the Continent far exceed the imports from it. The English trucks, therefore, loaded with rails, machines, coals, cotton goods, etc., will, after passing the tunnel, be scattered far and wide on the continental railways (whose length exceeds threefold that of the whole British system), and will have to run distances five times as great as from London to the Highlands.

The English railway companies, who are now able to follow their rolling stock almost with the naked eye, who know exactly how long each truck will take to run the short distances in their island, who can, therefore, provide proper loads

both for the up and down journeys, hence making the best use of their stock, and who are always aware in whose hands their trucks are, will suddenly see a great number of them disappear out of their sight and beyond their control on long journeys and unknown routes. They will no longer be able to calculate, even approximately, when the stock will return. England will therefore lose an important percentage of its rolling stock, which will be but incompletely replaced by the foreign wagons, which will remain in England a much shorter time on account of the shorter distances. The deficiency will have to be made up at considerable expense. The stock will travel as far as the shores of the Black and Egean seas, to the east coast of the Baltic, to the southernmost point of Italy, and to the Pyrenees; it will pass over the lines of a dozen or more foreign companies, be brought under the influence of three or four different legislatures, police regulations, by-laws, Government inspections, etc., and where three or four different languages are officially in use.

Quite new legal obligations and intricacies will appear if the companies having to forward goods direct into foreign countries send their wagons into the territories of different jurisdictions. It will not be of much use if the English companies attempt formally to confine their transactions to the French railway which joins theirs. Claims from Turkish, Russian, Austrian, Italian, German, Belgian, and French railways will still be brought against them, in some cases requiring direct and immediate communication.

A TOWN OF DWARFS.

A WRITER in the London "Times" describes the effect of excessive intermarriage on the inhabitants of Protés, a little town in the province of Santander, Spain. Until eighteen or nineteen years ago, the village was quite shut off from the rest of the world. Its inhabitants, from their ever-recurring intermarriages, had become quite a race of dwarfs. On market days the priests might be seen, with long

black coats and high black hats, riding in to purchase the simple provision for the week's consumption—men of little intelligence and no learning, sprung from the lowest ranks. About eighteen years ago the Galician laborers, or Gallegos, from the mines of Galicia, swarmed into the town for lodgings, etc., and since their colonization the population has increased in strength, stature, education, intellect, and morality. Their intellects, also, have improved—intellects which had been stunted, dwarfed, and ruined by their frequent intermarriages.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

ACCORDING to Dr. Sturges, an English physician, whooping cough is not always to be escaped by preventing contagion, for at a certain age the disposition toward this disease is so great that the child will originate it. He says: "Whooping cough is a nervous disease of immature life, due immediately, like nervous asthma, to a morbid exaltation of sensibility of the bronchial mucous membrane. Although possible in a modified form at all ages, it has its period of special liability and full development simultaneously with that time of life when the nervous system is irritable and the mechanism of respiration diaphragmatic. A child of the proper age with catarrh and cough is thus on the very brink of whooping cough. A large proportion of such children will develop the disease for themselves upon casual provocation, all contagion and all epidemic influence apart." Therefore he does not think contagion plays the important part generally supposed, and the assumption of a specific morbid poison is in his opinion entirely gratuitous. As to treatment he says:

"The specific remedies for whooping cough (which have their season and may be said now to include all drugs whatever of any potency) have all of them a certain testimony in their favor. They agree in a single point: whether by their nauseousness, the grievous method of their application, or the disturbance they bring to the child's habits and surroundings, the best vaunted remedies—emetics, sponging of the larynx, ill-flavored inhalation, change of scene, beating with the rod—all are calculated to *impress* the patient, and find their use accordingly.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION NOTES.

THE committee appointed to test experimentally Ohm's law, that with any conductor the electromotive force is proportioned to the current produced, reports that this law is absolutely correct. If a conductor of iron, platinum, or German silver of one square centimetre in section has a resistance of one ohm for infinitely small currents, its resistance when acted on by an electromotive force of one volt (provided its temperature is kept the same) is not altered by so much as the millionth of a millionth part. This fine result is the more gratifying since Ohm's law is entirely empirical and does not rest at all upon logical deduction.

The vast amount of water circulating through the solid earth is shown by the calculations of the committee on the underground waters of the Permian and New Red sandstones.

Taking an average rainfall of 30 inches per annum, and granting that only 10 inches percolate into the rock, the supply of water stored up by the Permian and New Red formations was estimated by the committee to amount to 140,800,000 gallons per square mile per year. This rate would give, for the 10,000 square miles covered by the formations, in Great Britain, 1,408,000,000,000 gallons. Only a very small proportion of this amount is made available for the supply of cities and towns.

The subject of the chemical constitution of matter was taken up by Mr. Johnstone Stoney, F. R. S., who amused and interested the chemical section by a number of drawings of tetrahedra, octahedra, etc., on to which he dexterously stuck representations of oxygen atoms, chlorine atoms, and so on. His general endeavor seemed to be to convince his auditors that in most basic salts oxygen is divalent, being in direct combination with the acidifying constituent of the molecule, but that when oxygen is not so directly related to this constituent in basic salts it is tetravalent.

In the geological section, Dr. Bryce observed that there are two lines along which earthquakes are commonly observed in Scotland, the one running from Inverness, through the north of Ireland, to Galway bay, and the other passing east and west through Comrie. The phenomena of earthquakes in the latter

district are now being systematically observed and recorded, under the direction of a committee appointed by the British Association, seismometers being employed on the two principles of vertical pendulum and delicately poised cylinders. Arrangements have been made to ascertain whether shocks in this region can be traced to any common central point, there being reason to believe them to be connected with a mass of granite in Glen Lednoch, whose position was indicated on a map exhibited by the author. He thought the Comrie earthquakes may be explained on Mr. Mallet's theory of a shock produced by the fall of huge masses of rock from the roof of huge caverns in the earth's crust.

In a paper on the plants of the coal measures, Prof. W. C. Williamson expressed his strong conviction that the flora of the coal measures would ultimately become the battlefield on which the question of evolution with reference to the origin of species would be fought out. There would probably never be found another unbroken period of a duration equal to that of the coal measures. Further, the roots, seeds, and the whole reproductive structure of the coal-measure plants are all present in an unequalled state of preservation. With reference to calamites, Prof. Williamson said that what had formerly been regarded as such had turned out to be only casts in sand and mud of the pith of the true plant. He had lately obtained a specimen of calamite with the bark on which showed a nucleal cellular pith, surrounded by canals running lengthwise down the stem; outside of these canals wedges of true vascular structure; and lastly, a cellular bark.

In the department of anthropology, Dr. Phené read a paper "On Recent Remains of Totemism in Scotland." He defined Totemism as a form of idolatry; a totem was either a living creature or a representation of one, mostly an animal, very seldom a man. It was considered, from reference to Pictish and other devices, that a dragon was a favorite representative among such people of Britain as had not been brought under Roman sway.

Mr. W. J. Knowles read a paper "On the Classification of Arrowheads," recommending the use of the following terms:

stemmed, indented, triangular, leaf-shaped, kite-shaped, and lozenge-shaped. Commander Cameron, the African explorer, mentioned that arrow-heads of the same shape as many exhibited by Mr. Knowles were in use in various African tribes. One shape was formed so as to cause the arrow to rotate, and was principally used for shooting game at long distances. The shape of the arrows varied according to the taste of the makers; in one district there were forty or fifty different shapes.

Commander Cameron gave drawings of the men with horns, a tribe of which has been found by Captain J. S. Hay. According to the reproductions of these drawings by the illustrated papers, these horns are very prominent, and project forward from the cheekbone.

Mr. Gwin-Jeffreys, whose experience in deep-sea dredging makes his opinion valuable, said that telegraph engineers did not sufficiently take account of the sharp stones on the sea bottom, but assumed too readily that they had to deal with a soft bottom only.

Mr. John Murray of the Challenger expedition announced that meteoric dust is found in the sea ooze, a result that follows as a matter of course from the discovery that this cosmic dust is falling all over the earth.

AN ENGLISH CROP.

THE yearly trial of harvesting machines was made this year at Leamington, and the rye grass field, where the reapers and mowers were worked, has its history given in the "Engineer," London. "It will be interesting if we first describe this rye grass crop and the preceding crop. A crop of wheat was grown in this field of seven acres last year, and by the end of September it was well cultivated and sown with rye grass seed. Three crops before this have been cut this year, the weight of which was about eight tons to the acre for each crop, and as the selling price was 1s. 6d. (86 cents) per cwt., this was at the rate of £12 (\$60) per acre per crop, or £36 per acre for the three crops. Had not the last crop been set apart for the reaper and mower trials, it would have been cut three weeks ago, when there were again about eight tons to the acre. As it was, however, last week the crop had gone too much to seed, and was too much laid for being of prime

quality; the result of which is, Mr. Tough, the owner, reckons the plants are too much spent to stand well through a second year, and he therefore contemplates turning it over in the spring for mangolds. Mr. Tough calculated, however, that there were ten tons to the acre this cut, and lots of carts and vans came to take the best of it; that is, the parts which were not laid and yellow at the bottom, at the same price, 1s. 6d. per cwt. The carts are weighed in over a weigh-bridge, and weighed out again after the buyers have loaded up as much as they choose or require. We may add this is better than selling by square measure. As to the next growth, Mr. Tough says he shall get two more fair cuts this autumn if the weather be warm, and he expects the two together will weigh eight tons per acre more. As there will be a certain sale for this at 1s. 6d. per cwt., this year's yield will realize the great return of £80 (\$300) per acre.

INFLUENCE OF WHITE COLORS.

PROF. WALLACE gave at Glasgow some curious speculations based upon the peculiarities observable in white animals. He had been discussing at great length and with rare knowledge the distribution of butterflies, remarking that some of the island groups were noticeably light-colored, and endeavored to connect their color with their environment as follows:

Some very curious physiological facts, bearing upon the presence or absence of white colors in the higher animals, have lately been adduced by Dr. Ogle. It has been found that a colored or dark pigment in the olfactory region of the nostrils is essential to perfect smell, and this pigment is rarely deficient except when the whole animal is pure white. In these cases the creature is almost without smell or taste. This, Dr. Ogle believes, explains the curious case of the pigs in Virginia adduced by Mr. Darwin, white pigs being poisoned by a poisonous root, which does not affect black pigs. Mr. Darwin imputed this to a constitutional difference accompanying the dark color, which rendered what was poisonous to the white-colored animals quite innocuous to the black. Dr. Ogle, however, observes, that there is no proof that the black pigs eat the root, and he believes the more probable explanation to be that

it is distasteful to them, while the white pigs, being deficient in smell and taste, eat it, and are killed. Analogous facts occur in several distinct families. White sheep are killed in the Tarentino by eating *Hypericum Crisicum*, while black sheep escape: white rhinoceroses are said to perish from eating *Euphorbia Candelabrum*; and white horses are said to suffer from poisonous food, where colored ones escape. Now it is very improbable that a constitutional immunity from poisoning by so many distinct plants should in the case of such widely different animals be always correlated with the same difference of color; but the facts are readily understood if the senses of smell and taste are dependent on the presence of a pigment which is deficient in wholly white animals. The explanation has, however, been carried a step further, by experiments showing that the absorption of odors by dead matter, such as clothing, is greatly affected by color, black being the most powerful absorbent, then blue, red, yellow, and lastly white. We have here a physical cause for the sense inferiority of totally white animals which may account for their rarity in nature. For few, if any, wild animals are wholly white. The head, the face, or at least the muzzle or the nose, are generally black. The ears and eyes are also often black; and there is reason to believe that dark pigment is essential to good hearing, as it certainly is to perfect vision. We can therefore understand why white cats with blue eyes are so often deaf; a peculiarity we notice more readily than their deficiency of smell or taste.

If then the prevalence of white-coloration is generally accompanied with some deficiency in the acuteness of the most important senses, this color becomes doubly dangerous, for it not only renders its possessor more conspicuous to its enemies, but at the same time makes it less ready in detecting the presence of danger. Hence, perhaps, the reason why white appears more frequently in islands where competition is less severe and enemies less numerous and varied. Hence, also, a reason why albinism, although freely occurring in captivity, never maintains itself in a wild state, while melanism does. The peculiarity of some islands in having all their inhabitants of dusky colors—as the Galapa-

gos—may also perhaps be explained on the same principles; for poisonous fruits or seeds may there abound, which weed out all white or light-colored varieties, owing to their deficiency of smell and taste. We can hardly believe, however, that this would apply to white-colored butterflies, and this may be a reason why the effect of an insular habitat is more marked in these insects than in birds or mammals. But though inapplicable to the lower animals, this curious relation of sense acuteness with colors may have had some influence on the development of the higher human races. If light tints of the skin were generally accompanied by some deficiency in the senses of smell, hearing, and vision, the white could never compete with the darker races, so long as man was in a very low and savage condition, and wholly dependent for existence on the acuteness of his senses. But as the mental faculties become more fully developed and more important to his welfare than mere sense acuteness, the lighter tints of skin, and hair, and eyes, would cease to be disadvantageous whenever they were accompanied by superior brain power. Such variations would then be preserved; and thus may have arisen the Xanthochroic race of mankind, in which we find a high development of intellect accompanied by a slight deficiency in the acuteness of the senses as compared with the darker forms.

AN INVOLVED ACCIDENT.

THOUGH American recklessness of life is proverbial among foreigners, we may be thankful that India-rubber bags of explosive gases are not carried by ignorant boys through our streets, as in Newcastle, England. The practice resulted by a singular chain of mishaps in a violent explosion. The first error was in using a bag for conveying an explosive gas; the second in using a *leaky* bag; the third in the experimenter, who put coal gas into a bag containing oxygen; the fourth in sending a boy to deliver it. Then comes a chapter of results. The boy became tired and stopped to rest, dropping the bag on the pavement. Just as he did so a passer-by lit his pipe and threw the burning match down. By chance it fell upon the innocent looking bag, and probably just at the spot where

it leaked. After the consequent explosion only two pieces of the bag could be found, one of which was thrown through the top windows of the bank. Even the sound wave, or wave of concussion, had a mind to distinguish itself. It entirely missed the first floor windows of the bank, and left them uninjured, though the windows in both the ground floor and the second floor were broken. The wave seems to have crossed the street, smashing the ground windows there, and then been deflected back across the street and upward to the top story of the bank.

AN OLD AQUEDUCT SYSTEM.

ANCIENT life is not usually considered to have been very cleanly, but it is to the credit of the Romans that as much as 2,200 years ago they made up their minds to reject the water of the Tiber as unfit to drink. They hunted for springs in the mountains, and in the course of a few centuries so many aqueducts were built that Rome had theoretically a better supply of water than any modern city enjoys. Practically, however, the Romans suffered from a peculiar kind of water pilfering. Instead of 400,000,000 gallons daily which the springs furnished, the city received only 208,000,000 gallons. This immense loss, says a careful paper by the Austrian engineer, E. H. d'Avidor, arose partly through neglect of the necessary repairs in the aqueducts, but still more through the water being positively *stolen*. For one of the principal favors by which the State and the emperors were in the habit of rewarding minor services was by granting concessions for the *lost* water; that is, for the water which escaped through the overflow of the reservoirs, cisterns, and public fountains, or through the defects in the aqueducts and mains. The consequence, of course, was that every landed proprietor who had obtained a concession for the waste water escaping from an aqueduct passing through his grounds was anxious to increase this waste as much as possible—and from this wish to intentional injury was but a step. The overseers and slaves in charge were constantly bribed to abstain from repairing damages which had arisen, or to cause new ones to arise, and these abuses reached such a pitch that one aqueduct (Tepula) brought no water whatever to

Rome during several years, the whole having been wasted, or rather abstracted on its way. The irregularities of the water supply were still further increased by the nature of the mains and distributing pipes, which, as I have mentioned, were mere lead plates soldered into a pear-shaped section, incapable of resisting even the most moderate pressure and liable to injury by a common knife, so that any evil-disposed person could tap the main almost wherever he pleased. At a later period, indeed, the Romans appear to have used short clay pipes; lengths of such mains have been discovered, consisting of two-feet spigot and socket pipes carefully laid in and covered with a bed of concrete. These have outlasted all the lead pipes, and are still frequently found in good condition.

In the reign of Augustus, when Rome had about 350,000 inhabitants within its walls, there was a supply of something like 680 gallons per head; that is, about forty times as much as the valuation for Vienna. But there were in ancient Rome no less than 1,353 public fountains, 591 jet fountains, 19 large fortified camps or barracks, 95 *thermæ* or immense public baths, and 39 arenas or theatres, all of which were supplied with a superfluity of constantly flowing water. The reservoirs contained only about 6,000,000 gallons, and the distribution must have been very irregular, and it has been calculated that some houses received ten times as much water as others. Just as the Western miner reckons the quantity of water by the *inch*, the Roman estimated it by the *quinarius*, or amount that could flow through a pipe of one and a quarter *finger* diameter, under a head of twelve inches. This would yield about ninety-two gallons in twelve hours, and the price was so low that the householder paid only about half a cent *per year* for each gallon supplied daily. Ninety-two gallons a day would therefore cost less than half a dollar a year. (In New York it would cost nearly \$18.) But though cheap, the water was not a vested right of all citizens. The poor had it for nothing in the ample baths, wash houses, and fountains, but householders could only obtain the right of water supply by a petition to the consul, and in later times to the emperor himself; even then, however, with difficulty. It was matter of

favor and a reward of merit, that applied only to the person to whom it was granted, not transferable by gift or sale, and which lapsed with the death of the owner or the sale of the house for which it had been granted.

GALVANISM CANNOT RESTORE EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON says that artificial respiration is a much more effective means of restoring the drowned or asphyxiated than galvanism. By the use of an intermittent current of galvanism it is possible to make the respiratory muscles of an animal recently dead act in precise imitation of life, and the heart can be excited into brisk contraction by the same means. But the result was that "the muscles excited by the current dropped quickly into irrevocable death through becoming exhausted under the stimulus, and that in fact the galvanic battery, according to our present knowledge of its use in these cases, is an all but certain instrument of death. By subjecting animals to death from the vapor of chloroform in the same atmosphere, and treating one set by artificial respiration with the double-acting pump, and the other set by artificial respiration excited by galvanism, I found that the first would recover in the proportion of five out of six, the second in proportion of one out of six. Further, I found that if during the performance of mechanical artificial respiration the heart were excited by galvanism, death is all but invariable." This results from the fact that "the passage of a galvanic current through the muscles of a body recently dead confers on those muscles no new energy; that the current in its passage only excites temporary contraction; that the force of contraction resident in the muscles themselves is but educed by the excitation, and to strike the life out of the muscles by the galvanic shock without feeding the force, expended by contraction, from the centre of the body, is a fatal principle of practice."

CURIOUS OPTICAL EXPERIMENTS.

PROF. NIPPER of the Washington university at St. Louis describes some optical illusions, easily tried and apparently very singular, as follows: 1. Fold a sheet of writing paper into a tube whose di-

ameter is about three cm. Keeping both eyes open, look through the tube with one eye, and look at the hand with the other, the hand being placed close by the tube. An extraordinary phenomenon will be observed. A hole the size of the tube will appear cut through the hand, through which objects are distinctly visible. That part of the tube between the eye and the hand will appear transparent, as though the hand was seen through it. This experiment is not new, but I have never seen it described. The explanation of it is quite evident.

2. Drop a blot of ink upon the palm of the hand, at the point where the hole appears to be, and again observe as before. Unless the attention be strongly concentrated upon objects seen through the tube the ink-spot will be visible within the tube (apparently), but that part of the hand upon which it rests will be invisible, unless special attention be directed to the hand. Ordinarily the spot will appear opaque. By directing the tube upon brilliantly illuminated objects, it will, however, appear transparent, and may be made to disappear by proper effort. By concentrating the attention upon the hand, it may also be seen within the tube (especially if strongly illuminated), that part immediately surrounding the ink spot appearing first.

3. Substitute for the hand a sheet of unruled paper, and for the ink spot a small hole cut through the paper. The small hole will appear within the tube, distinguishing itself by its higher illumination, the paper immediately surrounding it being invisible. Many other curious experiments will suggest themselves. For example: if an ink spot somewhat larger than the tube be observed, the lower end of the tube will appear to be blackened on the inside.

ICE MACHINES.

Ice machines are constructions designed to employ the heat generated from coal in extracting the heat stored up in water at the ordinary temperature. One ton of coal will make 15 tons of ice, and yet only about 1 per cent. of the power used is utilized, these machines being especially wasteful of heat. The work is done through the medium of some volatile fluid, like ether or ammonia, or by the use of previously cooled air. Raoul Pictet,

who advocates the employment of another fluid—sulphurous acid solution—says that every machine must comply with five conditions: 1. Too great pressure must not occur in any part of the apparatus. 2. The volatile liquid employed ought to be so volatile that there will be no danger of air entering. 3. It is necessary to have a system of compression which does not require the constant introduction of grease or of foreign materials into the machine. 4. The liquid must be stable, it must not decompose by the frequent changes of condition, and it must not exert chemical action on the metals of which the apparatus is constructed. 5. Lastly, it is necessary, as far as possible, to remove all danger of explosion and of fire, and for this reason the liquid must not be combustible. The only substance, in his opinion, that answers these requirements is sulphurous acid. This subject is a very important one. If the utilization of heat could be carried to 8 per cent., as in most machines, it might be possible to make ice cheaper in New York than to gather, store, and transport it.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

SOME months ago the telegraph announced that a Congress of Americanists had met in Nancy in France, and few people in this country could imagine who the congressmen were or whether they were of this country. It was, in fact, the meeting of a society, composed chiefly of Europeans, which means to prosecute studies in the history, language, and character of American aborigines. This is a laudable work. America probably offers the most important field for ethnological study in the world. The great extent of her two continents gave the freest scope for the complete development of whatever capacity for civilization her people had; and yet savagism continued here for many centuries after it had ceased in Europe. Thus the student in going back three hundred years can penetrate the past as far in this country as he can reach in Europe by pursuing his inquiries back for two to three thousand years. Under ordinary circumstances this fact would make American history much easier to study than those of Europe where the remnants left by

the savage tribes are dimmed by an extraordinary progress or covered by the debris of centuries of movement. But the truth is it is about as easy to learn the habits of the ancient Britons as those of the American tribes, even the most civilized, five centuries ago. This is partly due to the wanton destruction of valuable records by the early conquerors and partly to the prepossession that most men, even able ones, seem to be shackled with; namely, that the origin of America's former inhabitants is to be sought in some people of Asia. If they would leave that question for the twentieth century to decide, and begin a painstaking inquiry into what was going on in this country before its discovery, ask not *who*, but what sort of men inhabited it, their habits and their relations, the gentlemen who compose this society of Americanists would probably reach valuable results. There is plenty to occupy them. If they do not want to grapple at once such a knotty subject as the relation of the Mound Builders to the existing tribes, let them explore Spain for relics of the Aztecs. It is highly probable that records of the most precious character are still to be found there in public archives and in private hands, the descendants perhaps of common soldiers of Cortes's army, who were quite likely to send home during and after the Conquest things that were odd and quaint to them and which would be invaluable to us now. As it is, the time of the Nancy Congress of Americanists has been too much occupied with efforts to make the ancient inhabitants of this country a tag to one of the numerous Asian migrations. All such attempts have been failures, for the simple reason that we do not have facts enough to prove *any* theory. Still they have done some good work, and though the subject is not of the most importance, we can but think that M. Comettant's paper on "Music in America" before its discovery by Columbus must have been as correct in purpose as it appears daring in subject.

SOME seeds will germinate when placed between pieces of ice and kept at a freezing temperature; and it is thought that this method will afford an easy means of selecting varieties of seed which will bear a cold climate.

THE explosion in the coal mines at Jabin, Belgium, last February, was due to the ignition of fine coal powder suspended in the air.

A VIENNA lady, who had been maid of honor to the Empress Maria Theresa, lately died in that city at the age of one hundred and nineteen years. That is certainly a well established case of longevity extending beyond a century.

THE rare metal vanadium is worth 13,000 francs (\$2,600) per pound; about eight times as much as gold. And yet vanadium is, as Dr. Hayes has shown, a very widely diffused metal. It forms, however, only a mere trace in most rocks.

W. SIEMENS has lately determined velocity of propagation of electricity in suspended iron telegraph wires, and finds it to be between 30,000 and 35,000 miles per second. Kirchhoff had determined it at 21,000 miles and Wheatstone at 61,900 miles.

PROF. FOREL of Switzerland has proved that the water of lakes oscillates almost constantly from one bank to another, and this not only from end to end, but also from side to side. Thus the Swiss lakes have two *Seiches*, as they are called, in opposite directions.

THE sewage schemes have had a good many indignant critics and fervent defenders. Of the former is Mr. Louis Thompson, who says that the sewage discharged into seacoast harbors floats on the surface, being lighter than salt water. Its solid portions are cast up on the shore and in shoal places, there to become the food of animals, among which are shell fish, that serve for man's food.

Bors' kites can be kept from plunging by making both the wood cross pieces in the form of a bow, instead of flat. The string is placed a little above the centre of the upright bow, and a very light tail attached. These kites are very steady, and if a string attached to one side of the centre is pulled after the kite has risen, it can be made to fly as much as thirty degrees from the wind. For this reason it is proposed to use kites for bringing a vessel to windward.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS's last book* does not open well in point of style. The first paragraph of the first chapter is: "She was a woman of nearly thirty when I first saw her; a woman spiritless and worn beyond her years," etc. This beginning not only a chapter but a book with a pronoun implying an antecedent is very bad, in the low and vulgar way of badness. It brings to mind the superhuman daily efforts of the "American humorist" of journalism to be funny; and it should be left to him and to his kind. And in the next paragraph Mrs. Edwards describes her heroine as "walking wearily along the weary street of Chesterford St. Mary." Bad style again, and this time in the way of affectation. A man's way may be weary if he is tired or weak; but not even then should it be so called, when he has just been spoken of as weary himself, or as walking wearily; and weary as applied descriptively to a village street is almost nonsense. These defects are not important, but they arrest attention as being at the very opening of the story. And it must be confessed that for a chapter or two "A Point of Honor" is rather slight in texture and commonplace. It is, however, interesting enough to lead us on, and the reader who holds his way into the third or fourth chapter is repaid. The authoress then warms up to her work, and begins to show her quality, which is that of a true literary artist. We do not say a great artist, be it observed, but a true artist. She paints only *genre* pictures; but unlike most works of that class (on canvas at least), they are not mere representations of pretty faces and pretty clothes. She works with a real knowledge of the human heart, and her work is full of feeling. She does nothing in the grand style; even her most loving women do not have grand passions; but all her work is truthful and warm with real life, and her earnest people are really in earnest. The story of "A Point of

Honor" is interesting, although its incidents are not all out of the common way. Gifford Mohun, the handsome young heir of Yatton, an estate in Devonshire, loves, when he is only twenty, one Jane Grand, a beautiful and sweet-natured girl who is only a year younger than himself. Nothing is known of her history. She herself does not know her own parentage. All this has been concealed from her at her father's request, and with some reason; for it comes out that she is the daughter of a felon, who died in the hulks, by a minor French actress, a modification of whose name, Grandet, she bears. When she knows this, she refuses to taint Mohun's name and life with such dishonor, and he accepts her decision; doing so with two implications on the part of the authoress: first, that he was selfish in doing so at all; next, that doing it he did it coldly and with a false affectation of feeling. He leaves Yatton and its neighborhood, and plunges into dissipation. Jane remains at Chesterford, leading her solitary life and loving him. Meantime the vicar, Mr. Follett, a man of strong nature, much tenderness, and great tact, whose character is admirably drawn, loves Jane, and quietly bides his time. After ten years, however, Mohun returns, walks into Jane's parlor, and asks her to be friends with him. She, loving him no less than ever, assents gladly, and thereafter he is almost domesticated in her cottage. He has become somewhat gross in manner and in speech, as well as in person; but Jane loves him, and watches for his coming, day by day, as when she was a girl. This goes on for some months, with a slight admixture of the curate, when all at once a new personage appears upon the scene. Mohun receives a letter, which he shows to Jane, and asks her advice about. It is from a Matty Fergusson, whom he remembers as the untidy little daughter of some disreputable people he knew something of at a German watering place. She tells a sad tale of destitution, and asks him to recommend her to some of his friends as a governess or companion. He is dis-

* "A Point of Honor." By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS. 16mo, pp. 236. New York: Sheldon & Co.

gusted and angered at the intrusion, and proposes to send her a five-pound note, or perhaps ten pounds, and so end the matter. But Jane, whom he asks to write the letter for him, is touched with pity for the poor girl's forlornness and suffering, and writes an invitation to her to come to Chesterford and visit her for a week. She brings a Greek horse within the walls of her little Troy. She and Gifford expect to see a poor, meek, limp, shabbily dressed slip of a girl; but Miss Maty Fergusson enters the cottage a tall and magnificently beautiful young woman; her grandeur both of toilet and person quite dwarfing the poor little cottage and its poor little mistress. The end is now visible. Maty Fergusson is the adventuress daughter of an adventuress mother. Nothing was true in her letter except the story of her poverty; and she has played this game with the direct purpose of catching the master of Yatton. She succeeds; and when Jane speaks to him about its being time for his overwhelming young friend to depart, he becomes rude and makes a brutal speech, which undeceives Jane, and kills her love for him. Mohun, however, does not give himself up to the Fergusson without an attempt at freedom, and an endeavor to resume his relations with Jane, whom he now appreciates at her full worth. He confesses and deplors his fault and begs forgiveness, and offers to break with Miss Fergusson at any cost, if Jane will give him back her love. But she, although she forgives, will not receive him again on the old footing, and he drives off with his handsome adventuress wife, and Jane loves and is married to Mr. Follett. The story is told with great and yet with very simple skill, and the characters of the few personages are revealed rather than portrayed. And by the way, we remark upon Mrs. Edwards's ability to interest her readers and work out a story with few materials. She rarely depends for her effects upon more than four or five personages. She is equally reserved in her manner. She does not paint black and white, but with human tints only in light and shadow. In this book Mohun's selfishness is shown with a very delicate hand, and although we are left in no doubt as to his real character, he is dealt with in such an impartial and artistic spirit, that some similarly selfish men will apologize for

him and some others will, it may be hoped, read themselves in him and struggle against the worse part of their natures. Jane is, perhaps, more angel than woman, but then a good woman who loves is so often truly angelic with an admixture of human passion that makes her more loveable as well as more loving than any angel ever was, that we cannot find fault with poor Jane's perfection. In reading this book we cannot but remark the common nature of its subject in women's novels nowadays. The themes on which they write endless variations are the selfishness of men, and the unselfishness of women in love. Of the men in the women-written novels of the day, so many are plausible, agreeable, clever, accomplished, heartless creatures; only a few escape the general condemnation, and they are those queer creatures "women's men"—impossible, and bores, like Daniel Deronda. The heroines, major and minor, love devotedly. But George Eliot does not fall into the latter blunder. For some reason she is able to see the feminine as well as the masculine side of social and sexual selfishness. This treatment of men on the part of the sex is remarkable, for women themselves will admit and do admit, in unguarded moments, that there is somewhat less of disinterestedness in this matter on woman's side than on man's. But the point, we suppose, is this, that woman, when she does love with all her heart, loves with a blind devotion, an exclusiveness of admiration and of passion, and a persistency, which she demands from man, which, not having, she doubts whether she is loved at all, and which, it must be confessed, rare in woman, is much more rare in man, with whom indeed it is exceptional. The truth is that man's love is as different from woman's as his body is; but it is, therefore, none the less worth having if she would only think so. Man is made to have less exclusiveness of feeling in this respect than woman has. He would not be man else, nor she woman if she were otherwise. The mistake is in her expectation of receiving exactly the same as she gives. She has found out that she does not get it, or does so very rarely, and the men in women's novels of the Gifford Mohun type are one of the ways in which she proclaims and avenges her wrongs. —"The Barton Experiment," by "the

author of "Helen's Babies,"* cannot be called a novel—hardly a tale—and yet it is a story—the story of a great "temperance movement" at Barton, which is supposed to be a village somewhere at the west—in Kentucky, we should say, from certain local references. We do not know who the author of Helen's Babies is—he, and Helen, and her babies being alike strangers to us; but he is a clever writer, and a humorist, with no little dramatic power. His personages are studies from nature, and have individuality and life; albeit they reveal a somewhat narrow horizon of observation. He uses largely, but always humorously, the western style of exaggeration; as, for example, when he makes one of his reformers tell a steamboat captain that if he will stop drinking whiskey, he will make a reputation, and "be as famous as the Red River raft or the Mammoth Cave—the only thing of the sort west of the Alleghenies." He describes his people in a way that shows that he has them in the eye of his imagination; as in this portrait of a Mrs. Tappelmine: "With face, hair, eyes, and garments of the same color, the color itself being neutral; small, thin, faded, inconspicuous, poorly clad, bent with labors which had yielded no return, as dead to the world as saints strive to be, yet remaining in the world for the sake of those whom she had often wished out of it," etc. The book is in every way clever, and its purpose is admirable—the lesson which it is written to teach being that personal effort and personal sacrifice on the part of reformers is necessary to reclaim hard drinkers. But the radical fault of all such moral story writing is that the writer makes his puppets do as he likes. The drinking steamboat captain yields to the persuasions of his friend, and even submits to necessary personal restraint. But how if he had not yielded? Old Tappelmine gives up his whiskey for the sake of money and employment, which inducements are strongly backed by his neutral-colored wife; but how if he had been brutally selfish and immovable? In both these cases, and in all the others, failure was at least quite as likely as success. Peo-

* "The Barton Experiment." By the author of "Helen's Babies." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ple in real life cannot be managed as they can upon paper. Still the book contains a truth, and is likely to do good. —The same publishers have also brought out an illustrated book by Bayard Taylor,* which is suitable to the coming holiday season. It is a collection of short tales of adventure in different parts of the world, in which boys take a prominent part. It is one of the fruits of the author's extended travels, and is manly, simple, and healthy—a very good sort of book for those for whom it is intended, which, in these days of mawkish or feverish "juvenile" literature, is saying much for it.

—Why Miss Thacher should call a little book, which contains a little collection of little sketches, "Seashore and Prairie," we do not see. It is rather a big and an affected name for such a slight thing. But it is bright and pleasant, and well suited to the needs of those who cannot fix their attention long upon any subject. We regret to see in it marks of that extravagance and affectation in the use of language which are such common blemishes of style in our ephemeral literature. For example: a very sensible and much needed plea for the preservation of birds, is called "The Massacre of the Innocents;" and we are told that "a St. Bartholomew of birds has been inaugurated." Miss Thacher should leave this style of writing to the newspaper reporters.

—The large circle of readers who are interested in Palestine, and the lands and waters round about it, will find Mr. Warner's last book of travel† very pleasant reading—full of information and suggestion. He observes closely, describes nature with a true feeling for her beauties, and men with spirit and a fine apprehension of their peculiarities. He is not very reverent, and breaks some idols which have been worshipped. He is not an admirer of the Hebrews, or of anything that is theirs, except their literature. His style is lively and agreeable, but we cannot call it either elegant or correct. He tells some "traveller's stories;" for instance, one about catch-

* "Boys of Other Countries. Stories for American Boys." By BAYARD TAYLOR. 12mo, pp. 164. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† "In the Levant." By C. D. Warner. 12mo, pp. 274. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

ing an eagle's feather on horseback (pp. 108, 104). True he "has the feather to show;" but on the whole he makes not too many overdrafts upon the credulity of his readers, and does not color much too highly.

—In his latest tale* Mr. Yates introduces American characters, following what seems to be the prevailing fashion among English authors, especially those who are not of the first rank. Mr. Yates manages his foreign scenes and characters with good judgment, but his Americans we should not recognize as such without his introduction. The scene of the story is in England. Sir Frederick Randall, a dissolute young nobleman, is condemned to imprisonment, under an assumed name, for forgery. Making his escape, he woos a beautiful and innocent American girl, the daughter of a petroleum millionaire from Oil City. As he is already married, it is necessary to dispose of one wife before he takes another. This he does by throwing madam over a cliff by the seashore. Caught by projecting bushes, she is, without his knowledge, rescued alive by some Americans, who are yachting off the coast. One of these Americans has long loved Minnie Adams, the pretty American girl, but she and her parents are fascinated by Sir Frederick's title and the expected introduction to high-class English society. Minnie marries the would-be murderer, and after a year of trouble and brutal treatment, severe sickness ensues, during which she is nursed by her husband's first and only legal wife. Finally Sir Frederick is murdered by an old comrade of his debaucheries, and the two wives are equitably distributed between the two American gentlemen.

—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are doing good service in reissuing the Riverside edition of the Waverley Novels.† The well-chosen proportion of page and type and the excellent work of the Riverside press have combined to make these volumes, what American books are too apt not to be—a thing of permanent beauty. The publishers intend to bring out the edition quite rapidly. Five volumes are

* *"Going to the Bad. A Novel."* By EDMUND YATES. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. 73 cts.

† *"Waverley Novels."* Riverside Edition. "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," "The Antiquary." New York: Hurd & Houghton. \$3.50 per volume.

ready, and the others will follow at the rate of one each month. The present is the great era of mediocre men. A horde of novel writers gain their living successfully enough, and we take them up and talk about what they are doing, and how their works compare with each other, as if their doings had real importance. But what are they to the enduring genius of *Abbotsford*? He has not only proved an inexhaustible source of delight to two generations of readers, but has founded an industry—the publication of his works—which is likely to be for scores of years to come a permanent source of livelihood to hundreds.

It is evident that we have not a new light of poetry in Mr. Voldo.* He tells us that this is a first attempt, and it may well be the last, for he seems to have been led—and misled—into the practice of poetic expression by a certain gift, in his case fatal, of rhythm. The flow of his lines is far superior to the meaning or the expression. In fact the latter is so involved and farfetched, that the former is often entirely obscured. To find out what it is he tries to tell us would really be a painful process, and the few attempts we have made were too immediately fatiguing to produce any results. Two of his poems are worth reading, one because its versification is well managed, and the other because its story is simple and naturally told. It is a relief after so many pages of overstraining at words, and it shows that Mr. Voldo can be really pleasant, if he will only be simple. Well, two out of fifty is above the average!

It is only two years since a prominent American geologist wrote to a foreign scientific paper that he had been on the point of sending to Germany for two or three men to assist him in an important State survey.† His reason for this determination was that our country did not possess men competent to find and follow up intelligently the different strata; except those who were already engaged on other surveys. Luckily this discreditable act was prevented by the sudden

* *"A Song of America, and Minor Lyrics."* By V. VOLDO. New York: Hanscom & Co.

† *Report on the Geology of the Eastern Portion of the Uinta Mountains and Adjacent Country.* With Atlas. By J. W. POWELL. Washington: Department of the Interior.

abandonment of one of these other surveys, which released assistants enough to satisfy this extremely difficult gentleman. The truth is that, by some means, geological science has been pushed in this country with great vigor and with grand results. Within the last ten years there has been a revival of energy in that particular science which recalls the golden days of Hugh Miller, Murchison, Agassiz, and Lyell. The time when the very exacting gentleman, above alluded to, could not find helpers on this side of the Atlantic, was the middle point around which were grouped the surveys of Newberry and Andrews in Ohio, Clarence King in Nevada, Whitney in California, Wheeler and Powell south of the Pacific Railroad, and Hayden north of that line. Michigan was just finishing a partial, but extremely productive, survey of her mineral regions. Missouri had plunged hopefully into another. Pennsylvania was planning the comprehensive work in which Leslie and his aids are now engaged. Indiana, New Jersey, and other States had taken the great steps so much desired by the initiated all over the world, and had made the geologist a standing member of their government. All this had been done without the *necessary* importation of a foreigner. One or two foreigners had obtained employment on these surveys, but only because they came here and sought the work. Nearly every one of the young men who performed the work of assistants was an American. It is safe to say that in this revival of geological work from twenty to fifty young Americans have learned to be scientific men. As to the results of their activity, it is sufficient to read a report like that of Mr. Powell, to find how rapidly they are adding to our knowledge of the earth's history, and even altering the canons of scientific belief. Mr. Powell tells us that in his first expedition, eight years ago, and for three years after that, he tried hard to find in the west the equivalents of the State epochs and periods so well known as the basis of geological nomenclature, and nearly all taken from the exposures in New York and other Eastern and South-eastern States. It was not until this attempt was abandoned that he began to make progress. He had to study the western regions by themselves, and

leave correspondences to the future. That was the experience of all the workers in the west, and it brings plainly to view the great fact, of which not all, even of our best known geologists, are yet fully persuaded, that the geological record, though doubtless a unit, is not uniform over the whole country. These shackles thrown off, the geology of the west leaped up with a vigor which is astonishing. It seemed to be pretty evident, from Prof. Huxley's lectures here, that he had not before imagined what results had been obtained in America. This is not surprising. Few foreigners are able to keep along with the work performed in this country, where there is such a direful supposed lack of workers! It is a fact that at present there is no part of the world where the discoveries made in this science are of so general importance as here. The Rocky mountains owe their name "to great and widely spread aridity," the mountains being "scantly clothed with vegetation and the indurated lithologic formations rarely masked with soils." But there are many systems of uplifts in this region, and Mr. Powell distinguishes three in the field covered by his report. They are the Park mountains ("the lofty mountains that stand as walls about the great parks of Southern Wyoming, Colorado, and Northern New Mexico"); the Basin Range system (named by Gilbert from the fact that many of them surround basins that have no drainage to the sea); and the Plateau Province. It is worth remarking that in the west the geologist precedes or accompanies the topographer, and accordingly has an opportunity to name the regions according to real peculiarities rather than chance suggestions. The future map will be significant of the past history as well as of the ocular features of the landscape. Mr. Powell gives careful sections of the strata in the Plateau Province, where they are about 46,000 feet thick. Few persons imagine the vast amount of work, exploration, and comparison which such drawings embody. The beds form a series of groups unlike those of the New York geologists, but the great geologic ages are as well defined as elsewhere. The synchronism remains to be fully established by paleontological proofs. He thinks he has been able to fix upon the

true point of division between the Mesozoic and Cenozoic ages, and to prove that coal was deposited through about 7,000 feet of Cretaceous and about 4,500 feet of Cenozoic beds. Mr. Powell's literary style is excellent—not involved, but clear and energetic. He was wise to abandon the idea of publishing an itinerary, which would, as he says, "encumber geological literature with a mass of undigested facts of little value." Geology has enough of such meaningless reports. As it is, we follow him with confidence, and he gives us a story that is plain and comprehensible.

The publications of the Massachusetts Board of Health* have been of a superior character, and have given that organization decided prominence among similar American boards. The question of how to prevent river pollution in their State they think can best be solved by placing advisory power in the hands of some Government officer, upon whose conclusions legislative action for each case should be based. This officer would be paid by the parties in interest. Good results are to be obtained only by comparing and altering when necessary what is done. In this country too little is known about this subject, and the appointment of an official "with power" is the first step toward knowledge. The suggestions made as to the way to deal with sewage are also mostly good, but it is doubtful whether general purification can wisely be enforced in the present state of sanitary science. If there are any very bad cases of pollution, they may properly be provided for in the way suggested, and experience gained from them. The lack of experience here is partially corrected by studying the work accomplished abroad; but a rapid review of such work can never replace the slower results of individual experience. The report of Mr. Kirkwood, the engineer, adds to the abundant testimony we already have of the efficacy and power of Nature's quietest work. Analyses show that the water of Charles river above the Newton lower falls is, when filtered, fit, though barely fit, to drink, and yet it has received the refuse of forty-two mills and

factories, with a population of 14,000 persons known to be sewerage into the river, and a population in the basin of three times that number. The river has a dry-weather flow of only twenty million gallons in twenty-four hours. On the general subject of sewage utilization the secretary concludes that in this country the sewage has no value, but can in some places, at least, be utilized without loss. In the death rate of Massachusetts towns the village of Canton (4,192 population) carries the palm, with only 11.9 deaths per thousand. Holyoke, 56.5 per thousand, has the highest.

—The report that a city is to be built in England on strict sanitary principles, in which man may, if he will, live to a hundred and fifty years of age, will give additional interest to this address* in which Dr. Richardson develops the project. The address was delivered a year ago, when the Doctor was president of the Health Department of the Social Science Association. It deserves attention because it indicates, pretty nearly, the goal toward which all the conscious and unconscious improvement in our living for centuries has tended. Whether man can obtain such control over the duration of his life depends very largely upon whether he finds himself able to submit to the discipline and self-abnegation without which the mechanical improvements made will have only partial success. Perfect living is not merely a thing of appliances. These are necessary, but the subjection of the will to the requirements of orderly conduct is equally necessary. However, Dr. Richardson says that "Utopia is but another word for time," and it is certain that his ideal of public and private life will be at least approached by the slow progress of small improvements. Some people have objected that they don't want to live a century and a half, and that a city where men two hundred years of age might occasionally be seen walking about is just the place they would most carefully avoid. But we can none of us escape our fate. If society is progressing toward that end, let us accept it, and even allow the men of science to hurry up matters a century or two. It is, perhaps, significant that this change in man's es-

* *Seventh Annual Report of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts.* Boston: Wright & Potter.

* *Holyoke: A City of Health.* By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON. MacMillan & Co.

tate comes just at the time when a reduction in the rate of interest is taking place, and it seems likely that a man will have to live to a hundred years in order to accumulate enough to buy him a house. When he has it, he will need another half century to enjoy it. At all events read this ideal, extraordinary, and learned exposition of the health of the future.

— The idea of collecting in one volume a concise statement of modern theories of the mode in which we receive impressions is excellent, and it has been well carried out by Prof. Bernstein.* Touch, sight, hearing, smell, and taste are treated from an anatomical and experimental point of view, and the researches of Helmholtz, Weber, and the numerous band of investigators who have in late years devised so many ingenious modes of testing the operation of these senses are well represented. The book contains probably as much exact and accurate information, and as thorough a treatment of the subject, as can be contained in a volume of this size. It is an advanced treatise that places the reader in possession of the latest theories on these occult subjects. Of necessity it is not new; but this treatment and the facts here given will be found novel by most readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"*Outlines of Lectures on the History of Philosophy.*" By J. J. ELMENDORF, LL. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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"*A Child's Book of Religion.*" By O. B. BROTHINGHAM. The same.

"*An Alphabet in Finance.*" By G. MCADAM. The same.

"*Boddy's Ideal.*" By HELEN K. JOHNSON. The same.

"*History of French Literature.*" By HENRI VAN LAREN. The same.

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"*Rules for Conducting Business in Deliberative Assemblies.*" By P. H. MELL, D. D., LL. D. The same.

"*A Young Man's Difficulties with His Bible.*" By D. W. FAUNCE, D. D. The same.

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"*The Carlyle Anthology.*" By E. BARRETT. H. Holt & Co., New York.

"*Our Mutual Friend.*" By CHARLES DICKENS. Condensed by R. Johnson. The same.

"*Life and Times of William Samuel Johnston, LL. D.*" By E. E. BEARDSLEY, D. D., LL. D. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

"*Washington. A Drama in Five Acts.*" By MARTIN F. TUPPER. J. Miller, New York.

"*Castle Windows.*" By L. C. STRONG. H. B. Nims & Co., Troy, N. Y.

"*That New World, and Other Poems.*" By Mrs. S. M. B. PLATT. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

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"*In the Sky Garden.*" By L. W. CHAMPNEY. The same.

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"*Student Life at Harvard.*" The same.

"*Long Ago. (A year of Child Life).*" By ELIS GRAY. The same.

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"*Fine and Olive; or, Young America in Spain and Portugal.*" By W. T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic). The same.

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"*Hold the Fort.*" By P. P. BLISS. The same.

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"*Corinne; or, Italy. A Love Story.*" By MME. DE STAEL. T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philadelphia.

"*Frank Nelson in the Forecastle; or, The Sportsman's Club among the Whalers.*" By HARRY CASTLETON. The same.

"*Fridtjof's Saga. A Norse Romance.*" By E. FJONER, Bishop of Mexico. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

"*Viking Tales of the North.*" By ANDERSON. The same.

"*Michigan Board of Agriculture. 1875.*" Lansing, Mich.

* "*The Five Senses of Man.*" By JULIUS BERNSTEIN. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (International Scientific Series.)

NEBULÆ.

— DURING the progress of the canvass for the Presidential election—in our September number—we made a promise which seemed about the safest that could be made, but which proved to be a rash one—so rash that at this moment we are entirely unable to redeem it—as unable as if we had undertaken to say which exhibitor at the Philadelphia Exhibition would not get a medal. We said that we would give our readers accurate information, in our December number, as to which party was likely to carry the day. What may happen before these words are printed and laid before our readers we cannot tell; and the experience of the past few weeks has taught us caution as to prediction and promise, even upon apparent certainty; but although the election is more than a month past, we do not know who is to be President, and no one is wiser on this subject than we are. The matter is not one to be treated lightly. It is of the gravest possible importance. No consequence of our civil war is more serious or more deplorable than that condition of the former slave States, which has caused this prolonged uncertainty with regard to the result of the election, and that political state of the whole country which has made this uncertainty the occasion of such intense and embittered feeling, and such desperate measures by the managers of both the great political parties. In fact, the war of secession is not at an end. Twelve years have passed since the military forces of the seceders surrendered to those of the Government, but the contest, or one arising from it, prolongs itself into the present, when those are men who, when the war broke out, were too young to understand its causes. And at the same time we are suffering, in our prostrate trade and almost extinguished commerce, another grievous consequence of the same dire internecine struggle. Truly ourselves and our institutions are sorely tried. A like combination of disastrous circumstances would bring about a revolution in any other country. If we go through

this trial safely, we may not only feel thankful, but take some reasonable pride in the national character and in the political institutions that will bear such a long and severe strain without breaking. And yet we all have faith that we shall endure it and come out in the end more stable and more prosperous than ever.

— THE cause of this trouble is a change in the political substance and the political habits of the country, of which the average citizen seems to have little knowledge and of which he takes less thought. We do not refer to the change of the functions of the Electoral College from those of a real electing body to those of a mere recorder of the votes of the people of the several States, which has been much remarked upon of late years. That change took place very early; and thus far it has been productive of no trouble or even of inconvenience. If that were all, there would be little need of any modification of our system of electing the President. But there has been of later years—say within the last half century—a change from the political condition of the country to which the Electoral College was adapted. We are in the habit, in patriotic moments, of lauding the wisdom and the foresight of the fathers of the republic. And they were wise, and good, and patriotic men; but as to their foresight, it would seem that we are to-day a living witness that they were quite incapable of seeing into the political future. We are now demanding that the Electoral College shall be abolished, and the President be elected by a direct popular vote; and yet nothing is surer than that the distinct purpose of the founders of our Federal Union was to prevent such an election. Their design was to establish, not a democratic government, working more or less by mass-meeting—a direct vote of the mass of the citizens—but a representative republican government, in which the people should commit their affairs to their representatives, who should have

full power to manage them according to their discretion, entirely irrespective of the dictation of their constituents, although not without respect for their opinions and wishes. The doctrine of instruction, by which the representative is turned into a mere delegate—a sort of political attorney—is new and is entirely at variance with the design of the founders of the republic, to which, of course, the Constitution was adapted. It was supposed, assumed as a matter of course, by them that there would always be a body of men of high character and intelligence, who would have sufficient leisure to perform the functions of legislators, governors, and other officers, for a small compensation, and that the people at large would freely commit their affairs to these gentlemen, choosing, of course, those whose general political views were most in accordance with their own. So it was at the time of the war of Independence, and at that of the formation of the Constitution. Of such a political conception the Electoral College was a legitimate product. The “Fathers” didn’t *mean* that the people should decide between the merits of the candidates for the Presidency. They thought—and shall we therefore decry their wisdom?—that a small body of intelligent and well educated men, men of character and social position, accustomed to the study of public affairs, was better fitted to choose such an officer as the President of the United States than the whole mass of the people. Moreover, the people themselves have changed, and have become in substance and in condition something that the “Fathers” did not dream of. States in which the vote of the mass of the citizens should be in the hands of negroes or of emigrants from the peasant class of Europe were not among the political conditions for which their foresight provided.

—THE great controlling fact in our politics is this one, so little regarded not only by the general public, but by men in active political life—the thorough change which has taken place in our society and in the attitude of the people toward the Government. As a consequence of this change, political power has passed almost entirely out of the hands of the class of men to whom the framers of our

Constitution intended to commit the administration of the Government which they called into being. It has fallen into those of men generally much inferior in cultivation and in position. And as we have already said, the very substance of the political constituency has changed. A suffrage practically universal and a controlling vote in one part of the country of emancipated negro slaves and in the other of uneducated foreign emigrants was not the political power to which Franklin, and Jefferson, and Hamilton and Adams, and their co-workers, supposed they were required to adapt their frame of government. And now no small part of our difficulty arises from the failure of a very large portion of our people, North as well as South, to perceive or at least fully to appreciate this change and its inevitable consequences. It is agreed by all students of political history, that the weakness of a written constitution lies in its inflexibility; and the error of many of our political managers lies in their failure to appreciate this truth and their assumption that the country is to be governed now just as it was in the days of Washington. But the fact is that such a condition of political affairs as now exists in South Carolina and in Louisiana would have been not only morally but physically impossible in the earlier years of the republic. “The people” in those States, and to a certain extent in all the States, but chiefly at the South, has not the same meaning that it had three-quarters of a century ago. Over the whole country the conditions of our political problem have changed; but most of all there; and the result is a strain upon our political institutions, and even upon our social institutions, which taxes their stability to the utmost. The present crisis is only inferior in its gravity to that which preceded the attempted secession; and now as then South Carolina takes the lead. But serious as the peril is, we shall pass through it safely. We did not emerge safely from the greater danger, to be overwhelmed by the less. Wisdom and firmness in the highest degree are demanded by the emergency; but wisdom and firmness will control it, and whatever measures may become necessary we may be sure that they will be fraught with no peril to our liberties, or to the

stability of our Government. The nervous apprehension exhibited by some people that any grave political disturbance and consequent manifestation of power on the part of the central Government is likely to end in a usurpation, and an enslavement of the American people, may be surely characterized, if not as weak, at least as unwarranted. Think of it coolly for a moment, and see how absurd it is. Any man born and bred in the United States ought to be ashamed to entertain such a notion for a moment. If we look back through the long and weary years of our civil war, we shall find that mistakes were made on the side of the arbitrary exercise of power, from which a few individuals suffered; but indefensible as some of these were, according to the strict letter of the law, we can now see their real harmlessness to the public as clearly as we see the error of those who committed them. At no time have our liberties been in less peril than when the President of the United States had under his absolute command an army larger than that ever actually controlled by any monarch (fables and exaggerations allowed for), and when the warrant of the Secretary of War would have lodged any man in a Federal fortress. We see now the folly of the vaticinations against the endurance of our liberty which were uttered by many foreign wiseacres and some weak-kneed natives. Whatever may come of our present trouble, let us not forget the lessons of our recent experience. In spite of any bugaboo we shall remain a Federal republic and a free people.

— ONE accompaniment of the singular result of the election has been sufficiently ridiculous—the daily reports of “the situation” as they appeared in the columns and at the doors of the Republican and Democratic newspapers. The phrase “to lie like a bulletin” has been justified to the fullest extent. On which side lay the deviation from truth it was impossible to say; but if one respectable journal’s assertions were true, the others surely were false. It was strange and laughable to read on one bulletin board, “Republican Victory! Election of Hayes! South Carolina and Florida ours by large majorities!” and then to find only a few yards off a no less flam-

ing announcement of “Democratic Triumph! Tilden elected! South Carolina and Florida give decided Democratic majorities!” And this was not only ridiculous, but somewhat incomprehensible. For the newspapers which made these flatly contradictory announcements at the same time and within short distances, all equally prided themselves on their reputation as purveyors of news—news that could be relied upon. Moreover, their means of obtaining news are pretty well known to the public and quite well to each other. True the “reliable gentleman,” and the “distinguished member of Congress,” figured somewhat largely as the sources of those very discrepant statements; and those persons are notoriously untrustworthy; even more so than the “intelligent contraband” of the war times. But after all it was a puzzle—unless, indeed, upon the assumption that these newspapers published each of them, not what they knew to be the fact, but what they thought their readers would like to be told; a theory not to be entertained for a moment. Nevertheless the facts as they presented themselves did seem to be worthy of some candid consideration by the journalistic mind; for to mere outsiders they seemed to point to the prudence and safety, to say the least, of more caution and reserve of assertion, with the certainty that the introduction of these new elements into the news department of journalism would tend to the elevation of the profession, and would beget a confidence in that department of our leading journals which it may perhaps be safely said does not exist in a very high degree at present. Possibly, however, the question may have presented itself in this form to the journalistic mind: “If we continue to announce victory for our own party, and it so turns out in the end, we are all right, and we shall have pleased our readers. If the contrary, we shall merely have to denounce the frauds of our opponents which have falsified the truth that we told, and we shall have pleased our readers all the same.” Ingenious gentlemen.

— AMONG the humors of the election is one so significant that it should not be allowed to pass by unrecorded. One

Irish "American" was describing to another the glories of a procession which had made night hideous to those not particularly interested in it; and he closed the glowing account by saying, "Oh, it wuz an illigent purroeshin intoirly! Div'l a naygur or a Yankee int' ut!" Doubtless this gentleman would think an election equally illigent in which neither a naygur nor a Yankee presumed to vote.

— THE period of the election excitement was marked also by the close of the great Centennial Exhibition, which must be regarded as a very great success, and which, we are pleased to record, proved far more successful pecuniarily than we anticipated that it would. Among the grand expositions of the world's industry this one stands alone, we believe, in its possession of a surplus over and above its enormous expenses. This, however, is but one witness to the admirable manner in which it was managed. But even if it had failed in this respect, as at first it seemed probable that it would, the money lost would have been well spent in producing the impression which it left upon all, or nearly all, of the intelligent foreigners whom it drew to Philadelphia. We happen to have heard some of these, who had not only been present at other exhibitions of the same kind in Europe, but had held the position of judges there, say that the Philadelphia exhibition was superior to all the others, not, it is true, in the beauty and value of the foreign articles exhibited, but in the native productions and in the arrangement, the system and discipline of the whole affair. The American machinery and tools elicited the highest admiration from qualified European judges. They found in them the results of a union of the highest scientific acquirement with a corresponding excellence of material and exactness in manufacture. All the tools used in the higher departments of mechanics elicited this expression of admiration, and with regard to those exhibited by two or three manufacturers the approbation was without qualification and in the highest terms. This result will be largely beneficial to our national reputation; for it was just in these respects, science, thoroughness, and ex-

actness, that our foreign critics were prepared to find us wanting.

— THE richness and variety of American slang is remarked upon by almost all English travellers, who, however, might find at home, in the language of high-born people, departures from purity quite as frequent and as great as those prevalent with us, although perhaps not so gross; for it must be confessed that most of our slang is coarse and offensive, at least in form. But the most remarkable American peculiarity in regard to slang, or indeed in regard to any new fangle in language, is the quickness with which it is adopted, and comes, if not into general use, into general knowledge. This readiness of adaptability to slang may, however, be attributed almost entirely to the reporters and correspondents, and "makers-up" of our newspapers, who catch eagerly at anything new in phraseology as well as in fact, to give a temporary interest to their ephemeral writing. Here, for example, is the word "bulldoze," the occasion of our remarks. A man who went on a journey to South America or to Europe four months ago would have departed in the depths of deplorable ignorance as to the very existence of this lovely word; returning now, he would find it in full possession of the newspapers—appearing in correspondence, in reports, in sensation headlines, and even in leading articles. Although to the manner born, he would be puzzled at the phraseology of the very newspaper which mingled itself with his earliest recollections and with his breakfast; for there he would find the new word in all possible forms and under all possible modifications: *bulldoze*, the noun, *to bulldoze*, the verb, *bulldozing*, the present participle, *bulldozed*, the past participle, and even, to the horror of the author of "Words and their Uses," and in spite of him, *being bulldozed*, "the continuing participle of the passive voice." Such a phenomenon in language is peculiar to this country. But notwithstanding the fears of the purists and the philologists, it does not threaten the existence of the English language here, nor is it at all likely to affect it permanently even by the addition of one phrase or word. For our use of slang of this kind is the most fleeting of temporary fashions. Such

slang passes rapidly into use and into general recognition, and passes as quickly out again. Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" is full of words of this kind—*locofoco*, for example—which lived their short lives, and then passed not only out of use, but out of memory. While they are in vogue, however, they deform our speech, and they tend to increase our habits of looseness in language; and they bring reproach upon us such as that with an allusion to which we began this item. For our reputation's sake, we should stop this; it subjects us with some reason to ridicule. But we shall not stop, because the men who could stop it—the editors—will not do so. Very few newspapers in the country—only two or three—are really edited as to the language used in them; and as to slang of this sort, it is regarded as something pleasant to the ears of the average reader, who is supposed to think it funny. This is enough. If the readers want it, the editors will furnish it; and so we may expect to be "bulldosed," or otherwise dosed with some like nauseous mess of language, until journalism has some other purpose than to pander to the lower cravings of the moment.

— It is said that in the schools for girls it is now becoming the fashion to teach the large angular handwriting which is commonly used by Englishwomen. The announcement is welcome and surprising in one respect; for it implies that writing is taught in schools, as to which an acquaintance with the chirography of the rising generation justly awakens some doubts. But as to the beneficial result of the adoption of the style in question, that is a matter of some uncertainty. This angular English hand is very elegant and lovely to look upon in a little note, particularly if it assures you of the fair writer's high regard, or asks you to dinner. But in fact it is so uncertain in its forms that sometimes it is quite difficult to tell which is meant, the high regard or the

dinner. We have heard of one case of deplorable uncertainty. A lady going out of town hastily on a short visit left a key upon her husband's table with a slip of paper on which was written in the new style a few words which after much toil and with the hint from the key, he deciphered and read as "Key of wine closet. Please put on gin-sling." He was amazed; for whatever his fondness might have been for gin-sling, it was not his habit to put it on the table. Wherefore he inferred that instead of "gin-sling" he should read "green seal," but there was none of that brand of champagne in the wine closet. Further investigation led him to adopt the reading, "please put on full swing." This, however, he abandoned as not exactly a feminine exhortation in that particular matter. Then for "gin-sling" he read "gunning," and "gun sing," and "grinning," all of course to be abandoned in their turn. Submitted to an expert, the elegant lines were pronounced to be unmistakably, "Key of trine closet. Recase pat on gnu eing," not a highly intelligible letter of instruction. Finally, in his perplexity, he remembered something that the lady had once said upon the subject of the danger of leaving the particular key in question lying about loose or even in an accessible drawer, and then it flashed upon him that the writing was, or was meant to be, "Key of wine closet. Please put on your ring." Hence it appears that the elegant English hand is very easily read when you know what the fair writer means to say. Observe, too, that the perplexity would have been obviated by the introduction of a much needed pronoun—*it*. If the lady had written, "Put it," etc., there would have been a guide out of the labyrinth. No small part of the obscurity found in writing arises from compression. It is better to take the trouble to write two words, and thereby be understood, than to write one, in angular Anglican elegance, and leave your reader in darkness.

THE GALAXY.

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ADMINISTRATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, from its commencement to its close, tested the strength of the Government and the capability of those who administered it. Disappointment, in consequence of no decisive military success during the first few months of the war, had caused a generally depressed feeling which begot discontent and distrust that in various ways found expression in Congress. Democrats complained more of the incapacity of the Executive than of the inefficiency of the generals, and the entire Administration was censured and denounced by them for acts which, if not strictly legal and constitutional in peace, were necessary and unavoidable in war. Republicans, on the other hand, were dissatisfied because so little was accomplished, and the factious imputed military delay to mismanagement and want of energy in the Administration. Indeed, but for some redeeming naval successes at Hatteras and Port Royal preceding the meeting of Congress in December, the whole belligerent operations would have been pronounced weak and imbecile failures. Conflicting views in regard to the slavery question in all its aspects prevailed; the Democrats insisting that fugitives should be returned to their masters under the provisions of law, as in time of peace. The Republicans were divided on this question, one portion

agreeing with the Democrats that all should be returned, another claiming that only escaped slaves who belonged to loyal owners, wherever they resided, should be returned; another portion insisted that there should be no rendition of servants of rebel masters, even in loyal or border States, who, by resisting the laws and setting the authorities at defiance, had forfeited their rights and all Governmental protection. Questions in regard to the treatment of captured rebels, and the confiscation of all property of rebels, were agitated. What was the actual condition of the seceding States, and what would be their status when the rebellion should be suppressed, were also beginning to be controverted points, especially among members of Congress. On these and other questions which the insurrection raised, novel, perplexing, and without law or precedent to guide or govern it, the Administration had developed no well defined policy when Congress convened in December, 1861, but it was compelled to act, and that in such a manner as not to alienate friends or give unnecessary offence, while maintaining the Government in all its Federal authority and rights for the preservation of the Union and the suppression of the rebellion.

The character and duration of the war, which many had supposed would be brief, was still undetermined. While affairs were in this uncertain and

inchoate condition, and the Administration had no declared policy on some of the most important questions, Congress came together fired with indignation and revenge for a war so causeless and unprovoked. A large portion of the members, exasperated toward the rebels by reason of the war, and dissatisfied with delays and procrastination, which they imputed chiefly to the Administration, were determined there should be prompt and aggressive action against the persons, property, institutions, and the States which had confederated to break up the Union. There was, however, little unity among the complaining members as to the mode and method of prosecuting the war. It was not difficult to find fault with the Administration, but it was not easy for the discontented to settle on any satisfactory plan of continuing it. The Democrats complained that the President transcended his rightful authority; the radical portion of the Republicans that he was not sufficiently aggressive; that he was deficient in energy and too tender of the rebels. It was at this period, after Congress had been in session two months, and opinions were earnest but diverse and factious, with a progeny of crude and mischievous schemes as to the conduct of affairs and the treatment of the rebels, that Senator Sumner, in the absence of a clearly defined policy on the part of the Administration, and while things were not sufficiently matured to adopt one, submitted his project for overthrowing the State governments and reducing them to a territorial condition, and with the subversion of their governments the abolition of slavery. It was the enunciation of a policy that was in conflict with the Constitution, and would change the character of the Government, but which he intended to force upon the Administration. Though a scheme devised by himself, it had in its main features the countenance of many and some able supporters.

President Lincoln had high respect

for Mr. Sumner, but was excessively annoyed with this presentation of the extreme, and, as he considered them, unconstitutional and visionary theories of the Massachusetts Senator, which were intended to commit the Government and shape its course. It was precipitating upon the Administration issues on delicate and deeply important subjects at a critical period—issues involving the structure of the Government and the stability of our Federal system. These questions might have to be ultimately met and disposed of, but it was requisite that they should be met with caution and deliberate consideration. The times and condition of the country were inauspicious for considerate statesmanship. The matters in dispute, the consequences and results of the war, were yet in embryo. There could be no union of sentiment on Senator Sumner's plan, nor any other at that period, in the free States, in Congress, or even in the Republican party. There were half a dozen factions to be reconciled or persuaded to act together. This plan was felt to be an element of discord, which, if it could not be finally averted, might in that gloomy period, when the country was threatened and divided, have been temporarily, at least, avoided. But Senator Sumner, though scholarly and cultured, was not always judicious or wisely discreet. The President, as he expressed himself, could not, in the then condition of affairs, afford to have a controversy with Sumner, but he so managed as to check violent and aggressive demands by quietly interposing delay and non-action.

In the mean time, while the subjects of slavery, reconstruction, and confiscation were being vehemently discussed, he felt the necessity of adopting, or at least proposing, some measure to satisfy public sentiment.

On the subject of confiscation there were differing opinions among the Republicans themselves, in Congress, which called out earnest debate. The Radicals, such as Thaddeus Stevens,

who were in fact revolutionists and intended that more should be accomplished by the Government than the suppression of 'the rebellion and the preservation of the Union, were for the immediate and unsparing confiscation of the property of the rebels by act of Congress without awaiting judicial proceedings. In their view and by their plan rebels, if not outlaws, were to be considered and treated as foreigners, not as American citizens; the States in insurrection were to be reduced to the condition of provinces; the people were to be subjugated and their property taken to defray the expenses of the war. Mr. Sumner, less crafty and calculating than Stevens, but ardent and impulsive, was for proceeding to extreme lengths; and, having the power, he urged that they should embrace "the opportunity which God in his beneficence had offered" to extinguish by arbitrary enactment slavery, and all claim to reserved sovereignty in the States; but Judge Collamer, calm and considerate, and other milder men were opposed to any illegal and unjustifiable enactment.

As is too often the case in high party and revolutionary times, the violent and intriguing were likely to be successful, until it came to be understood that the President would feel it obligatory to place upon the extreme and unconstitutional measures his veto. A knowledge of this and the attending fact, that his veto would be sustained, induced Congress to pass a joint resolution, modifying the act, expounding and declaring its meaning, instead of enacting a new and explicit law, which the judiciary, whose province it is, would expound and construe.

The President, in order not to be misunderstood when informing the House of Representatives that he had affixed his signature to the bill and joint resolution, also transmitted a copy of the message he had prepared to veto the act in its original shape, with his objections, in which he said that by a fair construction of the act

he considered persons "are not punished without regular trials, in duly constituted courts, under the forms and the substantial provisions of the law and the Constitution applicable to their several cases." It was apprehended at that time, and subsequent acts proved the apprehension well founded, that Congress or its radical leaders were disposed to assume and exercise not only legislative, but judicial and executive powers. Rebels were by Congress to be condemned and their property confiscated and taken without trial and conviction. Such was not the policy of the President, as was soon well understood; and to reconcile him and those who agreed with him, a provision was inserted that persons who should commit treason and be "*adjudged guilty thereof*" should be punished. But to prevent misconception from equivocal phraseology in a somewhat questionable act, he explicitly made known that "regular trials in duly constituted courts" were to be observed, and the rights of the executive and judicial departments of the Government maintained. This precaution, and the determination which he uniformly expressed to regard individual rights, and not to impose penalty or inflict punishment for alleged crimes, whether of treason or felony, until after trial and conviction, was not satisfactory to the extremists, who were ready to treat rebels as outlaws, and condemn them without judge or jury.

The Centralists in Congress, who were arrogating executive and judicial as well as legislative power, authorized the President, by special provision in this law, to extend pardon and amnesty on such occasions as he might deem expedient. This was represented as special grace and a great concession; but as the pardoning power is explicitly conferred on the President by the Constitution, the permission or authorization given by the act was entirely supererogatory. Congress could neither enlarge nor diminish the authority of the Executive in that re-

spect; but if the President acquiesced, and admitted the right of the legislative body to grant, it was evident the day was not distant that the same body, when dissatisfied with his leniency, would claim the right to restrain or prohibit. The ulterior design in this grant to the President of authority which he already possessed, and of which they could not legally deprive him, President Lincoln well understood, but felt it to be his duty and it was his policy to have as little controversy with Congress or any of the factions in that body as was possible, and he therefore wisely forebore contention.

On the slavery question, the alleged cause of secession and war, there were legal and perplexing difficulties which, in various ways, embarrassed the Administration, and in the disturbed condition of the country prevented, for a time, the establishment and enforcement of any decisive policy. By the Constitution and laws, slavery and property in slaves were recognized, and the surrender and rendition of fugitives from service to their owners was commanded; but in a majority of the seceding States the usurping governments and the rebel slave-owners were in open insurrection, resisting the Federal authority, defying it and making war upon it. Still there were many citizens in those States who were opposed to secession, loyal to the Federal Government, and earnest friends of the Union, who owned slaves. What policy could the Administration adopt in regard to these two classes of citizens in the same State? The fugitive slave law was not and could not be enforced in States where there was organized rebellion. Should fugitive slaves be returned to both, or either, or neither of the owners in insurrectionary States? There were moreover five or six border States, where slavery existed, which did not secede. The governments and a majority of the people of those States were patriotic supporters of the Union, but there was a large

minority in each of them who were violent enemies of the Government and of the Union. Many of them were serving in the rebel armies. For a time there was no alternative but to return slaves to their owners who resided in border States which had neither seceded nor resisted the Government. The Administration was not authorized to discriminate, for instance, between slave-owners on the eastern shore of the Potomac in the lower counties of Maryland and those on the western shore in Virginia. There were, however, no secessionists, through the whole South, more malignantly hostile to the Federal Union than a large portion of the slave-owners in the southern counties of Maryland; but the State not having seceded, and there being no organized resistance to the Government, masters who justified secession continued to reclaim their slaves, while on the opposite side of the river, in Virginia, slave-owners who claimed to be loyal or neutral, could not reclaim or obtain a restoration of their escaped servants. The Executive was compelled to act in each of these cases, and its policy, the dictate of necessity in the peculiar war that existed, was denounced by each of the disagreeing factions. Affairs were in this unsettled and broken condition when Congress convened at its second session in December, 1861. The action of the President in these conflicting cases as they arose, if not condemned, was not fully approved. Many, if not a majority, in Congress were undetermined what course to take. Democrats insisted that the laws must be obeyed in all cases, in war as in peace. The radical portion of the Republicans began to take extreme opposite grounds, and claim that the laws were inoperative in regard to slavery—that slavery was at all times inconsistent with a republican government, and should now be extinguished. Among the revolutionary resolutions of Senator Sumner of the 11th of February were some on the subject of slavery. Other but not

dissimilar propositions, antagonistic to slavery, found expression, increasing in intensity as the war was prolonged. While it was evident to most persons that one of the results of the insurrection would be, in some way or form, the emancipation of the slaves, there was no person who seemed capable of devising a constitutional, practical plan for its accomplishment, except by subjugation and violence. To these the President was unwilling to resort; yet the necessity of doing something that did not transcend the law, was morally right, and would tend to the ultimate freedom of the slaves was felt to be an essential and indispensable duty. Unavailing but seductive appeals continued in the mean time to be made by the secessionists to the people of the border slave States to unite with the further South for the security and protection of slavery, in which they had a common interest, and against which there was increasing hostility through the North. It was under these circumstances, with a large and growing portion of the North in favor of abolition—the slave States, including the border States, opposed to the measure and for the preservation of the institution—that the President was to prescribe a policy on which the government in the disordered state of the country was to be administered.

To surmount the difficulties, without setting aside the law, or giving just offence to any, the President, with his accustomed prudence and regard for existing legal rights, devised a course which, if acquiesced in by those most in interest, would, he believed, in a legal way open the road to ultimate, if not immediate, emancipation. Instead of assenting to the demands of the radical extremists that he should, by arbitrary proceedings, and in disregard of law and Constitution, decree freedom to all slaves, he preferred milder and more conciliatory measures. The authority or right of the national Government to abolish or interfere with an institution that was reserved and

belonged exclusively to the States, he was not prepared to act upon or admit, though entreated and urged thereto by sincere party friends, and also by party supporters, whose sincerity was doubtful.

There could be no excuse or pretext for such interference but the insurrection; and, even as a war measure, there were obstacles in the condition of the border slave States, to say nothing of loyal, patriotic citizens in the insurrectionary region, that could not be overlooked.

On the 6th of March, within less than three weeks after Senator Sumner had submitted his revolutionary resolution, for reconstruction, and a declaration that it is the duty of Congress "to see that everywhere in this extensive (secession) territory slavery shall cease to exist practically, as it has already ceased to exist constitutionally or morally," that President Lincoln, not assenting to the assumption, sent a message to Congress proposing a plan of voluntary and compensated emancipation. In this message he suggested that "the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt gradual abolishment of slavery, giving to each State pecuniary aid," etc., and he invited an interview upon the 10th of March, with the representatives of the border States, to consider the subject. They did not conclude at this interview to adopt his suggestions, and some of them were much incensed that the proposition had been made, believing it would alienate and drive many, hitherto rightly disposed, into secession.

Nevertheless, the fact that slavery was doomed, and had received a death blow from the war of secession, was so obvious, that the moderate and reflecting began seriously to consider whether they ought not to give the President's plan favorable consideration.

While the policy of voluntary emancipation, in which the States should be aided by the national Government, was not immediately successful, it

made such advance as, by the aid of the Federal Government, led to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The advocates of immediate, general, and forcible emancipation, if not satisfied with the conciliatory policy of the President, could not well oppose it.

Warm discussions in Congress, and altercations out of it, on most of the important questions growing out of the war, and particularly on those of confiscation, emancipation, and reconstruction, or the restoration of the States to their rightful position, and the reestablishment of the Union, were had during the whole of the second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress. All of these were exciting and important questions, the last involving grave principles affecting our federal system, and was most momentous in its consequences. As time and events passed on, the convictions and conclusions of the President became more clear and distinct as to the line of policy which it was his duty and that of the Administration to pursue.

Dissenting, wholly and absolutely, from the revolutionary views and schemes of Senator Sumner and those who agreed with him, the President became convinced, as the subject had been prematurely introduced and agitated, with an evident intent to forestall and shape the action of the Government, that the actual status of the rebel States and their true relation to the Federal Government should be distinctly understood. The resolution of Mr. Dixon, a gentleman of culture and intelligence, who, as well as Mr. Sumner, was a New England Senator, and also of the same party, was, it will be observed, diametrically opposed to the principles and the project of the Massachusetts Senator on the great, impending, and forthcoming subject of reconstruction. It was directly known that the President coincided with the Connecticut Senator in the opinion that all the acts and ordinances of secession were mere nullities, and should be so treated; that while such

acts might subject *individuals* to penalties and forfeitures, they did not in any degree affect the *States* as commonwealths, and their relations to the Federal Government; that such acts were rebellious, insurrectionary, and hostile on the part of the *persons* engaged in them, but that the *States*, notwithstanding the acts and conspiracies of individuals, were still members of the Federal Union, and that the loyal citizens of these States had forfeited none of their rights, but were entitled to all the protection and privileges guaranteed by the Constitution.

The theory and principles set forth in Senator Dixon's resolutions were the opinions and convictions of the President, deliberately formed and consistently maintained while he lived, on the subject of reconstruction and the condition of the States and people in the insurrectionary region. In his view there was no actual secession, no dismembering of the Union, no change in the Constitution and Government; the relative position of the States and the Federal Government were unchanged; the organic, fundamental laws of neither were altered by the sectional conspiracy; the whole people, North and South, were American citizens; each person was responsible for his own acts and amenable to law; and he was also entitled to the protection of the law, and the rights and privileges secured by the Constitution. The confiscation and emancipation schemes concerning which there was so much excitement in Congress were of secondary consideration to the all-absorbing one of preserving the Union.

The second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress closed on the 17th of July. Its proceedings had been confused and uneasy, with a good deal of discontented and revolutionary feeling, which increased toward the close. The decisive stand which the President had taken, and which he calmly, firmly, and persistently maintained against the extreme measures of some of the most prominent Republicans in Congress, was unsatisfactory.

It was insinuated that his sympathies on important measures had more of a Democratic than Republican tendency; yet the Democratic party maintained an organized and often unreasonable, if not unpatriotic, opposition.

Military operations, aside from naval success at New Orleans and on the upper Mississippi, had been a succession of military reverses. Disagreement between the Secretary of War and the General-in-Chief, which the President could not reconcile, caused the latter to be superseded after the disastrous result before Richmond. Dissensions in the army and among the Republicans in Congress, the persistent opposition of Democrats to the Administration, and the general depression that prevailed were discouraging. "In my position," said the President, "I am environed with difficulties." Friends on whom he felt he ought to be able to rely were dissatisfied with his conscientious scruples and lenity, and party opponents were unrelenting against the Administration.

A few days before Congress adjourned, the President made another but unsuccessful effort to dispose of the slavery question, by trying to induce the border States to take the initiative in his plan of compensated emancipation. The interview between him and the representatives of the border States, which took place on the 12th of July, convinced him that the project of voluntary emancipation by the States would not succeed. Were it commenced by one or more of the States, he had little doubt it would be followed by others, and eventuate in general emancipation by the States themselves. Failing in the voluntary plan, he was compelled, as a war necessity, to proclaim freedom to all slaves in the rebel section, if the war continued to be prosecuted after a certain date. This bold and almost revolutionary measure, which would change the industrial character of many States, could be justified on no other ground than as a war measure,

the result of military necessity. It was an unexpected and startling demonstration when announced, that was welcomed by a vast majority of the people in the free States. In Congress, however, neither this nor his project of compensated emancipation was entirely acceptable to either the extreme anti-slavery or pro-slavery men. The radicals disliked the way in which emancipation was effected by the President. But, carried forward by the force of public opinion, they could not do otherwise than acquiesce in the decree, complaining, however, that it was an unauthorized assumption by the Executive of power which belonged to Congress.

The opponents of the President seized the occasion of this bold measure to create distrust and alarm, and the result of the policy of emancipation in the election which followed in the autumn of 1862 was adverse to the Administration. Confident, however, that the step was justifiable and necessary, the President persevered and consummated it by a final proclamation on the 1st of January, 1863.

The fact that the Administration lost ground in the elections in consequence of the emancipation policy served for a time to promote unity of feeling among the members when Congress convened in December. The shock occasioned by the measure when first announced had done its work. The timid, who had doubted the necessity and legality of the act, and feared its consequences, recovered their equipoise, and a reaction followed which strengthened the President in public confidence. But the radical extremists, especially the advocates of Congressional supremacy, began in the course of the winter to reassert their own peculiar ideas and their intention of having a more extreme policy pursued by the Government.

Thaddeus Stevens embraced an early opportunity to declare his extreme views, which were radically and totally antagonistic to those of the Presi-

dent. But Stevens, whose ability and acquirements as a politician, and whose skill and experience as a party tactician were unsurpassed if not unequalled in either branch of Congress, made no open, hostile demonstration toward the President. He restricted himself to contemptuous expressions in private conversation against the Executive policy and general management of affairs. Without an attack on the President, whom he personally liked, the Administration was sneered at as weak and inefficient, of which little could be expected until a more aggressive and scathing policy was adopted. His personal intercourse with members and his talents and eloquence on the floor of the House gave him influence with the representatives on ordinary occasions, but his ultra radical and revolutionary ideas caused the calm and considerate to distrust and disclaim his opinions and his leadership. It was not until a later period, and under another Executive, less affable but not less honest and sincere than Mr. Lincoln, that the suggestions of Stevens were much regarded. When his disciples and adherents became more partisan and numerous, they, in order to give him power and consequence and reconcile their constituents, denominated him the "Great Com-moner."

If his political hopes and party schemes had been sometimes successful, his reverses and disappointments had been much greater. Many and severe trials during an active, embittered, and often unscrupulous partisan experience, had tempered his enthusiasm if they had not brought him wisdom. Defeats can hardly be said to have made him misanthropic; but having little philosophy in his composition, he vented his spleen when there was occasion on his opponents in ironical remarks that made him dreaded, and which were often more effective than arguments; but his sagacity and knowledge of men taught him that a hostile and open conflict with a chief

magistrate whose honesty even he respected, and whose patriotism the people so generally regarded, would be not only unavailing, but to himself positively injurious. He therefore conformed to circumstances; and while opposed to the tolerant policy of the Administration toward the rebels and the rebel States, he had the tact and address, with his wit and humor, to preserve pleasant social intercourse and friendly personal relations with the President, who well understood his traits and purpose, but avoided any conflict with him.

For the first five or six weeks of the third session of the Thirty-seventh Congress, Stevens improved his time in free and sarcastic remarks on the reconstruction policy of the Government, which he characterized as puerile and feeble, and at length, on the 8th of January, he gave utterance to his feelings, maintaining that "with regard to all the Southern States in rebellion, the Constitution has no binding influence or application." He averred that "in his opinion they were not members of the Union"; that "the ordinances of secession took them out of the Union"; that he "would levy a tax wherever he could upon these conquered provinces"; said he "would not only collect the tax, but he would, as a necessary war measure, take every particle of property, real and personal, life estate and reversion, of every disloyal man, and sell it for the benefit of the nation in carrying on this war."

Several members of Congress hastened to deny that these sentiments and purposes were those of the Republican party; this Mr. Stevens admitted. He said "a very mild denial from the pleasant gentleman from New York [Mr. Olin], and the somewhat softened and modified repudiation of the gentleman from Indiana" (Mr. Colfax), would, he hoped, satisfy the sensitive gentlemen in regard to him, and he "desired to say he did not speak the sentiments of this side of the House as a party"; that "for

the last fifteen years he [Stevens] had always been ahead of the party in these matters, but he had never been so far ahead but that the members of the party had overtaken and gone ahead; and they would again overtake him and go with him before the infamous and bloody rebellion was ended." "They will find that they must treat those States, now outside of the Union, as conquered provinces, and settle them with new men, and drive the present rebels as exiles from this country." "Nothing but extermination, or exile, or starvation, will ever induce them to surrender to the Government."

Not very consistent or logical in his policy and views, this subsequently Radical leader proposed to treat the Southern people sometimes as foreigners and at other times as rebel citizens; in either case he would tax, starve, and exile them—make provinces of their States, and overturn their old established governments. Few, comparatively, of the Republicans were at that time prepared to follow Stevens or adopt his vindictive and arbitrary measures. Shocked at his propositions, the "Great Commoner" had at that day few acknowledged adherents. When in vindication of his scheme it was asked upon what ground the collection of taxes could be enforced in the Southern States, Judge Thomas, one of the ablest and clearest minds of the Massachusetts delegation, said, "Upon this ground, that the authority of this Government at this time is as valid over those States as it was before the acts of secession were passed; upon the ground that every act of secession passed by those States is utterly null and void; upon the ground that every act legally null and void cannot acquire force because armed rebellion is behind it, seeking to uphold it; upon the ground that the Constitution makes us not a mere confederacy, but a *nation*; upon the ground that the provisions of that Constitution strike through the State government and reach directly, not intermediately, the

subjects. Subjects of whom? Of the nation—of the United States." "Who ever heard, as a matter of public law, that the authority of a government over its rebellious subjects was lost until that revolution was successful—was a fact accomplished?"

Shortly after the capture of New Orleans and the establishment of Federal authority over Louisiana, two of the Congressional districts of that State elected representatives to Congress. The admission or non-admission of these representatives involved the question of the political condition of the Southern States and people in the Federal Union, and the whole principle, in fact, of restoration and reconstruction.

The subject was long and deliberately considered and fully discussed in Congress. The committee on elections reported in favor of the admission, and Mr. Dawes of Massachusetts, the chairman, stated that "more than ordinary importance is attached to the consideration of this subject. It is not simply whether two gentlemen shall be permitted to occupy seats in this House. The question whether they shall be admitted involves the principles touching the present state of the country to which the attention of the House has more than once been called." He said, "The question now comes up, whether any reason exists that requires any departure from the rules and principles which have been adopted." "An adherence to these principles is vitally important in settling the question, how there is to be a restoration of this Union when this war shall be drawn to a close."

The subject of admitting these representatives and the principles of a restoration of the Union which their admission involved, was debated with earnestness for several days, and finally decided, on the 17th of February, in favor of admitting them, by a vote of ninety-two in the affirmative to forty-four in the negative.

An analysis of this vote, in view of the proceedings, acts, and votes of

many of the same members a few years subsequently, after Mr. Lincoln's death, presents some curious and interesting facts. It was not a strictly party vote. Among those who then favored the Administration policy of restoration were Colfax, Dawes, Delano, Fenton, Fisher of Delaware, Wm. Kellogg, J. S. Morrill of Vermont, Governor A. H. Rice of Massachusetts, Shellabarger, and others who opposed the restoration policy of President Lincoln after his death and the accession of President Johnson.

In the negative with Thaddeus Stevens were Ashley, Bingham, the two Conklings, Kelley, McPherson, and a few others. But when reconstruction or exclusion actually took place after the termination of the war, great changes occurred among the members of Congress, and Stevens, the "Great Commoner," who in 1863 had a following of less than one-third of the representatives, rallied, four years later, more than two-thirds to his standard against restoration and for subjugation and exclusion.

Mr. Stevens was no ordinary man. At the bar he was astute and eloquent rather than profound, but in the Legislature of Pennsylvania and in the management of the affairs of that State, where for a period he actively participated and was a ruling mind, he was often rash and turbulent, and had, not without cause, the reputation of being a not over scrupulous politician. Personally my relations with him, though not intimate, were pleasant and friendly. I was first introduced to him at Harrisburg in 1836, when he was a member of the convention that revised the Constitution of Pennsylvania. We occasionally met in after years. He expressed himself pleased with my appointment in Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, and, notwithstanding we disagreed on fundamental principles, he complimented my administration of the Navy Department, and openly and always sustained my positions, and particularly so on the subject of the blockade, on which there were differ-

ences in the Administration. In the Pennsylvania convention of 1836 he was probably the most eloquent speaker, but his ideas were often visionary and radical. He ultimately refused to sign the Constitution because the colored people were denied the elective franchise. Severe as he exhibited himself toward the rebels during and subsequent to the civil war, Mr. Stevens was not by nature, as might be supposed, inhuman in his feelings and sympathies toward his fellow men. To the colored race he seemed always more attached and tender than to the whites, perhaps because they were enslaved and oppressed. He was opposed to slavery, to imprisonment for debt, and to capital punishment. There were strange contradictions in his character. In his political career he had ardent supporters, though many who voted with him had not a high regard for his principles. His course and conduct in the Legislature and government of Pennsylvania did much to debauch the political morals of that State, and in the celebrated "buck-shot war" he displayed the bold and reckless disregard of justice and popular rights that distinguished the latter years of his Congressional life, when he became the acknowledged leader of the radical reconstruction party in Congress.

In his political career and management, though strongly sustained by a local constituency, he had experienced a series of disappointments. The defeat of John Quincy Adams, whom he greatly admired, in 1828, and the election of General Jackson, against whom his prejudices were inveterate, were to him early and grievous vexations.

The attempt of Mr. Adams on his retirement to establish a national anti-Masonic party was warmly seconded by Stevens, and with greater success in Pennsylvania than attended his distinguished leader in Massachusetts. The failure of the attempt was more severely felt by the disciple than by the master. After the annihilation of the anti-Masonic organization and the

discomfiture of the buck-shot war, Stevens was less conspicuous, though prominent for a few months in 1840, when he came forward as an earnest advocate of the nomination of General Harrison in that singular campaign which resulted in the General's election. His efficiency and zeal in behalf of both the nomination and election of the "hero of Tippecanoe" were acknowledged, and he and his friends anticipated they would be recognized and he rewarded by a seat in the Cabinet. But he had given offence to the great Whig leader of that day by his preference of Harrison for President, and had moreover an unsavory reputation, which, with the declared opposition of Clay and Webster, caused his exclusion. It was a sore disappointment, from which he never fully recovered. Eight years later, with the advent of General Taylor and the defeated aspirations of the Whig leaders, who had caused his exclusion from Harrison's Cabinet, he sought and obtained an election to the thirty-first Congress from the Lancaster district. In 1856 he strove with all his power to secure the Presidential nomination for John McLane of the Supreme Court, who had or professed to have had anti-Masonic tendencies. His ill success was another disappointment; but in 1859 he was again elected to Congress, and thereafter until his death he represented the Lancaster district.

Disappointments had made him splenetic, but he was not, as represented by his opponents on the two extremes, either a charlatan or a miscreant, though possibly not wholly exempt from charges against him in either respect. In many of his ultra radical and it may be truly said revolutionary views—revolutionary because they changed the structure of the Government—he coincided with Senator Sumner, who was perhaps the leading spirit in the Senate on the subject of reconstruction, but he did not, like the Massachusetts Senator, make any pretence that his project to subjugate the Southern people and reduce their States to the condition of provinces was constitutional, or by authority of the Declaration of Independence. President Lincoln well understood the characteristics of both these men, and, though differing from each on the subject of restoration and reconstruction, he managed to preserve friendly personal relations with both—retained their confidence, and while he lived secured their general support of his Administration. Herein President Lincoln exhibited those peculiar qualities and attributes of mind which made him a leader and manager of men, and enabled him in a quiet and unostentatious way to exercise his executive ability in administering the Government during the most troublesome period of our national history.

GIDEON WELLES.

ART'S LIMITATIONS.

THIS rich, rank Age—does it breed giants now—
 Dantes or Michaels, Raphaels, Shakespeares? Nay!
 Its culture is of other sort to-day.
 From the stanch stem (too ready to allow
 Growths that divide the strength that should endow
 The one tall trunk) who firmly lops away,
 With wise reserve, such shoots as lead astray
 The wasted sap to some collateral bough?

Had Dante chiselled stone, had Angelo
 Intrigued with courts, had Shakespeare dulled his pen
 With critic gauge of Chaucer, Drummond, Ben—
 What lack there were of that life-giving shade,
 Which these high-tower'd, centurial oaks have made,
 Where walk the happy nations to and fro!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

A LOVE STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

CONCLUSION.

THE events of the last chapter happened on the night of Friday, July 17, 1874. The following day, Saturday, broke calm, clear, and warm. Elmer awoke early, carefully looked out of a crack in his window curtain, and found that the chimney-builder's room was empty.

"The enemy has flown. I wonder if Alma is up?"

He uncovered a small telegraphic armature and sounder standing on the window-seat, and touched it gently. In an instant there was a response, and Alma replied that she was up and dressed and would soon be down.

She met him in the library, smiling, and apparently happy.

"Oh, Elmer, he has gone away. He left a note on the breakfast table, saying that he had gone to New York, and that he should not return till Monday or Tuesday."

"That's very good; but I think it means mischief."

Just here the breakfast bell rang. The table was set for four, but Alma and Elmer were the only ones who could answer the call, and they sat down to the table alone. They talked of various matters of little consequence, and when the meal was over Elmer announced that as the day was quiet, he should make a little photographing expedition about the neighborhood.

"My visit here is now more than a quarter over, and I wish to take home some photos of the place. Will you not go with me?"

"With all my heart, if I can leave father. But please not talk of going home yet. I hope you will not go till things are settled. We want you, Elmer. You are so wise and strong, and—you know what I mean."

"Perhaps I do. At any rate I'm not going till I have paid up that Belford for his insults."

"Oh, let's not talk of him to-day."

This was eminently wise. They had better enjoy the day of peace that was before them. The shadow of the coming events already darkened their lives, though they knew it not. Mr. Denny was so much better that he could spare Alma, and about ten o'clock she appeared, paper umbrella in hand, at the porch, and Elmer soon joined her bearing a small camera, and a light wooden tripod for its support.

The two spent the morning happily in each other's company, and at one o'clock returned to dinner with quite a number of negatives of various objects of interest about the place. After dinner the young man retreated to his room to prepare for the battle that he felt sure would rage on the following Monday.

He did not know all the circumstances of the trouble that had invaded the family, but he felt sure that the confidential clerk intended some terrible shame or exposure that in some way concerned his cousin Alma. So it was he came to call himself her Lohengrin, come to fight her battles, not with a sword, but with the telegraph, the camera, and the micro-lantern.

The Sabbath passed quietly, and the Monday came. After breakfast the student retreated to his room and tried to study, but could not.

About ten o'clock he heard a carriage of some kind stop before the house. His room being at the rear, he could not see who had come, and thinking that it might be merely some stray visitor, and that at least it did not concern him, he turned to his books and made another attempt to read.

After some slight delay he heard the carriage drive away, and the old house became very still. Then he heard a door open down stairs, and a moment after one of the maids knocked at his door.

"Would Mr. Franklin kindly come down stairs? Mr. Denny wished to see him in the library."

He would come at once; and picking up a number of unmounted photographs from the table, he prepared to go down stairs. He hardly knew why he should take the pictures just then. There seemed no special reason why he should show them to Mr. Denny; still, an indefinite feeling urged him to take them with him.

The library was a small room, dark, with heavy book shelves against the walls, and crowded with tables, desk, and easy chairs. There was a student lamp on the centre table, and in a corner stood a large iron safe. Mr. Denny was seated at the table with his back to the door, and with his head supported by his hand and arm. He did not seem to notice the arrival of his visitor, and Elmer advanced to the table and laid the photographs upon it.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Franklin. I wish to talk with you. I wish to tell you something. A great affliction has fallen upon us, and I wish you, as our guest, to be prepared for it. I think I can trust you, Elmer Franklin. I remember your mother, my boy. You have her features—and I will trust you for her sake. We are ruined."

"How, sir? How is that possible, with all your property?"

"Not one cent of my property—not a foot of ground, or a single brick, or piece of shafting in the mills—belongs to me."

"This is terrible, sir. How did it happen?"

"It is a short and sad story. I was my father's only child, and there were no other heirs. My father's last illness was very sudden, and he left no will. He told me when he died that he had left everything to me. We

never found any will that would bear out this assertion. However, the ordinary process of law gave me the property, and I thought myself secure. Suddenly a will was found, in which all the property was left to a distant relative in New York, and I was merely mentioned with some trifling gift. I contested the will and lost the case. It was an undoubted will, and in my father's own handwriting, and dated more than a year before he died and when I was rustivating from college. I thought I must needs sow my wild oats, and day after to-morrow I pay for them all by total beggary. The devisee, by the will, acted very strangely about the property. He did not disturb me for a very long time. He probably feared to do so; and then he made a mortgage of one hundred thousand dollars on the property, took the money, and went abroad."

"And he left you here in possession?"

"Yes. The interest on the mortgage became due. There was no one to pay it, and they even had the effrontery to come to me. I refused again and again, and every time the interest was added to the mortgage till it rolled up to an enormous amount. Meanwhile the devisee died, penniless, in Europe, and on Wednesday Abrams, the lawyer who holds the mortgage, is to take possession of everything—and we—we are to go—I know not whither."

For a few moments there was a profound silence in the room. The elder man mourned his dreadful fate, and the son of science was ready to shout for joy. Restraining himself with an effort, he said, not without a tremor in his voice:

"And have you searched for any other will?"

"That is an idle question, my son. We have searched these years. Then, too, just as I need a staff for my declining years, it breaks under me."

"You refer to Mr. Belford, sir?"

"Yes. Since I injured my foot in the mill, I have trusted all my affairs

to him, and now I sometimes think he is playing me false. Even now, when all this trouble has come upon me, he is absent, and I have no one to consult, nor do I find any to aid or comfort me."

"Perhaps I can aid you, sir."

"I do not know. I fear no one can avail us now."

"May I be very frank with you, sir?"

"Certainly. I am past all pride or fear. There can be nothing worse now."

"I think, sir, you have placed too much confidence in that man. He is not trustworthy."

"How do you know? Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir. You remember the new chimney?"

"Yes; but he explained that, and collected all the money that had been paid on the supposed extra height of the chimney."

"That was very easy, sir, for he had it in his own pocket. I met some of the work people in the village, and casually asked them how high the chimney was to be, and every man gave the real height. Mr. Belford lied to you about it, and pocketed the difference between his measurements and mine. Of course, when detected he promptly restored the money, and thought himself lucky to have escaped so easily. More than that, he claimed that the chimney was capped with stone. It is not. It is brick to the top, and the upper courses were rubbed over with colored plaster."

"I can hardly believe it. Besides, how can you prove it?"

"That will, sir. Look at it carefully."

So saying, Elmer selected a photograph from those on the table and presented it to Mr. Denny.

The old gentleman looked at it carefully for a few moments, and then said with an air of conviction—

"It is a perfect fraud. I had no idea that the man was such a thief."

"Yes, sir. Look at that bare place

where the plaster has fallen off. You can see the brick——"

"Oh, I can see. There is no need to explain the picture. Have you any more?"

"Yes, sir; quite a number. I'm glad I brought them with me."

Mr. Denny turned them over slowly, and commented briefly upon them.

"That's the house. Very well done, my boy. That's the mill. Excellent. I should know it at once. And—eh! what's that? The batting mill?"

"Yes, sir. That's the new building going up beyond the millpond."

"Great heavens! What an outrageous fraud! Mr. Belford told me it was nearly done. He has drawn almost all the money for it already, and according to this picture only one story is up. When was this picture taken?"

"On Saturday, sir. Alma was with me. She will tell you."

Mr. Denny rang a small bell that stood at his elbow, and a maid came to the door.

"Will you call Miss Denny, Anna?"

The maid retired, and in a moment or two Alma appeared. She seemed pale and dejected, and she sat down at once as if weary.

"What is it, father? Any new troubles?"

"Were you with your cousin when he took this photograph?"

She looked at it a moment, and then said wearily:

"Yes. It's the batting mill."

Just here the door opened, and Mr. Belford, hat and travelling bag in hand, as if just from the station, entered the room. The two men looked up in undisguised amazement, but Alma cast her eyes upon the floor, and her face seemed to put on a more ashen hue than ever.

"Ah! excuse me. I did not mean to intrude. I'm just from New York, and I have been so successful that I hastened to lay the news before you."

"What have you to say, Mr. Belford," said Mr. Denny coldly. "There

are none but friends here, and you need not fear to speak."

Mr. Franklin hastily gathered up the pictures together, and rolling them up, put them in his pocket, with the mental remark that he "knew of one who was not a friend—no, not much."

"I have arranged everything," said Mr. Belford, with sublime audacity. "The note has been taken up. I have even obtained a release of the mortgage, and here is the cancelled note and the release. To-morrow I will have it recorded."

"We are in no mood for pleasantry, Mr. Belford. The sheriff was here to-day, and Abrams is to take possession on Wednesday."

"Oh, I knew that. He did not get my telegram in time, or he would have saved you all this unnecessary annoyance. And now everything is all serene, and there is Abrams's release in full."

He took out a carefully folded paper, and gave it to Mr. Denny. He read it in silence, and then said:

"It seems to be quite correct. We——"

Alma suddenly dropped her head upon her breast, and slid to the floor in a confused heap. She thought she read in that fatal receipt her death warrant. Nature rebelled, and mercifully took away her senses.

Elmer sprang to her rescue, but Mr. Belford intruded himself.

"It is my place, Mr. Franklin. She is to be my wife."

The dreary day crept to its end. Alma recovered, and retired to her room. Mr. Denny, overcome by the excitement of the interview, was quite ill, and the visitor, oppressed with a sense of partial defeat, took a long walk through the country. The enemy had made such an extraordinary movement that for the time he was disconcerted, and he wished to be alone, that he could think over the situation. About six o'clock in the afternoon he returned looking bright and calm, as if he had thought out his

problem and had nerved himself up to do and dare all in behalf of the woman he loved. He went quietly to his room and began his preparations for a vigorous assault upon the enemy.

He rolled out his micro-lantern into the middle of the room, drew up the curtains at the window that faced Mr. Belford's chamber, and prepared to adjust the apparatus to a new and most singular style of lantern projections. He had hardly finished the work to his satisfaction before he heard Alma's knock at the door. He hastily drew down the curtains, and then invited her to come in.

She opened the door and appeared upon the threshold, the picture of resigned and heavy sorrow. She had evidently been weeping, and the dark dress in which she had arrayed herself seemed to intensify the look of anguish on her face. The son of science was disconcerted. He did not know what to say, and, with great wisdom, he said nothing.

She entered the room without a word, and sat wearily down on a trunk. Elmer quickly rolled out the great easy chair so that it would face the open western window.

"Sit here, Miss Denny. This is far more comfortable."

"Oh, Elmer! Have you too turned against me?"

"Not knowingly. Sit here where there is more air, and before this view and this beautiful sunset."

She rose, and with a forlorn smile took the great chair, and then gazed absently out of the window upon the charming landscape, brilliant with the glow of the setting sun. Elmer meanwhile went on with his work, and for a little space neither spoke. Then she said, with a faint trace of impatience in her voice—

"What are you doing, Elmer?"

"Preparing for war."

"It is useless. It is too late."

"Think so?"

"Yes. Everything has been settled, and in a very satisfactory manner—at

least father is satisfied, and I suppose I ought to be."

She smiled and held out her hand to him.

"How can I ever thank you, cousin Elmer? You will not forget me when I am gone."

"Forget you, Alma! That was unkind."

He took her hand, glanced at the diamond ring upon her finger, and looking down upon her as she lay half reclining in the great chair, he said, with an effort, as if the words pained him:

"Alma, you have surrendered to him."

She looked up with a startled expression, and said:

"What do you mean?"

"You have renewed your engagement with Mr. Belford?"

"Yes—of course I have. He—he is to be my husband——"

"On Wednesday."

"Yes. How did you know it?"

Instead of replying he turned to a drawer and drew forth a long ribbon of white paper. Holding it to the light, near the window, he began to read the words printed in dots and lines upon it.

"Here is your own confession. Here are all the messages you sent me from the parlor, when you broke your engagement with him——"

"Oh, Elmer! Did you save that? Destroy it—destroy it at once. If he should find it, he would never forgive me."

"You need not fear. I shall not destroy it, and it shall never cause you any trouble."

She had risen in her excitement, and stood upon her feet. Suddenly she flushed a rosy red, and a strange light shone in her eyes. The sun had sunk behind the hills, and it had grown dark. As the shadows gathered in the room a strange, mystic light fell on the wall before her. A picture—dim, ghostly, gigantic, and surpassingly beautiful—met her astonished eyes. She gazed at it with a beating

heart, awed into silence by its mystery and its unearthly aspect. What was it? What did it mean? By what magic art had he conjured up this vision? She stood with parted lips gazing at it, while her bosom rose and fell with her rapid, excited breathing. Suddenly she threw her arms above her head, and with a cry fell back upon the chair.

"Oh, Elmer! My heart——"

He had been gazing absently out of the window at the fading twilight, and hearing her cry of pain, he turned hastily and said:

"Alma, what is it? Are you——"

He caught sight of the picture on the wall. He understood it at once, and went to the stereopticon that stood at the other end of the room and opened it. The lamp was burning brightly, and he put it out and closed the door. Then he drew out the glass slide, held it a moment to the light to make sure that it was Alma's portrait, and then he kissed it passionately, and shivered it into fragments upon the hearthstone.

She heard the breaking glass, and rose hastily and turned toward him.

"Elmer, that was cruel. Why did you destroy it?"

"Because it told too much."

"It was my picture?"

"Yes. I confess with shame that I stole it when you were asleep under the influence of the gas I gave you. It happened to be in the lantern when you came in."

"And so I saw it pictured on the wall?"

"Yes. In that way did it betray me. Forget it, Alma. Forget me. Forget everything. Forget that I ever came here——"

"No—never. I cannot."

"You will be married soon and go away. I presume we may never meet again."

"Oh, Elmer, forgive me. I am the one to be forgiven. I am alone to blame for all this sorrow. I thought I alone should suffer. But—but, Elmer, you will not forget me, and you see—

you must see that what I do is for the best. It is the only way. I cannot see my father beggared."

The clear-headed son of science seemed to be losing his self-control. This was all so new, so exciting, so different from the calm and steady flow of his student life, that he knew not what to say or do. He began to turn over his books and papers in a nervous manner, as if trying to win back control of his own tumultuous thoughts. Fortunately Alma came to his rescue.

"Elmer, hear me."

"Yes," he said with an effort. "Tell me about it; then perhaps we can understand each other better."

"I will. Come and sit by me. It grows dark, and I—well, it is no matter. It will do me good to speak of it."

"Yes, do. Sorrow shared is divided by half."

"And joy shared is doubled," she added. "But we will not talk of 'the might have been.'"

Then she paused and looked out on the gathering night for some minutes in silence. Elmer sat at her feet upon a low stool, and waited till she should speak.

"Elmer, say that you will forgive me whatever happens. No matter how dark it looks for me, forgive me—and—do not forget me. I couldn't bear that. On Wednesday I am to be married to Mr. Belford. It is the only way by which I can save my father. There seems no help for it, and I consented this afternoon. Mr. Belford took up the mortgage, and I am to be his reward."

Elmer heard her through in silence, and then he stood up before her, and his passion broke out in fury upon her.

"Alma Denny, you are a fool."

She cowered before him, and covered her face with her hands.

"Have you no sense? Can you not see the wide pit of deceit that is spread before you? Do you believe what he says? Will you walk into perdition to save your father?"

"Oh, Elmer! Elmer! Spare me, spare me, for my father's sake!"

Her sobs and tears choked her utterance, and she shrank away into the depths of the chair, in shame and terror, thankful that the darkness hid her from his view. Still his righteous indignation blazed upon her hotly.

"Where have you lived? What have you done, that you should be so deceived by this man? How can you save your father? If you cannot find that missing will, of what avail is this withdrawal of the mortgage?"

"I do not know. Oh, Elmer! I am weak, and I have no mother, and father is—— I must save him if I can—at any price."

"You cannot save him. The devisee who held the will has heirs. They can still claim the property. Besides, how could Mr. Belford pay off that mortgage? Depend upon it, a gigantic fraud——"

"Elmer! Thank God, you have saved——"

She fainted quietly away, and slid down upon the floor at his feet. He called two of the maids, and with their help he took her to her room and placed her upon her own bed. Then, bidding them care for her properly, he returned to his own room, and the heavy night fell down on the sorrowful house.

Far away in the northwest climbed up a ragged mass of sombre clouds. Afar off the deep voice of the thunder muttered fitfully. The son of science drew up his curtains and looked out on the coming storm. There was a solemn hush and calm in the air. Nature seemed resting, and nerving herself for the warfare of the elements.

He too had need of calm. He drew a chair to the window, and sitting astride of it, he rested his arms upon the back, and his chin upon his folded hands, and for an hour watched the lightning flash from ragged cloud to ragged cloud, and gave himself to deep and anxious thought. The thunder grew nearer and nearer. The dark veil of clouds blotted out the

stars one by one. The roar of the water falling over the dam at the mill seemed to fill all the air with its murmur. Every leaf and flower hung motionless.

He heard the village clock strike nine, with loud, deep notes that seemed almost at hand. Every nerve of his body seemed strung to electric tension, and all nature tuned to a higher pitch as if dark and terrible things were abroad in the night.

He heard a sound of closing blinds and windows. The servants were shutting up the house, and preparing it for the storm.

One of them knocked at his door, and asked if she should come in and close his windows.

He opened the door, thanked her, and said he would attend to it himself. As he closed the door and stepped back into the room, he stood upon something and there was a little crash. Thinking it might be glass, he lit a candle and looked for the broken object, whatever it might be.

It was Alma's engagement ring, broken in twain. It had slipped from her nerveless finger when they took her to her room. With a gesture of impatience, he picked up the fragments, and threw them, diamond and all, out of the window into the garden below.

Then for another hour he sat alone in the darkness of his room, watchful and patient. He drew up the curtain toward Alma's room. There was a light there, and he sat gazing at her white curtain till the light was extinguished. The other lights were all put out one after the other, and then it became very still.

The clock struck ten. The gathering storm climbed higher up the western sky. The lightning flashed brighter and brighter. There was a sigh in the tree tops as if the air stirred uneasily.

Suddenly there was another light. Mr. Belford's curtain was brightly illuminated by his candle. Elmer moved his chair so that he could

watch the window, and waited patiently till the light was put out. Then he saw the curtain raised and the window drawn down.

"All right, my boy! That's just what I wanted. Nemesis has a clear road, and her shadowy sword shall reach you. Now for the closed circuit alarm."

He silently pulled off his shoes, and then, with the tread of a cat, he felt about his room till he found on the table two delicate coils of fine insulated wire, and a couple of tacks. Carefully opening the door, he crept down stairs and through the hall to the door of the library. The door was closed, and kneeling down on the mat he pushed a tack into the door near the jamb and stuck the other in the door post. From one to another he stretched a bit of insulated wire. Then, aided by the glare of the flashes of lightning, that had now grown bright and frequent, he laid the wires under the mat and along the floor to the foot of the stairs. Then in his stockinged feet he crept upward, dropping the wires over into the well of the stairway as he went. In a moment or two the wires were traced along the floor of the upper entry and under the door into his room. Here they were secured to a small battery, and connected with a tiny electric bell that stood on the mantle shelf. To stifle its sound in case it rang, he threw his straw hat over the bell, and then he felt sure that at least one part of his work was done.

Louder and louder rolled the thunder. The lightning flashed brightly and lit up the bare, mean little room where the wretch cowered and shivered in the bed, sleepless and fearful he knew not why. He feared the storm and the night. He feared everything. His guilty heart made terrors out of the night and nature's healthful workings. The very storm, blessed harbinger of clearer days and sweeter airs, terrified him.

There was a sound of rushing wind in the air. A more vivid flash blinded

him. He sat up in bed and stopped his coward ears to drown the splendid roll of the thunder. Another flash seemed to fill the room.

Ah ! What was that ? His eyes seemed to start from their sockets in terror.

There, written in gigantic letters of fire upon the wall, glowed and burned a single word :

FRAUD !

He stared at it and rubbed his eyes. It would not be winked out. There was a loud crash of thunder and a furious dash of rain against the window ; then another blinding stroke of lightning. He drew the clothing over his head in abject terror. Again the thunder rolled as if in savage comment on the writing on the wall.

It was a mistake, a delusion. He would face the horrid accusation.

It was gone, and in its place was a picture. It seemed the top of—

Ah ! It was that chimney. Already the false stucco had fallen off, and there, pictured upon his wall in lines of fire, were the evidences of his fraud and crime.

He sprang from the bed with an oath and looked out of the window. Darkness everywhere. The beating rain on the window pane ran down in blinding rivulets. A vivid flash of lightning illuminated the garden and the house. Not a living thing was stirring. He turned toward the bed. The terrible picture had gone. With a muttered curse upon his weak, disordered nerves, he crept into bed and tried to sleep.

Suddenly the terrible writing glowed upon the wall again, and he fairly screamed with fright and horror :

MURDER !

He writhed and turned upon the bed in mortal agony. He stared at the letters of the awful word with ashen lips and chattering teeth. What hideous dream was this ? Had his rea-

son reeled ? Could it play him phantom tricks like this ? Or was it an avenging angel from heaven writing his crimes upon the black night ?

"Great God ! What was that ?"

The writing disappeared, and in its place stood a picture of his wretched victim and himself. Her fair, innocent face looked down upon him from the darkness, and he saw his own form beside her.

He raved with real madness now. Great drops of perspiration gathered on his face. He dared not face those beautiful eyes so calmly gazing at him. Where had high Heaven gained such knowledge of him ? How could God punish him with such awful cruelty ?

"Hell and damnation have come," he screamed in frantic terror. The thunder rolled in deep majesty, and none heard him. The wind and rain beat upon the house, and his ravings disturbed no one.

"Take it away ! Take it away !" he cried in sheer madness and agony.

It would not move. The lightning only made the picture more startling and awful. The sweet and beautiful face of Alice Green lived before him in frightful distinctness, and his very soul seemed to burn to cinder before her serene, unearthly presence.

It was her ghost revisiting the earth. Was it to always thus torment him ?

"Thank God ! It has gone."

The room became pitch dark, and he fell back upon the pillow in what seemed to him a bloody sweat. He could not sleep, and for some time he lay trembling on the bed and trying to collect his senses and decide whether he was in possession of his reason or not.

Suddenly there was a flash of light, and a new vision sprang into existence before him.

An angel in long white robes seemed to be flying through the air toward him, and above her head she held a sword. Beneath her feet was the word "NEMESIS !" in letters of glowing fire.

The poor wretch rose up in bed, kneeled down upon the mattress, and facing the gigantic figure that seemed to float in the air above him, cried aloud in broken gasps.

"Pardon ! For—Christ——"

He threw up his arms and screamed in delirious terror.

The angel advanced through the air toward him and grew larger and taller. She seemed ready to strike him to the ground—and she was gone.

He fell forward flat on his face, and tears gushed from his eyes in torrents. For a while he lay thus moaning and crying, and then he rose, staggered to the wash basin, bathed his face with cold water, and crept shivering and trembling into bed.

The storm moved slowly away. The lightning grew less frequent, and the thunder rolled in more subdued tones. The wind subsided, but the rain fell steadily and drearily. One who watched heard the clock strike twelve and then one.

Slowly the laggard hours slipped away in silence. The rain fell in monotonous showers. The darkness hung like a pall over everything.

The wretch in his bed tossed in sleepless misery. He hardly dared look at the blackness of the night, for fear some new vision might affright him with ghostly warnings. What had he better do ? Another night in this haunted room would drive him insane. Had he not better fly—leave all and escape out of sight in the hiding darkness ? Better abandon the greater prize, take everything in reach, and fly from scenes so terrible.

He rose softly, dressed completely, took a few essentials from his table, did them up in a bundle, and then like a cat he crept out of the room, never to return. The house was pitch dark and as silent as a tomb. He had no need of a light, and, feeling his way along with his hands on the wall, he stole down stairs and through the hall till he reached the library door. With cautious fingers he turned the

handle in silence and pushed the door open. It seemed to catch on the threshold, but it was only for an instant, and then he boldly entered the room.

Placing his bundle upon the table, he took out a small bunch of keys, and with his hands outstretched before him he felt for the safe. It was easily found, and then he put in the key, unlocked the door, and swung it open. With familiar fingers he pulled out what he knew were mere bills and documents, and then he found the small tin box in which—

A blinding glare, an awful flash of overpowering light blazed before him. His eyes seemed put out by its bewildering intensity, and a little scream of terror escaped from his lips. A hand seized him by the collar and dragged him over backward upon the floor. The blazing, burning light filled all the room with a glare more terrible than the lightning. He recovered his sight, and saw Nemesis standing above him, revolver in hand, and with a torch of magnesium wire blazing in horrid flames above his head.

"Stir hand or foot, and—you understand. There are six chambers, and I'm a good shot."

"Let me up, you fool, or I'll kill you."

"Oh ! You surprise me, Mr. Belford. I thought it was a common robber."

"No, it is not—so lower your pistol."

"No, sir. You may rise, but make the slightest resistance, and I'll blow your brains into muddy fragments. Sit in that chair, and when I've secured you properly, I'll hear any explanation you may make. Your conduct is very singular, Mr. Belford, to say the least. That's it. Sit down in the arm chair. Now I'm going to tie you into it, and on the slightest sign of resistance I shall fire."

The poor, cowed creature sank into the chair, and the son of science placed his strange lamp upon the

table. With the revolver still in hand, he procured a match and lit a candle on the table. Then he extinguished his torch, and the overpowering light gave place to a more agreeable gloom. Then he took from his pocket a tiny electric bell and a little battery made of a small ink bottle. Then he drew forth a small roll of wire, and securing one end to the battery, with the revolver still in hand, he walked round the chair three times, and bound the thief into it with the slender wire.

"Stop this fooling, boy! Lower your revolver, and let me explain matters."

"No, sir. When I have you fast so that you can do no harm, I talk with you—not before. Hold back your head. That's it. Rest it against the chair while I draw this wire over your throat."

"For God's sake, stop! Do you intend to garrote me?"

"No. Only I mean to make you secure."

"This won't hold me long. I'll break your wires in a flash, you little fool."

"No, you will not. The moment the wire is parted that bell will ring, and I shall begin firing, and keep it up till you are disabled or dead."

The man swore savagely, but the cold thread of insulated wire over his throat thrilled his every nerve. It seemed some magic bond, mysterious, wonderful, and dreadful. This cool man of science was an angel of awful and incomprehensible power. His lamp of such mystic brilliance and that battery quite unnerved his coward heart. What awful torture, what burning flash of lightning might not rend him to blackened fragments if the wires were broken! To such depths of puerile ignorance and terror did the wretch sink in his guilty fancy. He dared not move a muscle lest the wire break. The very thought of it filled him with unspeakable agony. The son of science placed himself before his prisoner. With the revolver at easy rest, he said:

"Mr. Belford, I am going to call help. Do not move while I open the door."

In mortal terror the wretch turned his head round to see what was going on. He managed to get a glimpse of the room without breaking the wire round his throat, and he saw the young man stoop to the floor at the door and pick up something. Then he made some strange and rapid motions with the fingers of his right hand, while the left still steadied the revolver.

For several minutes nothing happened. The two men glared at each other in silence, and then there was a sound of opening doors. One closed with an echoing slam that resounded strangely through the old house, and then there were light footsteps in the hall.

"Oh! Elmer! What is it? What has happened?"

"Nothing very serious—merely a common burglar. I called you because I wished help."

"Yes, I heard the bell, and I read your message in my room by the sound. I dressed as quickly as possible. Is there no danger?"

"No. Stand back. Do not come into the room. Call the men, and let them wake the gardener and his son. You yourself call your father, and bid him dress and come down at once. And, Alma, keep cool and do not be alarmed. I need you, Alma, and you must help me."

Then the house was very still, and the watcher paced up and down before his prisoner in silence. There came a hasty opening of doors, and excited steps and flaring lamps in the hall.

"Tis the young doctor. Oh! By mighty! Here's troubles!"

"Quiet, men! Keep quiet. Come in. He cannot hurt you."

The three men, shivering and anxious, peered into the room with blanched faces and chattering teeth.

"Have you a rope?"

The calm voice of the speaker reassured them, and all three volunteered to go for one.

"No. One is enough. And one of you had better go to Mr. Denny's room and help him down stairs. You, John, may stop with me."

"Gods! Sir, he will spring at me!"

"Never you fear. He's fastened into the chair. Besides——"

"Ay, sir, you've the little pet! That's the kind o' argument."

"It is a rather nice weapon—six-shooter—Colt's."

Presently, with much clatter, the gardener's son brought a rope, and then, under Mr. Franklin's directions, they bound the man in the chair hand and foot.

A moment after they heard Mr. Denny's crutch stalking down the stairs, and Alma's voice assuring him that there was indeed no danger—no danger at all.

"What does this mean, Mr. Franklin!" said the old gentleman as he came to the door.

"Burglary, sir.. That is all. You need fear nothing. We have secured the man."

Mr. Denny entered the room leaning on Alma's arm. He saw the open safe and the papers strewed upon the floor, and he lifted his hand and shook his head in alarm and trouble.

"A robbery! Would they ruin me utterly? Where is the villain?"

"There, sir."

Alma turned toward the man in the chair, and clung to her father in terror. The old man lifted his crutch as if to strike.

"My curse be upon you and yours."

"Oh, father, come away. Leave the poor wretch. Perhaps he has taken nothing."

The men gathered round in a circle, and Elmer drew near to Alma. She felt his presence near her, and involuntarily put out her hand to touch him.

"My curse fall on you! Who are you? What have I done to you—you—viper?"

The man secured in the chair, and with the wire drawn tightly over his throat, replied not a word.

Elmer advanced toward him, and Alma, with a little cry, tried to hinder him.

"Do not fear. He cannot move. I will release his head, and perhaps you will recognize him."

The wire about his throat was loosened, and the wretch lifted his head into a more comfortable position.

"Ah!"

"Great Heavens! It is Mr. Belford!"

"Yes, sir," said he. "I forgot to put away some papers, and I came down to secure them, and while I was here that wretch surprised me, threatened to murder me, and finally overpowered me and bound me here as you see. If you will ask him to release me, I will get up and explain everything."

"It's a lie," screamed Mr. Denny, lifting his crutch. "I don't believe you—you thief—you robber! It's a lie!"

"Oh, father!" cried Alma. "Release him—let him go. He will go away then, and leave us. He has done wrong; but let him go. It must be some awful mistake—some——"

"No! Never! never! ne—v——"

The word died away on his lips, for on the instant there was a loud ring at the hall door. They all listened in silence. Again the importunate bell pealed through the echoing house.

"It is some one in distress," said Elmer. "John, do you take a light and go to the door. Ask what is wanted before you loose the chain, and tell them to go away unless it is a case of life or death."

They listened in breathless interest to the confused sounds in the hall. There was a moving of locks, and then rough voices talking in suppressed whispers. The candles flared in the cold draught of wind that swept into the room, and the sound of the rain in the trees filled the air. Then the door closed, and John returned, and in an excited whisper said:

"It's Mr. Jones, the sheriff."

At this word Mr. Belford struggled

with his bonds, and in a broken voice he cried:

"Oh, Mr. Denny, spare me! Let me not be arrested. I will restore every——"

"Silence, sir!" said Elmer. "Not a word till you are spoken to. What does he want, John?"

"He says he must see Mr. Denny. It's very important—and, oh, sir, he's a'most beside himself, and I wouldn't let him in."

"Call him in at once," said Mr. Denny. "It is a most fortunate arrival. The very man we want."

John returned to the hall, and in a moment an old man, gray-haired and wrinkled, but still vigorous and strong, stood before them. He seemed a giant in his huge great-coat, and when he removed his hat his massive head and thick neck seemed almost leonine.

"Ah! Mr. Sheriff, you have arrived at a most opportune moment. We were just awakened from our beds by this robber. We captured him, and we have him here."

"Beg pardon, sir. Sorry to hear it, but 'twere another errant that brought me here. The widow Green's daughter, Alice, she that was missing, has been found in the mill-race—dead."

They all gave expression to undisguised astonishment, and the prisoner in the chair groaned heavily.

"And I have come for the key of the boat house, sir, that we may go for the—body, sir."

"How horrible! When did all this happen?"

"We dunno, sir. I'd like the key ter once."

"Certainly—certainly, Mr. Sheriff. But this man—cannot you secure him for the night?"

"Oh, ay. But the child, sir. The boys wants your boat to go for her."

"Poor, poor Alice!" cried Alma, wringing her hands.

"John," said Elmer, "get the key for Mr. Jones. Jake, you and your father can go with the men, and, Mr. Jones, perhaps you had better wait

with us, for we have a little matter of importance to settle, and we need you."

"Now," said Mr. Franklin, "I have one or two questions I wish to ask the man, and then, Mr. Jones, you will do us a favor if you will take him away."

"Lawrence Belford, as you value your soul, where did you obtain that will?"

If a bolt from the storm overhead had entered the room, it could not have produced a more startling impression than did this simple question. Mr. Denny dropped his crutch, and raised both hands in astonishment. Alma gave a half suppressed scream, and even the sheriff and John were amazed beyond expression.

The man in the chair made no reply, and presently the breathless silence was broken by the calm voice of the young man repeating his question.

"I found it in the leaves of a book in the old bookcase in the mill office."

"What?" cried Mr. Denny, leaning forward and steadying himself by the table. "My father's will! Did you find it? Release him, John. How can we ever thank you, Mr. Belford? It is the missing will——"

"Oh, Lawrence!" said Alma. "Why did you not tell us? why did you not show it? How much trouble it would have saved."

"Have patience, Alma. Let Mr. Belford rise and bring the will."

"No," said Mr. Franklin. "Hear the rest of the story. Mr. Belford, you destroyed or suppressed that will, did you not?"

"Yes, I did—damn you!"

"Good Lord!" cried the sheriff. "Did ye hear that?—destroyed it! That's State's prison."

"Oh, Mr. Franklin, Mr. Denny! have mercy on me! Do not let them arrest me."

The poor creature seemed to be utterly cowed and crushed in an instant.

"Marcy!" said the sheriff, taking out a pair of handcuffs. "It's little marcy ye'll git."

"You ask for mercy!" cried Mr. Denny, his face livid with passion. "You

—you wretch ! Have you not ruined me ? Have you not made my child a beggar, and carried my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave ? You knew the value of this will—and you destroyed it ! Your other crimes are as nothing to this. I could forgive your monstrous frauds in my mills——”

Mr. Belford winced and looked surprised.

“Ay ! wince you may. I have found out everything, thanks to—but I’ll not couple his name with yours. And the release of the mortgage—have you that ?”

“No, sir. It is in that bag on the table.”

The old gentleman eagerly took up the bundle that lay on the table, and began with trembling fingers to open it.

“Wait a moment, Mr. Denny,” said Mr. Franklin. “I should like to ask this man a question or two.”

Mr. Denny paused, and there was a profound silence in the room.

“Lawrence Belford, if you are wise, you will speak the truth. That release is a forgery—or at least it has no legal value.”

“It is not worth a straw,” replied the prisoner with cool impudence ; “and on the whole, I’m glad of it. The mortgage will be foreclosed to-morrow.”

“Your share will be small, Mr. Belford. I am afraid your partner will find some difficulty in making a settlement with you, unless he joins you in prison.”

Mr. Denny sat heavily down in an arm-chair and groaned aloud. In vain Alma, with choking voice, tried to comfort him. The blow was too terrible for words, and for a moment or two there was a painful silence in the room.

Mr. Franklin seemed nervous and excited. He fumbled in his pockets as if in search of something. Presently he advanced toward the old gentleman and said quietly :

“Mr. Denny, can you bear one more piece of news—one more link in this terrible chain of crime ?”

“Yes,” he replied slowly. “There can be nothing worse than this. Speak, my son—let us hear everything.”

“I think, sir,” said the young man reverently, “that I ought to thank God that He has enabled me to bring such knowledge as He has given me to your service.”

Then after a brief pause he added :

“There is the will, sir.”

With these words he held out a small bit of sheet glass about two inches square.

“Where ?” cried Mr. Denny in amazement. “I see nothing.”

“There it is—on that piece of glass. That dusky spot in the centre is a micro-photographic copy of your father’s will.”

“My son, my son, do not trifle with us in this our hour of trial.”

“Far be it from me to do such a thing. Alma, will you please go to my room and bring down my lantern ? And John, you may go and help Miss Denny. Bring a sheet from the spare bed also.”

“I do not know what you mean, my son. You tell me the will is destroyed, and you say you have a copy. Is it a legal copy ? and how do you know it is really my father’s will ? Have you read it ?”

“Yes, sir. You shall read it too presently. I have already shown it to a lawyer, and he pronounced it correct and perfectly legal.”

“But why did you not tell us of it before ?”

“I have only had it a few days, sir, and I wished first to crush or capture this robber.”

“Hadn’t ye better let me take him off, sir ?” said the sheriff. “He’s done enough to take him afore the grand jury. Besides, we have another bitter bill against him down in the village.”

“No,” said Mr. Franklin. “Let him stay and see the will. It may interest him to know that all his villainous plans are utterly overthrown.”

“Shut up, you whelp,” said the man in the chair.

“Shut up—ye,” replied the sheriff, administering a stout cuff to the pris-

oner's ear. "Ye best hold your tongue, man."

Just here Alma and John returned with the lantern. Under Elmer's directions they hung the sheet over one of the windows, and then the young man prepared his apparatus for a small trial of lantern projections. Mr. Denny sat in his chair silent and wondering. He knew not what to say or do, and watched these preparations with the utmost attention.

"Mr. Sheriff, if you please, you will stand near Mr. Belford, to prevent him from attempting mischief when I darken the room. John, you may put out all the candles save one."

Alma took her father's hand and kneeled upon the floor beside him as if to aid and comfort him.

"Now, John, set that candle just outside the door in the entry."

A sense of awe and fear fell on them all as the room became dark, and none save the young son of science dared breathe. Suddenly a round spot of light fell on the sheet, and its glare illuminated the room dimly.

"Before I show the will, Mr. Sheriff, I wish you to see a photo that may be of use to you in that little matter in the village of which you were speaking."

Two dusky figures slid over the disk of light. They grew more and more distinct.

"Great God! It's Alice Green!"

A passion of weeping filled the room, and Elmer opened the lantern, and the room became light. Alma, with her head bent upon her father's knee, was bathed in tears.

"Poor, poor lost Alice!"

"And the fellow with her? Who is he?" cried the sheriff.

"That is Mr. Belford—Mr. Lawrence Belford," said Elmer with cool confidence. "That picture was taken through a telescope from my room on the morning of the 18th."

"The 18th! Why, man, that was the day she was missed."

"Yes. Mr. Belford was with her that day, and perhaps he can explain her disappearance."

The prisoner groaned in abject terror and misery. He saw it all now. His dream pictures were explained. His defeat and detection were accomplished through the young man's science. That he should have been overthrown by such simple means filled him with mortification and anger.

"You shall have the picture, Mr. Sheriff. You may need it at the trial. And now for the will."

The room became again dark, and the figures on the wall stood out sharp and distinct on the sheet. Then the picture faded away, and in its place appeared writing—letters in black upon white ground:

"SALMON FALLS, June 1, 1868.

"I, Edward Denny, do hereby leave and bequeath to my son, John Denny, all of my property, both real and personal. All other wills I have made are hereby annulled. My near death prevents a more formal will.

"EDWARD DENNY.

"Witness:

"JOHN MAXWELL, M. D."

"My father's will. Thank——"

There was a heavy fall, and Elmer opened his lantern quickly. It was too much for the old man. He had fallen upon the floor insensible.

"A light, John, quick."

They lifted him tenderly, and with Alma's help the old sheriff and the serving man took him away to his room.

The moment the two men were alone, the prisoner in the chair broke out in a torrent of curses and threats. The young man quietly took up his revolver, and said sternly:

"Lawrence Belford, hold your peace. Your threats are idle. You insulted me outrageously the day I came here. I bear you no malice, but when you attempted your infamous plan to capture my cousin and to ruin her father, I sprang to their rescue with such skill as I could command. We shall not pursue you with undue rigor, but with perfect justice——"

"Oh, Mr. Franklin, have mercy

upon me ! Let me go ! Let me escape before they return. I will go away—far away ! Save me, save me, sir ! I never harmed you. Have mercy upon me !”

“Had you shown mercy perhaps I might now. No, sir; justice before mercy. Hark—the officer comes.”

They unfastened the ropes about Belford, and released the wires, and in silence, he went away into the night, a broken-down, crushed, and ruined man in the hands of his grisly Nemesis.

The young man flung himself upon the lounge in the library, and in a moment was fast asleep.

The red gold of the coming day crept up the eastern sky. The storm became beautiful in its fleecy rains in the far south. As the stars paled, the sweet breath of the cool west wind sprang up, shaking the raindrops in showers from the trees. The birds sang and the day came on apace.

To one who watched it seemed the coming of a fairer day than had ever shone upon her life. The vanished storm, the fresh aspect of nature moved her to tears of happiness. Long had she watched the stars. They were the first signs of light and comfort she had discovered, and now they paled before the sun. Thus she sat by the open window in the library and watched with a prayer in her heart.

She looked at the mantel clock. Half past four. In half an hour the house would be stirring. All was now safe. She could return to her room. She rose and approached the sleeper on the lounge. He slept peacefully, as if the events of the night disturbed him not.

He smiled in his dreams, and murmured a name indistinctly. She drew back hastily and put her hand over her mouth, while a bright blush mounted to her face. Just here, through the

sweet, still air of the morning, came the sound of the village bell. Tears gathered in her eyes and fell unheeded upon her hands, clasped before her.

“Poor—lost—Alice—nineteen—just my——”

“Alma.”

She turned toward the sleeper with a startled cry. He was awake and sitting up.

“What bell is that?”

“It is tolling. They have found her.”

“Yes, it is a sad story. Alma?”

She advanced toward him. He noticed her tears and the morning robe in which she was dressed.

“What is it, Elmer? Do you feel better?”

“Yes. It was a sorry night for us.”

“Yes, the storm has cleared away.”

He did not seem to heed what she said.

“How long have you been up?”

“Since it happened. After I saw father up stairs, I came down and found you here asleep. And Elmer—forgive me—it was wrong, but I did not mean to stay here so long——”

“Alma!”

“You will pardon me?”

“Oh! Pardon you—pardon you—why should I? I dreamed the angels watched me.”

“I was anxious, and we owe you so much. We can never reward you—never!”

“Reward, Alma! I want none—save——”

“Save what?”

He opened his arms wide. A new and beautiful light came into her eyes.

“Can there be greater reward than love?”

“No. Love is the best reward—and it is yours.”

CHARLES BARNARD.

THE MURDER OF MARGARY.

OUR own politics have so absorbed the attention of the press and the public for the last six months, that events of decided international prominence have attracted merely a brief notice, instead of the careful discussion which their importance warranted. Even the "Eastern question," that has so long kept the European world in a state of excitement and anxiety almost as intense and even more painful than that in which our own country is now plunged, excited but a fitful interest here. It was only by an effort that we could extend our political horizon as far east as Constantinople. All beyond was comparative darkness. In this darkness, however, history has gone steadily on accumulating new and important data, which must be taken note of if we would keep up with the record of the times.

The term "Eastern question" has come to mean the political complications arising from the presence of the Turkish empire in Europe. The expression might much more appropriately be applied to the serious difficulties that have for the last year and a half existed between the governments of England and China, and which have, as it now appears, been brought to a reasonably satisfactory conclusion. These difficulties sprang out of the murder of an English subject, Augustus Raymond Margary by name, who was travelling in an official capacity in a remote part of the Chinese empire. They were still further complicated by an almost simultaneous attack upon a British exploring expedition that had just crossed the Chinese frontier from Burmah, with the intention of surveying and opening up to trade an overland route between that country and the Middle Kingdom. To understand the matter it will be necessary to give a brief recapitulation of some events that went before.

The vast importance of establishing an overland trade route between India and China will be seen by a glance at the map. It has been the unrealized dream of generations of India and China merchants. "The trade route of the future" it has been called; and when we consider the vast marts of commerce that such a highway would bring in direct contact, it is impossible to think the name thus enthusiastically given an exaggeration. An overland passage between China and Burmah has long been known and made use of by the native merchants of these countries. From time immemorial it has served as a highway for invading armies or peaceful caravans. How highly the two governments appreciated its importance to the commercial prosperity of their respective subjects is shown by the clause in a treaty concluded by them in 1769, which stipulated that the "gold and silver road" between the two countries should always be kept open. European travellers in Eastern lands, from the ubiquitous Marco Polo down, have also done their best to call attention to it. It may therefore seem somewhat strange that England, the commercial interest of whose Indian empire would be most directly promoted by the opening up of this new channel of trade, should have gone so long without paying much official attention to the matter. Recent events, however, have proved, what was probably foreseen by those whose business it was to study up the subject, that there were grave practical difficulties to be overcome before the plan could be successfully carried out.

In the first place it was necessary to secure the consent of both the Burmese and Chinese governments—a task of almost insurmountable difficulty because of the natural dislike of these two powers to share with another the

trade monopoly they had heretofore exclusively enjoyed. Then again there lies between the civilizations of India and China a broad tract of wild and mountainous country, inhabited by a mongrel race of savages, known as Shans and Kakhyens, who, while nominally owing allegiance to one or the other of their more civilized neighbors, practically find their chief support in levying blackmail on all people passing through their territory.

To fit out an exploring expedition strong enough to defy the attacks of the savages, and yet small enough not to convey the idea of an invasion, was, therefore, a work requiring much patience and diplomacy. At length, however, in 1867, the British Government in India succeeded in gaining the consent of the King of Burmah to the passage through his dominions of a mission combining the necessary strength and limits. Under the command of Major Slade, this little army made its way safely through the debatable land of the Kakhyens and Shans, and, entering the province of Yunnan, penetrated as far into the Chinese empire as the city of Momien. But here its further progress was checked.

Yunnan was at the moment in the very crisis of a rebellion against the imperial government. The population of the province is largely Mohammedan. How the religion of the Prophet first obtained so firm a foothold there is still for antiquaries to discover. A semi-historical legend says that the germs of the faith were planted by a colony of Arabs who settled in the country more than a thousand years ago. However this may be, it is certain that the first Mohammedans were not Chinese. By intermarriage, propagation, and adoption, they slowly but steadily communicated their belief to the original inhabitants, until, at the time of which we are writing, more than a tenth of the ten million inhabitants were fanatical Mussulmans. To the mixed race that embrace this creed the general name of Panthays

has been given, though for what reason is not known.

In 1855 the Panthays, oppressed, it is said, by the Chinese officials, rose up in rebellion against the imperial government. Led by an obscure Chinese follower of Mohammed, called Tu-wintsen, the insurrection grew rapidly in extent and success. One imperial city after the other fell into the hands of the rebels, until the entire western section of the province was in their possession and organized as a separate and independent nation, under the sovereignty of Tu-wintsen, who had in the mean while assumed the more euphonious title of Sultan Soleiman.

It was when Soleiman had attained the height of his glory that Major Slade's party entered Yunnan, and it was with him as the governor *de facto* that the British commander entered into negotiations. Such a proceeding, though it may have been necessary, was fatal to the further progress of the expedition. The Chinese authorities naturally refused to pass on a party that had, however innocently, entered into friendly relations with its rebellious subjects. Major Slade had the good sense to understand this. The mission retraced its steps into Burmah, and the exploration of the "trade route of the future" was indefinitely postponed.

The visit of the English party to Momien was the signal for a rapid downfall of Soleiman's power. The imperial government, seriously alarmed at the practical recognition of the rebels' independence by an outside power, now put forth all its might to reëstablish its authority. It was successful.

Under the energetic command of one Li-sieh-tai, a famous general who had once himself been a rebel, the Chinese armies wrested back the country, foot by foot, to its former governors. In 1872 Tali-fu, the last and most important stronghold of the rebellion, was closely invested. After a desperate resistance, it was obliged to open its gates.

The end of Soleiman was dramatic in the extreme. He was told that his followers should be spared if he himself would surrender. He agreed to the terms, and, after administering a dose of poison to himself, his three wives and five children, he mounted his chair, and was borne to the camp of his enemies, where he arrived a corpse sitting erect, the imperial turban on his head and the keys of his capital clasped tightly in his hand. His head, preserved in honey, was sent to Peking. The imperial troops poured into Tali-fu. A general massacre occurred. Those Mohammedans that were not slaughtered fled to the mountains, where they still continued to keep up a guerilla warfare. But the rebellion was practically at an end, and by 1874 the authority of the central government was firmly established throughout the province.

The trade between Burmah and China, which had ceased almost entirely during the long years of the rebellion, again sprang into activity, and once more the attention of the Indian government was attracted to it. In 1874 a new expedition of exploration was prepared and placed under the command of Colonel Browne. The consent of the King of Burmah was obtained, and the British minister in Peking, Mr. Thomas Wade, was instructed to explain the object of the mission to the Chinese government, so that it might receive no opposition upon crossing the Chinese frontier. It was also arranged that a special messenger should be despatched from Peking across China to the frontier to act as interpreter to the expedition, and to prepare the mandarins along the route for its approach. For this responsible and dangerous service, Augustus Raymond Margary was selected—a young man attached to the English consular department, a perfect master of the Chinese language and customs, and a fine type of the best class of young Englishmen.

Provided with the necessary passports from the British minister, coun-

tersigned by the Tsung-li-yamen, the Chinese foreign office, Mr. Margary started on his journey. He went up the Yangtze river as far as Hankow in one of the huge American steamers of the Shanghai Steam Navigation Company. At Hankow, on September 4, 1874, he bade good-by to Western civilization, and, with a Chinese teacher and two or three Chinese attendants, began his trip through a vast and populous country, a *terra incognita* to Europeans.

His diary of this journey has recently been published. It is interesting in the extreme, though devoid of those startling episodes that generally give charm to accounts of travels in unexplored lands.

He has no old theories to prove and no ambition to start new ones, but simply jots down his impressions of people and things with no attempt at elaboration. The result is, we have a plain, faithful, unvarnished picture of Chinese life and manners, as seen by an intelligent, unprejudiced man. Upon the whole, we think this picture most decidedly favorable to the Chinese character.

Did space permit, we should like to follow Mr. Margary, stage by stage, through his long journey of 900 miles. The first part, through the provinces of Yunnan and Kwei-chow as far as the city of Ch'en-yuan-fu, was made by boat—a long and monotonous trip of four weeks, through a country so picturesque that the "sight was at last completely satiated with the perpetual view of the most glorious scenery that ever made the human heart leap with wonder and delight."

At Ch'en-yuan-fu he exchanged his boat for a chair, in which he completed his journey; traversing Kwei-chow and Yunnan, and the debatable hill land that lies between the latter province and Burmah; arriving in Bhamo, on the Burmese side of the border, on January 17, 1875, where he joined the expedition of Colonel Browne that was advancing to meet him.

Except in two or three instances, he

was treated with courtesy by the people and respect by the officials. In the exceptional cases a display of his Chinese passports sufficed to quickly change the demeanor of the mandarins; while a few calm words of rebuke upon their want of politeness generally caused popular mobs to disperse abashed. An instance of this is given by him in his account of his stay at Lo-shan, a small naval station on the Yangtze. In returning from a visit to the mandarin of the place, he was surrounded by a dense crowd of street rabble, leaping and screaming like maniacs, and shouting to one another: "I say! Come along. Here's a foreigner. What a lark! Ha, ha, ha!" Margary descended from his chair and delivered a short address:

"Why *do* you crowd round me in this rude manner? Is this your courtesy to strangers? I have often heard it said that China was of all things distinguished for civility and courtesy. But am I to take this as a specimen of it? Shall I go back and tell my countrymen that your boasted civility only amounts to rudeness?" "I was astonished," he adds, "at the effect this speech produced. They listened with silence, and when I had done walked quietly back quite abashed. Only a few remained; and over and again after this many an irrepressible youngster was severely rebuked for any sign of disrespect by his elders."

Contrast this with the effect which such a speech as that of Margary's, delivered by a Chinaman, would have had upon an English or American mob, and we cannot repress a slight feeling of sympathy with the natives of the Flowery Kingdom when they call us "outside barbarians."

His Chinese letters of recommendation, given him by the Tsung-li-yamen to the viceroys of the three great provinces through which he passed, proved of inestimable value. In the viceroy of Yunnan especially he found an unexpected ally and friend, who issued instructions to the officials all along the road to receive the foreigner with the utmost respect. The extent

to which these instructions were carried out depended, of course, very largely on the temperament of the local mandarins. "Some were obsequious, others reserved, but most of them met me with high-bred courtesy worthy of praise, and such as befits a welcome from man to man."

"Taking all these experiences together," says Sir Rutherford Alcock, formerly British minister to China, a gentleman by no means inclined to judge Chinese officials favorably, "the impression left is decidedly to the advantage of the central government so far as the *bona fides* of the safe-conduct given is concerned."

A great deal of Margary's success was also undoubtedly due to his personal magnetism and thorough acquaintance with Chinese habits. Indeed, no one can read this diary without deriving from it a high idea of the genuine attractiveness and solidity of the author's character. In sickness, in trouble, in delay, in vexation, there runs through it all a refreshing, manly, Anglo-Saxon spirit. Knowing as we do what is coming, we find ourselves involuntarily catching with hope at little incidents that seem to delay onward march. Reading these pages, it is impossible to realize that he who wrote them is dead. It is with a mournful feeling of utter and fatalistic helplessness that we follow this young and generous hero while he travels, all unconsciously, down to his death. To the very last all seems to go well with him. At Manwyne, the last city on his journey, the renowned and dreaded Li-sieh-tai, the suppressor of the Mohammedan rebellion, actually prostrated himself before him and paid him the highest honors, warning the assembled chiefs of the savage hill people that they had best take good care of the stranger, as he came protected by an imperial passport.

On the 16th of February, 1875, Colonel Browne's expedition, accompanied by Margary, broke up their camp at Tsitkaw, in Burnah, and advanced toward the Chinese frontier.

Arrangements had been made with

the practically independent chieftains of this wild region for the safe passage of the party through the hilly country. As it advanced, however, ominous rumors of a projected attack by the hill savages and Chinese frontiersmen reached the ears of its members. Though these rumors were generally discredited, it was thought best to send forward Margary as a pioneer, he being well known to the people and officials of the Chinese border town of Manwyne. Margary willingly undertook the mission. With his Chinese teacher and attendants, he hastened on in advance, the rest of the expedition following more slowly. The last communications that came from him were dated "Seray," a town just inside the Chinese frontier. He reported that thus far the road was unmolested and the people civil. On the strength of these advices, Colonel Browne pressed on, crossed the Chinese frontier, and advanced as far as Seray. It was here, on the morning of February 21, that Margary and his attendants had all been murdered, near Manwyne.

Hardly had the news been communicated when it was found that the expedition was surrounded by a large body of armed men, who instantly began an attack. The assailants, a motley crowd of Kakhyens and Chinese border men, were soon repulsed; but as reports came streaming in that large bodies of Chinese train bands were advancing to their aid, it was thought best to beat a retreat. This was safely effected, and by the 26th of February the expedition found itself once more at Bhamo. Thus mournfully ended the second attempt to explore "the trade route of the future."

The mere fact that a British subject had been murdered, and a British exploring expedition attacked on Chinese soil, would in itself have created a grave subject for diplomatic discussion between the governments of England and China. But the matter was rendered doubly serious by the presence of many circumstances tending to

show that the outrage had been committed with the tacit connivance, if not at the direct instigation, of the provincial authorities of Yunnan. The whole affair, it was claimed, was not the result of an outbreak of booty-seeking savages, but the culmination of a systematic plot on the part of the Chinese officials.

In laying the matter before Prince Kung, Mr. Wade, the English minister, plainly implied that such was his opinion, and demanded from the Chinese government the promptest and most searching investigation.

An imperial decree was at once issued, commanding the governor of Yunnan to proceed at once to the spot and enter upon a thorough examination of the case. Mr. Wade, however, demanded some securer guarantee that strict justice should be done. He submitted to the Tsung-li-yamen an ultimatum containing three principal conditions: that such British officials as he might see fit to appoint should go to Yunnan and assist at the investigation; that passports should be immediately issued, to enable another expedition to enter Yunnan by the same route; and that a sum of \$150,000 be placed in his hands as a guarantee of good faith. The Chinese government demurred at first to these demands, but the threat of Mr. Wade to leave Peking unless they were accepted before a certain day finally caused it to give a reluctant consent. Some months were then spent in diplomatic wrangling over the conditions under which the British officials should proceed to Yunnan, and what their powers should be on their arrival there. The Chinese government showed, in the opinion of Mr. Wade, a strong desire to avoid fulfilling its part of the contract. The negotiations on several occasions assumed an acute character of danger. Both parties prepared for war. The English minister concentrated the English fleet in the China seas; the Chinese government bought up large supplies of arms and ammunition. But Prince Kung and his ad-

visers had the good sense to see that the chances in a struggle of arms would be too unequal, and always submitted at the last moment. At last the Chinese government, having agreed to all the preliminary conditions, and having also despatched a high officer, Li-hang-chang, to Yunnan to thoroughly investigate the affair, "without regard to persons," the British minister agreed to let the English mission of investigation proceed. Mr. Grosvenor, a secretary of legation, was placed at its head. Li-hang-chang went on in advance.

This high official seems to have done his duty in a spirit of strict impartiality. His reports to the government make no attempt to conceal the guilt of the provincial officials, or to shield them from deserved punishment. He immediately ordered the arrest of the general commanding at Momien and a number of other local officers, pushing his inquiries with vigor and with what appears a sincere desire to arrive at the ground facts. In the course of his labors he came to the conclusion that Li-sieh-tai, whom we have already mentioned, was one of the instigators, probably the chief one, of the attack on the mission. He at once memorialized the throne to have him arrested and brought up for trial. In this memorial he gives what seems to us, upon an unprejudiced comparison of testimony, the truest version of the affair. He believes the murder of Margary and his attendants to have been the work of "lawless offenders," greedy of gain, but that the attack upon Colonel Browne's party was made at the secret instigation of Li-sieh-tai and other provincial officials, although that general was not on the spot, nor were there any soldiers concerned in the assault. He shows that Li-sieh-tai had already written to the governor of Yunnan, telling him that he (Li) was "taking vigorous measures to protect the region against invasion," and that the governor had written back commanding him to stop all further proceedings and quiet the

apprehensions of the people. This command, however, was not received until after the murder and attack had taken place. "It appears from this, consequently" (the report adds), "that although Li-sieh-tai had no intention of committing murder, he is liable to a charge of having laid plans to obstruct the expedition; and your servants have agreed, after taking counsel together, that he should not be suffered to take advantage of his official rank as a cover for lying evasions, gaining time with false statements, in dread of incurring punishment."

Immediately upon receipt of this memorial a decree appeared in the Peking "Gazette" ordering Li-sieh-tai to be degraded from his rank, and commanding him to proceed at once to Yunnan for trial before the high commission.

As we have said before, we think Li-hang-chang's account is substantially correct. There are a great many circumstances tending to exculpate Li-sieh-tai from any wish to have Margary murdered. Had such been his wish, he might more easily have disposed of him when he passed through *en route* for Burmah. Moreover, at the very time of Margary's murder, Mr. Elias, a member of the expedition, who had struck off from the main body in order to explore another route to Momien, was entertained by Li-sieh-tai at Mu-angnow, a town at some distance from the seat of the murder. Though completely in his power, Mr. Elias received all possible civility compatible with a determined and successful opposition to his further advance. Now it seems absurd to believe that Li-sieh-tai felt any stronger personal dislike for Margary than he felt for Mr. Elias.

In regard to his complicity in the attack on the expedition, the evidence is just as strong on the other side. He had a deep and by no means unnatural prejudice against English exploring parties. The last mission of the kind had entered into negotiations, as we have already mentioned, with the

enemies against whom this Chinese general was prosecuting bitter war. The smouldering embers of the rebellion were not even yet entirely extinguished; the presence of an armed body of foreigners, no matter how small, who had previously shown a friendly disposition toward the Mohammedan usurpation, might awaken new hopes in the breasts of the still surviving rebels. This feeling, combined with the jealous wish of the border merchants, both Chinese and Burmese, to retain a monopoly of the overland trade, undoubtedly inspired a general feeling of hostility among the local officials and the people, which found a ready instrument in the greedy and savage character of the frontier tribes. Where so much combustible matter was heaped up, it needed but a hint to bring on the catastrophe that followed.

While Li-hang-chang and the Chinese commission were conducting the preliminary investigations, Mr. Grosvenor and his colleagues were approaching. Their journey across the empire was attended not only with no opposition or difficulty, but they were received everywhere with great and even obsequious respect. Upon arriving in Yunnan they found an immense pile of evidence awaiting their inspection. Mr. Grosvenor's report has not yet been published, we believe, but from general rumor, and the fact that nothing has been heard to the contrary, we are justified in believing that he found the state of the case to be substantially as it was reported by the Chinese high commissioner. After having reviewed the evidence presented, after having witnessed the execution of a number of wretches convicted of direct complicity in the murder of Margary, the Grosvenor commission pursued its way, escorted by troops that had been despatched from Burmah for the purpose.

Diplomatic negotiations were once more transferred to Peking, and turned upon the compensation to be offered by China for the violation of inter-

national law that had occurred upon her soil. The demands of the British minister, who had in the mean time been knighted as Sir Thomas Wade by the Queen, as a just acknowledgment of his efficient services, were considered too severe by the Chinese government, and at one time it looked as if all further negotiations would be broken off.

Sir Thomas finally carried his threat to leave Peking into execution. Prince Kung had evidently not expected so decided a step, and was seriously alarmed by it, for the Chinese government have shown throughout the affair a very wise disposition not to push matters to the last extreme. Li-wang-chang (a brother, we believe, of the official who was sent to Yunnan), the governor of the province of Chihli, the highest and most powerful statesman in the country, was immediately granted extraordinary powers, and sent after the English minister. After some diplomatic fencing Sir Thomas agreed to meet the Chinese envoy at Chefoo—a seaport about half way between Shanghai and Peking, a great summer resort of the foreigners in China—the Newport of the eastern world. Here, in the month of September, 1876, with much surrounding pomp and ceremony, a convention was signed between the English and the Chinese plenipotentiaries. The final settlement of the difficulty was celebrated by a grand banquet, given by Li-wang-chang to Sir Thomas and the other foreign ambassadors, who had been drawn to Chefoo by their interest in the negotiations.

The following is a synopsis of the agreement:

1. An imperial edict to be published throughout the Chinese empire, setting forth the facts of the affair, subject to the directions and approval of the British minister.

2. Consular officials to visit the various towns and public places to see that the said imperial edict is posted where all can see it.

8. The family of Margary to be paid about \$250,000 indemnity.

4. A further indemnity to be given, covering all expenses of the unsuccessful expedition under Colonel Browne.

5. A special embassy of apology to be sent to England.

Then follow a number of concessions with regard to placing on a better footing the relations of foreign ambassadors to the Chinese authorities, the enlargement of the foreign settlement at Shanghai, etc.

But by far the most important clause is that opening up to foreign trade four new ports on the Yangtze river. This concession is virtually equivalent to throwing open the whole interior of the country to foreign merchants.

Altogether the British minister has certainly won a triumph that well deserved a knighthood.

Undoubtedly he had a very strong indictment against the Chinese authorities, although we cannot help regarding the matter of the murder and the attack as more the misfortune than the fault of the central government. Nevertheless, western nations are fully justified in rigidly holding the Peking authorities responsible for any violation of international duties committed anywhere within their jurisdiction; and it is not only fair, but expedient, that when such cases do occur some practical and important reparation should be made for them. The concessions obtained by Sir Thomas Wade, though sweeping, are not, in our opinion, excessive. On the other hand, the Chinese government by granting them has fully satisfied the demands of justice. It could not have gone further without losing the respect and incurring the dangerous opposition of its people. Indeed, throughout the negotiations Prince Kung and his advisers have had to contend against a powerful anti-foreign party in the court and the nation. Strong fears were entertained more than once that the reactionary element would get the upper hand. Some idea of Prince

Kung's difficulties may be conceived when we read that one morning the walls of Peking were found covered with placards bitterly denouncing the policy of the government, and calling upon all good subjects to rise up against such unpatriotic leaders.

When Li-wang-chang, who enjoys great popularity in his province, was en route for Chefoo to negotiate with Sir Thomas Wade, the people of Tientsin made the most determined efforts to prevent him from going further. For a time he was literally besieged in his own *yamen*, and it was only by the publication of a proclamation warning the people that they were guilty of rebellion against the emperor when they hindered the progress of his representatives, that the opposition was withdrawn.

Sir Thomas deserves the highest praise for going just far enough and no further in his demands. Yet the last mail from China brings the news that the foreign residents there are intensely dissatisfied with the result of the settlement. This was to be expected. Any settlement short of one effected by war would have met the disapproval of these gentry. The interests of the Chinese and the foreign merchants are too antagonistic to admit of impartial judgment on questions of this sort. England, in their opinion, could gain greater concessions by war than by negotiations—ergo, they would have all such troubles settled by “blood and iron.”

The London “Times” puts it very well when it says:

“Those Englishmen who reside in the treaty ports are not impartial judges of the concessions. Too often they go to Canton or Shanghai in a frame of mind that would exasperate a much less vain people than the Chinese. They sometimes talk as if they thought it a mere impertinence on the part of an inferior race to have a pride of its own, and they act as if the chief end of the Chinese were to minister to the demands of British trade.”

WALTER A. BURLINGAME.

THE LETTERS OF HONORE DE BALZAC.

THE first feeling of the reader of the two volumes which have lately been published under the foregoing title is that he has almost done wrong to read them. He reproaches himself with having taken a shabby advantage of a person who is unable to defend himself. He feels as one who has broken open a cabinet or rummaged an old desk. The contents of Balzac's letters are so private, so personal, so exclusively his own affairs and those of no one else, that the generous critic constantly lays them down with a sort of dismay, and asks himself in virtue of what peculiar privilege, or what newly discovered principle it is, that he is thus burying his nose in them. Of course he presently reflects that he has not broken open a cabinet nor violated a desk, but that these repositories have been very freely and confidently emptied into his lap. The two stout volumes of the "Correspondance de H. de Balzac, 1819-1850,"* lately put forth, are remarkable, like many other French books of the same sort, for the almost complete absence of editorial explanation or introduction. They have no visible sponsor; only a few insignificant lines of preface and the scantiest possible supply of notes. Such as the book is, in spite of its abruptness, we are thankful for it; in spite, too, of our bad conscience. What we mean by our bad conscience is the feeling with which we see the last remnant of charm, of the graceful and the agreeable, removed from Balzac's literary physiognomy. His works had not left much of this favoring shadow, but the present publication has let in the garish light of full publicity. The grossly, inveterately professional character of all his activity, the absence of leisure, of contemplation, of disinterested experience, the urgency of his consuming

money-hunger—all this is rudely exposed. It is always a question whether we have a right to investigate a man's life for the sake of anything but his official utterances—his results. The picture of Balzac's career which is given in these letters is a record of little else but painful processes, unrelieved by reflections or speculations, by any moral or intellectual emanation. To prevent misconception, however, we hasten to add that they tell no disagreeable secrets; they contain nothing for the lovers of scandal. Balzac was a very honest man, but he was a man almost tragically uncomfortable, and the unsightly underside of his discomfort stares us full in the face. Still, if his personal portrait is without ideal beauty, it is by no means without a certain brightness, or at least a certain richness of coloring. Huge literary ogre as he was, he was morally nothing of a monster. His heart was capacious, and his affections vigorous; he was powerful, coarse, and kind.

The first letter in the series is addressed to his elder sister, Laure, who afterward became Mme. de Surville, and who, after her illustrious brother's death, published in a small volume some agreeable reminiscences of him. For this lady he had, especially in his early years, a passionate affection. He had in 1819 come up to Paris from Touraine, in which province his family lived, to seek his fortune as a man of letters. The episode is a strange and gloomy one. His vocation for literature had not been favorably viewed at home, where money was scanty; but the parental consent, or rather the parental tolerance, was at last obtained for his experiment. The future author of the "Père Goriot" was at this time but twenty years of age, and in the way of symptoms of genius had nothing but a very robust self-confidence to show. His family, who had

* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1876.

to contribute to his support while his masterpieces were a-making, appear to have regretted the absence of further guarantees. He came to Paris, however, and lodged in a garret, where the allowance made him by his father kept him neither from shivering nor from nearly starving. The situation had been arranged in a way very characteristic of French manners. The fact that Honoré had gone to Paris was kept a secret from the friends of the family, who were told that he was on a visit to a cousin in the South. He was on probation, and if he failed to acquire literary renown, his excursion should be hushed up. This pious fraud did not contribute to the comfort of the young scribbler, who was afraid to venture abroad by day lest he should be seen by an acquaintance of the family. Balzac must have been at this time miserably poor. If he goes to the theatre, he has to pay for the pleasure by fasting. He wishes to see Talma (having to go to the play, to keep up the fiction of his being in the South, in a latticed box). "I shall end by giving in. . . . My stomach already trembles." Meanwhile he was planning a tragedy of "Cromwell," which came to nothing, and writing the "Héritière de Birague," his first novel, which he sold for one hundred and sixty dollars. Through these early letters, in spite of his chilly circumstances, there flows a current of youthful ardor, gayety, and assurance. Some passages in his letters to his sister are a sort of explosion of animal spirits:

Ah, my sister, what torments it gives us—the love of glory! Long live grocers! they sell all day, count their gains in the evening, take their pleasure from time to time at some frightful melodrama—and behold them happy! Yes, but they pass their time between cheese and soap. Long live rather men of letters! Yes, but these are all beggars in pocket, and rich only in conceit. Well, let us leave them all alone, and long live every one!

Elsewhere he scribbles: "Farewell, *soror!* I hope to have a letter *sororis* to answer *sorori*, then to see *sororem*," etc. Later, after his sister is married, he addresses her as "*the box that con-*

tains everything pleasing; the elixir of virtue, grace, and beauty; the jewel, the phenomenon of Normandy; the pearl of Bayeux, the fairy of St. Lawrence, the virgin of the Rue Teinture, the guardian angel of Caen, the goddess of enchantments, the treasure of friendship."

We shall continue to quote, without the fear of our examples exceeding, in the long run, our commentary. "Find me some widow, a rich heiress," he writes to his sister at Bayeux, whither her husband had taken her to live. "You know what I mean. Only brag about me. Twenty-two years old, a good fellow, good manners, a bright eye, fire, the best dough for a husband that heaven has ever kneaded. I will give you five per cent. on the dowry." "Since yesterday," he writes in another letter, "I have given up dowagers and have come down to widows of thirty. Send all you find to Lord Rhoone [this remarkable improvisation was one of his early *noms de plume*]; that's enough—he is known at the city limits. Take notice. They are to be sent prepaid, without crack or repair, and they are to be rich and amiable. Beauty isn't required. The varnish goes, and the bottom of the pot remains!"

Like many other young men of ability, Balzac felt the little rubs—or the great ones—of family life. His mother figures largely in these volumes (she survived her glorious son), and from the scattered reflection of her idiosyncrasies the attentive reader constructs a sufficiently vivid portrait. She was the old middle-class Frenchwoman whom he has so often seen—devoted, active, meddlesome, parsimonious, exacting veneration, and expending zeal. Honoré tells his sister:

The other day, coming back from Paris much bothered, it never occurred to me to thank *maman* for a black coat which she had had made for me; at my age one isn't particularly sensitive to such a present. Nevertheless, it would not have cost me much to seem touched by the attention, especially as it was a sacrifice. But I forgot it. *Maman* began to pout, and you know what her aspect and her face amount to at those moments. I fell from the clouds, and racked my brain to know what I had done. Happily Laurence [his

younger sister] came and notified me, and two or three words as fine as amber mended *maman's* countenance. The thing is nothing—a mere drop of water; but it's to give you an example of our manners. Ah, we are a jolly set of originals in our holy family. What a pity I can't put us into novels!

His father wished to find him an opening in some profession, and the thought of being made a notary was a bugbear to the young man: "Think of me as dead, if they cap me with that extinguisher." And yet, in the next sentence, he breaks out into a cry of desolate disgust at the aridity of his actual circumstances: "They call this mechanical rotation living—this perpetual return of the same things. If there were only something to throw some charm or other over my cold existence. I have none of the flowers of life, and yet I am in the season in which they bloom. What will be the use of fortune and pleasures when my youth has departed? What need of the garments of an actor if one no longer plays a part? An old man is a man who has dined, and who watches others eat; and I, young as I am—my plate is empty, and I am hungry. Laure, Laure, my two only and immense desires, *to be famous and to be loved*—will they ever be satisfied?"

These occasional bursts of confidence in his early letters to his sister are (with the exception of certain excellent pages, addressed in the last years of his life to the lady he eventually married) Balzac's most delicate, most emotional utterances. There is a touch of the ideal in them. Later, one wonders where he keeps his ideal. He has one of course, artistically, but it never peeps out. He gives up talking sentiment, and he never discusses "subjects"; he only talks business. Meanwhile, however, at this period, business was increasing with him. He agrees to write three novels for eight hundred and twenty dollars. Here begins the inextricable mystery of Balzac's literary promises, pledges, projects, and contracts. His letters form a swarming register of schemes and bargains through which he passes

like a hero of the circus, riding half a dozen piebald coursers at once. We confess that in this matter we have been able to keep no sort of account; the wonder is that Balzac should have accomplished the feat himself. After the first year or two of his career, we never see him working upon a single tale; his productions dovetail and overlap, and dance attendance upon each other in the most bewildering fashion. As soon as one novel is fairly on the stocks he plunges into another, and while he is rummaging in this with one hand, he stretches out a heroic arm and breaks ground in a third. His plans are always vastly in advance of his performance; his pages swarm with titles of books that were never to be written. The title circulates with such an assurance that we are amazed to find, fifty pages later, that there is no more of it than of the cherubic heads. With this, Balzac was constantly paid in advance by his publishers—paid for works not begun, or barely begun; and the money was as constantly spent before the equivalent had been delivered. Meanwhile more money was needed, and new novels were laid out to obtain it; but prior promises had first to be kept. Keeping them, under these circumstances, was not an exhilarating process; and readers familiar with Balzac will reflect with wonder that these were yet the circumstances in which some of his best tales were written. They were written, as it were, in the fading light, by a man who saw night coming on, and yet couldn't afford to buy candles. He could only hurry. But Balzac's way of hurrying was all his own; it was a sternly methodical haste, and might have been mistaken, in a more lightly-weighted genius, for elaborate trifling. The close tissue of his work never relaxed; he went on doggedly and insistently, pressing it down and packing it together, multiplying erasures, alterations, repetitions, transforming proof-sheets, quarrelling with editors, enclosing subject within subject, accumulating notes upon notes.

The letters make a jump from 1822 to 1827, during which interval he had established, with borrowed capital, a printing house, and seen his enterprise completely fail. This failure saddled him with a mountain of debt which pressed upon him crushingly for years, and of which he rid himself only toward the close of his life. Balzac's debts are another labyrinth in which we do not profess to hold a clue. There is scarcely a page of these volumes in which they are not alluded to, but the reader never quite understands why they should bloom so perennially. The liabilities incurred by the collapse of the printing scheme can hardly have been so vast as not to have been for the most part cancelled by ten years of heroic work. Balzac appears not to have been extravagant; he had neither wife nor children (unlike many of his comrades, he had no illegitimate offspring), and when he admits us to a glimpse of his domestic economy, we usually find it to be of a very meagre pattern. He writes to his sister in 1827 that he has not the means either to pay the postage of letters or to use omnibuses, and that he goes out as little as possible, so as not to wear out his clothes. In 1829, however, we find him in correspondence with a duchess, Mme. d'Abrantès, the widow of Junot, Napoleon's rough marshal, and author of those voluminous memoirs upon the imperial court which it was the fashion to read in the early part of the century. The Duchess d'Abrantès wrote bad novels, like Balzac himself at this period, and the two became good friends.

The year 1830 was the turning point in Balzac's career. Renown, to which he had begun to lay siege in Paris in 1820, now at last began to show symptoms of self-surrender. Yet one of the strongest expressions of discontent and despair in the pages before us belongs to this brighter moment. It is also one of the finest passages:

Sacredieu, my good friend, I believe that literature, in the day we live in, is no better than the trade of a woman of the town, who prostitutes her-

self for a dollar. It leads to nothing. I have an itch to go off and wander and explore, make of my life a drama, risk my life; for, as for a few miserable years more or less! . . . Oh, when one looks at these great skies of a beautiful night, one is ready to unbutton—

But the modesty of the English tongue forbids us to translate the rest of the phrase. Dean Swift might have related how Balzac wished to express his contempt for all the royalties of the earth. Now that he is in the country, he goes on:

I have been seeing real splendors, such as fine, sound fruit and gilded insects; I have been quite turning philosopher, and if I happen to tread upon an anthill, I say, like that immortal Bonaparte, "These creatures are men: what is it to Saturn, or Venus, or the North Star?" And then my philosopher comes down to scribble "items" for a newspaper. *Proh pudor!* And so it seems to me that the ocean, a brig, and an English vessel to sink, if you must sink yourself to do it, are rather better than a writing-desk, a pen, and the Rue St. Denis.

But Balzac was fastened to the writing desk. In 1831 he tells one of his correspondents that he is working fifteen or sixteen hours a day. Later, in 1837, he describes himself repeatedly as working eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. In the midst of all this (it seems singular), he found time for visions of public life, of political distinction. In a letter written in 1830 he gives a succinct statement of his political views, from which we learn that he approved of the French monarchy having a constitution, and of instruction being diffused among the lower orders. But he desired that the people should be kept "under the most powerful yoke possible," so that in spite of their instruction they should not become disorderly. It is fortunate, probably, both for Balzac and for France, that his political rôle was limited to the production of a certain number of forgotten editorials in newspapers; but we may be sure that his dreams of statesmanship were brilliant and audacious. Balzac indulged in no dreams that were not.

Some of his best letters are addressed to Mme. Zulma Carraud, a lady whose acquaintance he had made through his sister Laure, of whom she

was an intimate friend, and whose friendship (exerted almost wholly through letters, as she always lived in the country) appears to have been one of the brightest and most salutary influences of his life. He writes to her in 1832:

There are vocations which we must obey, and something irresistible draws me on to glory and power. It is not a happy life. There is within me the worship of woman (*le culte de la femme*), and a need of love which has never been fully satisfied. Despairing of ever being loved and understood by such a woman as I have dreamed of, having met her only under one form, that of the heart, I throw myself into the tempestuous sphere of political passions and into the stormy and dedicating atmosphere of literary glory. I shall fail perhaps on both sides; but, believe me, if I have wished to live the life of the age itself, instead of running my course in happy obscurity, it is just because the pure happiness of mediocrity has failed me. When one has a fortune to make, it is better to make it great and illustrious; because, pain for pain, it is better to suffer in a high sphere than in a low one, and I prefer dagger blows to pin pricks.

All this, though written at thirty years of age, is rather juvenile; there was to be much less of the "tempest" in Balzac's life than is here foreshadowed. He was tossed and shaken a great deal, as we all are, by the waves of the time, but he was too stoutly anchored at his work to feel the winds.

In 1832 "Louis Lambert" followed the "Peau de Chagrin," the first in the long list of his masterpieces. He describes "Louis Lambert" as "a work in which I have striven to rival Goethe and Byron, Faust and Manfred. I don't know whether I shall succeed, but the fourth volume of the 'Philosophical Tales' must be a last reply to my enemies and give the presentiment of an incontestable superiority. You must therefore forgive the poor artist his fatigue [he is writing to his sister], his discouragements, and especially his momentary detachment from any sort of interest that does not belong to his subject. 'Louis Lambert' has cost me so much work! To write this book I have had to read so many books! Some day or other, perhaps, it will throw science into new paths. If I had made it a purely learned work, it would have at-

tracted the attention of thinkers, who now will not drop their eyes upon it. But if chance puts it into their hands, perhaps they will speak of it!" In this passage there is an immense deal of Balzac—of the great artist who was so capable at times of self-deceptive charlatanism. "Louis Lambert," as a whole, is now quite unreadable; it contains some admirable descriptions, but the "scientific" portion is mere fantastic verbiage. There is something extremely characteristic in the way Balzac speaks of its having been optional with him to make it a "purely learned" work. His pretentiousness was simply colossal, and there is nothing surprising in his wearing the mask even *en famille* (the letter we have just quoted from is, as we have said, to his sister); he wore it during his solitary fifteen-hours sessions in his study. But the same letter contains another passage, of a very different sort, which is in its way as characteristic:

Yes, you are right. My progress is real, and my infernal courage will be rewarded. Persuade my mother of this too, dear sister; tell her to give me her patience in charity; her devotion will be laid up in her favor. One day, I hope, a little glory will pay her for everything. Poor mother, that imagination of hers which she has given me throws her for ever from north to south and from south to north. Such journeys tire us; I know it myself! Tell my mother that I love her as when I was a child. As I write you these lines my tears start—tears of tenderness and despair; for I feel the future, and I need this devoted mother on the day of triumph! When shall I reach it? Take good care of our mother, Laure, for the present and the future. . . . Some day, when my works are unfolded, you will see that it must have taken many hours to think and write so many things; and then you will absolve me of everything that has displeased you, and you will excuse, not the selfishness of the man (the man has none), but the selfishness of the worker.

Nothing can be more touching than that; Balzac's natural affections were as robust as his genius and his physical nature. The impression of the reader of his letters quite confirms his assurance that the man proper had no selfishness. Only we are constantly reminded that the man had almost wholly resolved himself into the worker, and we remember a statement of Sainte-Beuve's, in one of his malignant

foot-notes, to the effect that Balzac was "the grossest, greediest example of literary vanity that he had ever known"—*l'amour-propre littéraire le plus avide et le plus grossier que j'ai connu*. When we think of what Sainte-Beuve must have known in this line, these few words acquire a portentous weight.

By this time (1832) Balzac was, in French phrase, thoroughly *lanôé*. He was doing, among other things, some of his most brilliant work, certain of the "Contes Drôlatiques." These were written, as he tells his mother, for relaxation, as a rest from harder labor. One would have said that no work would have been much harder than compounding the marvellously successful imitation of mediæval French in which these tales are written. He had, however, other diversions as well. In the autumn of 1832 he was at Aix-les-Bains with the Duchess of Castries, a great lady, and one of his kindest friends. He has been accused of drawing portraits of great ladies without knowledge of originals; but Mme. de Castries was an inexhaustible fund of instruction upon this subject. Three or four years later, speaking of the story of the "Duchesse de Laugeais" to one of his correspondents, another *femme du monde*, he tells her that as a *femme du monde* she is not to pretend to find flaws in the picture, a high authority having read the proofs for the express purpose of removing them. The authority is evidently the Duchess of Castries.

Balzac writes to Mme. Carraud from Aix: "At Lyons I corrected 'Lambert' again. I licked my cub, like a she bear. . . . On the whole, I am satisfied; it is a work of profound melancholy and of science. Truly, I deserve to have a mistress, and my sorrow at not having one increases daily; for love is my life and my essence. . . . I have a simple little room," he goes on, "from which I see the whole valley. I rise pitilessly at five o'clock in the morning, and work before my window un-

til half-past five in the evening. My breakfast comes from the club—an egg. Mme. de Castries has good coffee made for me. At six o'clock we dine together, and I pass the evening with her. She is the finest type (*le type le plus fin*) of woman; Mme. de Beauséant [from "Le Père Goriot"] improved; only, are not all these pretty manners acquired at the expense of the soul?"

During his stay at Aix he met an excellent opportunity to go to Italy; the Duke de Fitz-James, who was travelling southward, invited him to become a member of his party. He discourses the economical problem (in writing to his mother) with his usual intensity, and throws what will seem to the modern traveller the light of enchantment upon that golden age of cheapness. Occupying the fourth place in the carriage of the Duchess of Castries, his quarter of the total travelling expenses from Geneva to Rome (carriage, beds, food, etc.) was to be fifty dollars! But he was ultimately prevented from joining the party. He went to Italy some years later.

He mentions, in 1833, that the chapter entitled "Juana," in the superb tale of "The Maranas," as also the story of "La Grenadière," was written in a single night. He gives at the same period this account of his habits of work: "I must tell you that I am up to my neck in excessive work. My life is mechanically arranged. I go to bed at six or seven in the evening, with the chickens; I wake up at one in the morning and work till eight; then I take something light, a cup of pure coffee, and get into the shafts of my cab until four; I receive, I take a bath, or I go out, and after dinner I go to bed. I must lead this life for some months longer, in order not to be overwhelmed by my obligations. The profit comes slowly; my debts are inexorable and fixed. Now, it is certain that I will make a great fortune; but I must wait for it, and work for three years. I must go over things, correct them again, put every-

thing *en état monumental*; thankless work, not counted, without immediate profit." He speaks of working at this amazing rate for three years longer; in reality he worked for fifteen. But two years after the declaration we have just quoted, it seemed to him that he should break down: "My poor sister, I am draining the cup to the dregs. It is in vain that I work my fourteen hours a day; I can't do enough. While I write this to you I find myself so weary that I have just sent Auguste to take back my word from certain engagements that I had formed. I am so weak that I have advanced my dinner hour in order to go to bed earlier; and I go nowhere." The next year he writes to his mother, who had apparently complained of his silence: "My good mother, do me the charity to let me carry my burden without suspecting my heart. A letter for me, you see, is not only money, but an hour of sleep and a drop of blood."

We spoke just now of Balzac's sentimental consolations; but it appears that at times he was more acutely conscious of what he missed than of what he enjoyed. "As for the soul," he writes to Mme. Carraud in 1833, "I am profoundly sad. My work alone sustains me in life. Is there then to be no woman for me in this world? My physical melancholy and *ennui* last longer and grow more frequent. To fall from this crushing labor to nothing—not to have near me that soft, caressing mind of woman, for whom I have done so much!" He had, however, a devoted feminine friend, to whom none of the letters in these volumes are addressed, but who is several times alluded to. This lady, Mme. de Berny, died in 1836, and Balzac speaks of her ever afterward with extraordinary tenderness and veneration. But if there had been a passion between them, it was only a passionate friendship. "Ah, my dear mother," he writes on New Year's day, 1836, "I am harrowed with grief. Mme. de Berny is dying; it is impos-

sible to doubt it. No one but God and myself knows what my despair is. And I must work—work while I weep!" He writes of Mme. de Berny at the time of her death as follows. The letter is addressed to a lady with whom he was in correspondence more or less sentimental, but whom he never saw: "The person whom I have lost was more than a mother, more than a friend, more than any creature can be for another. The term *divinity* only can explain her. She had sustained me by word, by act, by devotion, during my worst weather. If I live, it is by her; she was everything for me. Although for two years illness and time had separated us, we were visible at a distance for each other. She reacted upon me; she was a moral sun. Mme. de Mortsauf, in the '*Lys dans la Vallée*,' is a pale expression of this person's slightest qualities." Three years afterward he writes to his sister: "I am alone against all my troubles, and formerly, to help me to resist them, I had with me the sweetest and bravest person in the world; a woman who every day is born again in my heart, and whose divine qualities make the friendships that are compared with hers seem pale. I have now no adviser in my literary difficulties; I have no guide but the fatal thought, 'What would she say if she were living?'" And he goes on to enumerate some of his actual and potential friends. He tells his sister that she herself might have been for him a close intellectual comrade if her duties of wife and mother had not given her too many other things to think about. The same is true of Mme. Carraud: "Never has a more extraordinary mind been more smothered; she will die in her corner unknown! George Sand," he continues, "would speedily be my friend; she has no pettiness whatever in her soul—none of the low jealousies which obscure so many contemporary talents. Dumas resembles her in this; but she has not the critical sense. Mme. Hanska is all this; but I cannot weigh

upon her destiny." Mme. Hanska was the Polish lady whom he ultimately married, and of whom we shall speak. Meanwhile, for a couple of years (1836 and 1837), he carried on an exchange of opinions, of the order that the French call *intimes*, with the unseen correspondent to whom we have alluded, and who figures in these volumes as "Louise." The letters, however, are not love letters; Balzac, indeed, seems chiefly occupied in calming the ardor of the lady, who was evidently a woman of social distinction. "Don't have any friendship for me," he writes; "I need too much. Like all people who struggle, suffer, and work, I am exacting, mistrustful, wilful, capricious. . . . If I had been a woman, I should have loved nothing so much as some soul buried like a well in the desert—discovered only when you place yourself directly under the star which indicates it to the thirsty Arab."

His first letter to Mme. Hanska here given bears the date of 1835; but we are informed in a note that he had at that moment been for some time in correspondence with her. The correspondence had begun, if we are not mistaken, on Mme. Hanska's side, before they met; she had written to him as a literary admirer. She was a Polish lady of great fortune, with an invalid husband. After her husband's death, projects of marriage defined themselves more vividly, but practical considerations kept them for a long time in the background. Balzac had first to pay off his debts, and Mme. Hanska, as a Polish subject of the Czar Nicholas, was not in a position to marry from one day to another. The growth of their intimacy is, however, amply reflected in these volumes, and the dénouement presents itself with a certain dramatic force. Balzac's letters to his future wife, as to every one else, deal almost exclusively with his financial situation. He discusses the details of this matter with all his correspondents, who apparently have—or are expected to have—his

monetary entanglements at their fingers' ends. It is a constant enumeration of novels and tales begun or delivered, revised or bargained for. The tone is always profoundly sombre and bitter. The reader's general impression is that of lugubrious egotism. It is the rarest thing in the world that there is an allusion to anything but Balzac's own affairs, and to the most sordid details of his own affairs. Hardly an echo of the life of his time, of the world he lived in, finds its way into his letters; there are no anecdotes, no impressions, no opinions, no descriptions, no allusions to things heard, people seen, emotions felt—other emotions, at least, than those of the exhausted or the exultant worker. The reason of all this is of course very obvious. A man could not be such a worker as Balzac and be much else besides. The note of animal spirits which we observed in his early letters is sounded much less frequently as time goes on; although the extraordinary robustness and exuberance of his temperament plays richly into his books. The "*Contes Drôlatiques*" are full of it, and his conversation was also full of it. But the letters constantly show us a man with the edge of his spontaneity gone—a man groaning and sighing, as from Promethean lungs, complaining of his tasks, denouncing his enemies, and in complete ill humor generally with life. Of any expression of enjoyment of the world, of the beauties of nature, art, literature, history, human character, these pages are singularly destitute. And yet we know that such enjoyment—instinctive, unreasoning, essential—is half the inspiration of the poet. The truth is that Balzac was as little as possible of a poet; he often speaks of himself as one, but he deserved the name as little as his own Canalis or his own Rubempré. He was neither a poet nor a moralist, though the latter title in France is often bestowed upon him—a fact which strikingly helps to illustrate the Gallic lightness of soil in the moral re-

gion. Balzac was the hardest and deepest of *prosauteurs*; the earth-scented facts of life, which the poet puts under his feet, he had put above his head. Obviously there went on within him a vast and constant intellectual unfolding. His mind must have had a history of its own—a history of which it would be most interesting to have an occasional glimpse. But the history is not related here, even in glimpses. His books are full of ideas; his letters have almost none. It is probably not unfair to argue from this fact that there were few ideas that he greatly cared for. Making all allowance for the pressure and tyranny of circumstances, we may believe that if he had greatly cared to *se recueillir*, as the French say—greatly cared, in the Miltonic phrase, “to interpose a little ease”—he would sometimes have found an opportunity for it. Perpetual work, when it is joyous and salubrious, is a very fine thing; but perpetual work, when it is executed with the temper which more than half the time appears to have been Balzac's, has in it something almost debasing. We constantly feel that his work would have been vastly better if the Muse of “business” had been elbowed away by her larger-browed sister. Balzac himself, doubtless, often felt in the same way; but, on the whole, “business” was what he most cared for. The “*Comédie Humaine*” represents an immense amount of joy, of spontaneity, of irrepressible artistic life. Here and there in the letters this occasionally breaks out in accents of mingled exultation and despair. “Never,” he writes in 1836, “has the torrent which bears me along been more rapid; never has a work more majestically terrible imposed itself upon the human brain. I go to my work as the gamester to the gaming-table; I am sleeping now only five hours and working eighteen; I shall arrive dead. . . . Write to me; be generous; take nothing in bad part, for you don't know how, at moments, I deplore this life of fire. But how can I jump out

of the chariot?” We had occasion in writing of Balzac in these pages more than a year ago* to say that his great characteristic, far from being a passion for ideas, was a passion for *things*. We said just now that his books are full of ideas; but we must add that his letters make us feel that these ideas are themselves in a certain sense “things.” They are pigments, properties, frippery; they are always concrete and available. Balzac cared for them only if they would fit into his inkstand.

He never “jumped out of his car”; but as the years went on he was able at times to let the reins hang more loosely. There is no evidence that he made the great fortune he had looked forward to; but he must have made a great deal of money. In the beginning his work was very poorly paid, but after his reputation was solidly established he received large sums. It is true that they were swallowed up in great part by his “debts”—that dusky, vaguely outlined, insatiable maw which we see grimacing for ever behind him, like the face on a fountain which should find itself receiving a stream instead of giving it out. But he travelled (working all the while en route). He went to Italy, to Germany, to Russia; he built houses, he bought pictures and pottery. One of his journeys illustrates his singular mixture of economic and romantic impulses. He made a breathless pilgrimage to the island of Sardinia to examine the scorice of certain silver mines, anciently worked by the Romans, in which he had heard that the metal was still to be found. The enterprise was fantastic and impracticable; but he pushed his excursion through night and day, as he had written the “*Père Goriot*.” In his relative prosperity, when once it was established, there are strange lapses and stumbling-places. After he had built and was living in his somewhat fantastical villa of Les Jardies at Sèvres, close to Paris, he invites a friend

* December, 1875.

to stay with him on these terms: "I can take you to board at forty sous a day, and for thirty-five francs you will have fire-wood enough for a month." In his joke he is apt to betray the same preoccupation. Inviting Charles de Bernard and his wife to come to Les Jardies to help him arrange his books, he adds that they will have fifty sous a day and their wine. He is constantly talking of his expenses, of what he spends in cab hire and postage. His letters to the Countess Hanska are filled with these details. "Yesterday I was running about all day: twenty-five francs for carriages!" The man of business is never absent. For the first representations of his plays he arranges his audiences with an eye to effect, like an *impresario* or an agent. In the boxes, for "Vautrin," "I insist upon there being handsome women." Presenting a copy of the "Comédie Humaine" to the Austrian ambassador, he accompanies it with a letter calling attention, in the most elaborate manner, to the typographical beauty and the cheapness of the work; the letter reads like a prospectus or an advertisement.

In 1840 (he was forty years old) he thought seriously of marriage—with this remark as the preface to the announcement: "*Je ne veux plus avoir de cœur!* . . . If you meet a young girl of twenty-two," he goes on, "with a fortune of 200,000 francs, or even of 100,000, provided it can be used in business, you will think of me. I want a woman who shall be able to be what the events of my life may demand of her—the wife of an ambassador, or a housewife at Les Jardies. But don't speak of this; it's a secret. She must be an ambitious, clever girl." This project, however, was not carried out; Balzac had no time to marry. But his friendship with Mme. Hanska became more and more absorbing, and though their project of marriage, which was executed in 1850, was kept a profound secret until after the ceremony, it is apparent that they had had it a long time in their thoughts.

For this lady Balzac's esteem and admiration seem to have been unbounded; and his letters to her, which in the second volume are very numerous, contain many noble and delicate passages. "You know too well," he says to her somewhere, with a happy choice of words belonging to the writer, whose diction was here and there as felicitous as it was generally intolerable—" *Vous savez trop bien que tout ce qui n'est pas vous n'est que surface, sottises et vains palliatifs de l'absence.*" "You must be proud of your children," he writes to his sister from Poland; "such daughters are the recompense of your life. You must not be unjust to destiny; you may now accept many misfortunes. It is like myself with Mme. Hanska. The gift of her affection explains all my troubles, my weariness, and my toil; I was paying to evil, in advance, the price of such a treasure. As Napoleon said, we pay for everything here below; nothing is stolen. It seems to me that I have paid very little. Twenty-five years of toil and struggle are nothing as the purchase money of an attachment so splendid, so radiant, so complete."

Mme. Hanska appears to have come rarely to Paris, and when she came to have shrouded her visits in mystery; but Balzac arranged several meetings with her abroad, and visited her at St. Petersburg and on her Polish estates. He was devotedly fond of her children, and the tranquil, opulent family life to which she introduced him appears to have been one of the greatest pleasures he had known. In several passages which, for Balzac, may be called graceful and playful, he expresses his homesickness for her chairs and tables, her books, the sight of her dresses. Here is something, in one of his letters to her, which is worth quoting: "In short, this is the game that I play; four men will have had, in this century, an immense influence—Napoleon! Cuvier, O'Connell. I should like to be the fourth. The first lived on the blood

of Europe; *il s'est inoculé des armées*; the second espoused the globe; the third became the incarnation of a people; I—I shall have carried a whole society in my head. But there will have been in me a much greater and much happier being than the writer—and that is your slave. My feeling is finer, grander, more complete, than all the satisfactions of vanity or of glory. Without this plenitude of the heart I should never have accomplished the tenth part of my work; I should not have had this ferocious courage." During a few days spent at Berlin, on his way back from St. Petersburg, he gives his impressions of the "capital of Brandenburg" in a tone which almost seems to denote a prevision of the style of allusion to this locality and its inhabitants which was to become fashionable among his countrymen thirty years later. Balzac detested Prussia and the Prussians.

It is owing to this charlatanism [the spacious distribution of the streets, etc.] that Berlin has a more populous look than Petersburg; I would have said "more animated" look if I had been speaking of another people; but the Prussian, with his brutal heaviness, will never be able to do anything but crush. To produce the movement of a great European capital you must have less beer and bad tobacco, and more of the French or Italian spirit; or else you must have the great industrial and commercial ideas which have produced the gigantic development of London; but Berlin and its inhabitants will never be anything but an ugly little city, inhabited by an ugly big people.

"I have seen Tieck *en famille*," he says in another letter. "He seemed pleased with my homage. He had an old countess, his contemporary in spectacles, almost an octogenarian—a mummy with a green eye-shade, whom I supposed to be a domestic divinity. . . . I am at home again; it is half-past six in the evening, and I have eaten nothing since this morning. Berlin is the city of *ennui*; I should die here in a week. Poor Humboldt is dying of it; he drags with him everywhere his nostalgia for Paris."

Balzac passed the winter of 1848-'49 and several months more at Vierzchnia, the Polish estate of Mme. Hanska and her children. His health

had been gravely impaired, and the doctors had absolutely forbidden him to work. His inexhaustible and indefatigable brain had at last succumbed to fatigue. But the prize was gained; his debts were paid; he was looking forward to owning at last the money that he should make. He could afford—relatively speaking at least—to rest. His fame had been solidly built up; the public recognized his greatness. Already, in 1846, he had written: "You will learn with pleasure, I am sure, that there is an immense reaction in my favor. At last I have conquered! Once more my protecting star has watched over me. . . . At this moment the public and the papers turn toward me favorably; more than that, there is a sort of acclamation, a general consecration. . . . It is a great year for me, dear Countess."

To be ill and kept from work was, for Balzac, to be a chained Prometheus; but there was much during these last months to alleviate his impatience. His letters at this period are easier, less painfully preoccupied than at any other; and he found in Poland better medical advice than he deemed obtainable in Paris. He was preparing a house in Paris to receive him as a married man—preparing it apparently with great splendor. At Les Jardies the pictures and divans and tapestries had mostly been nominal—had been present only in grand names, chalked grotesquely upon the empty walls. But during the last years of his life Balzac appears to have been a great collector. He bought many pictures and other objects of value; in particular, there figures in these letters a certain set of Florentine furniture which he was willing to sell again, but to sell only to a royal purchaser. The King of Holland appears to have been in treaty for it. Readers of the "*Comédie Humaine*" have no need to be reminded of the author's passion for furniture; nowhere else are there such loving or such invidious descriptions of it. "Decidedly," he writes once to Mme. Hanska, "I will send

to Tours for the Louis XVI secretary and bureau; the room will then be complete. It's a matter of a thousand francs; but for a thousand francs what can one get in modern furniture? *Des platitudes bourgeoises, des misères sans valeur et sans goût.*"

Old Mme. de Balzac was her son's factotum and universal agent. His letters from Vierzschovnia are filled with prescriptions of activity for his mother, accompanied always with the urgent reminder that she is to use cabs *ad libitum*. He goes into the minutest details (she was overlooking the preparation of his house in the Rue Fortunée, which must have been converted into a very picturesque residence): "The carpet in the dining-room must certainly be readjusted. Try and make M. Henry send his carpet-layer. I owe that man a good *pour-boire*; he laid all the carpets, and I once was rough with him. You must tell him that in September he can come and get his present. I want particularly to give it to him myself."

His mother occasionally annoyed him by unreasonable exactions and untimely interferences. There is an episode of a letter which she writes to him at Vierzschovnia, and which, coming to Mme. Hanska's knowledge, endangers his prospect of marriage. He complains bitterly to his sister that his mother *cannot* get it out of her head that he is still fifteen years old. But there is something very touching in his constant tenderness toward her—as well as something very characteristically French—very characteristic of the French sentiment of family consistency and solidarity—in the way in which, by constantly counting upon her practical aptitude and zeal, he makes her a fellow worker toward the great total of his fame and fortune. At fifty years of age, at the climax of his distinction, announcing to her his brilliant marriage, he signs himself *Ton fils soumis*. To his old friend Mme. Carraud he speaks thus of this same event: "The dénouement of

that great and beautiful drama of the heart which has lasted these sixteen years. . . . Three days ago I married the only woman I have loved, whom I loved more than ever, and whom I shall love until death. I believe that this union is the recompense that God has held in reserve for me through so many adversities, years of work, difficulties suffered and surmounted. I had neither a happy youth nor a flowering spring; I shall have the most brilliant summer, the sweetest of all autumns." It had been, as Balzac says, a drama of the heart, and the dénouement was of the heart alone. Mme. Hanska, on her marriage, made over her large fortune to her daughter.

Balzac had at last found rest and happiness, but his enjoyment of these blessings was brief. The energy that he had expended to gain them left nothing behind it. His terrible industry had blasted the soil it passed over; he had sacrificed to his work the very things he worked for. One cannot do what Balzac did and live. He was enfeebled, exhausted, broken. He died in Paris three months after his marriage. The reader feels that premature death is the logical, the harmonious completion of such a career. The strongest man has but a certain fixed quantity of life to expend, and we may expect that if he works habitually fifteen hours a day, he will spend it while, arithmetically speaking, he is yet young.

We have been struck in reading these letters with the strong analogy between Balzac's career and that of the great English writer whose history was some time since so expansively written by Mr. Forster. Dickens and Balzac take much in common; as individuals they strongly resemble each other; their differences are chiefly differences of race. Each was a man of affairs, an active, practical man, with a temperament of almost phenomenal vigor and a prodigious quantity of life to expend. Each had a character and a will—what is nowadays called a per-

sonality—which imposed themselves irresistibly; each had a boundless self-confidence and a magnificent egotism. Each had always a hundred irons on the fire; each was resolutely determined to make money, and made it in large quantities. In intensity of imaginative power, the power of evoking visible objects and figures, seeing them themselves with the force of hallucination, and making others see them all but just as vividly, they were almost equal. Here there is little to choose between them; they have had no rivals but each other and Shakespeare. But they most of all resemble each other in the fact that they treated their extraordinary imaginative force as a matter of business; that they worked it as a gold mine, violently and brutally; overworked and ravaged it. They succumbed to the task that they had laid upon themselves, and they are as similar in their deaths as in their lives. Of course, if Dickens is an English Balzac, he is a very English Balzac. His fortune was the easier of the two, and his prizes were greater than the other's. His brilliant opulent English prosperity, centred in a home and diffused through a progeny, is in strong contrast with the almost scholastic penury and obscurity of much of Balzac's career. But the analogy is still very striking.

In speaking formerly of Balzac in these pages we insisted upon the fact that he lacked charm; but we said that our last word upon him should be that he had incomparable power. His letters only confirm these impressions, and above all they deepen our sense of his strength. They contain little that is delicate, and not a great deal that is positively agreeable; but they express an energy before which we stand lost in wonder, in an admiration that almost amounts to awe. The fact that his devouring observation of the great human spectacle has no echo in his letters only makes us feel how concentrated and how intense was the labor that went on in his closet. Certainly no solidier intellectual work has ever been achieved by man. And in spite of the massive egotism, the personal absoluteness, to which these pages testify, they leave us with a downright kindness for the author. He was coarse, but he was tender; he was corrupt in a way, but he was hugely natural. If he was ungracefully eager and voracious, awkwardly blind to all things that did not contribute to his personal plan, at least his egotism was exerted in a great cause. The "Comédie Humaine" has a thousand faults, but it is a monumental excuse.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

LOVE'S REQUIEM.

I.

BRING withered autumn leaves !
 Call everything that grieves,
 And build a funeral pyre above his head !
 Heap there all golden promise that deceives,
 Beauty that wins the heart and then bereaves—
 For love is dead.

II.

Not slowly did he die !
 A meteor from the sky
 Falls not so swiftly as his spirit fled;
 When with regretful, half-averted eye
 He gave one little smile, one little sigh—
 And so was sped.

III.

But, oh, not yet, not yet
 Can my lost soul forget
 How beautiful he was while he did live;
 Or, when his eyes were dewy and lips wet,
 What kisses, tenderer than all regret,
 My love would give !

IV.

Strew roses on his breast !
 He loved the roses best;
 He never cared for lilies or for snow.
 Let be this bitter end of his sweet quest !
 Let be the pallid silence that is rest—
 And let all go !

WILLIAM WINTER.

STORY OF A LION.

WHEN Smith's Circus and Menagerie Combination Company went to Utica James Rounders was a lusty fellow of twenty, of some natural sagacity, and no school education. An interest in wild beasts had been developing in him for several years, and the odor of sawdust had become grateful to his nostrils. It was, however, only one kind of wild beast with which he was especially occupied. The quadruped of the noble aspect, stately gait, and tremendous roar—the lion—was the animal of Rounders's predilection and the object of his study.

He had gotten together some leading facts—so far as the stories of lion-killers may be regarded as such—concerning his favorite animal. He had heard how a lion had galloped off from the suburbs of the Cape of Good Hope with a two years' old heifer in his mouth, and jumped over a hedge twelve feet high, taking his burden over with him. In the same region of southern Africa another lion was seen bearing off a horse at a canter, the neck in his mouth and the body slung behind across his back. According to one who hunted the animal in the interior of Africa, a lion one day sprang on an ox, his hind feet on the quarters, his fore feet about the horns, and drew the head backward with such force as to break the back of the animal. On another occasion the same hunter saw a lion who took a heifer in his mouth, and though its legs trailed on the ground, he carried it off as a cat would a rat, and jumped across a wide ditch without difficulty. These accounts of the lion's strength were articles of faith with James Rounders. He had been told that the royal Bengal tiger of Asia was the equal in strength, if not the superior, of the African lion, he having been known to smash the head of a bullock by a sin-

gle blow of his paw; but this Rounders did not believe.

He read with some difficulty, moving his lips as he did so, in order to get the matter clearly before his mind. He regarded it as a laborious task, and would sooner have chopped a cord of wood than read for half an hour. Notwithstanding the irksomeness of reading, there were two books which led him conscientiously through their pages to the end—those of Gordon Cumming and Jules Gérard on the hunting and killing of lions. The two volumes comprised his library, and furnished his mind with all the literary nutriment which it required.

Rounders went to the opening performance of Smith's Circus and Menagerie Combination Company. The ground leading up to the front of the canvas was garnished in the usual way. There were two small parasitic tents near the great one, on which primitive pictures hung of the woman of enormous girth and the calf with six legs. A man stood at the flap entrance of each, inviting people to enter and see these wonders of nature for a moderate sum. Near by was the lemonade wagon, whose proprietor was handing out glasses of his fluid with a briskness that showed that many were athirst.

When he entered the great tent the brass band was blowing blatantly, four cavaliers in rusty spangles and four dowdy women were riding round the ring, going through the old-time preliminary called the grand entry; for whatever else may change, the circus remains faithful to its traditions. The Yorick of the sawdust soon followed, and said the things which convulsed us with laughter in our tender years, and which cause us to smile in our maturity in the recollections they bring back. It was the same bold joke and the same grimace. The

quips and quirks force on us the fact that there is but little originality in the human mind, and this was substantially the reflection of Rounders as he turned an indifferent ear to the wearisome wit. He prided himself on his acumen, and was not to be taken in with such worn buffoonery. Yet I trow that even Rounders envied the children who gave themselves over body and soul to the accredited man of humor.

He looked at the woman going through the hoops, the trick pony seeking for the hidden handkerchief, and the bareback rider turning a summerset, with a mild interest, for he had seen them or something like them before. The strong man who threw up the cannon balls into the air, and allowed them to fall on his nape, to roll down the hollow of his back to the ground, hardly aroused this indifferent spectator. What he looked forward to with curiosity was the performance of the lion-tamer, and when it did come it exceeded his expectations.

The master of the ring, attired in what resembled the uniform of an officer of the navy, stepped into the middle of the arena, and with the affectation of good breeding characteristic of the class, said, "Ladies and gentlemen: I have the honor to announce that John Brinton, the most extraordinary and celebrated tamer of lions in the world, will appear before you in his remarkable performance, during which every one is requested to keep his seat. Your attention is especially directed to the third part of it, as one of the marvels of the nineteenth century.

"To-morrow there will be a *matinée* at one o'clock, and in the evening the performance at the usual hour."

The speaker bowed and retired. The band struck up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," as the Brinton in question came forward with that dash which belongs to lion-tamers everywhere. He was an athletic man between forty and fifty, of a stern

countenance, and of a self-possession that was evident as soon as he appeared. He was arrayed in flesh-colored tights, with embroidered sky-blue velvet around the loins. He bore in one hand a black rod, five or six feet long, and in the other a whip. His hair was short, and he was cleanly shaved. Men who put their heads between lions' jaws generally are, for the titillation of a straggling hair might produce a cough that would prove tragical. He was quick and decided in all his movements, as the lion-tamer should be, in order to leave the beast no time to work itself up to a decision.

The cage which he entered contained two lions. One was large, grumbling, and fierce, who had passed a part of his life in the wilds of Africa; the other, and smaller of the two, was an emasculated beast, born behind the bars, and was as tractable as the animal usually is that has never known freedom. The performance consisted of three parts. The first was of the kind common to menageries. The tamer entered by the little door in a corner, with the celerity which all tamers employ, and stood for a moment in the statuesque immobility to which they are also given, in coming before the public. Having done this, he started forward with the black rod in his left hand, approached the animals, driving them to the end of the cage, the end of the rod nearly touching their faces. Here they stood under protest, growling. Then he raised his whip, struck the smaller beast, making it run from one end of the cage to the other, and leap over his shoulder in a way familiar to people who have visited a menagerie. He threw it down, put his foot on its prostrate body, and folded his arms in the character of victor. He lay down on it, pulled open its jaws, and inserted his head therein. Then he jumped up and dismissed it, with a cut of the whip, to one corner. During this time the larger lion had been an indifferent and surly spectator. The tamer approached, touching him with the rod,

when he jumped forward with a growl, half crouching. Quickly the tamer caught hold of his upper jaw and tore it open, as great, rebellious cog-wheel growls issued from the mighty throat. Then he spurned him with his foot, bowed to the audience, went to the door, let himself out like a flash, the two animals making a bound against it as he disappeared.

"A, B, C," said Rounders. "Nothing new about that."

During the interim venders went about holding up photographic portraits of the tamer, lustily shouting his professional and private virtues. Their voices were, however, soon drowned in the clash of the brass band, which played a prelude to what was coming. At the conclusion of this a lone and last voice cried out, "Ice-cold lemonade," but it was promptly suppressed by those near the crier, as Brinton again appeared.

The second part was a short drama enacted with the larger animal, whose name was Brutus, the smaller one being driven into an adjoining cage. In the drama Brutus was the faithful friend of his master, the tamer, who is attacked by his enemies—a dozen supernumeraries in rusty spangles, who simultaneously thrust their spears through the bars from the outside of one end of the cage; when the spears are thus thrust through the bars, the master calls on his faithful servant Brutus to save his master's life, and rid him of his enemies, giving the command in the words:

"To the rescue, Brutus! Down with the miscreants!"

This was the "situation." Brutus advances at the word of command, and with a few blows from his great paws breaks the brittle spears which the somewhat *flaque* enemies hold from without. At this the tamer strikes an attitude, and shouts in a melodramatic voice:

"Saved! And by this noble animal!"

These words are accompanied with the action of putting an arm affection-

ately around the neck of Brutus. This is the dénouement.

He bows and retires as before, this time amid increased applause.

"Not bad," said the critical Rounders, "but nothing extra."

As Brinton disappeared the voices of the venders arose again, to be drowned as before by the blare of the wind instruments. Silence was restored for his next appearance. It was the third part which Rounders desired especially to see, and a surprise was reserved for him. In it the tamer entered the cage with a great piece of raw meat in each hand, Brutus being still alone, standing in the middle of the cage, eagerly looking out for his master. Brinton threw one of the pieces down in the middle of the floor, and the beast pounced on it as only a wild beast can, holding it between his paws as he gluttonously devoured it—not with a lateral movement of the jaws, but cat-like—amid half stifled, threatening growls, with menacing eyes turned from time to time toward the tamer. What the tamer then did was the most extraordinary performance which Rounders had ever seen, and sent thrills of admiration down his spinal column.

Brinton calmly approached the ferocious animal feeding, and took away from it the half finished piece of meat, and as he did so the beast growled, but submitted! After which he waved the half consumed beef in the air and bowed, amid great applause, in which Rounders heartily joined. Then the tamer said:

"Brutus, you have behaved so well I shall reward you with another piece."

Which he did, the beast seizing it and gorging himself as before. At this point the master of the ring stepped forth again as the tamer disappeared, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when you recollect how difficult it is to take a bone away from even a pet dog, it will give you some idea of the marvellous performance you have just wit-

nessed. It will be repeated to-morrow during the day and evening."

"This is a real show," said Rounders, wound up to enthusiasm. "But how does he do it?" This was the question which at once presented itself, and thereafter gave him no peace. With this perplexing inquiry was mingled a deep and abiding admiration. He was brought to a determination to which he had been moving for two or three years. In a word, he decided then and there to enter the vocation. He sought the man who had sent the tingling, shivering sensation down his vertebrae, and explained that he wanted to go with him on any terms and in any capacity.

Brinton had taken off his professional gear, and was undistinguishable from the sombre mass of his fellow citizens. He was out on the open space near the great tent, looking abstractedly at a man blowing with distended cheeks into a lung-testing machine. Rounders stood before him with the respect due to a man who snatches meat away from a ferocious lion.

After going through his work with the beasts, Brinton was usually tired and somewhat indifferent to the ordinary affairs of life. Other things seemed pale after the emotions of the cage. When Rounders explained to him what he wanted, the tamer said:

"You've got it."

"Got what?"

"The lion fever. You are lion struck. I've seen a good many like you. Its an uphill business. Not one keeper in fifty gets the handling of the brutes, and still the only way of going about it is to be a keeper. Besides handling them, you must have a *specialty*—a trick, you know. You've got to get up one yourself or worm it out of somebody else. As for the lion man telling anybody—that is something I haven't yet met with. You may take his life, but he won't give up his trick; it's his pride, his pleasure, and his bread and butter."

"I want to be a keeper all the same," returned Rounders.

"Come on then," said Brinton; "for we want a keeper, as we left one at the last town. He was a young man who had been reading in natural history about the noble nature of the lion, and he put his hand in between the bars to pat Brutus on the head. The surgeon examined him, and said his arm was fractured in several places—it was a regular chaw. We left him in the hospital. I tell you this as a warning not to go fooling round the beasts—that is, if you're coming."

The fate of the young man of a too trusting faith in the noble nature of the lion did not turn Rounders from his determination, and the next morning he was a part of the establishment.

At first the tongue of the tamer was pretty closely tied touching matters of his profession, but in due time he expanded into talk when he saw the genuine enthusiasm of the keeper for all that related to the subject, yet naturally practised strict reserve in everything concerning his particular work. In a word, professional secrets remained entombed.

He thought men were born to his vocation, and there was no resisting it. He had followed shows and hung around lion cages when he was a boy. Toward manhood the business had exercised such a fascination that he at last obtained employment with a tamer, whom he followed until he was killed by his beasts. This sanguinary spectacle deterred him for the time from the idea of entering a cage, but he continued his work.

There were two kinds of lions in the menageries—those born and raised in the cages and those caught as whelps wild in Asia and Africa. A few full grown were caught in pits. The first time he entered a cage was in a small show in a provincial town. The two lions whom he then encountered were old and sick, and bore the scars of twenty years' whipping on their bald hides; besides, they were born and brought up behind the bars. They growled from force of habit, but there was not much danger in them. The

posters of course announced the two brutes as two of the most ferocious kings of the forest.

From these he passed to cage-bred lions in their prime, thence to the wild animals, of which Brutus was one. Until the tamer was able to work with these last, he was not considered as belonging to the rank of real tamers. The sensation he experienced the first time he entered the cage of wild animals was difficult to describe; it was an appreciation of imminent danger coupled with courage. When he issued from the cage his tights and spangled cloth felt as if they had just come out of the wash tub. He was steeled up to the point of bravery before the brutes, but ten minutes afterward a child could have knocked him over.

The principal secret of managing the brutes was not to be afraid of them. When the man showed fear he was lost. The mastery was not acquired so much through violence of treatment as an absolute sense of security in their presence. Audacity and self-possession were necessary every minute, every second; a moment's loss of equilibrium might prove fatal.

The buttery mode of treatment about which bookmen wrote had no existence in fact among showmen. No man managed his beasts with kindness. When his Brutus licked his face in his performance it looked affectionate, but it was not; he did it because he was afraid; and when the animal went through this osculatory business he was obliged to keep his eye on him with all the concentration of his will, for there was something in the beast's eyes which showed that he would sooner use his teeth than his tongue.

There was an impression that a lion once tamed is tamed for good, as a horse is broken to harness. This was an error; the lion had to be tamed every day anew in order to keep him in subjection.

Rounders asked him if he meant to say that all lions were vicious. To which he answered negatively. There

were good lions and bad lions, just as there were good and bad men. The bad beasts, however, were more numerous than the others, for it was their nature to kill to provide for their hunger. The book talk about their generosity was not trustworthy; the instinct of the beast was to kill when it was hungry, but when its stomach was full it was less dangerous. He had seen the beast in its wild state, having hunted him in Africa. He had captured Brutus there when the animal was two years old; he was then ten, but always retained something of his wild nature. He was secured in a pit with his mother, the mother being shot.

In another menagerie with which he had been connected his principal performance was "the happy family," in which he brought together in the same cage two lions, several wolves, a couple of bears, a sheep, a small elephant with a monkey on his back. The crowning feature of this was the introduction of the sheep's head into the lion's mouth, which he held open by the upper lip with a strong grip. The sovereignty of the lions was acknowledged by the other animals, who looked at them with fear, getting as far away from them as the cage would permit. He had to pull each one into the cage by force. He compelled a bear to stand with his nose in close proximity to that of a lion; he called this the kiss of friendship; the bear had to be kicked and pushed into position, looking at the lion with terror; the lion did not deign to look at the bear, but kept his eye fixed on his master, whom of course he obeyed under protest. When the sheep was brought forward, and its head was put between the lion's jaws, it was almost in a swooning condition, and excited general pity. He had to get a new sheep every month, the daily fear causing them soon to decline unto death.

The foregoing, in substance, was a portion of the talk with which Brinton gratified himself as well as his listener, the appreciative Rounders.

The trick of pulling away the meat from under the jaws of Brutus was technically known under the canvas as the "meat-jerk." It continued to remain uppermost in the mind of the new keeper.

The nomadic life had pleasures for Rounders, aside from the fascination of the "meat-jerk." He drove a gayly colored wagon in the caravan, as it moved through the country. At night, like the Arabs, they folded their tents and stole away, and at dawn they were on the march. Perched on his seat, Rounders's eyes dwelt on the landscape with its purple tints of the morning, and his nostrils sniffed the sweet odors of Nature while she was still in *déshabille*. Silently, like a variegated serpent, the caravan crept around the hills and through the valleys. The musicians, clad in gold and scarlet, rode through the country in their magnificent chariot, and gave out no sound, their breath being reserved for the towns and villages. The vestal silence remained unbroken by the stridulous clarinet and the blatant trombones.

Every man has a weakness, and Brinton had his. He was in tender thralldom. He loved the woman that jumped through the hoops and balloons on a padded horse. Whenever her eyes turned on him they sent a thrill through him more exciting than that produced by Brutus. He generally stood near the ring-board when she appeared in public, and envied the ringmaster the agreeable duty of assisting her to mount. Admiringly he watched her shapely legs going through the hoops and over the garters, as her eyes sparkled and her face flushed with the excitement, but there was no indication of his love being returned.

When Rounders discovered this tenderness in the heart of the tamer, he thought of Samson and Delilah, and wondered if something of the kind could not be done with natural comeliness instead of a pair of scissors. Guided by instinct, Rounders, who was

a shrewd fellow, as has already been said, made his court to Mlle. La Sautouse, known in private life as Sally Stubbs. There were conventional barriers between a keeper and a rider, but Rounders by tact and good looks got over them, and whispered sweet nonsense in the porches of Miss Stubbs's willing ear.

One evening, after the performance, as the moon shone athwart the great tent, and the brass band was hushed, Sally Stubbs stood against a background of canvas, bathed in the sheen from on high. Quiet reigned in the tents of the elephantine woman and the calf with six legs. The lung-tester had folded up his machine and departed. The sound of "ice-cold lemonade" had died in the general stillness. Mlle. La Sautouse leaned over lovingly to the new keeper, and asked in a low, sympathetic voice,

"What can I do for you, Jim Rounders?"

"Find out the 'meat-jerk,'" was the swift response.

"Alas," said the fair Stubbs, "when you've been as long in the tent as I've been, you'll know that that is impossible. You might as well ask me for a slice of the moon that is now lookin' down on this here peaceful scene atween you and me."

"You've heard the Sunday school story about Samson and Delilah?" pursued Rounders.

"What's that got to do with John Brinton's secret?"

"What's been done can be done again. Delilah wormed it out of Samson: why can't Sally Stubbs worm it out of Brinton?"

"Cut off his hair, as the Bible woman did?"

"That's too thin," said Rounders rashly, without fear of theological dogma. "That's allegory. They call it hair-cuttin', and when they call it that, its hairsplittin'. Take my word for it, Sally Stubbs, that when she got the secret out of that hefty, long-haired man, she did it with her pretty ways and good looks."

Still, Miss Stubbs affirmed that such a project as Rounders entertained was impossible; and it was true. In his weakest, or most sentimental hours, Brinton knew how to withstand even the blandishments of the charming Stubbs when she approached professional topics. Under her smile he opened up like a morning-glory kissed by Aurora; but when she tried to penetrate into the mystery of his great lion act, he closed up like the same flower when it encounters the sun. He had a well-ordered mind divided into compartments—business was one thing and love was another.

Meanwhile the keeper kept his eye on every movement of Brinton. He was his shadow. When he was not occupied with the master, he was looking after the animals. Reciprocity of kindness is a principle of nature which Rounders had observed, and in which he had some faith, notwithstanding the pessimist views of Brinton. He began by familiarizing Brutus with the sight of his face, person, and voice. He spoke to the animal in the most sympathetic accent of which he was capable. He hung round his cage as long and as often as his duties would permit. He reached the point of cajolery, and assumed friendship, as:

"Well, Brutus, how are you, old boy? How did you like the last feed? I'm afraid this travellin' round in confinement, on wheels, is injurin' your complexion. Of course you would like to be footin' it like the rest of us. I reckon it *would* be better for you, but it might be bad for some of us two-legged fellows. Eh, bully boy?"

This jocularly was in strange contrast to the sombre indifference with which the king of the forest looked down on the speaker. Rounders infringed on the rules laid down by Brinton in giving bits of meat to the beast whenever an opportunity presented itself; but notwithstanding these offerings, the two sombre eyes continued to regard him with an unchanged expression. One day, to

arouse him from his condition of indifference or latent kindness, Rounders introduced a stick under the bars to poke him up in a friendly way, touching him on his extended paws. The beast struck quickly, and almost caught his hand. As it was, one of his fingers was bruised by the blow. Brinton, unperceived by Rounders, had been standing behind him noting the incident.

"Rounders," said Brinton, "you're lucky. About two months ago a fellow did the same thing as you've been doing, but he did not come out as well as you."

"What befell him?" asked Rounders.

"Brutus caught his hand under the bars, pulled in his arm, reached out his other paw in an affectionate embrace around the man's neck, pressed him against the bars, and mashed him. When I came up it was too late. He dropped on the sawdust and never got up again."

In noting their habits, Rounders observed that they were more afraid of the short pole which Brinton carried into the cage than they were of the whip. Brinton called this bit of dark wood his magic wand, which in a measure justified its name, for as soon as he touched them with it, they gave way and drew back to the end of the cage. He usually carried it with him into a little tent-chamber, which was rigged up near the lion's cage. One night, after issuing from the cage, he forgot to take the magic wand with him, leaving it lying on the sawdust, alongside of one of the wheels which carried the beasts. Jim Rounders picked it up with curiosity, and found it very heavy. In a word, it was iron. He drew his hand caressingly from one end of it to the other, as he thought of the effects which it produced when it came in contact with the lions' noses. As his hand softly reached down to the other end, he drew it back as if bitten by a viper, with an exclamation that would not have met with favor in the Young Men's Christian Associa-

tion. The end was hot. He carried the rod into the little tent-chamber, and left it there. It was now made clear to him why the animals showed such an aversion to the end of the magic wand.

The wife of Brutus was a lioness called Cleopatra, generally kept in another cage. In the order of nature she was at times more affectionate to her husband than at others, and during such periods Brutus became irritable, and difficult to manage. It was hard to keep him down, even with the hot iron. As they wended their way from village to village, and town to town, over the old-fashioned turnpikes, Brutus entered one of the irritable phases of his life, during which, it is hardly necessary to say, the vigilant eye of Rounders was nearly always on the tamer in his management of the brute. One night, through a chink of the little tent-chamber, he saw Brinton standing irresolute, although behind his time for entering the cage; the beads of sweat stood on his forehead, and he held his heated iron in his hand; then he roused himself to decision, spat on the heated end of the magic wand, which hissed, and strode quickly to the cage.

This was a revelation to Rounders. It was apparent that even Brinton, plucky as he was, had his moments of apprehension and demoralization, from which he concluded that the danger must be real. Rounders, as usual taking a deep interest, followed him to the cage and took his station near the front of it. Brinton's first action as soon as he got into the cage was to run at the nose of Brutus with his hot iron and drive him back to one end. Rounders fancied he could almost hear the frizzle of the flesh. He went through the first part of the performance with the cage-bred lion, whipping him and making him jump over his shoulders in the usual way, but he omitted that part where he tore open the jaws of Brutus, and made him lick his face.

The dramatic event took place in

the second part. Brinton in his pre-occupation of that night left the magic wand reposing against the wheel near the door of the cage as he entered it, to play the drama. Brutus, rebellious and gloomy, went through his part until the scene where the spears are thrust through the bars arrived. His master gave the word of command:

"To the rescue, Brutus! Down with the miscreants!" at the same time pointing as usual to the spears with the enemies behind them. Brutus, who was at the opposite end of the cage—the tamer in the centre—did not move. Brinton gave the command a second time, stamping with his foot to enforce it. The eyes of the lion did not turn in the direction of the spears, as they heretofore did when the animal was ordered to the rescue, but settled in a sombre manner on Brinton, whom the beast began gradually to approach. At this moment Rounders, who was narrowly watching the proceeding, observed a momentary quailing of the eye in the tamer; still he called up his fierce expression again, and gave the order for the third time to the gradually advancing brute, whose eyes were steadily fixed on him. The heart of Rounders beat quick; he held his breath. The theory then flashed through his mind about the steady human eye being able to hold the lion in subjection or deter him from attacking, and he scanned the eyes of Brinton. They were both fixed on the beast, but there was no sign of the beast's quailing. Brinton cursed and shouted at the brute, the motive of which Rounders quickly understood, another theory being that the lion is sometimes prevented from attacking in this way. This noise seemed rather to contribute to the ire of the beast; besides it was presently drowned in his mighty roar. The culminating point of anger was reached, the mane stood out on end, and the lashing tail stiffened into a straight line, as the animal made a bound toward Brinton, who still bore himself as if he were complete master.

Brinton fell. Quick as a flash, Rounders seized the magic wand, burst open the little door, and made a lunge at the brute on top of the fallen man. The men with the spears attacked him from behind, and as the animal turned for a moment to face them, Rounders took advantage of it to clutch Brinton, drag him to the door, and out of the cage.

At this the applause was deafening. It was the first night in this community, and the spectators thought it was in the play. The heart of Rounders turned sick as he heard the admiring shouts. He pulled Brinton into the little tent-chamber; thence he smuggled him into a room in an adjoining hotel.

The beast had ripped the flesh from the bone nearly the length of his leg, as the surgeon ascertained, who was secretly called in. Fortunately no bones were broken. Five minutes after the event of the cage, the manager of the concern came before the audience and stated that the celebrated lion-tamer, John Brinton, who had been engaged at a fabulous sum, and had performed before all the crowned heads of Europe, was taken with a sudden indisposition to which he was sometimes subject, and would be obliged to deny himself the pleasure of appearing again that evening. Then he added some remark about the noble beast of the forest, who probably regretted the non-appearance of its master—whom he positively loved, as much as the people before him.

After the show was over that night, the manager asked the doctor how long the wounded tamer would keep his bed, to which answer was made that it would be several weeks. The manager did not know what was to be done. Then, turning to Rounders, he said,

"There's good stuff in you. Brinton owes you his life. Don't you think you might go into Pompey until Brinton gets on his legs?" (Pompey being the old emasculated lion who appeared to the public in the same cage with Brutus). To which question

Rounders, picking up heart of grace, said he thought he might.

"I mean," added the manager, "of course, in keeping Brutus out of the cage, and confining your handling to Pompey, who is not a bad-natured animal. Have you got the courage to go into him?"

Rounders said he had.

"I don't want any foolhardiness," continued the manager. "If you can manage to make Pompey run around the cage a little, that will do until Brinton recovers."

A few minutes afterward Rounders was in the room of the wounded tamer, to whom he said:

"I'm going in to do the business with Pompey, until you get well."

The expression of languid suffering left the face of Brinton, as he asked, "What are you going to do with him?"

"Do what you did with him—or try to."

"Perhaps you may do it, Rounders."

"If I knew the 'meat-jerk,' I don't know but I might try that on him."

"Look here, Rounders," said the reclining man, "I have a word to say to you. You tried to get Sally Stubbs away from me; for that I didn't like you. But what you have done to-night wipes that out, and puts something to the credit side of your account. This being the case, let me give you this advice: Don't try the 'meat-jerk,' and when you go into Pompey, go at him before he has time to think."

Brinton was left in the town where he met with his mishap, under charge of the doctor, and the train moved on to the next village, where Rounders was to make his first appearance as a performer. He had faith in hot iron, and as soon as he got inside of the cage door he went to Pompey with the magic wand. The animal stood a moment and lashed his tail, when Rounders quickly frizzled his nose before he had time for reflection; then he gave way, retreating to one end. Here Rounders strode toward him with his whip and

gave him a cut, returned to the middle of the cage, and stamped his foot as he had seen Brinton do. The animal hesitated. Rounders stamped his foot again and raised his whip; then Pompey jumped over his shoulder and up and down the ends of the car in the traditional fashion. The new tamer pulled open his jaws, lay down between his paws, and stood over him with a foot on his neck in sign of victory. After which he bowed and retired. This was the whole performance as far as the lions were concerned, the others—Cleopatra and Brutus—being simply exhibited.

"Not bad for a beginner," said the manager when he came out of the cage. Miss Stubbs, who was standing by in short cloud-like skirts and flesh-colored tights, said something more handsome, being in closer sympathy with Rounders than the manager.

For two or three weeks Rounders continued to go through a performance like the initiatory one, but at the end of that time his ambition moved him to do something more. Pompey was tractable, and he determined to attempt the "meat-jerk." He had not forgotten the advice of Brinton, but he thought it was given through jealousy. He communicated his determination to the manager, who told him if he thought he could do it, to go ahead, for the managerial mind was absorbed with the idea of additional attraction. He also informed Miss Stubbs of his project, who exhibited more solicitude, and her first impulse was to dissuade the ambitious Rounders from the undertaking. Under such circumstances men are not inclined to heed the words of women, and in this instance Rounders did not. His principal aim in making the communication was to elicit information. She knew Brinton perhaps better than any one else in the company. Couldn't she give him some "points"? Alas! she had no "points" to give, for, however expansive Brinton may have been under Cupid's influence, he was as close as an oyster in what related

to his profession, as has already been said. There was but one course left for Rounders to pursue, which was to play a close imitation of Brinton.

The night of the representation came. The first part of the lion performance passed off, and the second was at hand. The sweat stood on the forehead of Rounders in drops as it had on that of Brinton when Rounders saw him on the night of his irresolution. He issued from the little tent-chamber, with a piece of meat in each hand, as he had seen Brinton do. Miss Stubbs stood at the door of the cage in her professional costume, with the magic wand in her hand.

"Jim Rounders," said she solemnly, "keep cool. If you lose your presence of mind, you're gone."

"All right, Sally Stubbs," said he reassuringly as he opened the door and went in with the two pieces of meat. The hungry animal jumped to his feet and switched his tail. He smelt the meat. Rounders threw him a piece, which he seized with the voracity common to lions, and began to eat, growling between each bite. Rounders eyed the menacing beast for a few moments, as it fed, then approached and put out his hand, at which there was a louder and more threatening growl. It was the growl of warning. A low feminine voice reached Rounders's ear from the cage door, which said,

"Jim Rounders, don't do it." But Rounders was not a man to renounce a project when it was once lodged in his head; and he boldly reached down to take hold of the meat on which Pompey was feeding. A gurgling growl, rising to a high key, was the response, and a spring. Rounders was down and the beast on top of him. At that moment the cage door flew open. Sally Stubbs ran with the magic wand against the beast and stuck it into his mouth, and as it went in, the act sounded like putting a steak on the fire. She caught the prostrate man by the arm, and drew him behind her with her free hand, and thus holding him,

she dragged him backing toward the door, holding out her rod in front to prevent a renewal of the attack. The two got out safe together. On examination it was found that Rounders had sustained no other injury than some severe bruises.

"No more of that, Rounders," said the manager. "I don't want the prospects of my show ruined by a tragedy. You have had a narrow escape. Let it be a lesson to you not to undertake a thing you don't understand."

Rounders's first act after the rescue was to kiss Miss Stubbs on both cheeks, saying as he did so,

"Sally Stubbs, you are the only one of the kind."

"Mister Rounders," said she, pertly pushing him back, "none of them liberties with me. I may be foolish enough to go into a cage after you, but I'm not foolish enough to suffer them things."

After that there was no performance with the lions for over a week, during which Rounders was despondent. He was still occupied with the extraordinary feat of removing meat from under the jaws of a feeding lion. It pursued him night and day, and he told Miss Stubbs that he would never be happy until he found out the secret.

At length Brinton overtook the company, having come by railway. He was completely restored, and as anxious to begin again as the manager to have him do so. He was informed of the accident which had befallen him who had attempted to walk in his traces. He turned to Rounders saying,

"Now I suppose you'll own that I wanted to do you a good turn."

"I acknowledge it—I was presumptuous and wanted tapping," answered Rounders with proper humility.

"As I told you before," continued Brinton, "I owe you something. Sit down here and let me talk to you."

Brinton picked up a piece of shingle, took out his knife, and whittled as the two sat down together.

"You want to learn the business, but you begin at the wrong end. You

don't know much about lion nature, and you want to do the high art in the profession on sight. A man must creep before he can walk. Now, you tried to begin by walking, and you know what came of it."

This was a specimen of a bit of the talk given for the benefit and guidance of the lion-tamer *en herbe*, and by the time Brinton got through with his advice, his words had a salutary effect, at least for the time being.

There was a smouldering gleam of vengeance in the eye of Brinton when he entered the cage for the first time after his accident, which brightened almost into a flame as he bore down on Brutus with the hot rod. He persistently thrust it at him; the great cog-wheel growls issued from his throat, and he tried to break down the rod with his paw; then he ingloriously fled around the cage as Brinton chased him with his whip. This was accompanied with curses low but intense, which would have shocked the Christian spectators of the assembly had they heard them.

In playing the drama, Brinton took the precaution to have put in the centre of the cage, as part of the decorations, a stump of a tree, which was hollow, and contained a navy revolver and a bowie-knife. When he gave the command to Brutus to leap forward against the spears, Brinton stood alongside of the stump with one hand inside of it, his forefinger playing with the trigger of the revolver. The apprehension of a recurrence of the critical scene which has been narrated was however groundless. Brutus dutifully leaped forward and smashed the brittle spears, without hesitation, and calmly suffered himself to be embraced as a "noble beast" afterward.

The "meat-jerk" was given with the success which usually characterized it in the hands of Brinton, the applause being enthusiastic.

"And yet," said Rounders to Miss Stubbs, as they both stood looking at the performance, "he does it just as I tried to do it. How easy and natural! As he says, it's high art."

"I don't think it's anything to be compared to standin' on my cream-colored horse and jumping through the balloons."

"Ah, Sally Stubbs, we can't see these things with the same eyes," said Rounders, with a sigh.

Miss Stubbs noted that sigh as she had the other sighs to which Rounders gave himself over ever since his failure. She was persuaded that the man was incorrigible, unless that particular mystery was unfolded to him.

One day, as the caravan wound the shoulder of a steep hill, the horses drawing the wagon containing Brutus shied at some object in the woods, which precipitated horses and wagon down an embankment of twelve or fifteen feet. The outside woodwork broke in several places, and the shock knocked the door of the cage open. The driver jumped up unhurt, but consternation was depicted on his face when his eyes turned toward the cage. Brutus was standing on the ground lashing his sides with anger at the bruises which he had received from the fall.

Word went along the caravan that the lion was out; all the vehicles stopped, and several of the company's people ran to the brow of the embankment and looked down on the scene of the catastrophe and the infuriated lion. Brinton, who was riding in a buggy a short distance ahead of the wagon of Brutus, jumped out and ran back to the spot where the disaster had just taken place. He held in his hand an ordinary whip used in driving a buggy. With this he approached the angry animal, the people falling back. When he got near him he raised his whip menacingly. The brute made the quick bound for which he is known, and struck him down, his claws sinking deep into vital parts. He called out the name of Brutus with a groan. At this juncture the animal discovered that it was his master, as he quickly snuffed his prostrate person. That day Brinton had put on a new suit of clothes, and when he ran toward the animal it was evident he had not recog-

nized him. Brinton lay unconscious on the ground, the animal not making any further attack after his discovery of the identity. The brute did not betray any sorrow at what he had done, nor did he give any proof of affection. He simply became indifferent, and while he was in this state, Rounders enticed him into another cage by the display of a piece of meat, and as soon as he got him in, he jumped out and locked the door.

The wounded man was picked up and conveyed to a neighboring farmhouse, Rounders being one of those who carried him. In proceeding to the house he revived, and when they reached it, they carefully placed him on a couch. The nearest physician was sent for, he living two or three miles away. Making an effort to control the manifestation of suffering, Brinton requested all to leave the room except Rounders. His request was complied with. He asked Rounders to sit down alongside of him, as he could not speak loud, and he wanted to reserve his strength.

"Jim Rounders," said he with a softened expression of the eyes, "I have something to say to you, and I want to say it before it is too late. There was no use sending for the doctor—I won't be here long."

At this Rounders offered a consolatory word to inspire hope, but Brinton understood with what intent it was uttered and took no notice of it.

"Jim Rounders," pursued he, "I owe you something, and I want to pay you before I die. It's about the 'meat-jerk.'"

Naturally the curiosity of Rounders was eager.

"Like all great inventions," continued the tamer, "it's as simple as A, B, C when you know how it's done."

The secret, as explained by the sinking man, was in substance as follows: It is a work of several months. You begin by giving the lion a large piece of meat, and when he has polished it to the bone, you give another piece, and when he fastens on that you pick

up the bone. After awhile you will be able to take the bone from under his mouth as you slip the other piece of meat in its place. In time he gets to know that when you take the first piece away from him, though it should be only half finished, it is to be replaced by a larger piece. Gradually you let a little time pass between the taking away and the giving, which he will get accustomed to. This is the time you bow to the audience as if the feat were finished, and when you give the second piece in an indifferent manner, as if it were of no importance, the public will not see through it.

"Just as you did not see through it," to resume the words of Brinton, "though you watched me like a hawk."

"How simple!" said the enthusiastic listener.

"So simple," continued the wounded man with effort, "I'm sure you wonder to yourself you never thought of it before."

Here he gasped for breath. After a pause he gathered himself together for another effort, and went on.

"You tried it on Pompey. He was never trained, and of course you failed. If you are afraid of handling Brutus,

you can train Pompey—as I did Brutus."

The tamer stopped again to get breath, and the pause was longer than those which preceded it. He was weak unto death. The faint reflection of a smile flitted over his features as he said in a hoarse whisper,

"My last performance now—no postponement—on account of the weather."

After another long pause, in the same hoarse whisper, he said,

"This secret—will be a fortune—to you, Jim Rounders. Now shake hands—and let—me die."

And two hands clasped. One was warm, and pulsating with vigorous life, but the other was dead. As Rounders held the lifeless one in his, he resolved to renounce the ungrateful profession; but after the burial of the dead tamer, the ruling passion took possession of him again, and he did not rest until he had performed the "meat-jerk" with Brutus. Indeed, he was not satisfied to walk in the footsteps of Brinton, but became in his turn a creator of a Biblical drama, which he called "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

ALBERT RHODES.

A WOMAN'S GIFTS.

FIRST I would give thee—nay, I may and will,
Thoughts, memory, prayers, a sacred wealth unguessed,
My soul's own glad and beautiful bequest,
Conveyed in voiceless reverence, deep and still,
As angels give their thoughts and prayers to God !
Next I would yield, in service freely made,
All of my days and years, thy needs to fill ;
To bear or heavy cross, or thorny rod,
Glad of my bondage, deeming it most meet :
Oh, mystery of love, as strange as sweet,
That love from its own wealth should be repaid !
Last, I would give thee, if it pleased thee so,
And for thy pleasure, wishing it increased,
My woman's beauty, heart and lips aglow ;
But this, dear, last—so soon its charm must fade,
It is, indeed, of all my gifts, the least !

MARY AINOE DEVERE.

THE MODERN PYTHIA.

THE arraignment of Dr. Slade, the spiritual medium, before a London magistrate, on a charge of vagrancy, suggests the rather trite remark that "history repeats itself."

Spiritualism is literally "as old as the hills." Lying in a manner dormant through long years, it has had its periodical outcroppings; as, when absolutely prohibited by an edict of Israel's first king, B. C. 1060; when it was abjured by the Council of Ancyra of Galatia, in A. D. 314; and again when ranking highest among the popular delusions of a people boasting of their civilization and culture, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

Having its foundations in truth, there have not been found wanting, in the remote past as in the present, unscrupulous persons ready to erect on those foundations the most stupendous frauds.

The mental phenomena which have given rise to what is called spiritualism are daily exhibited in some form or other in the life and experience of almost every one. But the simplest and perhaps the most interesting method of exhibition is by means of the little toy called Planchette; a brief account of some experiments with which will best serve to illustrate the nature of the phenomena in question.

The writer and a lady friend placing the tips of their fingers lightly on the board, the following words were traced on the paper upon which it was placed:

"Have you courage for the future?"

"Will you not faint by the roadside?"

"You will be beset by foes within and without."

"Lions in your pathway."

"Hope and trust—trust—trust."

On being asked to whom this applied, it answered:

"The heart that needs it will understand."

A question was then put by a bystander; but instead of answering, it went on as though continuing the former train of thought:

"Hope and trust. You will have trials you know not of." And again, "Hope and trust."

Here another question was put by a bystander, but instead of answer came the words:

"You will find important letters awaiting you from home. Hope and trust."

I then asked: "To whom are these words addressed?"

Ans.—Soon enough you will know. Hope and trust.

To a question given mentally by a bystander it answered:

"Letters awaiting you. Hope and trust."

Ques.—Letters from whom?

Ans.—Your home and family.

Ques.—From what place?

Ans.—Soon enough you will know.

Ques.—Are they all well at home?

Ans.—With God all things are well.

Not being able to decipher this clearly, it repeated:

"With God all things are well. Trust Him."

I confess to having been impressed with these words, so solemn were they, so oracular, and, as it then appeared, so fitly spoken. At the time of making these experiments I was on board one of the Pacific Mail steamships, on my way to San Francisco; and I had reason to be particularly solicitous in regard to my future. But my companion, in these my first experiments, just entering a new and untried field, had far more cause of anxiety than myself in regard to the

future. To her these warnings seemed singularly applicable. Satisfied that my coöperator exercised no voluntary control over the board, absolutely certain the words were not emanations of my own mind, and impelled by curiosity, I determined to try the effect of a few test questions, and, ridiculous as it may appear, ascertain from the instrument itself something of its nature.

Is there any power in Planchette, or is it merely a vehicle? I asked.

Ans.—Inactive bodies have no active agency.

Ques.—Whence come the words of Planchette—whence her intelligence?

Ans.—From the seat of intelligence in the one who commands me.

Ques.—Can you foretell coming events?

Ans.—The future is not made known to man.

Ques.—Can you give information not in the minds of the operators?

Ans.—No, or in the mind of some one who works me.

Ques.—What distinction do you make between the operator and the worker?

Ans.—The worker may be removed from the board.

Ques.—Are you influenced by animal magnetism?

Ans.—Entirely.

Ques.—Are you influenced by electricity?

Ans.—One and the same.

Ques.—Do the minds of the present operators influence the answers?

Ans.—Undoubtedly.

Ques.—Is it the result of magnetism?

Ans.—The power of giving out.

Ques.—Giving out what?

Ans.—Yielding magnetism.

Ques.—Which of the operators influences you most?

Ans.—Neither is worth without the other.

Ques.—Have you communications with the spirit world?

Ans.—Disembodied spirits—no.

Ques.—Can you be put to any practical use?

Ans.—Man will be introduced to the world of science.

Ques.—Is your information concerning the ordinary affairs of life of any practical value?

Ans.—Not much, unless the worker is reliable as an informant.

Ques.—What is magnetism?

Ans.—Magnetism is the force of the universe.

Ques.—What is electricity?

Ans.—Electricity is the outward expression of the hidden force.

Ques.—Has magnetism or electricity anything to do with the polarity of the needle?

Ans.—The interchange of magnetism throughout the entire universe.

Ques.—Give a more definite answer.

Ans.—Currents are exchanged from earth to air and from planet to planet.

Ques.—Do these affect the mariner's compass?

Ans.—Yes.

Ques.—Can we control the local attraction of the compass?

Ans.—Yes.

Ques.—How? I exclaimed excitedly, as the thought flashed through my mind that I was on the eve of a great discovery.

Ans.—By the substitution of some other attractive force?

Ques.—Name one.

Ans.—Magnetized iron.*

Ques.—Can the compass be so constructed as to be uninfluenced by local attraction?

Ans.—No, inasmuch as all surroundings are themselves magnets or the mediums of conveyance.

Ques.—Can the approach of storms be foretold by the amount of electricity in the air?

Ans.—Storms are the disturbance of the equilibrium, and therefore can be foretold when the atmospherical balance is understood.

* This answer is the more remarkable from the fact that my mind was intent upon the revelation of some new theory, while the other operator was not at all familiar with the subject. The simplicity of the answer, and its statement of what had been the common practice for years past, made me feel for the moment that I had been very cleverly hoaxed.

Ques.—Can you give information not in the minds of the operators?

Ans.—Planchette is a tool, and does nothing of herself.

Ques.—A tool in the hands of whom?

Ans.—Of those who work her.*

Now if these various answers came from the minds of the "workers," we were asking questions which we ourselves were answering, we will say, unawares, out of the depths of our consciousness. As a seeker after truth, therefore, I became as much involved as the dreamer spoken of by Jeremy Taylor in one of his sermons. A man who implicitly believed in dreams, he relates—in effect—dreamed one night that all dreams were false. "If," reasoned he on awakening, "dreams are indeed false, then is this one false; therefore they are true. But if, as I have always supposed, they are true, then is this dream true; therefore they must be false."

Planchette's oracular sayings became famous among the passengers who thronged the room to hear its predictions and to ask questions. The trip to which I refer was made in the early part of November, 1868, while the Presidential election was in progress, and there was naturally great curiosity on the part of the passengers to know how their several States had voted.

Of the six States asked about, Planchette gave the majority in figures for one candidate or the other. On comparing these figures subsequently with the published returns, it was found that not one answer was correct—not a single answer was even approximately true.

There was a certain shipmaster on board who had left his vessel in Rio Janeiro, with directions to the mate to bring her to San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn. The oracle was consulted as to the position of the ship at that particular time. Without a moment's hesitation, the latitude and longitude of the vessel were given, placing her

somewhere off Valparaiso (Chili). "That's just where I put her!" cried the master with an ejaculation of unfeigned surprise. On reaching San Francisco shortly after, the vessel was discovered quietly tied up at one of the wharves. I found too, on landing, that the prophecy, "You will find important letters awaiting you from home," was not fulfilled, neither in my case nor in that of the other "worker."

Now in the case of putting down the position of the merchant vessel, the "worker" who was operating with me at the time did not know how to plot the position of a ship at sea, after the manner of seamen; and although the method of stating a ship's position was perfectly familiar to me, yet I anticipated that the answer in regard to her would have been given in general and indefinite terms. What was my astonishment, then, to find distinctly written out, "Latitude 35 deg. 30 min. S.; longitude 98 deg. 40 min. W." True this position was about four thousand miles out of the way, but where did the answer, such as it was, come from?

Continued experiments proved that in every instance where Planchette attempted to foretell an event, it failed ignominiously; and while it replied to questions with the utmost effrontery, it was rarely correct, unless indeed, as it shrewdly said itself, "the worker was reliable as an informant."

Many months after these experiments, I found myself on the shores of southern France. Here my associations were entirely different from those I had known in the far-off Pacific, and, desirous of ascertaining how Planchette would comport itself under the change of conditions, I essayed further trials.

It will be sufficient to give one example of the answers given:

"What should one do," it was asked, "when life becomes unbearable?" The answer was contained in one word, but written in such a scrawl as to be illegible. The question was re-

* In every instance the writing of Planchette has been copied verbatim.

peated, when the same word apparently was written in reply, but still illegible. The question was put a third time, when Planchette, with great energy, wrote in bold characters, and distinct, the word PRAY. On comparing this with the former answers, they were found to be the same.

The question, however, is not as to the degree of faith to be placed in the words of Planchette, but why should it write at all?

In attempting to answer this question, I shall confine myself mainly to the field of daily experience, and draw illustrations from such works only as are familiar to the great majority of readers.

Our twofold nature has often been noticed and commented upon. It has been said that we are possessed of two separate and distinct characters: the outward, which we present to the world, and with which we are in some degree familiar ourselves, and that inner, deeper part of which we know so little.

St. Paul reveals the existence of our dual nature when he exclaims with passionate fervor, "The good that I would I do not, but the evil which I would not, that do I. I delight in the law of God after the inner man, but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind." Xenophon gives, in the *Cyropædia*, a remarkable speech, expressing almost precisely the same idea. Araspes, a young nobleman of Media, is overwhelmed with mortification on being detected by Cyrus in an indiscretion in regard to a captive princess. Chided by Cyrus, "Alas," said he, "now I am come to a knowledge of myself, and find most plainly that I have two souls: one that inclines me to good, another that incites me to evil. . . ."—the animal versus the spiritual nature, referred to by St. Paul.

In another place St. Paul, speaking of the "Word of God," says it is "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and

spirit, and of the joints and marrow. . . ." Heb. iv. 12. Hence we may term the two elements of our duality *soul* and *spirit*, they being two separate and distinct entities.

The learned Doctor Whedon, in commenting on the forty-fourth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, where the great apostle speaks of the resurrection, says the expression natural body, as distinct from spiritual body, fails utterly to convey to the mind of the English reader the apostle's true idea. "If," he says, "we assume a difference between soul and spirit, and coin the word *soulical* as the antithesis of *spiritual*, we present his exact idea. The Greek word *psyche*, soul or life, when used as antithetical to *pneuma*, spirit, signifies that animating, formative, and thinking soul or *anima* which belongs to the animal, and which man, as animal, shares as his lower nature with other animals. Its range is within the limits of the five senses, within which limits it is able to think and to reason. Such is the power of the highest animals. Overlying this is the spirit which man shares with higher natures, by which thought transcends the range of the senses, and man thinks of immensity, eternity, infinity, immortality, the beautiful, the holy, and God—it is certain that man's mind possesses both these classes or sets of thought." Now in regard to the higher of these elements, there are very many well authenticated cases where the extreme susceptibility of the mind (the seat of these elements) to outward impressions, and the reaction of the mental sensation on the nervous system, has led to the most singular and, in some instances, even fatal results. So marvellously delicate is this portion of our organization, that we are not always conscious of this reaction, and as the reaction is conveyed from the nerve centres to the muscular tissue, we actually find ourselves uttering words or making motions unconsciously. So sensitive is

the brain through the influence of this higher nature, so subtle its functions, that it is often impressed by means indiscernible to the bodily eye or to the ordinary senses—by means just as mysterious as the action of magnetic attraction or the course of the electric wave.

Byron alludes to this exquisite susceptibility with no less of truth than beauty:

And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would
fling

Aidle for ever; it may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound,
*Striking the electric chain wherewith we are dark-
ly bound.*

And how or why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the wind. . .

Having referred to the reaction of a mental sensation on the nervous system, let us now examine the course by which the reaction proceeds.

We are told by physiologists that stimuli applied to the nerves in certain cases induce contraction or motion in the muscles by direct conduction of a stimulus along a nerve, or by the conduction of a stimulus to a nervous centre, whence it is reflected along another nerve to the muscles. Not only mechanical and electrical, but *psychical* stimuli "excite the nerves, whether these are ideational, emotional, or volitional. They proceed from the brain, being themselves sometimes induced by external causes, and sometimes originating primarily in the great nervous centres from the *operations of the instinct, the memory, the reason, or the will.*"

When a stimulus of any kind, whether mechanical, chemical, electrical, or vital, acts upon the living nervous substance, it produces an impression on that nerve substance and excites within it some particular change, and the property by which this takes place in the nerve substance has been called its excitability or neurility. But the nerve substance not only receives such an impression from a stimulus and is excited to such a

change, but it possesses the property of conducting that impression in certain definite directions, and this property might be spoken of as conductivity.

When such an impression is thus conducted simply along a nerve fibre, and thence to a muscle, it induces or excites, as we have seen, the contraction of that muscle, and so exercises what is called a *motor* function.

The nerve cells appear to possess, beyond the simple excitability to general stimuli, conductivity, and the peculiar receptivity which is essential to sensation, a special or more exalted kind of excitability which is called into play under mental or psychical stimuli by the changes produced in the gray matter* in the formation of ideas, emotions, and the will.†

Now if two sympathetic nerve systems operated upon by psychical stimuli be directed to one and the same point, it is by no means difficult to understand how the brains belonging to those systems may be brought into telegraphic communication by means of the nerve fibres, the product of the two minds evolved, and the resultant idea, by means of a simple mechanical contrivance operated upon by the motor function already explained, be transmitted to paper by the process of writing so familiar to both. The action of the psychical stimuli on the nerve fibre, and its transmission thence to the muscles resulting in the movement of the board, is so subtle that we ourselves are not aware of its operation except through the results produced.

It has just been said that two minds may be brought into telegraphic communication by means of nerve fibres. Let us see how far the expression is justified by facts. There are few of us who have not experienced the truth of Solomon's saying that "if two persons lie together, they have *heat*; but how can one be warm alone?" Even

* The gray matter of the nervous centres, the precise nature of which is unknown.

† "Outlines of Physiology."

the close proximity of two persons affects their respective temperatures, and heat and motion we know to be correlative. It has been shown by the physicist that mechanical force producing motion is correlative with and convertible into heat, heat into chemical force, chemical force into electrical force, and electrical force into magnetic force. Moreover, that each of these is correlative and convertible into the other, all being thus interchangeable.

"Now it is not to be supposed that the force acting in a nerve is identical with electrical force, nor yet a peculiar kind of electricity, nor even physically induced by it, as magnetism may be, but that in the special action of the living nerve a force is generated peculiar to that tissue, which is so correlated with electricity that an equivalent of the one may in some yet unknown manner excite, give rise to, or even be converted into the other. In this concatenation of the several forces of nature, physical and vital, the force acting in a nerve may also be correlated with chemical force, with the heat developed in the muscle, and even with the peculiar molecular motions which produce muscular contraction and all its accompanying physical and mechanical consequences." If, then, two brains, one in London and one in New York, may be brought into communication with each other through their respective nerve systems and the common medium of the electric wire, and both brought to bear on one idea—say the rate of exchange, consols, or the price of gold—is it to be wondered at that two other brains, in close proximity, may be brought into communication through the media of the nerve fibres which are operated upon by a force so similar to that which courses along the electric wire? Or is it strange that the two sympathetic minds—two minds having a strong affinity for each other—should combine and generate ideas? and having produced them, is it strange they should give them expression in writing? Be-

fore the days of Franklin, this might indeed appear strange, but it surely cannot be so considered now.

Such, then, is the rationale of what may be termed the automatic writing, by means of Planchette, and such writing is simply a manifestation of what has been named psychic force. Whether operated by one or two persons, the rationale is the same.

There is reason to believe that the phenomenon just explained was known to the ancients, and that it was the origin of the oracles which formed so important a feature, at one period, in the history of Greece; such, for example, as the "Whispering Groves of Dodona," and the yet more famous oracle of Delphi.* It is worthy of remark that these oracles were not established at the first by the Greeks themselves. They were of *foreign* origin, having been first introduced from Egypt, then the seat of learning.

The secret of psychic force having been once discovered, it may easily be conceived how it would be seized upon as a means of communicating, as the pagans supposed, with beings of another world, and how readily the more enlightened and designing would avail themselves of it as a means to practise upon the credulity of a superstitious people. Such were the cun-

* There is no doubt that spirit-writing is very ancient, China alone furnishing sufficient evidence of the fact.

"Spirit-writing," says Taylor, "is of two kinds, according as it is done with or without a material instrument. The first kind is in full practice in China, where, like other rites of divination, it is probably ancient. It is called 'descending of the pencil,' and is especially used by the literary classes. When a Chinese wishes to consult a god in this way, he sends for a professional medium. Before the image of the god are set candles and incense, and an offering of tea or mock money. In front of this on another table is placed an oblong tray of dry sand. The writing instrument is a V-shaped wooden handle, two or three feet long, with a wooden tooth fixed at its point. Two persons hold this instrument, each grasping one leg of it, and the point resting on the sand. Proper prayers and charms induce the god to manifest his presence by a movement of the point in the sand, and thus the response is written, and there only remains the somewhat difficult and doubtful task of deciphering it. . . ."

—"Primitive Culture." By Ed. B. Taylor. Vol. I., p. 128.

ning priesthood in the temples of pagan worship. They were quick to take advantage of a discovery that offered so powerful a leverage, and having once secured its services, they did not scruple to shape the utterances to suit their own selfish ends. Frequently their answers were so framed as to admit of a double interpretation.

Croesus consulted the oracle of Delphi on the success that would attend his invasion of the Medes. He was told that by passing the river Halys a great empire would be ruined. He crossed, and the fall of his own empire fulfilled the prophecy. Sometimes they were couched in vague and mysterious terms, leaving those who solicited advice to put whatever construction upon them their hopes or fears suggested. Compare, for example, the first specimen of writing given in this article with the descriptions we read in ancient history of the utterances of the Delphic oracle. How vague and indefinite are its warnings! and then the continual recurrence of the solemn admonition, "Hope and trust"—does it not seem prophetic of some evil hour, when all one's hope and faith were to be tried to the utmost?

Suppose these words had been addressed to a superstitious person by the priestess of a temple situated in the deep recesses of a dense forest, among the toppling crags of some lofty mountain range, or near the gloomy habitations of the dead: it could not have failed of making a serious impression upon the mind. It was thus that the pagan priesthood threw about their oracles everything that could inspire the mind of the visitor with a sense of awe. We are told that the "sacred tripod" was placed over the mouth of a cave whence proceeded a peculiar exhalation.

On this tripod sat the Pythia—the priestess of Apollo—who, having caught the inspiration, pronounced her oracles in extempore prose or verse. The cave and the exhalations were mere accessories, stage properties as it were, the more readily to impose upon

those who came to consult the oracle. So of the "sacred tripod," which was the symbol merely of the real instrument which had given birth to this system of fraud.

Planchette, the "sacred tripod" of the ancients, uses language of various styles. Sometimes it will not deign to speak at all; sometimes its answers are vague and unmeaning; sometimes singularly concise and pertinent.

A very striking point of similarity is the occasional irrelevancy of the answers. Tisamenus, soothsayer to the Greek army, consulted the oracle at Delphi concerning his lack of offspring, when he was told by the Pythia that he would win five glorious combats; and when Battus asked about his voice he was told "to establish a city in Libya abounding in fleeces." Such freaks are common with the modern Pythia. The resemblance is complete.

It is to the development of psychical force, as shown by Planchette, that the phenomena known as mesmerism and the so-called spiritualism are undoubtedly due. In some persons this force is found to exist abnormally, when its manifestations are certainly extraordinary. The trouble is that we are not always satisfied with its feeble and uncertain utterances, and are too often impelled by cupidity or other equally unworthy motive to practise the charlatanism of the crafty priests of old.

In the time of Nebuchadnezzar the Chaldean priesthood, the magicians and astrologers, and those who had understanding in all visions and dreams, possessed all the learning of the known world. Much of their learning was transmitted to Egypt and thence to Greece, but much of it we know was lost to the world. From all that we can gather now, however, we may feel assured that they were not ignorant of the existence of what has been termed psychic force, or a sixth sense, or unconscious cerebration (for our terminology in all speculations bordering on the "unknown-

able" must necessarily be uncertain), and as a neighboring people, the Israelites, communicated with their God through that medium, they supposed, as was natural, that they could communicate with their gods in the same way. And they were perfectly sincere in that belief. But in the process of time and migration the theology of the Greeks came to bear little resemblance to that of the Chaldeans. The dignity of the priestly office and the influence of the priesthood became greatly diminished. That the religion of these several nations had one common origin, and that the priests and prophets of God's chosen people had many imitators among other nations, there is abundant proof.

The story of the origin of the Pythia, for example, contains points not without resemblance to certain passages in our own early sacred history. The Son of God is at enmity with the serpent; the serpent pursues a woman, and is trodden under foot by the Son. Zeus is the god of the Greeks; Apollo is his son; Leto—or Latona—is pursued by Python, the serpent, and is slain by Apollo. To commemorate this deed a temple was erected at Delphi to Apollo, and the priestess was called the Pythia. Regarded as the symbol of wisdom by the Egyptians, the serpent came to be considered by the Greeks as representing the principle of evil.* Ages before this, however, the history of our first parents, the temptation, and the fall, and the prophecy that the Son should bruise the serpent's head, had been recorded. The wonderful Chaldeans too had mapped out the same story among the eternal stars, their great designs being

still traceable on the celestial globes of our common schools.

But the intellectual Greek was not long to be imposed upon. Men who could discourse on the immortality of the soul had not much faith in the nonsense often put forth by a priestess of Apollo. Themistocles made a tool of the oracle in order to serve his own purposes, and Demosthenes publicly denounced it. Convinced that the oracle was subsidized by Philip of Macedon, and instructed to speak in his favor, he boldly declared that the Pythia *philippised*, and bade the Athenians and Thebans remember that "Pericles and Epaminondas, instead of listening to the frivolous answers of the oracle, the resort of the ignorant and cowardly, consulted only reason in the choice of their measures."

Had there been a London magistrate at hand in the days of the great Athenian orator, it would certainly have gone hard with the poor Pythia.

No observer of human nature can doubt that we are bound by an "electric chain," and that we are liable to impressions, the sources of which are often unknown to us. Nor can we doubt that there have been abnormally sensitive persons, like Swedenborg, whose receptivity was such that the brain could be impressed by means which would entirely fail with the normal brain. But in respect to the professional mediums, notwithstanding the antiquity of the class and their many advocates, it remains to be shown where they have been of the slightest practical utility, or served any good or useful end. Nay more. It remains to be shown wherein the modern medium is entitled to a particle more of respect than the medium of Endor.

S. B. LUCE.

* The serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field: "Be ye wise as serpents."—*Bible*.

ALNASCHAR.

1876.

HERE'S yer toy balloons ! All sizes.
Twenty cents for that. It rises
Jest as quick as that 'ere, Miss,
Twice as big. Ye see it is
Some more fancy. Make it square
Fifty for 'em both. That's fair.

That's the sixth I've sold since noon.
Trade's reviving. Just as soon
As this lot's worked off I'll take
Wholesale figgers. Make or break,
That's my motto ! Then I'll buy
In some first-class lottery:
One half ticket, numbered right—
As I dreamed about last night.

That'll fetch it. Don't tell me !
When a man's in luck, you see,
All things help him. Every chance
Hits him like an avalanche.
Here's your toy balloons, Miss. Eh ?
You won't turn your face this way ?
Mebbe you'll be glad some day !

With that clear ten-thousand prize
This yer trade I'll drop, and rise
Into wholesale. No ! I'll take
Stocks in Wall street. Make or break,
That's my motto ! With my luck,
Where's the chance of being stuck ?
Call it Sixty Thousand, clear,
Made in Wall street in one year.

Sixty thousand ! Umph ! Let's see.
Bond and mortgage'll do for me.
Good. That gal that passed me by
Scornful like—why, mebbe I
Some day'll hold in pawn—why not !—
All her father's prop. She'll spot
What's my little game, and see
What I'm after's her. He ! he !

He! he! When she comes to sue—
 Let's see. What's the thing to do?
 Kick her? No! There's the perliass!
 Sorter throw her off like this!
 Hello! Stop! Help! Murder! Hey!
 There's my whole stock got away!
 Kiting on the house tops! Lost!
 All a poor man's fortin! Cost?
 Twenty dollars! Eh! What's this?
 Fifty cents! God bless ye, Miss!

BRET HARTE.

AUT DIABOLUS AUT NIHIL.

THE TRUE STORY OF A HALLUCINATION.

THE career of the Abbé Gérard had been an eminently successful one—successful in every way; and even he himself was forced to acknowledge it to be so as he reviewed his past life, sitting by a blazing fire in his comfortable apartment in the Rue Miromeuil previous to dressing for the Duc de Frontignan's dinner-party. Born of poor parents in the south of France, entering the priesthood at an early age, having received but a meagre education, and that chiefly confined to a superficial knowledge of the most elementary treatises on theology, he had, in twenty-five years, and solely by his own exertions, unaided by patronage, obtained a most desirable berth in one of the leading Paris churches, thereby becoming the recipient of a handsome salary and being enabled to indulge his tastes as a dilettante and *homme du monde*. The few hours snatched from those absorbed by his parochial duties he had ever devoted to study, and his application and determination had borne him golden fruit. Moreover, he had so cultivated his mind, and made such good use of the rare opportunities afforded him in early life of associating with gentlemen, that when now at length he found his presence in demand at every house in the

"Faubourg" where wit and graceful learning were appreciated, no one would ever have suspected he had not been bred according to the strictest canons of social refinement.

But in his upward progress such had been his experience of life that when, during the brief intervals of breathing time he allowed himself, he would look below and above, he was forced to confess that at every step a belief, an illusion had been destroyed and trodden under foot, and he would wonder, while bracing himself for a new effort, how it would all end, and whether the mitre he lusted for would not after all, perhaps, be placed upon a head that doubted even the existence of a God. He was not a bad man, but merely one of that class who have embraced the priesthood merely as a means of raising themselves from obscurity to eminence, and have in their intercourse with the world discovered many flaws and blemishes in what they may at one time have considered perfect. When his reason rejected many of the fables hitherto cherished and believed in, the Abbé Gérard was at the beginning inclined to abandon in despair the attempt to discern the true from the false, and this all the more that he saw the time thus spent was, in a worldly sense,

but wasted, and that the good things of this world come to such reapers as gather wheat and tares alike, well knowing there is a market for them both.

During a certain period, therefore, of his struggle upward, while his worldly ambition was aiding by sly insinuations and comparisons the deadly work already begun by the destruction of his dreams, Henri Gérard was nigh being an atheist. But the nature of the man was too finely sensual for this phase to be lasting, and when at length he found himself so far successful in his worldly aspirations as to be tolerably sure of their complete fulfilment; when at length he found time to examine spiritual matters apart from their direct bearing upon his social altitude, his æsthetic sense—which by this time had necessarily developed—he was struck by the exquisite *beauty* of Christianity, and thus, as a shallow philosophy had nearly induced him to become an atheist, a deep and sensual spirit of sentimentality nearly made him a Christian. His Madonna was the Madonna of Raphael, not that of Albert Dürer: the woman whose placid grace of countenance creates an emotion more subtly voluptuous than desire; not she in whose face can be discerned the human mother of the Man of Sorrows and of Him divinely acquainted with all grief. The Holy Spirit he adored was not the Friend of the broken-hearted or the Healer of the blind Bartimæus, but He “who feedeth among the lilies”—the Alpha and Omega of all æsthetic conception. Christianity he looked upon as the highest moral expression of artistic perfection, and he regarded it with the same admiration he accorded to the Antinous and the Venus of Milo. He was not, however, by nature a pagan as some men are—men who, in the words of De Musset, “Sont venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux”; but the atmosphere in which his early years had been spent had been so antagonistic to the impulses of his na-

ture, his inner life had been so cramped in and starved, that when at length the key of gold opening the prison door let in the outer air, his spirit revelled in all the wild extravagance so often accompanying sudden and long wished-for emancipation. His nature was perhaps not one that could have been attuned to a perfect harmony with that of a Greek or Roman of the golden days, but one better calculated to enjoy the hybrid atmosphere of the Italian Renaissance; and he would have been in his element in the Rucellai Gardens, conversing with feeble little Cosimino, or laughing with Buondelmonte and Luigi Alamanni. He did not believe in the narrative of the Bible, but its precepts and tendencies he appreciated and admired, although, it must be confessed, he did not always put himself out to follow them. In his heart he utterly rejected all idea of a future life, since it was incompatible with his conception of the artistic unity of this; but he would blandly acknowledge to himself that there are perhaps things we cannot comprehend, and that beauty may have no term. He assimilated, so far as in him lay, his duties as a priest with his ideas as a man of culture; and his sermons were ever of love; sermons which, winged as they were with impassioned eloquence, were deservedly popular with all: from the scholar, who delighted in them as intellectual feasts, to the fashionable Paris woman of the second empire, who was enchanted at finding in the quasi-fatalistic and broadly charitable views enunciated therein means whereby her vulgar amours might be considered in a light more pleasing to herself and more consoling to her husband.

On the Sunday afternoon preceding the evening on which we introduce him to the reader the Abbé had departed from his usual custom, and, by especial request of his curé, had preached a most remarkable sermon upon the Personality of Satan. It is a vulgar error to suppose that men

succeed best when their efforts are enlivened by a real belief in the matter in hand. Not only some men have such a superabundance of fervid imagination that they can, for the time being, provoke themselves into a pseudo belief in what they know in their saner moments to be false, but moreover a large class of men are endowed with minds so restless and so finely strung that they can play with a sophism with marvellous dexterity and skill, while lacking that vigorous and comprehensive grasp of mind which the lucid exposition of a hidden truth necessitates. The Abbé Gérard belonged a little to both these classes of beings; and moreover, his vanity as an intellectual man provoked him to extraordinary exertions in cases wherein he fancied he might win for himself the glory of strengthening and verifying matters which in themselves perhaps lacked almost the elements of existence. "Spiritual truths," he once cynically remarked to Sainte-Beuve, whom, by the way, he detested, "will take care of themselves; it is the nursing of spiritual falsehood which needs all the care of the clergy." On the Sunday in question he had surpassed himself. With biting irony he had annihilated the disbelievers in Divine punishment, and then, with persuasive and overwhelming eloquence, he had urged the necessity of believing not only in hell, but in the personality of the Prince of Evil. Women had fainted in their terror; men had been frightened into seeking the convenient solace of the confessional, and the Archbishop had written him a letter of the warmest thanks.

It was a triumph which a man of the nature of the Abbé Gérard particularly enjoyed. The idea of finding himself the successful reviver of an inanimate doctrine, while secretly conscious that he was, in reality, a skeptic in matters of dogmatically vital importance, was to a mind so prone to delight in paradoxes eminently agreeable. It pleased him to see the letter

of the Archbishop lying upon a volume of Strauss, and to read the glowing and extravagant praise lavished on him in the pages of the "Univers" after having enjoyed a sparkling draught of Voltaire.

Such was the Abbé Gérard—the type of a class. The Duc de Frontignan, with whom he was dining on the evening this story opens, was or rather is in many ways a no less remarkable personage in Paris society. Possessing rank, birth, and a splendid income, he had inherited more than a fair share of the good gifts of Providence, being endowed not only with considerable mental power, but with the tact to use that power to the best advantage. Although beyond doubt *clever*, he was universally esteemed a much more intellectual man than he really was, and this through no voluntary deceitfulness on his part, but owing to a method he had unconsciously adopted of exhibiting his wares with their most favorable aspect to the front. He was well read, but not deeply read, and yet all Paris considered him a profound scholar; he was quick and epigrammatic in his appreciation and expression of ideas, as men of cultivation and varied experience are apt to be, but he enjoyed the reputation of being a wit, and finally having merely lounged through the world, impelled by a spirit of restlessness, begotten of great wealth and idleness, society looked upon him as a bold and adventurous traveller. One gift he most certainly possessed: he was vastly amusing and entertaining, and resembled in one respect the Abbé Galiani, as described by Diderot; for he was indeed "a treasure on rainy days, and if the cabinet-makers made such things, everybody would have one in the country." He not only knew everybody in Paris, but he possessed an extraordinary faculty of drawing people out, and forcing them to make themselves amusing. No man was in his society long before he discovered himself openly discussing his most cherished hobby, or airily scattering

as seed for trivial conversation the fruit of long years of experience and reflection. His hotel in the Rue de Varenne was the resort of all that was most remarkable and extraordinary in the fashionable, the artistic, the diplomatic, and the scientific world. His intimacy with the Abbé Gérard was one of long standing: they mutually amused each other; the keen intellect of the priest found much that was interesting in the shallow but attractive and brilliant nature of the layman; while the Duke entertained feelings of the warmest admiration for a man who, having risen from nothing, enlivened the most exclusive coteries with his graceful learning and charming wit.

It was one of the peculiar whims of Octave de Frontignan never to have an even number of guests at his dinner table. His soirées indeed were attended by hundreds, but his dinner parties rarely exceeded seven (including himself), and in many cases he only invited two. On this especial occasion the only guest asked to meet the Abbé Gérard was the celebrated diplomatist and millionaire the Prince Paul Pomerantseff. This most extraordinary personage had for the past six years kept Europe in a constant state of excitement by reason of his munificence and power. Brought up under the direct personal supervision of the Emperor of Russia, he had done a little of everything and succeeded in all he had undertaken. He had distinguished himself as a diplomatist and as a soldier, and had left traces of his indomitable will in many State papers as on many an enemy's face during the period of the Crimean war. In London, but perhaps more especially in "the shires," his face was well known and liked. Duchesses' daughters had sighed for him, but in vain; and the continuance of his celibacy appeared to be as certain as the splendor of his fortune. The Abbé Gérard had known him for many years, and proved no exception to the general rule, for although their friendship had

never ripened into great intimacy, there was perhaps no man in the wide circle of his acquaintance in whose society the priest took a more lively pleasure.

"Late as usual!" cried the Duke, as Gérard hurried into the room ten minutes after the appointed hour. "Prince, if you were so unpunctual in your diplomatic duties as the Abbé is in his social (and I *fear* in his spiritual), where would the world be?"

The Abbé stopped short, pulled out his watch, and looked at it with a comically contrite air.

"Only ten minutes late, and I am sure when you think of the amount of business I have to transact you can afford to forgive me," he said as he advanced and shook hands warmly with his friends.

"You have no idea," he continued, throwing himself lazily down upon a lounge—"you have no idea of the amount of folly I am forced to listen to in a day! Every woman whose bad temper has got her into trouble with her husband, and every man whose stupidity has led him into quarrelling with his wife—one and all they come to me, pour out their misfortunes in my ears, and expect me to arrange their affairs."

The servant announcing dinner interrupted the poor Abbé's complaints.

"I tell you what I should do," said Pomerantseff when they were seated at table. "I should say to every man and woman who came to me on such errands, 'My dear friend, my business is with your spiritual welfare, and with that alone. The doctor and solicitor must take care of your worldly concerns. It is my duty to insure your eternal felicity when the tedium of delirium tremens and the divorce court is all over, and that is really all one man can do.'"

"By the way, talking of spiritual matters," interrupted the Duke, "Pomerantseff has been telling me his experience with a man you detest, Abbé."

"I detest no man."

"I can only judge from your own

words," rejoined Frontignan. "Did you not tell me years ago that you thought Home a more serious evil than the typhoid fever?"

"Ah, Home the medium!" cried Gérard in great disgust. "I admit you are right. It is not possible, Prince, that you encourage Frontignan in his absurd spiritualism."

The Prince smiled gravely.

"I do not pretend to encourage any man in anything, *mon cher Abbé*."

"But you cannot believe in it!"

"I do most certainly believe in it."

"*Dieu de Dieu!*" exclaimed Gérard. "What folly! What are we all coming to?"

"It has always struck me as remarkable," said the Duke, "that with all your taste for the curious and unknown, you have never been tempted into investigating the matter, Abbé."

"I am, as you say, a lover of the curious," replied the priest, "but not of such empty trash as spiritualism. I have enough cares with the realities of this world without bringing upon myself the misery of investigating the possibilities of the next."

"That is a sentiment worthy of Abbé Dubois," said Pomerantseff laughing, and then the Duke, suddenly making some inquiry relative to the train which was to take him and the Prince to Brunoy on a shooting expedition the following morning, the subject for the nonce was dropped. It was destined, however, to be revived later in the evening, for when after dinner they were comfortably ensconced in the *tabagie*, Frontignan, who had been greatly excited by some extraordinary manifestations related to him by the Prince before the arrival of the Abbé, said abruptly:

"Now, Gérard, you must really let us convert you to spiritualism."

"Never!" cried the Abbé.

"It is absurd for you to disbelieve, for you know nothing about it, since you have never been willing to attend a *séance*."

"I *feel* it is absurd, and that is enough."

"I myself do not exactly believe in *spirits*," said Frontignan thoughtfully.

"*À la bonne heure!* Of course not!" cried the Abbé. "You see, Prince, he is not quite mad after all!"

The Prince said nothing.

"I cannot doubt the existence of some extraordinary phenomena," continued the young Duke thoughtfully; "for I cannot bring myself to such an exquisite pitch of philosophical imbecility as to doubt my own senses; but, to my thinking, the exact nature of the phenomena remains as yet an open question. I have a theory of my own about it, and although it may be absurd and fantastical, it is certainly no more so than that which would have us believe the spirits of the dear old lazy dead come back to the scenes of their lives and miseries to pull our noses and play tambourines."

"And may I ask you," inquired the Prince, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "what this theory of yours may be?"

"I will give you," said the Duke, ignoring the sneer, and stretching himself back in his chair as he sent a ring of smoke curling daintily toward the ceiling—"I will give you with great pleasure the result of my reflection about this matter. It is my belief that the things—the tangible things we create, or rather cause to appear, come from within ourselves, and are portions of ourselves. We produce them, in the first instance, generally with hands linked, but afterward when our nervous organizations are more harmonized to them, they come to us of themselves, and even against our wills. It is my belief that these are what we term our passions and our emotions, to whose existence the electric fluid and nervous ecstasy we cause to circulate and induce by sitting with hands linked, merely gives a tangible and corporeal expression. We all know that grief, joy, remorse, and many other sensations and emotions can kill as surely and in many cases as quickly as an assassin's dagger, and it is a well known

scientific fact that there are certain nerves in the hand between certain fingers which have a distinct *rappor*t with the mind, and by which the mind can be controlled. Since this is so, why is it that under certain given conditions, such as sitting with hands linked—that thus sitting, and while the electric fluid, drawn out by the contact of our hands, forms a powerful medium between the inner and the outward being—why is it, I say, that these strong emotions I have mentioned should not take advantage of this strange river flowing to and fro between the conceptional and the visual to float before us for a time, and give us an opportunity of seeing and touching them, who influence our every action in life? It is my belief that I can shake hands with my emotions; that my conscience can become tangible and pinch my ear just as surely as it can and does keep people awake at night by agitating their nervous system, or in other words, by mentally pinching their ears.”

“That is certainly a very fantastical idea,” said the Abbé smiling. “But if you have ever seen any of your emotions, what do they look like? I should like to see my hasty temper sitting beside me for a minute; I should take advantage of his being corporealized to pay him back in his own coin, and give him a good thrashing.”

“It is difficult,” said the Duke gravely, “to recognize one’s emotions when brought actually face to face with them, although they have been living in us all our lives—turning our hair gray or pulling it out; making us stout or lean, upright or bent over. Moreover, our minor emotions, except in cases where the medium is remarkably powerful, outwardly express themselves to us as perfumes, or sometimes in lights. I have reason, however, to believe I have recognized my conscience.”

“I should have thought he’d have been too sleepy to move out!” laughed the Prince.

“That just shows how wrongly one man judges another,” said Octave lazily, without earnestness, but with a certain something in his tone that betokened he was dealing with realities. “You probably think that I am not much troubled with a conscience; whereas the fact is that my conscience, with a strong dash of remorse in it, is a very keen one. Many years ago a certain episode changed the whole color and current of my life inwardly to myself, although of course outwardly I was much the same. Now, this episode aroused my conscience to a most extraordinary degree, and I never ‘sit’ now without seeing a female figure, with a face like that of the heroine of my episode, dressed in a queer robe, woven of every possible color except white, who shudders and trembles as she passes before me, holding in her arms large sheets of glass, through which dim Bohemian glass colors pass flickering every moment.”

“What a very disagreeable thing to see this weather,” said the Abbé—“everything shuddering and shaking!”

“Have you ever discovered why she goes about like the wife of a glazier?” asked the Prince.

“For a long time I could not make out what they could be, these large panes of glass with variegated colors passing through them; but now I think I know.”

“Well?”

“They are dreams waiting to be fitted in.”

“Bravo!” cried the Abbé. “That is really a good idea! If I had only the pen of Charles Nodier, what a charming *feuilleton* I could write about all this!”

Pomerantseff laid his hand affectionately on the Duke’s shoulder. “*Mon cher ami*,” he said with a grave smile, “believe me, you are wholly at fault in your speculations. Gérard here of course, naturally enough, since he has never been willing to ‘sit,’ thinks we are both madmen, and that the whole thing is folly; but you and I, who have sat and seen many marvel-

lous manifestations, know that it is not folly. Take the word of a man who has had greater experience in the matter than yourself, and who is himself a most powerful medium: the theory you have just enunciated is utterly false."

"Prove that it is false."

"I cannot prove it, but wait and see."

"Nay; I have given it all up now. I will not meddle with spiritualism again. It unhinged my nerves and destroyed my peace of mind while I was investigating it."

The Prince shrugged his shoulders.

"Prince, leave him alone," said the Abbé smiling. "His theory is a great deal more sensible than yours; and if I could bring myself to believe that at your *séances* any real phenomenon *does* take place (which of course no sane person can), I should be much more apt to accept Frontignan's interpretation of the matter. Let us follow it out a little further, for the mere sake of talking nonsense. Doubtless the dominant passion of a man would be the most likely to appear—that is to say, would be the most tangible."

"That would depend," replied the Duke, "upon circumstances. If the phenomenon should take place while the man is alone, doubtless it would be so; but if while at a *séance* attended by many people, the apparition would be the product of the master passions of all, and thus it is that many of the visions which appear at *séances* where the sitters are not harmonized are most remarkable and unrecognizable anomalies."

"I thought I understood from Mme. de Girardin that certain spirits always appeared."

"Pooh, pooh! Mme. de Girardin never went deep enough into the matter. The most ravishing vision I ever saw was when I fancied I saw love."

"What? Love! An emanation from yourself?"

The Duke sighed.

"Ah, that is what proved to me that what I saw could not be love.

That sentiment has been too long extinguished in me to awaken to a corporeal expression."

"What made you think it was love?" asked Pomerantseff.

"It was a white dove with something I cannot express that was human about it. I felt ineffably happy while it was with me."

"Your theory is false, I tell you," said the Russian. "What you saw probably was love."

"Then it would have been God!" cried the Abbé.

"Why?"

"I believe with Novalis that 'love is the highest reality,'" replied Gérard; then he added with a laugh, "No, Duke, what you saw was an emanation from yourself—a master passion. It was the corporeal embodiment of your love of pigeon-shooting!"

"Perhaps," laughed the Duke.

"I tell you what, *mon ami*," said Pomerantseff rising, as he saw the Abbé making preparations to depart. "I am glad that my appetite, corporealized and separated from my discretion, is not in your wine cellar. Your Johannisberg would suffer!"

"Prince, you must drive me home," said the Abbé. "I cannot get into a draughty cab at this hour of the night."

"*Très volontiers!* Good night, Duke. Remember to-morrow morning, at half-past nine, at the Gare de Lyon," said the Prince.

"Remember to-morrow night at half-past ten, at Mme. de Langeac's," bawled the Abbé; and so they left. The young nobleman hurried down the cold staircase and into the Prince's brougham.

"What a pity," exclaimed the Abbé when they were once fairly started, "that a man with all the mind of De Frontignan should give himself up to such wild ideas and dreams!"

"You are not very complimentary," rejoined the other smiling gravely; "for you know that so far as believing in spirits I am as bad if not worse than he is."

"Ah, but *you* are jesting."

"On my honor as a gentleman, I am not jesting. See here." As he spoke Pomerantseff seized the Abbé's hand.

"You heard me tell the Duke just now that I believed he had seen the spirit of love. Well, the sermon you preached the day before yesterday, which all Paris is talking about, and in which you endeavored to prove the personality of the devil to be a fact, was truer than perhaps you believed when you preached it. Why should not Frontignan have seen the spirit of love *when I know and have seen the devil?*"

"*Mon ami*, you are insane!" cried Gérard. "Why, the devil does not exist!"

"I tell you I have seen him—the God of all Evil, the Prince of Desolation!" cried the other in an excited voice. "And what is more, *I will show him to you!*"

"Show the devil to *me!*" exclaimed the Abbé, half terrified, half amused. "Why, you are out of your mind!"

The Prince laid his other hand upon the arm of the Abbé, who could feel he was trembling with excitement.

"You know my address," he said in a quick, passionate voice. "When you feel—as I tell you you surely will—desirous of investigating this further, send for me, and I promise, on my honor as a gentleman, to show you the devil, so that you cannot doubt. I will do this on one condition."

The Abbé felt almost faint; for apart from the wildness of the words thus abruptly and unexpectedly addressed to him, the hand of the Prince which lay upon his own, as if to keep him still, seemed to be pouring fire and madness into him. He tried to withdraw it, but the other grasped the fingers tight.

"On one condition," repeated Pomerantseff in a lower tone.

"What condition?" murmured the poor Abbé.

"That you trust yourself entirely to me until we reach the place of meeting."

"Prince, let go my hand! You are hurting me! I will promise to do as you say when I want to go to your infernal meeting."

He wrenched his hand away, pulled down the carriage window and let the cold night air in.

"Pomerantseff, you are a madman; you are dangerous. Why the devil did you grasp my hand in that way? My arm is numb."

The Prince laughed.

"It is only electricity. I was determined, since you doubted the existence of the devil, to make you promise to come and see him."

"I never promised!" exclaimed the Abbé. "I only promised to trust myself to you if the horrible desire should ever seize me to investigate your mad words further. But you need not be afraid of that. God forbid I should indulge in such folly!"

The Prince smiled.

"God has nothing to do with this," he remarked simply. "You will come."

The carriage had now turned up the street in which the Abbé lived, and they were but a few doors from his house.

"My dear Prince," said Gérard earnestly, "let me say a few words to you at parting. You know I am not a bigot, so that your words—which many might think blasphemous—I care nothing about; but remember we are in the Paris of the nineteenth century, not in the Paris of Cazotte, and that we are eminently practical nowadays. Had you asked me to go with you to see some curious atrocity, no matter how horrible, I might, were it interesting, have accepted; but when you invite me to go with you to see the devil you really must excuse me; it is too absurd."

"Very well," replied Prince Pomerantseff. "Of course I know you will come; but think the matter over well. Remember, I promise to show the devil to you so that you can never doubt of his personality again. This is not one of the wonders of electro-biology, but

simply a fact: *the devil exists, and you shall see him.* Good night."

Gérard, as he turned into his *porte cochère*, and made his way up stairs, was more struck than perhaps he confessed even to himself by the quiet tone of certainty and assurance in which the Prince uttered these words; and on reaching his apartment he sat down by the blazing fire, lighted a cigarette, and began considering in all its bearings what he felt convinced was a most remarkable case of mania and mental derangement. In the first place, was the Prince deceived himself, or merely endeavoring to deceive another? The latter theory he at once rejected; not only the character and breeding of the man, but his nervous earnestness about this matter, rendered such a supposition impossible. Then he himself was deceived—and yet how improbable! Gérard could remember nothing in what he knew or had heard of the Prince that could lead him to suppose his brain was of the kind charlatans and pseudo-magicians can successfully bewitch. On the contrary, although of a country in which the grossest superstitions are rife, he himself had led such an active, healthy life, partly in Russia and partly in England, that his brain could hardly be suspected of derangement. An intimate and practical acquaintance with most of the fences in "the shires," and all the leading statesmen of Europe, can hardly be considered compatible with a morbid disposition and superstitious nature.

No; the Abbé confessed to himself that the man who deceived Pomerantseff must have been of no ordinary ability. That he had been deceived was beyond all question, but it was certainly marvellous. In practical matters, the Abbé was even forced to confess to himself, he would unhesitatingly take the Prince's advice, sooner than trust to his own private judgment; and yet here was this model of keen, healthy, worldly wisdom gravely inviting him to meet the devil face to face, and not only this, but

promising that it should be no unintelligible freak of electro-biology, but as a simple fact. Gérard smoked thirty cigarettes without coming to any satisfactory solution of the enigma. What if after all he, the Abbé Gérard, for once should abandon the line of conduct he had laid down for himself, and, to satisfy his curiosity, and perhaps with the chance of restoring to its proper equilibrium a most valuable and comprehensive mind, overlook his determination never to endanger his peace of mind by meddling with the affairs of spiritualists? He could picture to himself the whole thing: they would doubtless be in a darkened room; an apparition clothed in red, and adorned with the traditional horns, would make its appearance, and there would very likely be no apparent evidence of fraud. Even supposing some portion of the absurd theory enunciated by the Duke de Frontignan were true, and some strange thing begotten of electric fluid and overwrought imagination were to make its appearance, that could hardly be considered by a sane man as being equivalent to an interview with the devil. The Abbé told himself that it would be most likely impossible to detect any fraud, but he felt convinced that should the Prince find this phenomenon pooh-poohed, after a full investigation, by a man of sense and culture, his faith in it would be shaken, and ere long he would come to despise it.

All the remarkable stories he had heard about spiritualism from Mme. de Gérardin and others, and which he hitherto paid no heed to, came back to-night to the Abbé as he sat ruminating over the extraordinary offer just made him. He had heard of dead people appearing, and that was sufficiently absurd, for he did not believe in a future life; but the devil—The idea was preposterous! Poor Luther, indeed, might throw his ink-pot at him, but no enlightened Roman Catholic priest could be expected to believe in his existence, no matter how

much he might be forced—for obvious reasons—to preach about it, and represent it as a fact in sermons. Yes; he would unhesitatingly consent to investigate the matter, and discover the fraud he felt certain was lurking somewhere, but that the Prince seemed to feel so certain of his consent; and he feared by thus fulfilling an idly expressed prophecy to plunge the unhappy man still deeper in his slough of superstition. One thing was certain, the Abbé told himself with a smile—nothing on earth or from heaven or hell—if the two latter absurdities existed—could make *him* believe in the devil. No, not even if the devil should come and take him by the hand, and all the hosts of heaven flock to testify to his identity. By this time, having smoked and thought himself into a state of blasphemous idio-cy, our worthy divine threw away his cigarette, went to bed, and read himself into a nightmare with a volume of Von Helmont. The following morning still found him perplexed as to what course to adopt in this matter. As luck (or shall we say—the devil?) would have it, while he was trifling in a listless way with his breakfast, there called to see him the only priest in whose judgment, purity, and religious fervor he had any confidence. It is probable, to such an extent was his mind engrossed by the subject, that no matter who might have called, he would have discussed the extraordinary conduct of Prince Pomerantseff with him; but inasmuch as the visitor chanced to be the very man best calculated to direct his judgment in the matter, he, without unnecessary delay, laid the whole affair before him.

"You see, *mon cher*," said Gérard in conclusion, "my position is just this: It appears to me that this person, whom I will not name, has been trifled with by Home and other so-called spiritualists to such an extent that his mind is really in danger. Now, although of course we are forbidden to have any dealings with such people, or to participate in any way in their

infamous, foolish, and unholy practices, surely it would be the act of a Christian if a clear, healthy-minded man were to expose the fraud, and thus save to society a man of such transcendent ability as my friend. Moreover, should I determine to accept his mad invitation, I hardly think I could be said to participate in any of the scandalous and perhaps blasphemous rites he may have to perform to bring about the supposed result. What do you think of it, and what do you advise?"

His friend walked up and down the room for a few minutes, turning the matter over carefully in his mind, and then, coming up to where the Abbé lay lazily stretched upon a lounge, he said earnestly,

"*Mon cher* Henri, I am very glad you have asked me about this. It appears to me that your duty is quite clear. You perhaps have it in your power, as you yourself have seen, to save, not only, as you say, a *mind*, but what I wish I could feel you prized more highly—a soul. You must accept the invitation."

The Abbé rose in delight at having found another man who, taking the responsibility off his shoulders, commanded him as a duty to indulge his ardent curiosity.

"But," continued the other in a solemn voice, "before accepting, you must do one thing."

The Abbé threw himself back on the lounge in disgust.

"Oh, pray, of course," he exclaimed petulantly. "I am quite aware of that."

"Not only pray, but *fast*, and that for seven days at least, my dear brother."

This was a very disagreeable view of the matter, but the Abbé was equal to the occasion. After a pause, during which he appeared absorbed in religious reflection, he rose, and taking his friend by the hand—

"You are right," said he, "as you always are. Although of course I know the evil spirit cannot harm an

officer of God's Holy Catholic church, even supposing, for the sake of argument, my poor friend can invoke Satan, yet if I am to do any good, if I am to save my friend from destruction, I must be armed with extraordinary grace, and this, as you truly divine, can only come by fasting."

The other wrung his hand warmly. "I knew you would see it in its proper light, my dear Henri," he said, "and now I will leave you to recover your peace of mind by religious meditation."

The Abbé smiled gravely, and let his friend depart. The following letter was the result of this edifying interview between the two divines:

"MON CHER PRINCE: No doubt you will feel very triumphant when you learn that my object in writing this letter is to accept your offer of presentation to *Sa Majesté*; but I do not care whether you choose to consider this yielding to what is only in part whimsical curiosity a triumph or no. I will not write to you any cut-and-dried platitudes about good and evil, but I frankly assure you that one of the strongest reasons which induces me to go with you on this fool's errand is a belief that I can discover the absurdity and imposture, and cure you of a hallucination which is unworthy of you.

"*Tout à vous,*

"HENRI GERARD."

For two days he received no reply to this letter, nor did he happen, in the interval, to meet the Prince in society, although he heard of him from De Frontignan and others; but on the third day the following note was brought to him:

"MON CHER AMI: There is no question of triumph, any more than there is of deception. I will call for you this evening at half-past nine. You must remember your promise to trust yourself entirely to me.

"*Cordialement à vous,*

"POMERANTSEFF."

So the matter was now arranged, and he, the Abbé Gérard, the renowned preacher of the celebrated — church, was to meet that very night, by special appointment, at half-past nine, the Prince of Darkness; and this in January, in Paris—at the height of the season in the capital of civilization. As may be well imagined, during the remainder of that eventful day, until the hour of the Prince's arrival, the Abbé did not enjoy his customary placidity. A secretary of the Turkish embassy who called at four found him engaged in a violent discussion with one of the Rothschilds about the early Christians' belief in demons, as shown by Tertullian and others, while Lord Middlesex, who called at half-past five, found he had captured Faure, installed him at the piano, and was inducing him to hum snatches from "Don Juan." When his dinner hour arrived, having given orders to his valet to admit no one lest he should be discovered *not* fasting, he hastily swallowed a few mouthfuls, fortified himself with a couple of glasses of Chartreuse verte, and lighting an enormous "imperial," awaited the coming of the messenger of Satan. At half-past nine o'clock precisely the Prince arrived. He was in full evening dress (but contrary to his usual custom, wearing no decoration or ribbon in his button-hole), and his face was of a deadly pallor.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Abbé, "What is the matter with you, *mon cher*? You are looking very ill. We had better postpone our visit."

"No; it is nothing," replied the Prince gravely. "Let us be off without delay. In matters of this sort waiting is unbearable."

The Abbé rose, and rang the bell for his hat and cloak. The appearance of the Prince, his evident agitation, and his unfeigned impatience, which seemed to betoken terror, were far from reassuring, but the Abbé promptly quelled any misgivings he might have felt. Suddenly a thought struck him; a thought which certainly

his brain would never have engendered had it been in its normal condition.

"Perhaps I had better change my dress, and go *en pékin*?" he inquired anxiously.

The ghost of a sarcastic smile flitted across the Prince's face, as he replied,

"No, certainly not. Your *soutane* will be in every way acceptable. Come, let us be off."

The Abbé made a grimace, put on his hat, flung his cloak around his shoulders, and followed the Prince down stairs. He remarked with some surprise that the carriage awaiting them was not the Prince's.

"I have hired a carriage for the occasion," remarked Pomerantseff quietly, noticing Gérard's glance of surprise. "I am unwilling that my servants should suspect anything of this."

They entered the carriage, and the coachman, evidently instructed beforehand where to go, drove off without delay. The Prince immediately pulled down the blinds, and taking a silk pocket handkerchief from his pocket, began quietly to fold it lengthwise.

"I must blindfold you, *mon cher*," he remarked simply, as if announcing the most ordinary fact.

"*Diable!*" cried the Abbé, now becoming a little nervous. "This is very unpleasant! I believe you are the devil yourself."

"Remember your promise," said Pomerantseff, as he carefully covered his friend's eyes with the pocket handkerchief, and effectually precluded the possibility of his seeing anything until he should remove the bandage. After this nothing was said. The Abbé heard the Prince pull up the blind, open the window, and tell the coachman to drive faster. He endeavored to discover when they turned to the right, and when to the left, but in a few minutes got bewildered and gave it up in despair. At one time he felt certain they were crossing the river.

"I wish I had not come," he murmured to himself. "Of course the whole thing is folly, but it is a great

trial to the nerves, and I shall probably be upset for many days."

On they drove; the time seemed interminable to the Abbé.

"Are we near our destination yet?" he inquired at last.

"Not very far off," replied the other, in what seemed to Gérard a most sepulchral tone of voice. At length, after a drive of perhaps half an hour, but which seemed to the Abbé double that time, Pomerantseff murmured in a low tone, and with a profound sigh which sounded almost like a sob, "Here we are," and at that moment the Abbé felt the carriage was turning, and heard the horses' hoofs clatter on what he imagined to be the stones of a courtyard. The carriage stopped. Pomerantseff opened the door himself, and assisted the blindfolded priest to alight.

"There are five steps," he said as he held the Abbé by the arm. "Take care."

The Abbé stumbled up the five steps. They had now entered a house, and Gérard imagined to himself it was probably some old hotel, like the Hôtel Pimodan, where Gautier, Beaudelaire, and others at one time were wont to assemble to disperse the cares of life in the fumes of opium. When they had proceeded a few yards, Pomerantseff warned him that they were about to ascend a staircase, and up many shallow steps they went, the Abbé regretting every instant more and more that he had allowed his vulgar curiosity to lead him into an adventure which could be productive of nothing but ridicule and shattered nerves. When at length they had reached the top of the stairs, the Prince guided him by the arm through what the Abbé imagined to be a hall, opened a door, closed and locked it after them, walked on again, opened another door, which he closed and locked likewise, and over which the Abbé heard him pull a heavy curtain. The Prince then took him again by the arm, advanced him a few steps, and said in a low whisper,

"Remain quietly standing where you are, and do not attempt to remove the pocket handkerchief until you hear voices."

The Abbé folded his arms and stood motionless while he heard the Prince walk away a few yards. It was evident to the unfortunate priest that the room in which he stood was not dark, for although he could see nothing, owing to the pocket handkerchief, which had been bound most skilfully over his eyes, there was a sensation of being in strong light, and his cheeks and hands felt, as it were, illuminated. Suddenly a horrible sound sent a chill of terror through him—a gentle noise as of naked flesh touching the waxed floor—and before he could recover from the shock occasioned by the sound, the voices of many men, voices of men groaning or wailing in some hideous ecstasy, broke the stillness, crying—"Father of all sin and crime, Prince of all despair and anguish, come to us, we implore thee!"

The Abbé, wild with terror, tore off the pocket handkerchief. He found himself in a large, old-fashioned room, panelled up to the lofty ceiling with oak, and filled with great light, shed from innumerable tapers fitted into sconces on the wall—light which, though naturally *soft*, was almost fierce by reason of its greatness, for it proceeded from at least two hundred tapers. He had then been after all right in his conjectures: he was evidently in a chamber of some one of the many old-fashioned hotels which are to be seen in the Ile St. Louis, and indeed in all the antiquated quarters of Paris. It was reassuring, at all events, to know one was not in Hades, and to feel tolerably certain that a sergeant de ville could not be many yards distant. All this passed into his comprehension like a flash of lightning, for hardly had the bandage left his eyes ere his whole attention was riveted upon a group before him.

Twelve men—Pomerantseff among the number—of all ages, from twenty-five to fifty-five, all dressed in evening

dress, and all, so far as one could judge at such a moment, men of culture and refinement, knelt or rather lay nearly prone upon the floor, with hands linked. They were bowing forward and kissing the floor—which might account for the strange sound heard by Gérard—and their faces were illuminated with a light of hellish ecstasy—half distorted as if in pain, half smiling as if in triumph. The Abbé's eyes instinctively sought out the Prince. He was the last on the left hand side, and while his left hand grasped that of his neighbor, his right was sweeping nervously over the floor as if seeking to animate the boards. His face was more calm than those of the others, but of a deadly pallor, and the violet tints about the mouth and temples showed he was suffering from intense emotion. They were all, each one after his own fashion, praying aloud, or rather moaning, as they writhed in ecstatic adoration.

"Oh, Father of Evil, come to us!"

"Oh, Prince of Endless Desolation, who sitteth by the bed of suicides, we adore thee!"

"Oh, creator of eternal anguish! oh, king of cruel pleasures and famishing desires, we worship thee!"

"Come to us, with thy foot upon the hearts of widows, thy hair lucid with the slaughter of innocence, and thy brow wreathed with the chaplet of despair!"

The heart of the Abbé turned cold and sick as these beings, hardly human by reason of their great mental exaltation, swayed before him.

Suddenly—or rather the full conception of the fact was sudden, for the influence had been gradually stealing over him—he felt a terrible coldness, a coldness more piercing than any he had before experienced even in Russia; and with the coldness there came to him the certain knowledge of the presence of some new being in the room. Withdrawing his eyes from the semicircle of men, who did not seem to be aware of his, the Abbé's, presence, and who ceased not in their blasphemies,

he turned them slowly around, and as he did so they fell upon a newcomer, a thirteenth, who seemed to spring into existence from the air before his very eyes.

He was a young man of apparently twenty, very tall, with bright golden hair falling from his forehead like a girl's. He was dressed in evening dress, and his cheeks were flushed as if with wine or pleasure, but from his eyes there gleamed a look of inexpressible sadness, of intense despair. The group of men had evidently become aware of his presence at the same moment, for they all fell prone upon the floor adoring, and their words were now no longer words of invocation, but words of praise and worship. The Abbé was frozen with horror; there was no room in his breast for the lesser emotion of fear; indeed, the horror was so great and all-absorbing as to charm and hold him spell-bound. He could not remove his eyes from the thirteenth, who stood before him calmly, with a faint smile playing over his intellectual and aristocratic face—a smile which only added to the intensity of the despair gleaming in his clear blue eyes. Gérard was struck first with the sadness, then with the beauty, and then with the intellectual vigor of that marvellous countenance. The expression was not unkind: haughtiness and pride could be read only in the high-bred features, short upper lip, and nobly moulded limbs; for the face betokened, save for the flush upon the cheeks, only great sadness. The eyes were fixed upon those of Gérard, and he felt their soft, subtle, intense light penetrate into every nook and cranny of his soul and being. This being simply stood and gazed upon the priest as the worshippers grew more wild, more blasphemous, more cruel. The Abbé could think of nothing but the face before him, and the great desolation that lay folded over it as a veil. He could think of no prayer, although he could remember there were prayers. Was this despair—the despair of a man

drowning in sight of land—being shed into him from the sad blue eyes? Was it despair, or was it death? Ah, no; not death. Death was peaceful, and this was violent and lively. Was there no refuge, no mercy, no salvation anywhere? Perhaps, but he could not remember while those sad blue eyes still gazed upon him. He could not remember, and still he could not entirely forget. He felt that help would come to him if he sought it, and yet he could hardly tell how to seek it. Moreover, by degrees the blue eyes—it seemed as if their color, their great blueness, had some fearful power—began pouring into him a more hideous pleasure. It was the ecstasy of great pain, becoming a delight, the ecstasy of being beyond all hope and of being thus enabled to look with scorn upon the author of hope. The blue eyes still gazed sadly with a soft smile of despair upon him. Gérard knew that in another moment he would not sink, faint, or fall, but that he would—oh, much worse!—he would smile. At this very instant a name—a familiar name, and one which the infernal worshippers had made frequent use of, but which he had never remarked before—struck his ear; the name of Christ. Where had he heard it? He could not tell. It was the name of a young man; he could remember that, and nothing more. Again the name sounded—"Christ." There was another word like Christ which seemed at some time to have brought an idea first of great suffering and then of great peace. Aye, peace, but no pleasure. No delight like this shed from these marvellous blue eyes. Again the name sounded—"Christ."

Ah! the other word was cross (*croix*). He remembered now; a long thing with a short thing across it.

Was it that as he thought of these things the charm of the blue eyes and their great sadness lessened in intensity? We dare not say, but as some faint conception of what a cross was flitted through the Abbé's brain, although he could think of no prayer,

of no distinct use of this cross, he drew his right hand slowly up, and feebly made the sign across his breast.

The vision vanished.

The men adoring ceased their clamor, and lay crouched up against each other as if some strong electric power had been taken from them, and great weakness had succeeded. But for a moment; and then they rose trembling and with loosened hands, and stood for an instant feebly gazing at the Abbé, who felt faint and exhausted, and heeded them not. With extraordinary presence of mind, the Prince walked quickly up to him, pushed him out of the door by which they had entered, followed him, and locked the door behind them, thus precluding the possibility of being immediately pursued by the others. Once in the next room, the Abbé and Pomerantseff paused for an instant to recover breath, for the swiftness of their flight had exhausted them, worn out as they both were mentally and physically; but during this brief interval the Prince, who appeared to be retaining his presence of mind by a merely mechanical effort, carefully replaced over his friend's eyes the bandage which the Abbé held tightly grasped in his hand. Then he led him on, and it was not until the cold air struck them that they noticed they had left their hats behind.

"*N'importe!*" muttered Pomerantseff. "It would be dangerous to return"; and hurrying the Abbé into the carriage which awaited them, he bade the coachman speed them away "*au grand galop!*"

Not a word was spoken; the Abbé lay back as one in a swoon, and heeded nothing until he felt the carriage stop, and the Prince uncovered his eyes and told him he had reached home. He alighted in silence, and passed into his house without a word. How he reached his apartment he never knew, but the following morning found him raging with fever and delirious. When he had sufficiently recovered, after the lapse of a few

days, to admit of his reading the numerous letters awaiting his attention, one was put into his hand which had been brought on the second night after the one of the memorable *séance*. It ran as follows:

"JOCKEY CLUB, January 26, 186-.

"MON CHER ABBÉ: I am afraid our little adventure was too much for you; in fact, I myself was very unwell all yesterday, and nothing but a Russian bath has pulled me together. I can hardly wonder at this, however, for I have never in my life been present at so powerful a *séance*, and you may comfort yourself with the reflection that *Son Altesse* has never honored any one with his presence for so long a space of time before. Never fear about your illness; it is merely nervous exhaustion, and you will be well soon; but such evenings must not often be indulged in if you are not desirous of shortening your life. I shall hope to meet you at Mme. de Metternich's on Monday.

"*Tout à vous,*

"POMERANTSEFF."

Whether or no Gérard was sufficiently recovered to meet his friend at the Austrian embassy on the evening named, we do not know, nor does it concern us; but he is certainly enjoying excellent health now, and is no less charming than before his extraordinary adventure.

Such is the true story of a meeting with the devil in Paris not many years ago; a story true in every particular, as can be easily proved by a direct application to any of the persons concerned in it, for they are all living still. The key to the enigma we cannot find, for we certainly do not put faith in any of the theories of spiritualists; but that an apparition such as we have described did appear in the way and under the circumstances we have described, is a fact, and we must leave the satisfactory solution of the difficulty to more profound psychologists than ourselves.

ON READING SHAKESPEARE.

CONCLUSION.

PROBABLY no play of Shakespeare's, probably no other play or poem of a high degree of merit, is so much neglected as "Troilus and Cressida" is. I have met intelligent readers of Shakespeare, who thought themselves unusually well acquainted with his writings, and who were so, who understood him and delighted in him, but who yet had never read "Troilus and Cressida." They had, in one way and another, got the notion that it is a very inferior play, and not worth reading, or at least not to be read until after they were tired of all the others—a time which had not yet come. There seems to be a slur cast upon this play; the reason of which is its very undramatic character, and the consequent non-appearance of its name in theatrical records. No one has heard of any actor's or actress's appearance, even in the last century, as one of the personages in "Troilus and Cressida." Its name has not been upon the play-bills for generations, although even "Love's Labor's Lost" has once in a while been performed. Hence it is almost unknown, except to the thorough Shakespearian readers, who are very few; fewer now, in proportion to the largely increased leisurely and instructed classes, than they were two hundred years ago, much to the shame of our vaunted popular education and diffusion of knowledge. And yet this neglected drama is one of its author's great works; in one respect his greatest. "Troilus and Cressida" is Shakespeare's wisest play in the way of worldly wisdom. It is filled choke-full of sententious, and in most cases slightly satirical revelations of human nature, uttered with a felicity of phrase and an impressiveness of metaphor that make each one seem like a beam of light shot into the recesses of man's heart. Such are these:

In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men.

The wound of peace is surety;
Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise.

What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.

'Tis certain greatness once fall'n out with fortune
Must fall out with men too; what the declin'd is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor.

Besides passages like these, there are others of which the wisdom is inextricably interwoven with the occasion. One would think that the wealth of such a mine would be daily passing from mouth to mouth as the current coin of speech; and yet of all Shakespeare's acknowledged plays, there are only two, "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Winter's Tale," which do not furnish more to our store of familiar quotations than this play does, rich though it is with Shakespeare's ripest thought and most splendid utterance. And yet by a strange compensating chance, it furnishes the most often quoted line; a line which not one in a million of those that use it ever saw where Shakespeare wrote it, or if they had any brains behind their eyes, they would not use it as they do. For by another strange chance it happens that this line is entirely perverted from the meaning which Shakespeare gave it. As it is constantly quoted, it is not Shakespeare's. The line is:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

This has come to be always quoted with the meaning implied in the following indication of emphasis: "One

touch of *nature* makes the *whole world kin*." Shakespeare wrote no such sentimental twaddle. Least of all did he write it in this play, in which his pen "pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The line which has been thus perverted into an exposition of sentimental brotherhood among all mankind, is on the contrary one of the most cynical utterances of an undisputable moral truth, disparaging to the nature of all mankind, that ever came from Shakespeare's pen. Achilles keeps himself aloof from his fellow Greeks, and takes no part in the war, sure that his fame for valor will be untarnished. Ulysses contrives to provoke him into a discussion, and tells him that his great deeds will be forgotten and his fame fade into mere shadow, and that some new man will take his place, unless he does something from time to time to keep his glory bright. For men forget the great thing that was done, in favor of the less that is done now.

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand,
And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O let not virtue
seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

And then he immediately adds that there is one point on which all men are alike, one touch of human nature which shows the kindred of all mankind—that they slight familiar merit and prefer trivial novelty. The next lines to those quoted above are:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things
past;
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More sand than gilt be'rdusted.

The meaning is too manifest to need or indeed to admit a word of comment, and it is brought out by this

emphasis: "*One touch of nature makes the whole world kin*"—that one touch of their common failing being an uneasy love of novelty. Was ever poet's or sage's meaning so perverted, so reversed! And yet it is hopeless to think of bringing about a change in the general use of this line and a cessation of its perversion to sentimental purposes, not to say an application of it as the scourge for which it was wrought; just as it is hopeless to think of changing by any demonstration of unfitness and unmeaningness a phrase in general use—the reason being that the mass of the users are utterly thoughtless and careless of the right or the wrong, the fitness or the unfitness, of the words that come from their mouths, except that they serve their purpose for the moment. That done, what care they? And what can we expect, when even the "Globe" edition of Shakespeare's works has upon its very title-page and its cover a globe with a band around it, on which is written this line in its perverted sense, that sense being illustrated, enforced, and deepened into the general mind by the union of the band-ends by clasped hands. I absolve, of course, the Cambridge editors of the guilt of this twaddling misuse of Shakespeare's line; it was a mere publisher's contrivance; but I am somewhat surprised that they should have even allowed it such sanction as it has from its appearance on the same title-page with their names.

The undramatic character of "*Troilus and Cressida*," which has been already mentioned, appears in its structure, its personages, and its purpose. We are little interested in the fate of its personages, not merely because we know what is to become of them, for that we know in almost any play which has an historical subject; but the play is constructed upon such a slight plot that it really has neither dramatic motive nor dramatic movement. The loves of "*Troilus and Cressida*" are of a kind which are in-

teresting only to the persons directly involved in them; Achilles's sulking is of even less interest; and the death of Hector affects us only like a newspaper announcement of the death of some distinguished person, so little is he really involved in the action of the drama. There is also a singular lack of that peculiar characteristic of Shakespeare's dramatic style, the marked distinction and nice discrimination of the individual traits, mental and moral, of the various personages. Ulysses is the real hero of the play; the chief, or at least the great purpose of which is the utterance of the Ulysean view of life; and in this play Shakespeare is Ulysses, or Ulysses Shakespeare. In all his other plays Shakespeare so lost his personal consciousness in the individuality of his own creations that they think and feel as well as act like real men and women other than their creator, so that we cannot truly say of the thoughts and feelings which they express, that Shakespeare says thus or so; for it is not Shakespeare who speaks, but they with his lips. But in *Ulysses*, Shakespeare, acting upon a mere hint, filling up a mere traditionary outline, drew a man of mature years, of wide observation, of profoundest cogitative power, one who knew all the weakness and all the wiles of human nature, and who yet remained with blood unbittered and soul unsoured—a man who saw through all shams and fathomed all motives, and who yet was not scornful of his kind, not misanthropic, hardly cynical except in passing moods; and what other man was this than Shakespeare himself? What had he to do when he had passed forty years but to utter his own thoughts when he would find words for the lips of Ulysses? And thus it is that "*Troilus and Cressida*" is Shakespeare's wisest play. If we would know what Shakespeare thought of men and their motives after he reached maturity, we have but to read this drama; drama it is, but with what other character who shall say? For, like the world's pa-

geant, it is neither tragedy nor comedy, but a tragi-comic history, in which the intrigues of amorous men and light-o'-loves and the brokerage of panders are mingled with the deliberations of sages and the strife and the death of heroes.

The thoughtful reader will observe that Ulysses pervades the serious parts of the play, which is all Ulysean in its thought and language. And this is the reason or rather the fact of the play's lack of distinctive characterization. For Ulysses cannot speak all the time that he is on the stage; and therefore the other personages, such as may, speak Ulysean, with, of course, such personal allusion and peculiar trick as a dramatist of Shakespeare's skill could not leave them without for difference. For example, no two men could be more unlike in character than Achilles and Ulysses, and yet the former, having asked the latter what he is reading, he, uttering his own thought, says as follows with the subsequent reply:

Ulysses.— A strange fellow here
Writes me: That man, how dearly ever parted,*
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath
Nor feels not what he owes but by reflection,
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achilles.— This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed,
Salutes each other with each other's form,
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travelled and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Now these speeches are made of the same metal and coined in the same mint; and they both of them have the image and superscription of William Shakespeare. No words or thoughts could be more unsuited to that bold, bloody egoist, "the broad Achilles," than the reply he makes to Ulysses; but here Shakespeare was merely using the Greek champion as a lay figure to utter his own thoughts, which

* I. e., gifted, endowed with parts.

are perfectly in character with the son of Autolycus. Ulysses thus flows over upon the whole serious part of the play. Agamemnon, Nestor, Æneus, and the rest all talk alike, and all like Ulysses. That Ulysses speaks for Shakespeare will, I think, be doubted by no reader who has reached the second reading of this play by the way which I have pointed out to him. And why, indeed, should Ulysses not speak for Shakespeare, or how could it be other than that he should? The man who had written "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Othello," and "Macbeth," if he wished to find Ulysses, had only to turn his mind's eye inward; and thus we have in this drama Shakespeare's only piece of introspective work.

But there is another personage who gives character to this drama, and who is of a very different sort. Thersites sits with Caliban high among Shakespeare's minor triumphs. He was brought in to please the mob. He is the Fool of the piece, fulfilling the functions of Touchstone, and Launce, and Launcelot, and Costard. As the gravediggers were brought into "Hamlet" for the sake of the groundlings, so Thersites came into "Troilus and Cressida." As if that he might leave no form of human utterance ungilded by his genius, Shakespeare in Thersites has given us the apotheosis of blackguardism and billingsgate. Thersites is only a railing rascal. Some low creatures are mere bellies with no brain. Thersites is merely mouth, but this mouth has just enough coarse brain above it to know a wise man and a fool when he sees them. But the railings of this deformed slave are splendid. Thersites is almost as good as Falstaff. He is of course a far lower organization intellectually, and somewhat lower, perhaps, morally. He is coarser in every way; his humor, such as he has, is of the grossest kind; but still his blackguardism is the ideal of vituperation. He is far better than Apemantus in "Timon of Athens," for there is no hypocrisy in him, no

egoism, and, comfortable trait in such a personage, no pretence of gentility. For good downright "sass" in its most splendid and aggressive form, there is in literature nothing equal to the speeches of Thersites.

"Troilus and Cressida" is also remarkable for its wide range of style, because of which it is a play of great interest to the student of Shakespeare, who here adapted his style to the character of the matter in hand. The lighter parts remind us of his earlier manner; the graver are altogether in his later. He did this unconsciously, or almost unconsciously, we may be sure. None the less, however, is the play therefore valuable in a critical point of view, but rather the more so. It is a standing and an undeniable warning to us not to lean too much upon any one special trait of style in estimating the time in Shakespeare's life at which a play was produced. Moreover it illustrates the natural course of style development, showing that it is not only gradual, but not by regular degrees; that is, that a writer does not pass at one period absolutely from one style to another, dropping his previous manner and taking on another, but that he will at one time unconsciously recur to his former manner or manners, and at a late period show traces of his early manner. Strata of his old fashion thrust themselves up through the newer formation. "Troilus and Cressida" is so remarkable in this respect that the chief of the absolute-period critics, the Rev. Mr. Fleay, has been obliged to invent a most extraordinary theory to account for it. His view is that there are three plots interwoven, each of which is distinct in manner of treatment, and, moreover, that each of these was composed at a different time from the other two. He would have us believe that the parts embodying the Troilus and Cressida story were written in Shakespeare's earliest period, those concerning Hector in his middle period, and the Ajax parts in the last. That these three stories

were interwoven is manifest; but they came naturally together in this Greek historical play—for it is that—and their interweaving was hardly to have been avoided; the manner of each is not distinct from that of the other, although there is, with likeness, a noticeable unlikeness; but the notion that therefore Shakespeare first wrote the *Troilus and Cressida* part as a play, and then years afterward added the *Hector* part, and again years afterward the *Ajax and Ulysses* part, seems to me only a monstrous contrivance of an honest and an able man in desperate straits to make his theory square with fact. As to detail upon this subject, I shall only notice one point. Tag-rhymes, or rhymed couplets ending a scene or a speech in blank verse or in prose, are regarded by the metre-critics (and justly within reason) as marks of an early date of composition. Now in "*Troilus and Cressida*" these abound. It contains more of them than any other play, except one or two of the very earliest. The important point, however, is that these rhymes appear no less in the *Ulysses* and *Ajax* scenes of the play than in the others—a sufficient warning against putting absolute trust in such evidence.

Among those few of Shakespeare's plays which are least often read is "*All's Well that Ends Well*." This one, however, is to the earnest student one of the most interesting of the thirty-seven which bear his name; not only because it contains some of his best and most thoughtful work, but because, being Shakespeare's all through, it is written in two distinct styles—styles so distinct that there can be no doubt that as it has come down to us it is the product of two distinct periods of his dramatic life, and those the most distant, the first and the last. Its singularity in this respect gives it a peculiar value to the student of Shakespeare's style and of his mental development. There is not an interweaving of styles as in "*Troilus and Cressida*"; the two are distinctly separable; and there is external

historical evidence which supports the internal.

We have a record in Francis Meres's "*Palladis Tamia*" of a play by Shakespeare called "*Love's Labor's Won*"; and there is no reasonable doubt that that was the first name of "*All's Well that Ends Well*." As the "*Palladis Tamia*" was published in 1598, this play was produced before that year, and all the evidence, internal and external, goes to show that Shakespeare wrote it soon after "*Love's Labor's Lost*," and as a counterpart to that comedy. The difference of its style in various parts had been remarked upon in general terms; but I believe that this difference was first specially indicated in the following passage, which I cannot do better here than to quote from the introduction to my edition of the play published in 1857; and I do so with the greater freedom because the particular traits which it discriminated have been lately, in the present year, insisted upon by the Rev. Mr. Fleay, in his very useful and suggestive, but not altogether to be trusted "*Shakespeare Manual*," to which I have before referred.

"It is to be observed that passages of rhymed couplets, in which the thought is somewhat constrained and its expression limited by the form of the verse, are scattered freely through the play, and that these are found side by side with passages of blank verse in which the thought, on the contrary, so entirely dominates the form, and overloads and weighs it down, as to produce the impression that the poet, in writing them, was almost regardless of the graces of his art, and merely sought an expression of his ideas in the most compressed and elliptical form. The former trait is characteristic of his youthful style; the latter marks a certain period of his maturer years. Contracted words, which Shakespeare used more freely in his later than in his earlier works, abound; and in some passages words are used in an esoteric sense, which is distinctive of the poet's style about the time

when 'Measure for Measure' was produced. Note, for instance, the use of 'succeed' in 'owe and succeed thy weakness,' in Act II., Sc. 4 of that play, and in 'succeed thy father in manners,' Act I., Sc. 1 of this. It is to be observed also that the advice given by the Countess to Bertram when he leaves Rousillon is so like that of Polonius to Laertes in a similar situation, that either the latter is an expansion of the former, or the former a reminiscence of the latter; and as the passage is written in the later style, the second supposition appears the more probable. Finally, it is worthy of remark that both the French officers who figure in this play as First Lord and Second Lord are somewhat strangely named *Dumain*, and that in 'Love's Labor's Lost' *Dumain* is also the name of that one of the three attendants and brothers in love of the King who has a post in the army; which, when taken in connection with other circumstances, is at least a hint of some relation between the two plays."

If the reader who has gone thoughtfully through the plays in the course which I have indicated will take up this one, he will find in the very first scene evidence and illustration of these views. It is almost entirely in prose, which itself shows the weight of Shakespeare's mature hand. The first blank verse is the speech of the Countess, in which she gives a mother's counsel to Bertram as he is setting out for the wars, as is pointed out above, and which is unmistakably of the "Hamlet" period. Then comes a speech by Helen beginning,

O were that all ! I think not on my father :
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him—

and ending with this charming passage, referring to the growth of her love for Bertram :

"Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour ; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our heart's table ; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favor :
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques. Who comes here ?

It is needless to say to the advanced student of Shakespeare's style that this is in his later manner. A little further on is Helen's speech to the detestable Parolles, beginning with the mutilated line, "Not my virginity yet," which is followed by some ten, in which she pours out in Euphuistic phrase her love for Bertram, saying that he has in her "a mother, and a mistress, and a friend, a counsellor, a traitress, and a dear"; and yet further,

His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster, with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptions christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips.

This will remind the reader of Scott's Euphuist, Sir Piercie Shafton, who, if I remember aright, uses some of these very phrases, in which Shakespeare has beaten Lilly at his own weapons, and made his affected phraseology the vehicle of the touching utterance of real feeling. "Euphuus" was published in 1580, when Shakespeare was only sixteen years old; and this passage, although it may have been written or perhaps altered later, was probably a part of the play as it was first produced. The scene ends with the following speech by Helen, which, for its peculiar characteristics, is worth quoting entire. The reader who will compare it with "Love's Labor's Lost" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will have not a moment's doubt as to the time when it was written :

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be : whoever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love ?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed and will not leave me.

Besides its formal construction and its rhyme, this passage is overmuch afflicted with youngness to be accepted as the product of any other than

Shakespeare's very earliest period. Of like quality to this are other passages scattered through the play. For example, the Countess's speech, Act I., Sc. 8, beginning, "Even so it was with me"; all the latter part of Act II., Sc. 1, from Helen's speech, "What I can do," etc., to the end, seventy lines; passages in the third scene of this act, which the reader cannot now fail at once to detect for himself; Helen's letter, Act III., Sc. 4, and Parolles's, Act IV., Sc. 3; and various passages in the last act. Shakespeare, I have no doubt, wrote this play at first nearly all in rhyme in the earliest years of his dramatic life, and afterward, late in his career, possibly on two occasions, rewrote it and gave it a new name; using prose, to save time and labor, in those passages the elevation of which did not require poetical treatment, and in those which were suited to such treatment giving us true, although not highly finished specimens of his grand style.

A few of the plays now remain unnoticed; but our purpose is accomplished without further particular remark. The reader who has gone thus far with me needs me no longer as a guide. The Roman plays, "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra," particularly the last, should now receive his careful attention. In "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," and "Henry VIII." he will find the very last productions of Shakespeare's pen, and in the first and the third of these he will find marks of hasty work both in the versification and in the construction; but the touch of the master is unmistakable quite through them all, and "The Tempest" is one of the most perfect of his works in all respects. No true lover of Shakespeare should neglect the Sonnets, although many do neglect them. They are inferior to the plays; but only to them.

As to helps to the understanding of Shakespeare, those who can understand him at all need none except a good critical edition. And by a good

critical edition I mean only one which gives a good text, with notes where they are needed upon obscure constructions, obsolete words or phrases, manners and customs, and the like. Of the plays in the Clarendon Press series, "The Merchant of Venice," "Richard II.," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "King Lear," better editions cannot be had, particularly for readers inexperienced in verbal criticism. Those who find any difficulty which the notes to those editions do not explain may be pretty sure that, with the exception of a very few passages the corruption of which is admitted on all hands, the trouble is not with Shakespeare or the editor. Shakespeare read in the way which I have indicated, and with the help of such an edition, has a high educating value, and in particular will give the reader an insight into the English language, if not a mastery of it, that is worth a course of all the text-books of grammar and rhetoric that have been written ten times over. As to editions, I shall give only one caution. Do not get Dyce's. Mr. Dyce was a scholar, a man of fine taste, most thoroughly read in English literature, particularly in that of the Elizabethan period. He was a man for whom I had a very high respect, and whom I had reason to regard with a somewhat warmer feeling than that of a mere literary acquaintance. This and my deference to his age and his position prevented me from saying during his life what there is no reason that I should not say now—that in my opinion he was one of the most unsuccessful of Shakespeare's editors. His edition is one of the worst that has been published in the last century, both for its text and, except as to their learning, for its notes. With all my deferential respect for him,* I was prepared for this result before the appearance of the first of his three editions. Being in correspondence with him, and on such terms that I could make such a request, I asked him to send me some

* See "Shakespeare's Scholar," *passim*.

sheets of his edition while it was passing through the press. He replied that he could not do this; but the reason that he gave was, not any unwillingness to confide them to me, but that it was then impossible, because after his edition was half struck off he had cancelled the greater part of it on account of changes in his opinions as to the reading of so many passages! And this after he was well in years; after having passed his life in the study of Elizabethan literature; and after having edited Beaumont and Fletcher! I was never more amazed. Such a man could have no principles of criticism. How could he guide others who after such study was not sure of his own way? With all his knowledge of the literature and the literary history of the Elizabethan period, he seemed to lack the power of putting himself in sympathy with Shakespeare as he wrote. Hence the crudity and incongruity of his text, his vacillating opinions, and the weakness and poverty of his annotation.

Of criticism of what has been called the higher kind, I recommend the reading of very little, or better, none at all. Read Shakespeare; seek aid to understand his language, if that be in any way obscure to you; but that once comprehended, apprehension of his purpose and meaning will come untold to those who can attain it in any way. In my own edition I avoided as much as possible the introduction of æsthetic criticism, not because I felt incapable of writing it; for it is easy work; on the contrary, I freely essayed it when it was necessary as an aid to the settlement of the text, or of like questions; and by its use I think that I succeeded in establishing some points of importance. But in my judgment the duty of an editor is performed when he puts the reader, as nearly as possible, in the same position, for the apprehension of his author's meaning, that he would have occupied if he had been contemporary with him and had received from him

a correct copy of his writings. More than this seems to me to verge upon impertinence. Upon this point I find myself supported by William Aldis Wright,* who is in my judgment the ablest of all the living editors of Shakespeare; who brings to his task a union of scholarship, critical judgment, and common sense, which is very rare in any department of literature, and particularly in Shakespearian criticism, and whose labors in this department of letters are small and light in comparison with the graver studies in which he is constantly engaged. He, in the preface to his lately published edition of "King Lear" in the Clarendon Press series, says: "It has been objected to the editions of Shakespeare's plays in the Clarendon Press series that the notes are too exclusively of a verbal character, and that they do not deal with æsthetic, or as it is called, the higher criticism. So far as I have had to do with them, I frankly confess that æsthetic notes have been deliberately and intentionally omitted, because one main object in these editions is to induce those for whom they are especially designed to read and study Shakespeare himself, and not to become familiar with opinions about him. Perhaps, too, it is because I cannot help experiencing a certain feeling of resentment when I read such notes, that I am unwilling to intrude upon others what I should regard myself as impertinent. They are in reality too personal and objective, and turn the commentator into a showman. With such sign-post criticism I have no sympathy. Nor do I wish to add to the awful amazement which must possess the soul of Shakespeare when he knows of the manner in which his works have been tabulated, and classified, and labelled with a purpose, after the most approved method, like modern *tendenzschriften*. Such criticism applied to Shakespeare is nothing less than gross anachronism."

* Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the editors of the Cambridge edition.

Not a little of the Shakespearian criticism of this kind that exists is the mere result of an effort to say something fine about what needs no such gilding, no such prism-play of light to enhance or to bring out its beauties. I will not except from these remarks much of what Coleridge himself has written about Shakespeare. But the German critics whom he emulated are worse than he is. Avoid them. The German pretence that Germans have taught us folk of English blood and speech to understand Shakespeare is the most absurd and arrogant that could be set up. Shakespeare owes them nothing; and we have received from them little more than some maundering mystification and much ponderous platitude. Like the western diver, they go down deeper and stay down longer than other critics, but like him too they come up muddier. Above all of them, avoid Ulrici and Gervinus. The first is a mad mystic, the second a very literary Dogberry, endeavoring to comprehend all vagrom men, and bestowing his tediousness upon the world with a generosity that surpasses that of his prototype. Both of them thrust themselves and their "fanned and winnowed opinions" upon him in such an obtrusive way that if he could come upon the earth again and take his pen in his hand, I would not willingly be in the shoes of either. He would hand them down to posterity the laughing stock of men for ever.

Not Shakespeare only has suffered from this sort of criticism. The great musicians fare ill at their hands. One of them, Schlüter, writing of Mozart, says of his E flat, G minor, C (Jupiter) symphonies:

It is evident that these three magnificent works—produced consecutively and at short intervals—are the embodiment of *one* train of thought pursued with increasing ardor; so that taken as a whole they form a grand *trilogy*. . . . These three grandest of Mozart's symphonies (the first lyrical, the second tragic-pathetic, and the third of ethical import) correspond to his three greatest operas, "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Die Zauberflöte."

Now, I venture to say, that there is

no such consecutive train of thought, and no such correspondence. Ethical import in the Jupiter and in the "Zauberflöte," and correspondence between them! Mozart did not evolve musical elephants out of his moral consciousness. But a German professor of *ästhetik* is not happy until he has discovered a trilogy and an inner life. Those found, he goes off with ponderous serenity into the *ewigkeit*.

I have been asked, apropos of these articles, to give some advice as to the formation of Shakespeare clubs. The best thing that can be done about that matter is to let it alone entirely. According to my observation, Shakespeare clubs do not afford their members any opportunities of study or even of enjoyment of his works which are not attainable otherwise. And how should they do so except by the formation of libraries for the use of their members? In this respect they may be of some use, but not of much. Few books, a very few, are necessary for the intelligent and earnest student of Shakespeare, and those almost every such student can obtain for himself. As I have said, a good critical edition is all that is required; and whoever desires to wander into the wilderness of Shakespearian commentary will find in the public libraries ample opportunities of doing so. I have observed that those who read Shakespeare most and understand him best do not use even critical editions, except for occasional reference, but take the text by itself, pure and simple. An edition with a good text, brief introductions to each play, giving only ascertained facts, and a few notes, glossological and historical, at the foot of the page, is still a desideratum. Quiet reading with such an edition as this at hand will do more good than all the Shakespeare clubs ever established have done. I have seen something of such associations; and I have observed in them a tendency on one hand to a feeble and fussy literary antiquarianism, and on the other to conviviality; a thing not bad in itself, and indeed, within

bounds, much better than the other; but which has as little to do as that has (and it could not have less) with an intelligent study of Shakespeare. There is hardly anything less admirable to a reasonable creature than the assemblage at stated times of a number of semi-literary people to potter over Shakespeare and display before each other their second-hand enthusiasm about "the bard of Avon," as they generally delight to call him. Now, a true lover of Shakespeare never calls him the bard of Avon, or a bard of anything; and he reads him o' nights and ponders over him o' days while he is walking, or smoking, or at night again while he is waking in his bed. If he is too poor to buy a copy offhand, he saves up his pennies till he can get one, and he does not trouble himself about the commentators or the mulberry tree. He would not give two pence to sit in a chair made of it; for he knows that he could not tell it from any other chair, and that it would not help him to understand or to enjoy one line in "Hamlet," or "Lear," or "Othello," or "As You Like It," or "The Tempest." These remarks have no reference of

course to such societies as the Shakespeare Societies of London, past and present. They are associations of scholars for the purpose of original investigations, and which they print for the use of their subscribers, and for the republication of valuable and scarce books and papers having a bearing upon Shakespeare and the literary history of his time. We have no such material in this country. Whoever wishes to go profoundly into the study of Shakespearian, or rather of Elizabethan literature, would do well to obtain a set of the old Shakespeare Society's publications, and to become a subscriber to the other Shakespeare society, which is doing good thorough work. Clubs might well be formed for the obtaining of these books and others, for the use of their members who cannot afford or who do not care to buy them for their own individual property; although a book really owned is, I cannot say exactly why, worth more to a reader than one belonging to some one else. But all other Shakespeare clubs are mere vanity. The true Shakespeare lover is a club unto himself.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE PHILTER.

A LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR'S TIME.

DYING afar in Brittany,
The gallant Tristram lay;
His gentle bride's sweet ministry,
Her tender touch and way,
That erstwhile brought the rest he sought,
No more held soothing sway.

The naming of her tuneful name,
Isoude—so sweet to hear
Because its music was the same
With one long holden dear—
Now, like a bell discordant, fell,
And brought but mocking cheer.

Her eyne so blue, with lids so white,
Her tresses from their snood,
That rippling ambered all the light
About her where she stood,
Served only now to cloud his brow
Who longed for lost Isoude—

Isoude, who charmed him once when storm
Had blown his ship ashore
On Ireland's coast; Isoude, whose form
Bewitched him more and more,
As mem'ry came, his love to flame,
When hope, alas! was o'er:

Isoude, who sailed with him the sea
Across to Cornwall land,
To marry Mark, whose treachery
Did Tristram's faith command
To win her grace for kingly place,
And his own heart withstand.

On sultry deck becalmed they pine;
Careless, their thirst to ease,
A philter—mixt for bridal wine—
Her lip beguiles, and his:
O subtle draught unconscious quaffed!
They drained it to the lees—

Until in Tristram's knightly form
All joy for her seemed blent ;
Until her cheek could only warm
Beneath his gaze intent ;
Until her heart sought him apart,
Whoever came or went ;

Until the potion did beget
An all-enduring spell ;
Albeit Cornwall's king now met
And liked her fairness well,
And claimed her hand, while through the land
Rang sound of marriage bell ;

Until, as fragrance from a flower,
True love outbreak control,
And dropped its sweetness as a shower
Of pearls, that threadless roll
To find their rest in some near nest ;
Her home, Sir Tristram's soul !

And he, though frequent jousts he won ;
Though many a vallant deed
Of prowess made his fame outrun
The claim of knightly creed ;
Though maidens oft their glances soft
Bestowed in tenderest meed ;

Though Brittany upon him prest
A bride, in gratitude
For service done ; and though the quest
Of sacred grail subdued
His full heart-beat of smothered heat—
He loved but *Queen Isoude* !

And now with holy vows all tossed
Of fever's frantic sway—
As mariner whose bark is crossed
Upon a peaceful way
By winds that lure from purpose pure
And well-meant plans bewray—

He bade a trusty servitor
To Cornwall's queen forthwith.
"Take this," he said, "and show to her
How great my languor, sith
This signet's round will not be found
To bear one hurted lilt.

"Say that Sir Tristram prays her aid,
And so he prays not vain,
Let sails of silken white be made,
Whose gleam shall heal my pain,
As hither borne some favoring morn,
Love claims his own again !

"But if she yield no heed to these
Fond cravings of love's breath,
Then bearing on the burdened breeze
Let sail that shadoweth,
Of darkest dark, besbrood the bark,
A presage of my death."

So spake the Lord of Lyonesse,
And bode his joy or bale ;
While jealous of her right to bliss,
The wife Isoude, grown pale
As buds of light that shrink from night,
Made sad and lonely wall :

"Alas ! all one the loss to me,
My lord alive or dead,
If life of his by sorcery
Of this fair queen be fed."
Then adding, "Be her answer *nay*,
Hope yet to hope is wed,"

She scanned the sea. On waves of balm
A white sail of rare glow
Came rounding to the harbor's calm
With fullest promise—lo !
Bleak winds arise, as false she cries,
"*A black sail entereth slow.*"

Too weak to battle with his grief,
Sir Tristram breathed a sigh—
"Alack, that Isoude's sweet relief
Should fall me where I lie :
Sith not for me her face to see,
Is but to droop and die,"

Black sails are hoisted now in truth !
They wing two forms to rest :
For Cornwall's queen a-cold, in ruth,
Fell prone on Tristram's breast ;
And Cornwall's knight for kinsman's right
Of shrine had made request.

A letter lay upon the bier,
And this the word it bare :
"O love is sweet, O love is dear,
And followeth everywhere
Whoso has drained the chalice stained
With its red wine and rare.

"O love is dear, O love is sweet,
And yet, of faith's decree
Would Honor quench beneath stern feet
Love's bloom if that need be.
O King, one wills. But Love distills
His philters fatefully !"

Then did the King in penitence
Weep dole for these two dead.
Some slight remorse had pricked his sense
That he through will had wed
His best knight's love ; alas, to prove
Such end, so ill bestead !

In royal crypt he bade the twain
Be laid ; and there a vine,
O'er which the murderous scythe was vain,
Sprang up the graves to twine,
Defying death with its green breath :
True plant of seed divine !

MARY B. DODGE.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER I.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

THE little town of Dukes-Keeton, in one of the more northern of the midland counties, had in its older days two great claims to consideration. One was a park, the other a sweetmeat. The noble family whose name had passed through many generations of residence at the place had always left their great park so freely open to every one, that it came to be like the common property of the public, and the town had grown into fame by the manufacture of the sweetmeat which bore its name almost everywhere in the track of the meteor-flag of England. But as time went on other places took to manufacturing the sweetmeat so much better, and selling it so much more successfully than "Keeton," as the town was commonly called, could do, that "Keeton" itself had long since retired from the business, and was content to import the delicacy which still bore its own name in consignments of canisters from Manchester or London. During many years the heir of the noble family had deserted the park, and absolutely never came near it or near England even, and everything that gave the town a distinct reason for existence seemed to be passing rapidly into tradition. It had lain out of the track of the railway system for a long time, and when the railway system at length enclosed it in its arms, the attention seemed to have come too late. All the heat of life appeared to have chilled out of Dukes-Keeton in the mean time, and it lay now between two railways almost as inanimate and hopeless a lump as the child to whom the Erl-king's touch is fatal in his father's arms.

The park, with its huge palace-like, barrack-like house, not a castle, and too great to be called merely a hall, lies almost immediately outside the town. From streets and shops the visitor passes straightway through the gates of the great enclosure. Every stranger who has seen the house is taken at once to see another object of interest.

In the centre of the park was a broad, clear space, made by the felling and removing of every tree, until it spread there sharp and hard as a burnt-out patch in a forest. Gravel and small shells made the pavement of this space, and thus formed a new contrast with the turf, the grasses, and the underwood of the park all around. In the midst of this open space there rose a large circular building: a tower low in height when the bulk enclosed by its circumference was considered, and standing on a great square platform of solid masonry with steps on each of its sides. The tower itself reminded one of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or some other of the tombs that still stand near Rome. It was in fact the mausoleum which it had pleased the father of the present owner to have erected for himself during his lifetime. He lavished money on it, cared nothing for the cost of materials and labor, planned it out himself, watched every detail, and stood by the workmen as they toiled. Within he had prepared a lordly reception-room for his dead body when he should come to die. A superb sarcophagus of porphyry, fit to have received the remains of a Cæsar, was there. When the work was done and all was ready, the lonely owner visited it every day, unlocked its massive gate, and went in, and sat sometimes

for hours in his own mausoleum. He was growing insane, people thought, in these later days, and they counted on his soon becoming an actual madman. So far, however, he showed no greater madness than in wasting his money on a huge tomb, and wasting so much of his time in visiting it prematurely. The tomb proved a vanity in a double sense. For the noble owner was seized with a sudden mania for travel, and resolved to go round the world. Somewhere in mid ocean he was attacked by fever, or what alarmed people called the plague, and he died, and his body had to be committed without much delay or ceremonial to the sea. He had built his monument to no purpose. He was never to occupy it. It stood a vast and solid gibe at the vanity of its founder.

Over the great gate through which the mausoleum was entered were three heads sculptured in stone. One was that of a man in the prime of manhood, with lips and eyebrows contracted and puckered, forehead wrinkled, eyes full of anxious strain, all telling of care, of pain, of sleepless struggle against difficulty, watchfulness to ward off danger. This was Life. The next was the face of the same man with the eyes closed and the cheeks sunken, and the expression of one who had fallen into sleep from pain—the struggle and agony gone indeed, but their shadow still resting on the brows and the lips: and that of course was Death. The third piece of carving showed the same face still, but now with clear eyes looking broadly and brightly forward, and with features all noble, serene, and glad. This was Eternity. These three faces were the wonder and admiration of the neighborhood, and had been for now some years back employed to solve the problem of existence for all the little lads and lasses of Keeton who might otherwise have failed sometimes to see the harmonious purpose working in all things. The sculptor had it all his own way, and

took care that Life should have the worst of it. Keeton was in almost all its conditions a place of rather sleepy contentment, and its people could be trusted to take just as much of the moral as was good for them, and not to carry to extremes the lesson as to the discomfort and dissatisfaction of the probationary life-period. Otherwise there might perhaps be a chance that impressionable, not to say morbid, persons would desire to hurry very rapidly through the dark and anxious vestibule of life in order to get into the broad bright temple of Eternity.

Some thought like this was passing through the mind of Miss Minola Grey, who sat on the steps of the tomb and looked up into the faces illustrative of man's struggle and final success. Life had long been wearing a hard and difficult appearance to her, and she would perhaps have been glad enough sometimes if she could have got into the haven of quiet waters which, in the minds of so many people and in so many symbolic representations, is made to stand for Eternity. She was a handsome, graceful girl, rather tall, fair-haired, with deep bluish gray eyes which seemed to darken as they looked earnestly at any one—eyes which might be described in Matthew Arnold's words as "too expressive to be blue, too lovely to be gray"—with a broad forehead, from which the hair was thrown back in disregard of passing fashions. Perhaps it was her attitude, as she leaned her chin upon her hand and looked up at the mausoleum—perhaps it was the presence of that gloomy building itself—that made her face seem like an illustration of melancholy. Certainly her face was pale and a little wanting in fulness, and the lips were of the kind that one can always think of as tremulous with emotion of some kind. This was a beautiful summer evening, and all the park around was green, sunny, and glad. The dry bare spot on which the tomb was built seemed like a gray and withering leaf on a bright branch; and the figure of the

girl was more in keeping with the melancholy shadow of the mausoleum than the joyousness of the sun and the trees and the whole scene all around.

Indeed, there was a good deal of melancholy in the girl's mind at that moment. She was taking leave of the place: had come to say it a farewell. That park had been her playground, her studio, her stage, her world of fancy and romance and poetry since her infancy. She had driven her brother as a horse there, and had played with him at hunting lions. She had studied landscape drawing there from the days when a half staggering stroke with some blotches out of it was supposed to represent a tree, and a thing shaped like the trade-mark on Mr. Bass's beer bottles stood for a mountain. As she grew up she came there to read and to idle and to think. There she revelled in all the boundless fancies and extravagant ambitions of a clever, half-poetic child. There she was in turn the heroine of every book that delighted her, and the heroine of stories which had never been put into print. Heroes of surpassing beauty, strength, courage, and devotion had rambled under these trees for years with her, nor had the new-comer's presence ever been made a cause of jealousy or complaint by the one whom his coming displaced. They were a strange procession of all complexions and garbs. Achilles the golden-haired had been with her in his day, and so had the melancholy Master of Ravenswood: and the young Djalma, the lover of Adrienne of the "Juif Errant," forgotten of English girls to-day; and Nello, the proud gondolier lad with the sweet voice, who was loved by the mother and the daughter of the Aldinis; and the unnamed youth who went mad for Maud; and Henry Esmond, and Stunning Warrington, and Jane Eyre's Rochester, and ever so many else. Each and all of these in turn loved her and was passionately loved by her, and all had done great things for her; and for each she had done far greater things.

She had made them victorious, crowned them with laurels, died for them. It was a peculiarity of her temperament that when she read some pathetic story it was not at the tragic passages that her tears came. It was not the deaths that touched her most. It was when she read of bold and generous things suddenly done, of splendid self-sacrifice, of impossible rescue and superhuman heroism, that she could not keep down her feelings, and was glad when only the watching, untell-tale trees could see the tears in her eyes.

She had, however, two heroes chief over all the rest, whose story she found it impossible to keep apart, and whom she blended commonly into one odd compound. These were Hamlet and Alceste, the "Misanthrope" of Molière. It was sometimes Alceste who offered to be buried quick with Ophelia in the grave; and it was often Hamlet who interjected his scraps of poetic cynicism between the pretty and scandalous prattlings of Célimène and her petticoaterie. But perhaps Alceste came nearest to the heart of our young maid as she grew up. She said to herself over and over again that "C'est n'estimer rien qu'estimer tout le monde." She refused "d'un cœur la vaste complaisance qui ne fait de mérite aucune différence," and declared that "pour le trancher net l'ami du genre humain n'est point du tout mon fait." No doubt there was unconscious or only half conscious affectation in this, as there is in the ways of almost all young people who are fond of reading; and her way of thinking herself a girl-Alceste would probably have vanished with other whims, or been supplanted by fancies of imitation caught from other models, if everything had gone well with her. But several causes conspired as she grew into a woman to make her think very seriously that Alceste was not wrong in his general estimate of men and their merits. She was intensely fond of her mother, and when her mother died her father married

again, his second wife being a young woman who put him under the most absolute control, being not by any means an ill-natured person, but only strong-willed, serene, and stupid. Then her brother, to whom she was devoted, and who was her absolute confidant, went away to Canada, declaring he would not stand a step-mother, and that as soon as his sister grew old enough to put away domestic control he would send for her; and he soon got married and became a prominent member of the Dominion Legislature, and in none of his not over frequent letters said a word about his promise to send for her. Now, her father was some time dead; her step-mother had married Mr. Saulsbury, an elderly Nonconformist minister, who was shocked at all the ways of Alceste's admirer, and with whom she could not get on. It would take a very sweet and resigned nature to make one who had had these experiences absolutely in love with the human race, and especially with men; and Alceste accordingly became more dear than ever to Miss Grey.

Now she was about to leave the place and open of her own accord a new chapter in life. She had to escape at once from the dislike of some and the still less endurable liking of others. She was determined to go, and yet as she looked around upon the place, and all its dear sweet memories filled her, it is no wonder if she envied the calmness of the face that symbolized eternal rest. At last she broke down, and covered her face with her hands, and gave herself up to tears.

Her quick ears, however, heard sounds which she knew were not those of the rustling woods. She started to her feet and dried her eyes hastily. Straight before her now there lay the long broad path through the trees which led up to the gate of the mau-soleum. The air was so exquisitely pure and still that the footfall of a person approaching could be distinctly heard by the girl, although the newcomer was yet far away. She could

see him, however, and recognized him, and she had no doubt that he had seen her. A thought of escape at first occurred to her; but she gave it up in a moment, for she knew that the person approaching had come to seek her, and must have seen her before she saw him. So she sat down again defiantly and waited. She did not look his way, although he raised his hat to her more than once.

As he comes near we can see that he is a handsome, rather stiff looking man, with full formal dark whiskers, clearly cut face, and white teeth. His hat is very shiny. He wears a black frock coat buttoned across the chest, and dark trowsers, and dainty little boots, and gray gloves, and has a diamond pin in his necktie. He is Mr. Augustus Sheppard, a very considerable person indeed in the town. Dukes-Keeton, it should be said, had three classes or estates. The noble owners of the park and the guests whom they used to bring to visit them in their hospitable days made one estate. The upper class of the town made another estate; and the working people and the poor generally made the third. These three classes (there were at present only two of them represented in Keeton) were divided by barriers which it never occurred to any imagination to think of getting over. Mr. Augustus Sheppard was a leading man among the townspeople. His father was a solicitor and land agent of old standing, and Mr. Augustus followed his father's profession, and now did by far the greater part of its work. He was a member of the Church of England of course, but he made it part of his duty to be on the best terms with the Dissenters, for Keeton was growing to be very strong in dissent of late years. Mr. Augustus Sheppard had done a great deal for the mental and other improvement of the town. It was he who got up the Mutual Improvement Society, and made himself responsible for the rent of the hall in which the winter course of lectures, organized by him, used to

take place; and he always gave a lecture himself every season, and he took the chair very often and introduced other lecturers. He always worked most cordially with the Rev. Mr. Saulsbury in trying to restrict the number of public houses, and he was one of the few persons whom Mrs. Saulsbury cordially admired. He had a word of formal kindness for every one, and was never heard to say an ill-natured thing of any one behind his or her back. He was vaguely believed to be ambitious of worldly success, but only in a proper and becoming way, and far-seeing people looked forward to finding him one day in the House of Commons.

As he came near the mausoleum he raised his hat again, and then the girl acknowledged his salute and stood up.

"A very lovely evening, Miss Grey."

"Yes," said Miss Grey, and no more.

"I have been at your house, Miss Grey, and saw your people; and I heard that possibly you were in the park. I thought perhaps you would have been at home. When I saw you last night you seemed to believe that you would be at home all the day." This was said in a gentle tone of implied reproach.

"You spoke then of walking in the park, Mr. Sheppard."

"And I have kept my word, you see," Mr. Sheppard said, not observing the implied reason for her change of purpose.

"Yes, I see it now," she answered, as one who should say, "I did not count upon it then."

Of all men else, Minola Grey would have avoided him. She knew only too well what he had come for. She would perhaps have disliked him for that in any case, but she certainly disliked him on his own account. His formal and heavy manners impressed her disagreeably, and she liked to say things that puzzled and startled him. It was a pleasure to her to throw some paradox or odd saying at him, and watch his awkward attempts to catch

it, and then while he was just on the point of getting at some idea of it to bewilder him with some new enigma. To her he seemed to be what he was not, simply a sham, a heavy piece of hypocrisy. Formalism and ostentatious piety she recognized as part of the business of a Nonconformist minister, in whom they were excusable, as his grave garb would be, but they seemed insufferably out of place when adopted by a layman and a man of the world, who was still young.

"I am glad to have found you at last," Mr. Sheppard said, with a grave smile.

"You might have found me at first," Minola said, quoting from Artemus Ward, "if you had come a little sooner, Mr. Sheppard. I have only lately escaped here."

"I wish I had known, and I would have come a great deal sooner. May I take the liberty of sitting beside you?"

"I am going to stand, Mr. Sheppard. But that need not prevent you from sitting."

"I should not think of sitting unless you do. Shall we walk a little among the trees? This is a gloomy spot for a young lady."

"I prefer to stand here for a little, Mr. Sheppard, but don't let me keep you from enjoying a walk."

"Enjoying a walk?" he said, with a grave smile and solemn emphasis. "Enjoying a walk, Miss Grey—and without you?"

She deliberately avoided meeting the glance with which he was endeavoring to give additional meaning to this polite speech. She knew that he had come to make love to her; and though she was longing to have the whole thing done with, as it must be settled one way or the other, she detested and dreaded the ordeal, and would have put it off if she could. So she did not give any sign of having understood or even heard his words, and the opportunity for going on with his purpose, which he had hoped to extract, was lost for the moment. In

truth, Mr. Sheppard was afraid of this girl, and she knew it, and liked him none the more for it.

"I have been studying something with great interest, Mr. Sheppard," she began, as if determined to cut him off from his chance for the present. "I have made a discovery."

"Indeed, Miss Grey? Yes—I saw that you were in deep contemplation as I came along, and I wondered within myself what could have been the subject of your thoughts."

She colored a little and looked suddenly at him, asking herself whether he could have seen her tears. His face, however, gave no explanation, and she felt assured that he had not seen them.

"I have found, Mr. Sheppard, that some of the weaknesses of men are alive in the insect world."

"Indeed, Miss Grey? Some of the affections of men do indeed live, we are told, in the insect world. So beautifully ordained is everything——"

"The affectations I meant, not the affections of men, Mr. Sheppard. Could you ever have believed that an insect would be capable of a deliberate attempt at imposture?"

"I should certainly not have looked for anything of the kind, Miss Grey. But there is unfortunately so much of evil mixed up with all——"

"So there is. I was going to tell you that as I came here and passed through the garden, my attention was directed—is not that the proper way to put it?"

"To put it, Miss Grey?"

"Yes; my attention was directed to a large, heavy, respectable blue-bottle fly. He kept flying from flower to flower, and burying his stupid head in every one in turn, and making a ridiculous noise. I watched his movements for a long time. It was evident to the meanest understanding that he was trying to attract attention and was hoping the eyes of the world were on him. You should have seen his pretence at enjoying the flowers and

drinking in sweetness from them—and he stayed longest on the wrong flowers!"

"Dear me! Now why did he do that?"

"Because he didn't know any better, and he was trying to make us think he did."

"But, Miss Grey—a fly—a blue-bottle! Now really—how did you know what he was thinking of?"

"I watched him closely—and I found him out at last. Have you not guessed what the meaning of the whole thing was?"

"Well, Miss Grey, I can't say that I quite understand it just yet; but I am sure I shall be greatly interested on hearing the explanation."

"It was simply the imposture of a blue-bottle trying to pass himself off as a bee! It was man's affectation put under the microscope!"

Mr. Sheppard looked up at her in the hope of catching from her face some clear intimation as to whether she was in jest or earnest, and demeaning himself accordingly. But her eyes were cast down and he could not make out the riddle. Driven by desperation, he dashed in, to prevent the possible propounding of another before he had time to come to his point.

"All the professions of men are not affectations, Miss Grey! Oh, no: far from it indeed. There are some feelings in our breasts which are only too real!"

She saw that the declaration was coming now and must be confronted.

"I have long wished for an opportunity of revealing to you some of my feelings, Miss Grey, and I hope the chance has now arrived. May I speak?"

"I can't prevent you from speaking, Mr. Sheppard."

"You will hear me?"

He was in such fear of her and so awkward about the terms of his declaration of love that he kept clutching at every little straw that seemed to give him something to hold on to for a moment's rest and respite.

"I had better hear you, I suppose," she said with an air of profound depression, "if you will go on, Mr. Sheppard. But if you would please me, you would stop where you are and say no more."

"You know what I am going to say, Miss Grey—you must have known it this long time. I have asked your natural guardians and advisers, and they encourage me to speak. Oh, Miss Grey—I love you. May I hope that I may look forward to the happiness of one day making you my wife?"

It was all out now, and she was glad. The rest would be easy. He looked even then so prosaic and formal that she did not believe in any of his professed emotions, and she was therefore herself unmoved.

"No, Mr. Sheppard," she said, looking calmly at him straight in the face. "Such a day will never come. Nothing that I have seen in life makes me particularly anxious to be married; and I could not marry you."

He had expected evasion, but not bluntness. He knew well enough that the girl did not love him, but he had believed that he could persuade her to marry him. Now her pointblank refusal completely staggered him.

"Why not, Miss Grey?" was all he could say at first.

"Because, Mr. Sheppard, I really much prefer not to marry you."

"There is not any one else?" he asked, his face for the first time showing emotion and anger.

The faint light of a melancholy smile crossed Minola's face. He grew more angry.

"Miss Grey—now, you must tell me that! I have a right to ask—yes: and your people would expect me to ask. You must tell me *that*."

"Well," she said, "if you force me to it, and if you will have an answer, I must give you one, Mr. Sheppard. I have a lover already, and I mean to keep him."

Mr. Sheppard was positively shocked by the suddenness and coolness of this revelation. He recovered him-

self, however, and took refuge in unbelief.

"Miss Grey, you don't mean it, I know—I can't believe it. Why, I have known you and seen you grow up since you were a child. Mrs. Saulsbury couldn't but know—"

"Mrs. Saulsbury knows nothing of me: we know nothing of each other. I *have* a lover, Mr. Sheppard, for all that. Do you want to know his name?"

"I should like to know his name, certainly," the breathless Sheppard stammered out.

"His name is Alceste—"

"A Frenchman!" Sheppard was aghast.

"A Frenchman truly—a French gentleman—a man of truth and courage and spirit and honor and everything good. A man who wouldn't tell a lie or do a mean thing, or flatter a silly woman, or persecute a very unhappy girl—no, not to save his soul, Mr. Sheppard. Do you happen to know any such man?"

"No such man lives in Keeton." He was surprised into simple earnestness. "At least I don't know of any such man."

"No; you and he are not likely to come together and be very familiar. Well, Mr. Sheppard, that is the man to whom I am engaged, and I mean to keep my engagement. You can tell Mrs. Saulsbury if you like."

"But you haven't told me his other name."

"Oh—I don't know his other name."

"Miss Grey! Don't know his other name?"

"No: and I don't think he has any other name. He has but the one name for me, and I don't want any second."

"Where does he live, then—may I ask?"

"Oh, yes—I may as well tell you all now, since I have told you so much. He only lives in a book, Mr. Sheppard; in what you would call a play," she added with contemptuous expression.

"Oh, come now—I thought you

were only amusing yourself." A smile of reviving satisfaction stole over his face. "I'm not much afraid of a rival like that, Miss Grey—if he is my only rival."

"I don't know why you talk of a rival," the young woman answered, with a scornful glance at him; "but I can assure you he would be the most dangerous rival a living man could have. When I find a man like him, Mr. Sheppard, I hope he will ask me to marry him; indeed, when I find such a man I'll ask him to marry me—and if he be the man I take him for, he'll refuse me. I have told you all the truth now, Mr. Sheppard, and I hope you will think I need not say any more."

"Still, I'm not quite without hope that something may be done," Mr. Sheppard said. "How if I were to study your hero's ways and try to be like him, Miss Grey?"

A great brown heavy velvety bee at the moment came booming along, his ponderous flight almost level with the ground and not far above it. He sailed in and out among the trees and branches, now burying himself for a few seconds in some hollow part of a trunk, and then plodding through air again.

"Do you think it would be of any use, Mr. Sheppard," she calmly asked, "if that honest bee were to study the ways of the eagle?"

"You are not complimentary, Miss Grey," he said, reddening.

"No: I don't believe in compliments: I very much prefer truth."

"Still there are ways of conveying the truth—and of course I never professed to be anything very great and heroic—"

He was decidedly hurt now.

"Mr. Sheppard," she said, in a softer and more appealing tone, "I don't want to quarrel with you or with anybody, and please don't drive me on to make myself out any worse than I am. I don't care about you, and I never could. We never could get on together. I don't care for any man—I don't like men at all. I wouldn't marry

you if you were an emperor. But I don't say anything against you; at least I wouldn't if you would only let me alone. I am very unhappy sometimes—almost always now; but at least I mean to make no one unhappy but myself."

"That's what comes of books and poetry and solitary walks and nonsense! Why can't you listen to the advice of those who love you?"

She turned upon him angrily again.

"Well, I am not speaking of myself now, but of your—your people, who only desire your good. Mr. Saulsbury, Mrs. Saulsbury—"

"Once for all, Mr. Sheppard, I shall not take their advice; and if you would have me think of you with any kindness at all, any memory not disagreeable and—and detestable, you will not talk to me of their advice. Even if I had been inclined to care for you, Mr. Sheppard, you took a wrong way when you came in their name and talked of their authority. Next time you ask a girl to marry you, Mr. Sheppard, do it in your own name."

He caught eagerly at the kind of negative hope that seemed to be held out to him.

"If that's an objection," he began, "I assure you that I came quite of my own motion, and I am the last man in the world to endeavor to bring any unfair means to bear. Of course it is not as if they were your own parents, and I can quite understand how a young lady must feel—"

"I don't know much of how young ladies feel," Minola said quietly, "but I know how I feel, Mr. Sheppard, and you know it too. Take my last word. I'll never marry you. You only waste your time, and perhaps the time of somebody else as well—some good girl, Mr. Sheppard, who would be glad to marry you and whom you will be quite ready to make love to the day after to-morrow."

Her heart was hardened against him now, for she thought him mean and craven and unmanly. Perhaps, according to her familiar creed, she ought rather to have thought him

manly, meanness being in that sense one of the attributes of man. She did not believe in the genuineness of his love, and in any case no thought was more odious to her than that of a man pressing a girl to marry him if she did not love him and was not ready to meet him half way.

There was a curious contrast between these two figures as they stood on the steps of that great empty tomb. The contrast was all the more singular and even the more striking because the two might easily have been described in such terms as would seem to suggest no contrast. If they were described as a handsome young man (for he was scarcely more than thirty) and a handsome young woman, the description would be correct. He was rather tall, she was rather tall; but he was formal, severe, respectable, and absolutely unpicturesque—she was picturesque in every motion. His well-made clothes sat stiffly on him, and the first idea he conveyed was that he was carefully dressed. Even a woman would not have thought, at the first glance at least, of how *she* was dressed. She only impressed one with a sense of the presence of graceful and especially emotional womanhood. The longer one looked at the two the deeper the contrast seemed to become. Both, for example, had rather thin lips; but his were rigid, precise, and seeming to part with a certain deliberation and even difficulty. Hers appeared, even when she was silent, to be tremulous with expression. After a while it would have seemed to an observer, if any observing eye were there, that no power on earth could have brought these two into companionship.

"I won't take this as your final answer," he said, after one or two unsuccessful efforts to speak. "You will consider this again, and give it some serious reflection."

She only shook her head, and once more seated herself on the steps of the monument as if to suggest that now the interview was over.

"You are not walking homeward?" he asked.

"I am staying here for awhile."

He bade her good morning and walked slowly away. A rejected lover looks to great disadvantage when he has to walk away. He ought to leap on the back of a horse, and spur him fiercely and gallop off; or the curtain ought to fall and so finish up with him. Otherwise, even the most heroic figure has something of the look of one sneaking off like a dog told imperatively to "go home." Mr. Sheppard felt very uncomfortable at the thought that he probably did not seem dignified in the eyes of Miss Grey. He once glanced back uneasily, but perhaps it was not a relief to find that she was not looking in his direction.

CHAPTER II.

THE EVE OF LIBERTY.

MISS GREY remained in the park until the sun had gone down and the stars, with their faint light, seemed as she moved homeward to be like bright sparkles entangled among the high branches of the trees. She had a great deal to think of, and she troubled herself little about the mental depression of her rejected lover. All the purpose of her life was now summed up in a resolve to get away from Keeton and to bury herself in London.

She knew that any opposition to her proposal on the part of those who were still supposed to be her guardians would only be founded on an objection to it as something unwomanly, venturesome, and revolutionary, and not by any means the result of any grief for her going away. Ever since her mother's death and her father's second marriage she had only chafed at existence, and found those around her disagreeable, and no doubt made herself disagreeable to them. She had ceased to feel any respect for her father when he married again, and he knew it and became cold and con-

strained with her. Only just before his death had there been anything like a revival of their affection for each other. He had been a man of some substance and authority in his town, had built houses, and got together property, and he left his daughter a not inconsiderable annuity as a charge upon his property, and placed her under the guardianship of the elderly and respectable Nonconformist minister, who, as luck would have it, afterward married his young widow. Minola had seen so many marriages during her short experience, and had disliked two at least of them so thoroughly, that she was much inclined to say with one of her heroes that there should be no more of them. For a long time she had made up her mind that when she came of age she would go to London and live there. She still wanted a few months of the time of independence, but the manner in which Mr. Augustus Sheppard was pressed upon her by himself and others made her resolve to anticipate the course of the seasons a little, and go away at once. In London she made up her mind that she would lead a life of enchantment: of delightful and semi-savage solitude, in the midst of the crowd; of wild independence and scorn of all the ways of men, with books at her command, with the art galleries and museums, of which she had read so much, always within easy reach, and the streets which were alive for her with such sweet and dear associations all around her.

Miss Grey knew London well. She had never yet set foot in it, or been anywhere out of her native town; but she had studied London as a general may study the map of some country which he expects one day to invade. Many and many a night, when all in the house but she were fast asleep, she had had the map of London spread out before her, and had puzzled her way through the endless intricacies of its streets. Few women of her age, or of any age, actually living in the metropolis, had anything like the knowledge of its districts and its

principal streets that she had. She felt in anticipation the pride and delight of being able to go whither she would about London without having to ask her way of any one. Some particular association identified every place in her mind. The living and the dead, the romantic and the real, history and fiction, all combined to supply her with labels of association, which she might mentally put upon every quarter and district, and almost upon every street which had a name worth knowing. As we all know Venice before we have seen it, and when we get there can recognize everything we want to see without need of guide to name it for us, so Minola Grey knew London. It is no wonder now that her mind was in a perturbed condition. She was going to leave the place in which so far all her life literally had been passed. She was going to live in that other place which had for years been her dream, her study, her self-appointed destiny. She was going to pass away for ever from uncongenial and odious companionship, and to live a life of sweet, proud, lonely independence.

The loneliness, however, was not to be literal and absolute. In all romantic adventures there is companionship. The knight has his squire, Rosalind has her Celia. Minola Grey was to have her companion in her great enterprise. It had not indeed occurred to her to think about the inconvenience or oddness of a girl living absolutely alone in London, but the kindly destinies had provided her with a comrade. Having lingered long in the park and turned back again and again for another view of some favorite spot, having gathered many a leaf and flower for remembrance, and having looked up many times with throbbing heart at the white, trembling stars that would shine upon her soon in London, Miss Grey at last made up her mind and passed resolutely out at the great gate and went to seek this companion. She was glad to leave the park now in any case, for in the fine evenings of summer and autumn

it was the custom of Keeton people to make it their promenade. All the engaged couples of the place would soon be there under the trees. When a lad and lass were seen to walk boldly and openly together of evenings in that park, and to pass and repass their neighbors without effort at avoiding such encounters, it was as well known that they were engaged as though the fact had been proclaimed by the town-crier. A jury of Keeton folk would have assumed a promise of marriage and proceeded to award damages for its breach if it were proved that a young man had walked openly for any three evenings in the park with a girl whom he afterward declined to make his wife. Minola did not care to meet any of the joyous couples or their friends, and even already the twitter of voices and the titter of feminine laughter were beginning to make themselves heard among the darkling paths and across the broad green lanes of the park.

From the gates of the park one passed, as has been said already, almost directly into the town. The town itself was divided in twain by a river, the river spanned by a bridge which had a certain fame from the fact of its having been the scene of a brave stand and a terrible slaughter during the civil wars after Charles I. had set up his standard at Nottingham. To be sure there was not much left of the genuine old bridge on which the fight was fought, nor did the broad, flat, handsome, and altogether modern structure bear much resemblance to the sort of bridge which might have crossed a river in the days of the Cavaliers. Residents of Keeton always, however, boasted of the fact that one of the arches of the bridge was just the same underneath as it had always been, and insisted on bringing the stranger down by devious and grassy paths to the river's edge in order that he might see for himself the old stones still holding together which had perhaps been shaken by the tramp of Rupert's troopers. On the park side of the bridge lay the

genteeler and more pretentious houses, the semi-detached villas and lodges and crescents of Keeton; and there too were the humbler cottages. On the other side of the bridge were the business streets and the clustering shops, most of them old-fashioned and dark, with low, beetling fronts and narrow panes in the windows, and only here and there a showy and modern establishment, with its stucco front and its plate glass. The streets were all so narrow that they seemed as if they must be only passages leading to broader thoroughfares. The stranger walked on and on, thinking he was coming to the actual town of Dukes-Keeton, until he walked out at the other side and found he had left it behind him.

Minola Grey crossed the bridge, although her own home lay on the side nearest the park, and made her way through the narrow streets. She glanced with a shudder at one formal official looking house of dark brick which she had to pass, and the door of which bore a huge brass plate with the words "Sheppard & Sheppard, Solicitors and Land Agents." Another expression of dislike or pain crossed her handsome, pale, and emotional face when she passed a little lane, closed at the further end by the heavy, sombre front of a chapel, for it was there that she had even still to pass some trying, unsympathetic hours of the Sunday listening to a preacher whose eloquence was rather too familiar to her all the week. At length she passed the front of a large building of light-colored stone, with a Greek portico and row of pillars and high flight of steps, and which to the eye of any intelligent mortal had "Court House" written on its very face. Miss Grey went on and passed its front entrance, then turning down a narrow street, of which the building itself formed one side, she came to a little open door, went in, ran lightly up a flight of stone steps, and found herself in dun and dimly lighted corridors of stone.

A ray or two of the evening light

still flickered through the small windows of the roof. But for this all would seemingly have been dark. Minola's footfall echoed through the passages. The place appeared ghostly and sad, and the presence of youth, grace, and energetic womanhood was strangely out of keeping with all around. The whole expression and manner of Miss Grey brightened, however, as she passed along these gaunt and echoing corridors. In the sunlight of the park there seemed something melancholy in the face of the girl which was not in accord with her years, her figure, and her deep, soft eyes. Now, in this dismal old passage of damp resounding stone, she seemed so joyous that her passing along might have been that of another Pippa. The place was not very unlike a prison, and an observer might have been pleased to think that, as the light step of the girl passed the door of each cell, and the flutter of her garments was faintly heard, some little gleam of hope, some gentle memory, some breath of forgotten woods and fields, some softening inspiration of human love, was borne in to every imprisoned heart. But this was no prison; only the courthouse where prisoners were tried; and its rooms, occupied in the day by judges, lawyers, policemen, public, suitors, and culprits, were now locked, empty, and silent.

Minola went on, singing to herself as she went, her song growing louder and bolder until at last it thrilled finely up to the stone roofs of the grim halls and corridors. For Minola was of that temperament to which resolve of any kind soon brings the excitement of high spirits, and she sang now out of sheer courage and purpose.

Presently she stopped at a low, dark, oaken door which looked as if it might admit to some dingy lumber-room or closet; and this door opened instantly and she was in presence of a pretty and cheerful little picture. The side of the building where the room was set looked upon the broadest and clearest space in the town, and through the open window could be seen dis-

tinctly the glassy gray of the quiet river and even the trees of the park, a dark mass beneath the pale summer sky. Although the room was lit only by the twilight, in which the latest lingering reflection of the sunset still lived, it looked bright to the girl who had come from the heavy dusk and gloom of the corridors with their roof-windows and their rows of grim doors. A room ought to look bright, too, when the visitor on just appearing on its threshold is rushed upon and clasped and kissed and greeted as "You dear, dear darling." Such a welcome met Miss Grey, and then she was instantly drawn into the room, the door of which was closed behind her.

The occupant of the room who thus welcomed Minola was a woman not far short probably of forty years of age. She was short, she was decidedly growing fat, she had a face which ought from its outlines and its color to be rather humorous and mirthful than otherwise, and a pair of very fine, deep, and consequently somewhat melancholy eyes. These eyes were the only beauty of Miss Mary Blanchet's face. She had not good sight, for all their brightness. When any one talked with her at some little distance across a room, or even across a broad table, he could easily see by the irresponsive look of the eyes—the eyes which never quite found a common focus with his even during the most animated interchange of thought—that Miss Blanchet had short sight. But Miss Blanchet always frankly and firmly declined to put on spectacles. "I have only my eyes to boast of, my dear," she said to all her female advisers, "and I am not going to cover them with ugly spectacles, you may be sure." Hers was a life of the simplest vanity, the most innocent affectation. Her eyes had driven her into poetry, love, and disappointment. She was understood to have loved very deeply and to have been deserted. None of her friends could quite remember the lover, but every one said that no doubt there must have been such a person. Miss Blanchet never actually spoke of

him, but she somehow suggested his memory.

Miss Blanchet was a poetess. She had published by subscription a volume of verses, which was favorably noticed in the local newspapers and of which she sent a copy to the Queen, whereof Her Majesty had been kindly pleased to accept. Thus the poetess became a celebrity and a sort of public character in Dukes-Keeton, and when her father died it was felt that the town ought to do something for one who had done so much for it. It made her custodian of the courthouse, entrusted with the charge of seeing that it was kept clean, ventilated, water-besprinkled; that when assizes came on, the judges' rooms were fittingly adorned and that bouquets of flowers were placed every morning on the bench on which they sat. This place Miss Blanchet had held for many years. The rising generation had forgotten all about her poetry, and indeed, as she seldom went out of her own little domain, had for the most part forgotten her existence.

When Minola Grey was a little girl her mother was one of Miss Mary Blanchet's chiefest patronesses. It was in great measure by the influence of Minola's father that Miss Blanchet obtained her place in the courthouse. Little Minola thought her a great poetess and a remarkably beautiful woman, and accepted somehow the impression that she had a romantic and mysterious love history. It was a rare delight for her to be taken to spend an evening with Miss Blanchet, to drink tea in her pretty and well kept little room, to walk with her through the stone passages of the courthouse, and hear her repeat her poems. As Minola grew she outgrew the poems, but the affection survived; and after her mother's death she found no congenial or sympathetic friend anywhere in Keeton but Mary Blanchet. The relationship between the two curiously changed. The tall girl of twenty became the leader, the heroine, the queen; and Mary Blanchet, sensible little woman enough in many ways,

would have turned African explorer or joined in a rebellion of women against men if Miss Grey had given her the word of command.

"I know your mind is made up, dear, now that you have come," Miss Blanchet said when the first rapture of greeting was over.

Minola took off her hat and threw it on the little sofa with the air of one who feels thoroughly at home. It may be remarked as characteristic of this young woman that in going toward the sofa she had to pass the chimney-piece with its mirror, and that she did not even cast a glance at her own image in the glass.

"Mary," she asked gravely, "am I a man and a brother, that you expect me to change my mind? You are not repenting, I hope?"

"Oh, no, my dear. I have all the advantages, you know. I am so tired of this place and the work—dear me!"

"And I hate to see you at such work. You might almost as well be a servant. Years ago I made up my mind to take you out of this wretched place as soon as I should be of age and my own mistress."

"Well, I have sent in my resignation, and I am free. But I am a little afraid about you. You have been used to every luxury—and the carriage—and all that."

"One of my ambitions is to drive in a hansom cab. Another is to have a latch-key. Both will soon be gratified. I am only sorry for one thing."

"What is that, dear?"

"That we can't be Rosalind and Celia; that I can't put on man's clothes and liberty."

"But you don't like men—you always want to avoid them."

Miss Grey said nothing in defence of her own consistency. She was thinking that if she had been a man, she would have been spared the vexation of having to listen to Mr. Augustus Sheppard's proposals.

"I suspect," Miss Blanchet said, "that people will say we are more like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza."

"Which of us is the Sancho?"

"Oh, I of course; I am the faithful follower."

"You—poor little poetess, full of dreams, and hopes, and unselfishness! Why, I shall have to see that you get something to eat at tolerably regular intervals."

"How happy we shall be! And I shall be able to complete my poem! Do you know, Minola," she said confidentially, "I do believe I shall be able to make a career in London. I do indeed! The miserable details of daily life here pressed me down, down," and she pressed her own hand upon her forehead to illustrate the idea. "There, in freedom and quiet, I do think I shall be able to prove to the world that I am worth a hearing!"

This was a tender subject with Miss Grey. She could not bear to disturb by a word the harmless illusion of her friend, and yet the almost fierce truthfulness of her nature would not allow her to murmur a sentence of unmeaning flattery.

"One word, Mary," she said; "if you grow famous, no marrying—mind!"

Little Miss Blanchet laughed and then grew sad, and cast her eyes down.

"Who would ask me to marry, my dearest? And even if they did, the buried past would come out of the grave—and——"

She slightly raised both hands in deprecation of this mournful resurrection.

"Well, I have all to go through with my people yet."

"They won't prevent you?" Miss Blanchet asked anxiously.

"They can't. In a few months I should be my own mistress; and what is the use of waiting? Besides, they don't really care—except for the sake of showing authority and proving to girls that they ought to be contented slaves. They know now that I am no slave. I do believe my esteemed stepfather—or step-stepfather, if there is such a word—would consent to emancipate me if he could do so with the proper ceremonial—the slap on the cheek."

The allusion was lost on Miss Blanchet.

"Mr. Saulsbury is a stern man indeed," she said, "but very good; that we must admit."

"All good men, it seems, are hard, and all soft men are bad."

"What of Mr. Augustus Sheppard?" Miss Blanchet asked softly.

"How will he take your going away?"

"I have not asked him, Mary. But I can tell you if you care to know. He will take it with perfect composure. He has about as much capacity for foolish affection as your hearth-broom there."

"I think you are mistaken, Minola—I do indeed. I think that man is really——"

"Well. Is really what?"

"You won't be angry if I say it?"

Minola seemed as if she were going to be angry, but she looked into the little poetess's kindly, wistful eyes, and broke into a laugh.

"I couldn't be angry with you, Mary, if I had ten times my capacity for anger—and that would be a goodly quantity! Well, what is Mr. Sheppard really, as you were going to say?"

"Really in love with you, dear."

"You kind and believing little poetess—full of faith in simple true love and all the rest of it! Mr. Sheppard likes what he considers a respectable connection in Keeton. Failing in one chance he will find another, and there is an end of that."

"I don't think so," Miss Blanchet said gravely. "Well, we shall see."

"We shall not see him any more. We shall live a glorious, lonely, independent life. I shall study humanity from some lofty garret window among the stars. London shall be my bark and my bride, as the old songs about the Rovers used to say. All the weaknesses of humanity shall reveal themselves to me in the people next door to us and over the way. I'll study in the British Museum! I'll spend hours in the National Gallery! I'll lie under the trees in Epping Forest! I think I'll go to the gallery of a theatre! *Liberté, liberté, chérie!*" And Miss Grey

proceeded to chant from the "Mar-seillaise" with splendid energy as she walked up and down the room with clasped hands of mock heroic passion.

"You said something about a man and a brother just now, dear," Miss Blanchet gently interposed. "I have something to tell you about a man and a brother. My brother is back again in London."

Miss Blanchet made this communication in the tone of one who is trying to seem as if it would be welcome.

"Your brother? He has come back?" Miss Grey did not like to add, "I am so sorry," but that was exactly what she would have said if she had spoken her mind.

"Yes, my dear—quite reformed and as steady as can be, and going to make a great name in London. Oh, you may trust him to this time—you may indeed."

Miss Grey's handsome and only too expressive features showed signs of profound dissatisfaction.

"I couldn't help telling him that we were going to live in London—one's brother, you know."

"Yes, one's brother," Miss Grey said with sarcastic emphasis. "They are an affectionate race, these brothers! Then he knows all about our expedition? Has he been here, Mary?"

"Oh, no, dear; but he wrote to me—such beautiful letters! Perhaps you would like to read them?"

Miss Grey was silent, and was evidently fighting some battle with herself. At last she said:

"Well, Mary dear, it can't be helped, and I dare say he won't trouble to come very often to see us. But I hope he will come as often as you like, for you might be terribly lonely. I don't care to know anybody. I mean to study human nature, not to know people."

"But you have some friends in London, and you are going to see them."

"Oh—Lucy Money; yes. She was at school with us, and we used to be fond of each other. I think of calling to see her, but she may be changed ever so much, and perhaps we shan't

get on together at all. Her father has become a sort of great man in London, I believe—I don't know how. They won't trouble us much, I dare say."

The friends then sat and talked for a short time about their project. It is curious to observe that though they were such devoted friends they looked on their joint purpose with very different eyes. The young woman, with her beauty, her spirit, and her talents, was absolutely sincere and single-minded, and was going to London with the sole purpose of living a free, secluded life, without ambition, without thought of any manner of success. The poor little old maid had her head already filled with wild dreams of fame to be found in London, of a distinguished brother, a bright career, publishers seeking for everything she wrote, and her name often in the papers. Devoted as she was to Miss Grey, or perhaps because she was so devoted to her, she had already been forming vague but delightful hopes about the reformed brother which she would not now for all the world have ventured to hint to her friend.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

LATE that same night a young man stepped from a window in one of the rooms on the third floor in the Hôtel du Louvre in Paris, and stood in the balcony. It was a balcony in that side of the hotel which looks on the Rue de Rivoli. The young man smoked a cigar and leaned over the balcony.

It was a soft moonlight night. The hour was late and the streets were nearly silent. The latest omnibus had gone its way, and only now and then a rare and lingering *voiture* clicked and clattered along, to disappear round the corner of the place in front of the Palais Royal. The long line of gas lamps, looking a faint yellow beneath the hotel and the Louvre Palace across the way, seemed to deepen and deepen into redder sparks the further the eye

followed them to the right as they stretched on to the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées. To the left the young man, leaning from the balcony, could see the tower of St. Jacques standing darkly out against the faint, pale blue of the moonlight-sky. The street was a line of silver or snow in the moonlight.

The young man was tall, thin, dark, and handsome. He was unmistakably English, although he had an excitable and nervous way about him which did not savor of British coolness and composure. He seemed a person not to take anything easily. Even the moonlight, and the solitude, and the indescribably soothing and philosophic influence of the contemplation of a silent city from the serene heights of a balcony, did not prevail to take him out of himself into the upper ether of mental repose. He pulled his long moustaches now and then, until they met like a kind of strap beneath his chin, and again he twisted their ends up as if he desired to appear fierce as a champion duellist of the Bonapartist group. He sometimes took his cigar from his lips and held it between his fingers until it went out, and when he put it into his mouth again he took several long puffs before he quite realized the fact that he was puffing at what one might term dry stubble. Then he pulled out a box of fusees and lighted his cigar in an irritated way, as if he were protesting that really the fates were bearing down upon him rather too heavily, and that he was entitled to complain at last.

"Good evening, sir," said a strong, full British voice that sounded just at his elbow.

The young man, looking round, saw that his next-door neighbor in the hotel had likewise opened his window and stepped out on his balcony. The two had met before, or at least seen each other before, once or twice. The young man had seen the elder with some ladies at breakfast in the hotel, and that evening he and his neighbor had taken coffee side by side on the

boulevards and smoked and exchanged a few words.

The elder man's strong, rather under-sized figure showed very clearly in the moonlight. He had thick, almost shaggy hair, of an indefinable dark brownish color—hair that was not curly, that was not straight, that did not stand up, and yet could evidently never be kept down. He had a rough complexioned face, with heavy eyebrows and stubby British whiskers. His hands were large and reddish-brown and coarse. He was dressed carelessly—that is, his clothes were evidently garments that had cost money, but he did not seem to care how he wore them. Any garment must fall readily into shapelessness and give up trying to fit well on that unheeding figure. The Briton did not seem exactly what one would at once assume to be a gentleman. Yet he was not vulgar, and he was evidently quite at his ease with himself. He looked somehow like a man who had money or power of some kind, and who did not care whether people knew it or did not know it. Our younger Briton had at the first glance taken him for the ordinary English father of a family, travelling with his womankind. But he had not seen him for two minutes at the breakfast table before he observed that the supposed heavy father was never in a fuss, had a way of having all his orders obeyed without trouble or misunderstanding, and for all his strong British accent talked French with entire ease and a sort of resolute grammatical accuracy.

"Staying in Paris?" the elder man said—he too was smoking—when the younger had replied to his salutation.

"No; I am going home—I mean I am going to England—to-morrow."

"Ay, ay? I almost wish I were too. I'm taking my wife and daughters for a holiday. I don't much care for holidays myself. I hadn't time for enjoyment of such things when I could enjoy them, and of course when you get out of the way of enjoying yourself

you never get into it again; it's a sort of groove, I suppose. Anyhow, we don't ever enjoy much, our people. You are English, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am English."

"Wish you weren't? I see."

Indeed, the tone in which the young man answered the question seemed to warrant this interpretation.

"Excuse me; I didn't say that," the young man said, a little sharply.

"No, no; I only thought you meant it. We are not bound, you know, to keep rattling up the Rule Britannia always among ourselves."

"I can assure you I am not at all inclined to rattle the Rule Britannia too loudly," the young man said, tossing the end of his cigar away and looking determinedly into the street with his hands dug deeply into his pockets.

The elder man smoked for a few seconds in silence, and looked up and down the long straight line of street.

"Odd," he said abruptly. "I always think of Balzac when I look into the streets of Paris, and when I give myself time to think. Balzac sums up Paris to me."

"Yes," said the younger man, talking for the first time with an appearance of genuine interest in the conversation; "but things must be greatly changed since that time even in Paris, you know."

"Changed? Not a bit of it. The outsides of course. The Louvre was half a ruin the other day, and now it's getting all right again. That's change, if you like to call it so. But the heart of things is just the same. Balzac stands for Paris, believe you me."

"I don't believe a word of it—not a word! I mean—excuse me—that I don't agree with you."

"Yes, yes: I understand what you mean. I'm not offended. Well?"

"Well—I don't believe a bit that men and women ever were like that. You mean to tell me that people were made without hearts in Paris or anywhere else? Do you believe in a place

peopled by cads and sneaks and curs—and the women half again as bad as the men?"

The young man grew warm, and the elder drew him out, and they discussed Balzac as they stood in the balcony and looked down on silent moonlighted Paris. The elder man smoked and smiled and shrugged his shoulders good-humoredly. The younger was as full of gesture and animation as if his life depended on the controversy.

"All right," the elder said at last. "I like to hear you talk, but Paris is Balzac to me still. Going to be in London some time?"

"I suppose so: yes," in a tone of sudden depression and discontent.

"I wish we might meet. I live in London, and I wish you would come and see me when we get back from our—holiday we'll call it."

The young man turned half away and leaned on the balcony as if he were looking very earnestly for something in the direction of the Champs Elysées. Then he faced his companion suddenly and said,

"I think you had much better not have anything to do with me: I should only prove a bore to you, or to anybody."

"How is that?"

"Well—in short, I'm a man with a grievance."

"Ay, ay? What's your grievance? Whom has it to do with?"

The young man looked up quickly, as if he did not quite understand the brusque ways of his new acquaintance, who put his questions so directly. But the new acquaintance seemed good-humored and quite at his ease, and evidently had not the least idea of being rude or over-inquisitive. He had only the way of one apparently used to ordering people about.

"My grievance is against the Government," the young man said with a grave politeness, almost like self-assertion.

"Government here: in France?"

"No, no: our own Government."

"Ay, ay? What have they been doing? *You* haven't invented anything—new cannon—flying machine—that sort of thing?"

"No: nothing of the kind—I wish I had—but how did you know?"

"How did I know what?"

"That I hadn't invented anything?"

"Why, I knew it by looking at you. Do you think I shouldn't know an inventor? You might as well ask me how I know a man has been in the army. Well, about this grievance of yours?"

"I dare say you will know my name," the young man said with a sort of reluctant modesty, which contrasted a little oddly with the quick movements and rapid talk which usually belonged to him. Then his manner suddenly changed, and he spoke in a tone of something like irritation, as if he had better have the whole thing out at once and be done with it—"My name is Heron—Victor Heron."

"Heron—Heron?" said the other, turning over the name in his memory. "Well, I don't know I'm sure—I may have heard it—one hears all sorts of names. But I don't remember just at the moment."

Mr. Heron seemed a little surprised that his revelation had produced no effect. He had made up his mind somehow that his new friend was mixed up with politics and public affairs.

"You'll remember Victor Heron of the St. Xavier's Settlements?" he said decisively.

"Heron of the St. Xavier's Settlements? Ah, yes, yes. To be sure. Yes, I begin to remember now. Of course, of course. You're the fellow who got us into the row with the Portuguese or the Dutch, or who was it? About the slave trade, or something? I remember it in the House."

"I am the fool," Mr. Heron went on volubly—"the blockhead, the idiot, that thought England had principles, and honor, and a policy, and all the rest of it! I haven't lived in England

very much. I'm the son of a colonist—the Herons are an old colonial family—and you can't think, you people always in England, how romantic and enthusiastic we get about England, we silly colonists, with our old-fashioned ways. When I got that confounded appointment—it was given in return for some old services of my father's—I believe I thought I was going to be another sort of Raleigh, or something of the kind."

"Just so; and of course you were ready to tumble into any sort of scrape. You are hauled over the coals—snubbed for your pains?"

"Yes—I was snubbed."

"Of course: they'll soon work the enthusiasm out of you. But that's a couple of years ago—and you weren't recalled?"

"No. I wasn't recalled."

"Well, what's your grievance then?"

"Why—don't you see?—my time is out—and they've dropped me down. My whole career is closed—I'm quietly thrown over—and I'm only twenty-nine!" The young man caught at his moustache with nervous hands and kicked with one foot against the rails of the balcony. He gazed into the street, and his eyes sparkled and twinkled as if there were tears in them. Perhaps there were, for Mr. Heron was evidently a young man of quicker emotions than young men generally show in our days. He made haste to say something, apparently as if to escape from himself.

"I am leaving Paris in the morning."

"Then why don't you go to bed and have a sleep?"

"Well, I don't feel like sleeping just yet."

"You young fellows never know the blessing of sleep. I can sleep whenever I want to—it's a great thing. I make it a rule though to do all my sleeping at night, whenever I can. You leave Paris in the morning? Now that's a thing I don't like to do. Paris should never be seen early in the morning. London shows to the best advantage early; but Paris—no!"

"Why not?" Mr. Heron asked, stimulated to a little curiosity.

"Paris is a beauty, you know, a little on the wane, and wanting to be elaborately made up and curled and powdered and painted, and all that. She's a little of a slattern underneath the surface, you know, and doesn't bear to be taken unawares—mustn't be seen for at least an hour or two after she has got out of bed. All the more like Balzac's women."

Perhaps the elder man had observed Mr. Heron's sensitiveness more closely and clearly than Heron fancied, and was talking on only to give him time to recover his composure. Certainly he talked much more volubly and continuously than appeared at first to be his way. After a while he said, in his usual style of blunt but not unkind inquiry—

"Any of your people living in London?"

"No—in fact, I haven't any people in England—few relations now left anywhere."

"Like Melchisedek, eh? Well, I don't know that he was the most to be pitied of men. You have friends enough, I suppose?"

"Not friends exactly—acquaintances enough, I dare say—people to call on, people who remember one's name and who ask one to dinner. But I don't know that I shall have much time for cultivating acquaintanceships in the way of society."

"Why so? What are you going to London to do?"

"To get a hearing, of course. To make the whole thing known. To show that I was in the right, and that I only did what the honor of England demanded. I trust to England."

"What's England got to do with it? England is only so many men and women and children all concerned in their own affairs, and not caring twopence about you and me and our wrongs. Besides, who has accused you? Who has found fault with you? Your time is out, and there's an end."

"But they have dropped me down—they think to crush me."

"If they do, it will be by severely letting you alone; and what can you do against that? You can't quarrel with a man merely because he ceases to invite you to dinner, and that's about the way of it."

"I'll fight this out for all that."

"You'll soon get tired of it. It's beating the air, you know. Of course, if you want to annoy the Government, you could easily get some of us to take up your case—no difficulty about that—and make you the hero of a grievance and a debate, and so on."

"I want nothing of the kind! I don't want any one to trouble himself about me, and I don't care to be taken in hand by any one. If Englishmen will not listen to a plain statement of right, why then— But I know they will."

The conviction itself was expressed in the tone of one who by its very assertion protests against a rising doubt and tries to stifle it.

"Very good," said the other. "Try it on. We shall soon see. I have a sort of interest in the matter, for I had a grievance myself, and I have still, only I went about things in a different way—looking for redress, I mean."

"What did you do?"

"It's a longish story, and quite a different line from yours, and it would bore you to hear, even if you understood it. I got into the House and made myself a nuisance. I put money in my purse; it came in somehow. I watch the department that I once belonged to with the eye of a lynx. Well, I shall look out for you and give you a hand if I can, always supposing it would annoy the Government—any Government—I don't care what."

Mr. Heron looked at him with wonder and incredulity.

"Terrible lack of principle, you think? Not a bit of it; I'm a strong politician; I stick to my side through thick and thin. But in their management of departments, you know—contracts, and all that—governments are

all the same; the natural enemies of man. Well, I hope to see you. I am going to have a sleep. Let me give you my address—though in any case I think we are certain to meet.”

They parted with blunt expression of friendly inclination on the one side and a doubtful, half-reluctant acknowledgment on the other. Heron remained standing in his balcony looking at the changes of the moonlight on the silent streets and thinking of his career and his grievance.

The nearer he came to England the colder his hopes seemed to grow. Now upon the threshold of the country he had so longed to reach, he was inclined to linger and loiter and to put off his entrance. Everything that was so easy and clear a few thousand miles off began to show itself perplexed and difficult. “When shall I be there?” he used to ask himself on his homeward journey. “What have I come for?” he began to ask himself now.

Times had indeed changed very suddenly with Victor Heron. He had come into the active world perhaps rather prematurely. When very young, under the guidance of an energetic and able father who had been an administrator of some distinction in England's service among her dependencies, he had made himself somewhat conspicuous in one of the colonies; and when an opportunity occurred, after his father's death, of offering him a considerable position, the Government appointed him to the administration of a new settlement. It is hardly necessary for us to go any deeper into the story of his grievance than he has already gone himself in a few words. Except as an illustration of his character, we have not much to do with the story of his career as an administrator. It was a very small business altogether; a quarrel in a far off, lately appropriated, and almost wholly insignificant scrap of England's domains. Probably Mr. Heron was in the wrong, for he had been stimulated wholly by a chivalrous enthusiasm for the honor of England's principles and a keen

sense of what he considered justice. The Government had dealt very kindly with him in consideration of his youth and of his father's services, and had merely dropped him down.

This to a young man like Heron was simply killing with kindness. He could have stood up stoutly against impeachment, trial, punishment, any manner of exciting ordeal, and commanded his brave heart to bear it. But to be quietly allowed to go his way was intolerable, and, being accused of nothing, he was rushing back to England to insist on being accused of something. A chief of any kind in a small dependency is a person of overwhelming greatness and importance in his own sphere. Every eye there is literally on him. He diffuses even a sort of impression as if he were a good deal too large for his sphere, like the helmet of such portentous size in the courtyard of Otranto. To come down all at once to be an ordinary passenger to England, an ordinary “No. 257, au 3me” at the Hôtel du Louvre in Paris, an obscure personage getting out at the Charing Cross station and calling a hansom, nobody caring whence he has come, or capable, even after elaborate reminder, of calling to memory his story, his grievance, or his identity—this is something to try the soul of a patient man. Mr. Heron was not patient.

He was a young Quixote out of time and place. He never could let anything alone. He could not see a grievance without trying to set it right. The impression that anybody was being wronged or cheated affected and tormented him as keenly as a discordant note or an inharmonious arrangement of colors might disturb persons of loftier artistic soul. In the colonies queer old ideas survive long after they have died out of England, and the traveller from the parent country comes often on some ancient abstraction there as he might upon some old-fashioned garment. Heron started into life with a full faith in the living reality of divers abstractions

which people in England have long since dissected, analyzed, and thrown away. He believed in and spoke of progress, and humanity, and brotherhood, and such like vaguenesses as if they were real things to work for and love. People who regard abstractions as realities are just the very persons who turn solid and commonplace realities into shining and splendid abstractions. Young Heron regarded England not as an island with a bad climate, where some millions of florid men made money or worked for it, but as a sort of divine influence inspiring youth to noble deeds and patriotic devotion. He was of course the very man to get into a muddle when he had anything to do with the administration of a new settlement. If the muddle had not lain in his way, he would assuredly have found it.

He had so much to do now on his further way home in helping elderly ladies on that side who could not speak French, and on this side who could not speak English; in seeing that persons whom he had never set eyes on before were not neglected at buffets, left behind by trains, or overcharged by waiters; in giving and asking information about everything, that he had not much time to think about the St. Xavier's settlements and his personal grievance. When the suburbs of London came in sight, with their trim rows of stucco-fronted villas and cottages, and their front gardens ornamented with the inevitable evergreens, a thrill of enthusiasm came up in Heron's breast, and he became feverish with anxiety to be in the heart of the great capital once again. Now he began to see familiar spires, and domes, and towers, and then again huge, unfamiliar roofs and buildings that were not there when he was in

London last, and that puzzled him with their presence. Then the train crossed the river, and he had glimpses of the Thames, and Westminster Palace, and the embankment with its bright garden patches and its little trees, and he wondered at the ungenial creatures who see in London nothing but ugliness. To him everything looked smiling, beautiful, alive with hope and good omen.

Certainly a railway station, an arrival, a hurried transaction, however slight and formal, with a customs officer, are a damper on enthusiasm of any kind. Heron began to feel dispirited. London looked hard and prosaic. His grievance began to show signs of breaking out again amid the hustling, the crowd, the luggage, and the exertion, as an old wound might under similar circumstances, if one in his haste and eagerness were to strain its hardly closed edges.

It was when he was in a hansom driving to his hotel that Heron, putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, drew out a crumpled card which he had thrust in there hastily and forgotten. The card bore the name of

"MR. CROWDER E. MONEY,
Victoria street,
Westminster."

Heron remembered his friend of Paris. "An odd name," he thought. "I have heard it before somewhere. I like him. He seems a manly sort of fellow."

Then he found himself wondering what Mr. Money's daughters were like, and wishing he had observed them more closely in Paris, and asking whether it was possible that girls could be pretty and interesting with such an odd name

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE SPINNING OF LITERATURE.

"Of making many books there is no end," sighed a preacher in times when industrious readers might presumably have kept the run of current literature. Our advantage over Solomon is the utter hopelessness of reading the new works, not to speak of standard acres in the libraries. In this holiday season, chief hatching-time of books, it is pleasant to see them flocking out in numbers so vast. "Germany published 11,815 works of all classes in 1873, 12,070 in 1874, 12,516 in 1875." We rub our hands over statistics like these, because they check any mad ambition to master German contemporary literature; and besides, there are "1,622 newspapers and periodical publications in the German empire." As for the new works in our own tongue, the only way of getting through them would obviously be to do as legislators do with the laws they pass—"read them by title."

Earlier ages, that had not reached this happy hopelessness, produced great book-worms. When the old monks had devoured their convent libraries, they were fain to pay vast sums occasionally for extra reading, as St. Jerome did for the works of Origen; whereas now a reviewer can only glance at his "complimentary copies" of new books, so numerous are they. Bacon argued against abridgements, as if the body of literature could be compassed in his day. A century or two ago there were prodigious Porsons and Johnsons; but such gluttons are now rare. It is true that Mill, between his fourth and eighth years, read in the original all Herodotus and a good part of Xenophon, Lucian, Isocrates, Diogenes Laertius, Plato, and the Annual Register, besides Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Miller, Mosheim, and other historians; while before the age of thirteen he had mastered the whole of Homer, Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Thucydides, Aristotle's Rhetoric and Logic, Tacitus, Juvenal, Quintilian, parts of Ovid, Terence, Nepos, Cæsar, Livy, Lucretius, Cicero, Polybius, and many other authors, besides learning geometry, algebra, and the differential cal-

culus. But that lad was crammed scientifically like a Strasbourg goose; our ordinary modern writers are not walking cyclopædias, and are rarely prodigious readers. It is no longer a reproach even for a man not to know all the literature of his specialty; while, as for general reading, when the "Publisher's Circular" tells us that the different books that mankind have made are numbered by millions, we sit down in a most comfortable despair, and pick to our liking.

Thanks to modern fecundity, critics rarely molest authors with demands for the *raison d'être* of a new book. The reviewer's question used to be, "Why did the man publish? What need was there? What is he trying to show?" One pontiff is said to have suggested burning up all the different books in the world, except six thousand, so that the rest might be read. There used to be pleas for condensations, as if people were still fondly hoping to compass the realm of literature and science, the blessed era of hopelessness having not yet dawned. But it is idle to plead against diffuseness now, when writers are paid by the page or line. "I want," said the editor of "La Situation" to Dumas, "a story from you, entitled 'Terreur Prussienne à Francfort'—60 *feuilletons* of 400 lines each; total, 84,000 lines." "And if it makes only 58?" responded Dumas. "I require 60, of 400 lines each, averaging 81 letters each line—744,000 letters." At noon of the day agreed upon, the manuscript was in the hands of M. Hollander. If Sir Critic ever came with foot-rule and condensing-pump to gravely detect diffusiveness in the "Terreur Prussienne," it must have diverted the high contracting parties.

It is said that a dialogue of Dumas the elder created a revolution in the French mode of paying romance literature. Dumas, who was reckoned by the line, one day introduced, they say, into his *feuilleton* this thrilling passage:

My son !
My mother !
Listen !

Speak !
 Seest thou ?
 What ?
 This poniard !
 It is stained—
 With blood !
 Whose ?
 Thy father's.
 Ah ! ! !

After that Dumas was paid by the letter. To say sooth, the same incident, with a different catastrophe, is related of Ponson Du Terrail, who, one day, in his "Resurrection de Rocambole," filled about a column with dialogue of this character:

Who ?
 I.
 You ?
 Yes.
 He shuddered.

Accordingly, as the story goes, the author being summoned before the editor of the "Petit Journal," was notified that if this monosyllabic chat went on, he would be paid by the word. "Very well," replied the obliging novelist, "I will change my style;" and next day, M. Millaud was astounded to find the *feuilleton* introducing a pair of stammerers talking in this agreeable fashion:

"Wou-wou-would you de-de-de-deceive me, you wr-wr-wretch ?" said the old corsair in a tone of thunder.

"I ne-ne-ne-never de-de-de-deceived an-an-anybody," exclaimed Baccarat, imitating the other's defect in pronunciation.

"Wh-wh-wh-where is Ro-ro-rocam-bo-bole ?"

"You ne-ne-never will kn-know."

"He will make all his characters stutter soon," said Millaud. "We had better pay him by the line." Of course this is a story *faite à plaisir*, as is also the one that as soon as Dumas made his first contract by the line, enchanted with the arrangement, he invented dear old Grimaud, who only opened his mouth to utter "yes," "no," "what ?" "ah !" "bah !" and other monosyllables; but when the editor, who knew the cash price of "peuh" and "oh," declared he would only pay for lines half full, Grimaud was slaughtered the next morning. However, these yarns show that the French can satirize their jerky, staccato style of *feuilleton*, with each sentence staked off in a paragraph by itself, like some grimacing clown, who expects each particular joke or handspring to be observed individually, and to be greeted with separate applause. Across the channel

we of course find the English journals going to the other extreme, in insular pride, and packing distinct subjects into the same paragraph.

Greek and Roman Tuppens used, no doubt, to "reel off a couple of hundred lines, standing on one foot;" but the veneering of a thin layer of ideas upon a thick layer of words is naturally the special trait of our age of cheap ink and paper, of steam printing, and of paying for writing by long measure. The "Country Parson" is a favorite writer of this sort, whose excellence is in "the art of putting things," rather than in having many things to put. The essays of the "Spectator," "Guardian," "Tatler," "Rambler," rarely gave only a penny-worth of wit to an intolerable deal of words; but our modern periodical essay achieves success by taking some such assertion as "Old maids are agreeable," or "Old maids are disagreeable," and wire-drawing it into sundry yards of readable matter. Macbeth's

The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !

Where got'st thou that goose-look ?

would supply a modern playwright with a square foot of gold-beaten invective. "True poems," said Irving, "are cas-kets which enclose in a small compass the wealth of the language—its family jewels." But when poems are paid by the line, bards are pardonable for diffuseness. And then, besides diffuseness, our age has wonderful literary fecundity. Few people know how much painters paint, and how much great writers write; for the bards of a single poem, as Mr. Stedman shows, are exceptional, and rich quantity as well as rich quality is the usual rule for greatness, whether of novelist, poet, essayist, metaphysician, or historian. So here we come upon another source of the accumulated floods of literature. The other day I was looking through a prodigious list of the works of Alexandre Dumas, *père*. There were 127 of them, mostly novels—"Monto Christo," "Three Musketeers," "Bragelonne," and the rest that we used to read. They made 244 volumes; but the plays were not included, and many slighter miscellanies did not seem to be there; and the post-humous work on cookery was certainly not there; and of course there was no effort to collect everything from "Le Moïse,"

"La Liberté," and the half dozen other journals he edited or wrote in; so that I doubt not the writings of this illustrious man, if ever brought together in a complete edition, would make at least 150 works of 800 or 400 stout volumes. And in English literature we have many Salas and Southworths. I remember an announcement in the "Lancet" that "Mr. G. A. Sala is completely restored to health, and in the full discharge of his professional duties." An expressive term, that "full discharge"!

Again, some popular authors employ apprentices to do the bulk of their work, only touching it up with mannerisms, and so turn out much more than if they wrought it all. The world, too, has now accumulated a myriad handbooks of facts and compilations of statistics, which enable writers with a fondness for theory, like Buckle, to have all their material ready to spin into generalization. Then there is a popular education toward prolixity in the telegraphic part of newspapers. The associated press writers from Washington seem to be selected for their inability to be terse and pithy, and dribble out the simplest fact with pitiful iteration. The special news-writers, being often at their wits' end for their dole of day's work, can hardly be asked to be laconic. The special messages which the ocean wires bring, doubtless with exquisite terseness and picturesqueness, are most carefully interwritten and diluted; so that, for example, the words "Thiers spoke at Coulmiers" become "M. Adolphe Thiers, president of the French Republic before the accession of the present Chief Executive, Marshal MacMahon, delivered an address, or rather made some remarks partly in the nature of an oration or speech on subjects connected with matters of interest at the present time, at the town of Coulmiers, which is situated"—and here follow a dozen lines from the *Cyclopædia*, but dated at Paris, giving the geography, history, and commerce of Coulmiers. One can fancy in the "Atlantic cable" columns of the "Morning Meteor" the tokens of a standing prescription to dilute foreign facts with nine parts domestic verbiage; and this kind of "editing" educates mankind to padding and patching with superfluous material.

It is harder for French writers to be

prolix. The French writer is inevitably epigrammatic first, and, if diffusive afterward, it is with malice aforethought. If we compare, for example, publicists like Guizot and Gladstone, while each has that perfect command of his material, instead of letting the material command him, which marks the skilful writer, yet the Englishman sometimes seems to require two or three consecutive sentences to bring out his thought, whereas M. Guizot packs it into one. But Guizot deliberately goes on to put the identical statement into two or three paraphrased forms. For example, in the "History of Civilization in Europe" there is usually a terse sentence or two in each paragraph which contain the whole of it, packed into briefest compass; were these key sentences repeated on the side of the page as marginal notes, the reader could master the book by mastering the margins. When an English writer is diffuse, he cannot help it; when a French writer is diffuse, he effects it by sheer effort at repetition.

And we humble hack scribblers, who confidently slip our daily, and weekly, and monthly mites into the vast mass of current reading turned out for an omnivorous public—let us hope that the world's maw may long remain unsated and the market unglutted.

GROWTH OF AMERICAN TASTE FOR ART.

WHILE to many it has seemed a pity that the Johnston gallery should be broken up, yet this distribution of its treasures scatters the seeds of art education. Besides, the prices obtained at the sale must impress many wealthy men with a conviction valuable to the interests of art; namely, that pictures, like diamonds, are a safe investment, as well as a source of enjoyment and fame. Considering that the times are hard, and that pictures are luxuries, the sum thus paid for art treasures, so soon after the centennial purchases, is a proof of the number of good patrons that can be counted on when works of value are for sale. But the works must be of value. At a former auction in New York "old masters" brought these prices: Madonna Del Correggio, \$30; two Murrillos, \$160 and \$90; a landscape of Salvator Rosa, \$55; a Timoretto, \$115; a Guido, \$35; "St. John," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, \$15—and so on.

Every few months we find a so-called Titian or Raphael going for the price of the frame. Such auctions tell a story as emphatic as that of the Johnston gallery.

When the German painters were considering whether they should send canvases to the Centennial Exposition the "Allgemeine Zeitung" reminded them "that their works bring twice as much in America as in Germany." But each successive sale here shows that most buyers now know what is worth getting and what is not, though naturally some painters are the rage who will be forgotten fifty years hence. Still, the cynics are wrong in decrying the eagerness to buy painters who are in fashion. What harm in a millionaire's ordering a picture *d'ameublement*, to suit a particular room or panel, or in his ordering from the bookseller a hundred volumes of current novels? If the picture be good, whether bought by the foot for furnishing or whether painted under the microscope, its sale may aid the profession of art.

Comparing the Johnston sale with some of the famous auctions of the past four years at the hotel Drouot, we find that in the Paturle collection twenty-eight canvases bought \$90,000, being all works of masters. The general prices were not higher than the Johnston prices, but Ary Scheffer's *Marguerites* brought 40,000 and 35,000 francs; a Troyon, 68,000; and Leopold Robert's admirable "Fishers of the Adriatic," 88,000 francs. The gallery of the Pereires brought 1,785,586 francs, which was rather higher than the Johnston total, but I believe there were more masterpieces. A head by Greuze brought 82,500 francs. The highest prices seemed to be carried off by the Dutch painters, who were in force, and three works by Hobbema, a country residence, a forest scene, and a windmill, brought respectively 50,000, 81,000, and 80,000 francs.

The prices for good pictures, taking into account agreeableness of subject and state of preservation, seem to be much the same in New York and Paris, though French newspapers fancy American taste for art to be at barbarian pitch. They should learn otherwise from the American painting and sculpture in Paris, London, Vienna, Florence, and Rome;

they might learn otherwise from the discriminating appreciation of their own artists at such sales as Mr. Johnston's. The worst statuary as well as by far the best at Philadelphia last year was Italian, and some of the worst painting as well as the best was Spanish. There is some monstrous governmental art, no doubt, with us, but as for popular taste, there is nothing in America so vulgar as the cheap glass necklaces, tin spangles, and painted trinkets on the sacred images in the churches of Southern Europe. American travellers speak of the contrast between the beautiful cathedral and its hideous painted images bedizened with trash to which dollar-store jewels are gems of art; and the approaches to a splendid church or castle are very likely bedecked with clumsy, unvoluble angels, most terrestrial and unlovely. It is true that the decoration of temples and the adoration of images, whether under heathen or Christian auspices, has always fostered art; but American popular taste, low as it is supposed to be, would hardly set up in churches statues of painted wood only fit for tobacco shops. In Rome, where American taste is looked down upon, they have annual shows of painted wooden figures of saints and angels, in all hues, each uglier than the other, to be sold for putting upon the altars as votive offerings. In fact, wherever the "Latin race" is, the popular taste runs to blocks of the Virgin and Child resembling the lay figures in a tailor's shop.

The leading thought on this subject is that art has made greater strides in the United States within the past twenty years than for the century preceding. Twenty years ago there was comparatively no art public at all. There were not a quarter part as many foreign pictures here as to-day; there were not a fourth part as many American artists. The department of American water colors has been substantially created within ten years. The facilities for art education have been quadrupled within the same period, and the wealthy who form galleries have multiplied in like proportion. American progress in science and mechanism, though so great, falls short of American progress in taste and American productivity in the fine arts.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

PROTECTION FROM LIGHTNING.

PROF. CLERK MAXWELL says that the ordinary lightning rod is a great mistake. It acts to discharge electricity from the clouds at all possible opportunities, but these discharges are smaller than would occur without the rod. The true method is to encase the building in a network of rods, when it will take its charge quietly like a Leyden jar. Taking the case of a powder mill, it would be sufficient to surround it with a conducting material, to sheathe its roof, walls, and ground-floor with thick sheet copper, and then no electrical effect could occur within it on account of any thunderstorm outside. There would be no need of any earth connection. We might even place a layer of asphalt between the copper floor and the ground, so as to insulate the building. If the mill were then struck with lightning, it would remain charged for some time, and a person standing on the ground outside and touching the wall might receive a shock, but no electrical effect would be perceived inside, even on the most delicate electrometer.

This sheathing with sheet copper is not necessary. It is quite sufficient to enclose the building with a network of a good conducting substance. For instance, if a copper wire, say No. 4, B. W. G. (0.238 inches diameter), were carried round the foundation of the house, up each of the corners and gables, and along the ridges, this would probably be a sufficient protection for an ordinary building against any thunderstorm in this climate. The copper wire may be built into the wall to prevent theft, but should be connected to any outside metal, such as lead or zinc on the roof, and to metal rain-water pipes. In the case of a powder-mill it might be advisable to make the network closer by carrying one or two additional wires over the roof and down the walls to the wires at the foundations. If there are water or gas pipes which enter the building from without, these must be connected with the system of conducting wires; but if there are no such metallic

connections with distant points, it is not necessary to take any pains to facilitate the escape of the electricity into the earth. But it is not advisable to put up a tall pointed conductor.

STEAM MACHINERY AND PRIVATEERING.

MR. BARNABY, a prominent English naval constructor, has written a memorandum on the British mercantile marine as an adjunct to the navy in time of war. He points out that privateering has been made obsolete, not merely by popular feeling, but also by the progress of the arts. A privateer, he thinks, must be prepared to meet regular ships of war of about the same strength. This the introduction of steam machinery has made impossible. War ships are built for security, merchant steamers for economical work, and the different objects have necessitated different arrangements. In a word, the machinery of war ships is carefully disposed below the water line, that of marine vessels is usually above the water line. The latter would therefore be much more subject to injury from shot than the other. This state of things excludes from service as privateers all but the swiftest vessels, and Mr. Barnaby thinks that the use of the merchant marine "would be confined to ships that could save themselves by their speed if they met a ship of war, whether armored or not," and that only those which can steam eleven and a half or twelve knots an hour can be considered serviceable for privateering. This limits the number of vessels available for this service to 400 or 500, and the common idea that England can, in case of war, "cover the sea" with her ships is proved to be untrue. Even these vessels could not be used as privateers except against certain nations. The Government would be compelled to buy them, and this would cost, he estimates, a hundred to a hundred and fifty million dollars. This addition to the regular fleet he thinks would enable England to "close up every hostile port, and the slow steamers and the helpless sailing ships might cross the

seas in such security (privateering not being admissible) that merchandise would be as safe in the English ship as in the neutral." The fault in all this reasoning is that a ship of inferior speed is certain to meet with a swifter antagonist, and therefore become a capture. Our experience with the Confederate cruisers was that the efforts of a very large navy may be eluded and defied for years, without regard to the sailing qualities on either side.

MAN AND ANIMALS.

THE influence upon animals of their association with man formed the subject of an interesting discussion in the British Association meeting. Mr. Shaw read a paper "On the Mental Progress of Animals During the Human Period," and Dr. Grierson mentioned an instance of intelligence which had come under his own notice. Five years ago a barrel was put up in his garden at the top of a high pole. The barrel was perforated with holes and divided in the centre. In the course of two days two starlings visited the barrel, and returned on the following day, and in about a week afterward two pairs of starlings came and occupied it, and brought up their young. They were very wild starlings, and readily took flight when any person went near the barrel. In the second year four pairs of starlings occupied the barrel, and they were much tamer than the previous ones, and this last year there were a number of pairs of starlings so tame that they would almost allow him to take hold of them. They had now changed their mode of speaking, for the starlings in his garden frequently articulated words.

THE LIMBS OF WHALES.

WHALES have rudimentary limbs, and Prof. Struthers concludes that such muscles existed in the whale-bone whales, but in ordinary toothed whales they were merely represented by fibrous tissue. These muscles existing in the true bottlenosed whale had a special interest, as the teeth in that whale were rudimentary and functionless. He had found these muscles in the forearms of whales largely mixed with fibrous tissue, so the transition was easy. Prof. MacAlister of Dublin thinks that whales were not of very ancient origin, for the existence of the

rudimentary limbs tends to show that a sufficient length of time has not elapsed since the use of the limb was essential to the earlier animal to produce its complete obliteration.

OUR EDUCATIONAL STANDING.

THE advance which this country has made in educational facilities of all grades within its hundred years of life was summarized as follows by Prof. Phelps, President of the National Educational Association:

"Prior to 1776 but nine colleges had been established, and not more than five were really efficient. Now there are more than 400 colleges and universities, with nearly 57,000 students, and 3,700 professors and teachers. Then little was done for the higher education of women. Now there are 209 female seminaries, 23,445 students, and 2,285 teachers. There are also 322 professional schools of various classes, excluding 23,280 students and 2,490 instructors. Then normal schools had no existence. Now there are 124, with 24,405 students and 966 instructors. There were then no commercial colleges. Now 127 are in operation, with 25,892 students and 577 teachers. Then secondary and preparatory schools had scarcely a name by which to live. Now 1,122 are said to exist, affording instruction to 100,598 pupils, and giving employment to 6,163 teachers. The kindergarten is a very recent importation. In 1874 we were blessed with 55 of these human nurseries, with 1,636 pupils and 125 teachers. Now 37 States and 11 Territories report an aggregate of more than 13,000,000 school population, or more than four times the total population of the country in 1776. Then the school enrollment was of course unknown. Now it amounts to the respectable figure of about 8,500,000. Then the schools were scattered and their number correspondingly restricted. Now they are estimated at 150,000, employing 250,000 teachers. The total income of the public schools is given at \$82,000,000, their expenditures at \$75,000,000, and the value of their property at \$165,000,000. The number of illiterates by the census of 1870 above the age of ten years, in round numbers, was 5,500,000. Of these more than 2,000,000 were adults, upward of 2,000,000 more were from fifteen to

twenty-one years of age, and 1,000,000 were between ten and fifteen years. Of the number between fifteen and twenty-one years it is estimated that about one-half have passed the opportunity for education."

SURFACE MARKINGS.

MR. JAMES CROLL, in a letter to "Nature" (July 13, 1876), incidentally mentions the lessons that may be derived from the configurations of the earth's surface.

"Given the hardly perceptible wearing of water and time, a cañon a mile deep, and many hundreds of miles long, has resulted from the flowing of a stream. Given glacial 'abrasion' and time enough, then valleys of rounded section and firths and lake-basins of a particular kind probably resulted from the flowing of ice.

"Where a stream flows from source to mouth on a gradual slope, there has been no great disturbance of level since the stream began to work. Where ice fills the dales there are no cañons. Where ice has filled dales and has left fresh marks, cañons are short and small. In mountain regions, where ice-marks are rare or absent, cañons are of great depth and length, apparently because their streams have flowed in the same channels ever since the mountains were raised. But where cañons are marked features, these lakes, firths, and dales of rounded section are very rare, or do not exist. It seems therefore that hollows which have, in fact, been carved out of the earth's surface may be known for water-work or for ice-work by their shape, and that firths, dales, and lakes may mark the sites of local glacial periods; and cañons the sites of climates that have not been glacial since the streams began to flow."

THE OLDEST STONE TOOLS.

ONE of the problems which geologists now propose to themselves is to ascertain definitely whether the existence of man before the close of the glacial epoch can be certainly proved. The method of proof consists in the examination of formations older than those of that epoch, in the hope of finding in them bones or implements of human origin. Mr. S. B. J. Skertchly thinks he has done this. In

the valley sides around the town of Brandon, in England, "are preserved patches of brick-earth, which are valuable as affording the only workable clay in the district. Whenever these beds are well exposed they are seen to underlie the chalky boulder-clay of glacial age. Of this there cannot be the slightest doubt, for the glacial bed is typically developed and not in the slightest degree reconstructed. In these beds I have been so fortunate as to find palæolithic implements in two places; and in one of them quantities of broken bones and a few fresh-water shells. The implements are of the oval type, boldly chipped, but without any of the finer work which distinguishes the better made palæolithic implements. Although it would be rash to lay too great a stress upon the characters of these implements, it is nevertheless worthy of remark that they do belong to the crudest type. Equally rough specimens are found in the gravels above the boulder-clay, and even among neolithic finds. Still these very antique implements certainly do seem to belong to an earlier stage of civilization, if we regard them as examples of the best workmanship of their makers." These, he thinks, are the oldest specimens of man's handiwork known, and prove him to have lived before the culmination of the glacial epoch.

ORIGIN OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE.

AN anthropologist, M. Turbino, has written a paper on the relations of the people who inhabit Spain and Portugal, from which it appears that those civilized races present a heterogeneity that reminds us forcibly of the condition in which the savage tribes of America were at the time of the discovery, and indeed are still. There is found in the Spanish races no unity of origin or of physique. There is not only dissimilarity, but also antithesis and opposition. M. Turbino endeavored to show that the same diversity existed in the region of morals, in language, in art, and in the ideas of right and law, and that thus there is really no Spanish race and no means of establishing in the Iberian Peninsula a centralized state.

Broca, in discussing these facts, asserted that the same state of things exists everywhere; that the idea of race as applied to

the people of the present political divisions is untrue. The only great barriers of states are their geographical limits.

THE ENGLISH METEORITE

PROF. MASKELYNE, of the British Museum, seems to be particularly gratified by the fall of a metallic meteorite in England. He says:

"It is, indeed, an iron meteorite, and the special interest of this statement lies in the fact that, though our great collection of 311 distinct meteorites at the Museum contains 104 indubitable iron meteorites, the falls of only seven of the latter were witnessed. The collection contains eight stony meteorites that have fallen in the British Islands; but the Rowton meteorite is only the second iron meteorite known as having been found in Great Britain."

It weighs seven and three-quarter pounds, is angular in shape, and he supposes that it is but the fragment of a much larger aerolite, since one loud explosion was heard and rumbling sounds, which may have denoted others, were heard before it fell.

THE BOOMERANG.

MR. A. W. HOWITT, after many years' observation in Australia, reports that the boomerang, though a singular, is not the marvellous instrument which we are told of in some books of travel; especially does he deny it the power of continuing its flight after striking its object, and also the power of returning with exact aim to the thrower's hand. That might be in an instrument which was made with theoretical perfectness, but as it is the return flight is very wild. He had a trial made by several natives, one of them a boomerang thrower of great skill. The ground was good, and the only drawback was a light sea breeze. He found that the throws could be placed in two classes, one in which the boomerang was held when thrown in a plane perpendicular to the horizon, the other in which one plane of the boomerang was inclined to the left of the thrower.

In the first method of throwing the missile proceeded, revolving with great velocity, in a perpendicular plane for say one hundred yards, when it became inclined to the left, travelling from right to left. It then circled upward, the

plane in which it revolved indicating a cone, the apex of which would lie some distance in front of the thrower. "When the boomerang in travelling passed round to a point above and somewhat to the right of the thrower, and perhaps one hundred feet above the ground, it appeared to become stationary for a moment; I can only use the term *hovering* to describe it. It then commenced to descend, still revolving in the same direction, but the curve followed was reversed, the boomerang travelling from left to right, and, the speed rapidly increasing, it flew far to the rear. At high speed a sharp whistling noise could be heard. In the second method, which was shown by 'bungil wunkun,' and elicited admiring ejaculations of 'ko-ki' from the black fellows, the boomerang was thrown in a plane considerably inclined to the left. It there flew forward for say the same distance as before, gradually curving upward, when it seemed to 'soar' up—this is the best term—just as a bird may be seen to circle upward with extended wings. The boomerang of course was all this time revolving rapidly. It is difficult to estimate the height to which it soared, making, I think, two gyrations; but judging from the height of neighboring trees on the river bank, which it surmounted, it may have reached one hundred and fifty feet. It then soared round and round in a decreasing spiral, and fell about one hundred yards in front of the thrower. This was performed several times. The descending curve passed the thrower, I think, three times.

"Another method of throwing was mentioned; namely, to throw the boomerang in such a manner that it would strike the ground with its flat side some distance in front of the thrower. It would then rise upward in a spiral, returning in the same. This was not attempted, as it was decided the boomerang was not strong enough. A final throw in a vertical plane, so that the missile struck the ground violently fifty or sixty yards in advance, terminated the display. It ricocheted three times with a twanging noise and split along the centre. My black friends said they should soon manufacture a number of the best constructed 'wunkun' to show me. I observed that the spectators stood about a hundred

yards on one side of the thrower, and when the boomerang in its gyrations approached us, every black fellow had his eyes sharply fixed on it. The fact stated by them that it was dangerous was well shown in one instance, where it suddenly wheeled and flew so close over us that I and Toolabar fell over each other in dodging it."

A WESTERN LAVA FIELD.

LIEUTENANT RUFFNER describes one of the great lava outflows in the West in a way that serves to set before the reader the magnitude of the eruptions which have made America *par excellence* the volcanic continent. It is in New Mexico.

From the Conejos river, in Colorado, one continuous sheet of lava covers the face of the country to the south, for eighty miles unbroken; and then for fifty miles further is now exhibited in outlying areas and detached masses, separated from the main body by the exercise of the power of erosion through prolonged ages. One hundred and thirty miles in length, and perhaps thirty in breadth at its widest, the area of a principality lies swallowed up for ever. From craters existing probably in the San Antonio mountain and in the Ute Peak, near the boundary of Colorado, and possibly from other centres, this flood poured over the land. Reaching to the east, it was checked by the mountains of the Sangre de Cristo range; flowing to the west, the mountains and hills of the main divide, and the spur now between the Chama and the Rio Grande, limited its extent. To the south it was deflected westwardly by the spur of the mountains called the Picuris range, some fifteen miles south of Taos. Protected by this spur, we find the east bank of the Rio Grande for many miles free from the flux. Confined on the west by the slopes of the Jemez mountains, the breadth of the field is narrowed. But from the village of San Ildefonso to Pena Blanca, we find the lava on both sides of the Rio Grande, spreading to the east as far as the Santa Fé creek. Secondary centres in the Jemez mountains possibly contributed to this extension, but the main force of the eruptions was probably felt further to the north. However, in this vicinity the edges and extremity of the field have been reached, and there has been so much erosion in

places since its deposition, that outlying masses, as in the bluffs to the west of San Felipe, alone remain. Throughout the whole region thus depicted, the lava field is the great and controlling element. The streams that have eaten their way through it with untold difficulty are found in narrow and deep cañons having no land for cultivation. A dangerous feat for man to descend these precipices, the passage by an animal of burden is almost impossible. The Rio Grande passes for eighty miles or more through its black abyss, with walls of seven or eight hundred feet in height, crowned with perpendicular cliffs of solid lava, two and three hundred feet high. Throughout the whole region there is no agriculture.

THE PRINCIPLE OF CEPHALIZATION.

IN the last of a series of papers on cephalization (or brain development) as a fundamental principle in the development of the system of animal life, Prof. Dana says ("American Journal," October, 1876): "I would refer to the case among mammals for an illustration of the principle that the lowest forms are those having their locomotive functions located in the posterior parts of the body; and that in the higher the forces, or force organs, are more and more forward in the structure. For example, in the whale the tail is the propelling organ, and is of enormous power and magnitude, and the brain is very small, and is situated far from the head extremity in a great mass of flesh and bone furnished with poor organs of sense; a grade up, in the horse or ox, the tail or posterior extremity is no longer an organ of locomotion, and is little more than a caudal whip lash, and locomotion is performed by organs situated more anteriorly, the legs, and a well-formed head carries a brain which is a vastly higher organ of intelligence than that of the whale, but the legs are simply organs of locomotion, and the hinder are the more powerful; and higher up, in the tiger or cat, the fore legs—not the hind legs—are the organs of chief muscular force, and these have higher functions than that of simple locomotion, and further, the body is proportionately shortened, and the head is shortened anteriorly, or in the jaws, and approximates thus toward the condition of man. The exist-

ence or not of a switch-like tail, as in ordinary quadrupeds, has little bearing on the question of the degree of cephalization, since the organ is not an organ of locomotion, or one indicating a large posterior development of muscular bone. But, approaching man in the system of life, even this seems to have significance."

CURIOSITIES OF THE HERRING FISHERY.

THE hot weather last summer affected even the herring fishery. The fishermen off the Scotch coast had been supplied with sea thermometers by the Scottish Meteorological Society, and they found that during one week, when the sea water showed a temperature of 58 deg. to 59 deg., no fish were caught. But when the temperature fell to 55 deg. the herring were caught in great abundance. Indeed, they flocked to the land in such numbers that many nets were taken to the bottom with their weight, and the fishermen lost considerable sums from this odd mishap. The action of the Meteorological has produced important results. The entirely new discovery has been made that the herring love cold water, and in seasons when the temperature of the sea water rises, they keep away from the land, in deeper water, between the fifteen to eighteen fathoms for which the nets are calculated. The colder the weather the greater is the take of fish; 1875, a year when the water was considerably and continuously warmer than 1874, having been a poor year, while the latter was a better one. This action of the fish makes it probable that it likes a given range of temperature, neither too high nor too low. In cold water this belt of agreeable temperature is found nearer the sun-warmed surface, and the fish creep inshore. Many singular facts relating to this fishery are known. If a thunderstorm occurs, the fishermen expect a good catch on that day, but the next day they will get none except in deep water, and the supposition is that the fish are leaving the land. The herring has a strong sense of locality, always returning to the same ground. Experienced dealers can tell by inspection in just what sea or loch a given lot of fish were caught.

NATURAL GAS IN FURNACES.

A PAPER describing the use of natural gas in the puddling furnaces at Leechburg, Pa., was presented by Mr. A. L. Holley to the American Institute of Mining Engineers. This well is about twenty miles northeast of Pittsburgh, on one of the side tributaries of the Alleghany river. It had been drilled in search of oil to a depth of 1,250 feet in 1871, but none was found. A great flow of gas was developed, however, accompanied by a slight spray of salt water, and this has continued with little or no diminution to the present time. The gas in its escape has been discharged through a five-inch pipe, and at a pressure of from sixty to eighty pounds per square inch. The rolling mill of Messrs. Roger & Burchfield is on the opposite side of the river, and it has been for some years devoted to the production of fine grades of sheet iron from charcoal pig metal, by puddling and in knobbling fires. The usual weekly product of the mill has been thirty tons of No. 8 tin plates and fifty tons of No. 24 to twenty-eight sheets.

The well was bought by this firm for \$1,000, and the gas is led across the river, a distance of 500 feet, through a three-inch pipe. It is distributed through half-inch pipes, and at a pressure of about forty-five pounds per square inch, to several of the furnaces. No essential alteration in any of the furnaces has been found necessary in the use of the gas fuel, except to brick up the fire bridge and to put in the gas and air pipes. The old grate used for coal is loosely covered with bricks and cinder, so that a slight percolation of air may take place through them. The gas is admitted through a half-inch pipe, and blows toward the fire-bridge through eighteen or twenty one-eighth inch jets. The air is blown in, at about 2 lbs. pressure, through two one and one-eighth-inch jets, obliquely down upon the centre of the hearth, and a very perfect combustion is obtained. A great improvement is effected in the quality of the product of the puddling furnaces by the combined action of the gas and air blast. The air is blown in during the melting, but it is then shut off until the boiling begins. It is then turned on full, and a violent boiling action is maintained without any rabbling. Many ad-

vantages result from the use of this fuel. The product of the mill has increased about thirty per cent., from sixty to seventy tons of coal are saved daily, besides the labor necessary to fire with it, and a poorer quality of iron can be used in making the tin plate. Thus the iron now used is credited to the furnace at \$45 per ton, while charcoal blooms have cost \$80. These are certainly enormous advantages, and though every mill cannot have a permanent gas well, it must be more economical to produce such results by making coal into gas than to continue using it in the solid form. The gas at Leechburg is used in fourteen furnaces and under seven boilers. Its composition is carbonic acid, 0.35; carbonic oxide, 0.26; illuminating hydrocarbons, 0.56; hydrogen, 4.79; marsh gas, C_2H_4 , 89.65; ethyl hydride, C_2H_6 , 4.89; specific gravity, 0.558. This analysis shows about 57 per cent. of carbon and 42 per cent. of hydrogen. If the well discharges one million cubic feet of gas daily, it would weigh about sixty tons, yielding thirty-nine tons of carbon. Mr. Holley calculates that it equals about 150 tons of bituminous coal, such as is found in the Pittsburgh region.

SOUTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATES.

IN England the favorite source of phosphates of lime is the "Cambridge coprolites." These are small, hard, gray nodules, obtained by washing a stratum, of about one foot in thickness, lying in the upper greensand formation in Cambridgeshire. Similar coprolites are found and mined in other districts of England, but they are of inferior quality, containing more oxide of iron and alumina. These give the tribasic phosphate of lime, which results from the application of sulphuric acid to the nodules, a tendency to "go back" to the insoluble condition. French nodules are of inferior quality from another cause. They contain very much silica, sometimes even forty per cent. The Cambridge coprolites are so much esteemed that buyers of artificial manure often stipulate that it shall be made from them. As a consequence the privilege of mining the ground is costly, sometimes as much as \$1,500 an acre being paid. The yield is about three hundred tons to the acre. An English

chemist reports that the South Carolina phosphate, made in factories situated in and near Charleston, ranks next in value to this Cambridge product. It contains 54 per cent. of tribasic phosphate of lime, 14 per cent. of carbonate of lime, 8 1-2 per cent. of iron oxide and alumina, 2 1-2 per cent. of fluoride of calcium, and 15 per cent. of silica. It consists of bone fragments derived from animal species which are now extinct. These bones have accumulated in old river beds, and the mining operations are compelled to follow the sinuosities of these streams. Though a supply derived from such sources is necessarily limited, the quantity known to be available is very great, and has been estimated to last a century with a yearly extraction of 50,000 tons. In addition to the river phosphate is a lighter deposit, occurring in a stratum of sand and clay about two feet thick; but this is not so valuable, though it is softer and easier ground. The river deposit is nearly black, and when ground makes a very dark powder. It is a great favorite, and in some respects the finest natural source of phosphatic manure in the world.

RARE METALS FROM OLD COINS.

THE operations of the Government assay office in Frankfort during the last year have developed the fact that gold, platinum, palladium, and selenium are found in old silver coins and also in ores which were formerly supposed to be nearly pure sulphides and oxides of lead and silver. From 400,000 pounds of silver and 5,000 pounds of gold were obtained twelve pounds of platinum, two pounds of palladium, and several pounds of selenium. To obtain these the gold is first precipitated from the solution by ferrous chloride, all the other metals by iron turnings. The precipitate is first submitted to the action of ferric chloride to dissolve the copper, and the residue is fused with charcoal and soda to separate the selenium. The regulus from this operation is dissolved, and a compound of selenium and palladium, or of these with platinum, is obtained. They are composed of equal atoms of the two metals and form hard brilliant plates. The presence of these metals in coins is less remarkable than in such ores as those of Commern and Mechnich on the west

bank of the Rhine. These ores occur as small granules of galena in a soft sandstone, their origin being still a mooted point. The ore yields a very soft and pure lead, though the presence of pyrite prevents the manufacture of the virgin lead used in making the best brands of white paint.

A FRENCH MOUNTAIN WEATHER STATION.

THE French government has placed on the top of the *Puy de Dome* a meteorological observatory, which, as that is the highest land in France, answers to our stations on *Mt. Washington* and *Pike's Peak*. It is, however, constructed in a style very different from those somewhat forbidding abodes. At the top is an observatory tower, placed on a platform, and upon this is placed the anemometer, especially constructed to withstand the force of the storms. Within the tower is a well hole fifty feet deep, which leads to a tunnel more than a hundred feet long, at the end of which is placed the keeper's house. This is a massive building, situated a short distance from the top, where it is partly protected by rocks. The whole work cost \$45,000, and \$20,000 more will be spent in supplying it with apparatus.

MIGRATION OF THE LEMMING.

A NEW theory has been broached to explain the migrations of the Norway lemming, a variety of field mouse. Every few years an immense body of these animals leaves their habitat and proceed westward, attacking every obstacle in front in preference to flanking it, until it reaches the sea, which the little animals boldly enter, only to perish there. No conceivable advantage to the lemming is known to have ever resulted from these long and arduous marches. The losses in swimming large rivers, from fire, the attacks of predatory animals, hunger, and fatigue, are so great that but few reach the sea, and the remnant always perish there. Mr. W. Duple Crotch, who has studied the habits of these animals for ten years, now suggests that they are moved by an hereditary instinct, and that their prehistoric home was some country west of Sweden, and now covered by the Atlantic. The same kind of reasoning would allot an

Atlantic origin to the progenitors of the grasshoppers, which have been such plagues in this country for a few years, for, as stated in the August "*Galaxy*," those which moved eastward in 1875 did not halt until they perished on the ocean beach or in its waves. Mr. Crotch has thrown new light on some of the habits of the lemming. According to him, says "*Nature*," the migration is not all completed in one year, as formerly supposed, nor do they, as stated, form processions and cut their way through obstacles; but, breeding several times in the season, they gather in batches, and at intervals make a move westward. Their pugnacity, he states, is astonishing, and the approach of any animal, or even the shadow of a cloud, arouses the anger of this small creature like a guinea pig, and they back against a stone or rock uttering shrill defiance. Our author found, in most examples, a bare patch on the rump, due to their rubbing against the said buttress of support when at bay. He wonders why a bare patch, and not a callosity, should not result from this innate, apparently hereditary habit.

NEW DISCOVERY OF NEOLITHIC REMAINS.

A VERY interesting discovery of human remains has been made in a cave in *Cra-vanch*, about two miles northwest of *Bel-fort*, France. Some workmen, excavating in a quarry of Jurassic limestone, found the opening to the cave, the bottom of which was covered with stalagmites, while there were no corresponding stalactites hanging from the roof. Some of these calcareous columns appear to be artificial piles covered with the limestone sheeting. Between them, and also covered with stalagmite, were a quantity of human skeletons, with the skulls raised above the rest of the bodies. A number of weapons and implements, together with a mat of plaited meshes, have been found, all belonging to the polished stone period. It is thought that careful search may uncover remains of an earlier date. The cave is quite large, a hundred feet long and forty wide and high. It was at once taken possession of by the authorities and placed under the charge of Mr. *Felix Voulot*, who hopes to extract at least one skeleton entire.

OCTOBER WEATHER.

THE most noticeable features of the month are: the hurricane of the 17th to 23d; lower temperatures in the districts east of the Rocky mountains; large excess of rainfall in some districts and large deficiencies in others; low water in the rivers.

Areas of High Pressure.—These have generally appeared in the Upper Missouri valley, from whence their movements have been south and eastward across the country. Their advance has been frequently marked by high northerly winds and gales, especially when preceded by decidedly low-pressure areas, in the more northern districts and on the Texas coast. When rainy weather has preceded them, the fall in the temperature has been sufficient to turn the rain into sleet and snow, while frequent and heavy frosts have been produced.

Areas of Low Pressure.—Nine have been traced. Excepting the hurricane of the 17th to 23d, the centres of all have moved over the northern sections, and further northward than during previous Octobers. They have been frequently accompanied by barometric troughs, extending south or southwestward toward the Gulf, in which rainy weather and high winds or gales have prevailed.

Temperatures.—

	Maximum.	Minimum.
Albany.....	70 deg.	23 deg.
Boston.....	70 "	26 "
Buffalo.....	73 "	24 "
Cape May.....	73 "	24 "
Chicago.....	73 "	28 "
Cincinnati.....	74 "	29 "
Cleveland.....	75 "	26 "
Detroit.....	73 "	24 "
Duluth.....	67 "	23 "
Jacksonville.....	85 "	43 "
Marquette.....	73 "	28 "
Mt. Washington.....	48 "	5 "
New Orleans.....	84 "	50 "
New York.....	73 "	31 "
Pike's Peak.....	41 "	-2 "
Philadelphia.....	75 "	31 "
San Diego.....	80 "	48 "
San Francisco.....	72 "	58 "
Washington.....	73 "	30 "

The first frost of the season is reported from a large number of stations, and first snow from about twenty.

Verifications.—The average is 92.8 per cent. for the weather; 90.1, wind direction; 91.1, temperature; 87.7, barometric changes. For the whole country the average verified is 90.4 per cent. There

were four omissions to predict out of 8,720, or 0.1 per cent.

A severe earthquake shock was felt at San Francisco at 9:30 p. m., on the 6th, lasting ten seconds; motion from northwest to southeast. A second and lighter shock was felt the same day.

FRENCH NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES.

PROBABLY few American travellers visit a collection of antiquities, infinitely older than the paintings, statues, and relics of mediæval life, or even than those of Roman and Grecian age, but which is as freely open to them, near Paris. This is the museum which has been established in the château of Saint Germain. France has been particularly fortunate in rescuing fragments of the life which existed within her borders long before the day of the very earliest races to which history points us. These fragments have sometimes been preserved in the most fortuitous manner, and afford unique illustrations of the remarkable accidents to which man is occasionally indebted for his knowledge. The fossil man of Denyse, whatever his age may have been, has been preserved for our inspection by becoming overwhelmed in a volcanic eruption. The skeleton of Mentone was found by Rivière while engaged in a systematic search among French caves. Other caves in France have preserved evidences sufficiently distinct for us to gain valuable hints of ancient life. In fact all the ages of man, so far as they are recognized, and all the kinds of proof concerning them, are well represented in French collections. During the reign of the late Emperor this museum was founded, and has received the care of many noted French *savants* who have won distinction in this field of research. The walls are covered by finely painted maps illustrating the distribution of caves, and rock shelters, and places where instruments of stone, bone, and bronze have been found. Pictures are also exhibited which illustrate the views of former social customs which are thought to be supported by the material evidences assembled in the château. In the cases are not only large collections of celts, but also the carved bones, horn, and stones which, by their distribution through the stalagmite of caves, or through the gravel of ancient river beds, give infallible

proof of the presence of man. One floor contains a collection not less interesting, though illustrating the manners of a much later age. It is formed of the military weapons, bridges, fortifications, camps, etc., which were constructed to illustrate the "Life of Cæsar," by Napoleon. This collection is, and will probably remain, unique. At the meeting of the Geographical Congress last year, these great engines of war were taken to the park and exhibited in action. The museum is now placed under the control of the historical commission for constructing the map of Gaul. This body is publishing a series of maps and engravings to illustrate the progress of the science of the prehistoric and subsequent periods. A catalogue of the collections has been made and is sold to visitors. There is also in the establishment a special library in which has been collected by M. Gabriel de Mortillet all the books relating to prehistoric antiquities, and which is open free on certain days to the public.

It is found that insects preserve their colors better under yellow glass than in any other color. The curtains of entomological show-cases and the blinds of the room should be yellow. Only in this way can the delicate carmine tints of some insect wings be preserved.

A STUDENT of animal nature announces a case of two hens, who by joint efforts hatched one chick. They have since, for some weeks, been parading the yard, each clucking and manifesting all the anxiety and care of a true mother over this one. The hens never quarrel, or show the least appearance of jealousy or rivalry.

M. TRESCA, who has charge of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, the institution which in Paris answers to our Patent Office, says that drawings of new inventions are more useful than models, are cheaper, and are very much oftener consulted. In Paris the model room is covered with dust and rarely entered.

THE French weather bureau intends not only to study the thunderstorm, hail-storm, rainfall, inundations, and frosts, with especial reference to their effects upon agriculture, but also to experiment

upon the asserted effect of smoke as a preventive to frost. The experiments will be extensive and may cover a large valley.

To discover by the spectroscope the smallest quantity of a gaseous or very volatile hydrocarbon, the Messrs. Negri introduce a small quantity of the gaseous mixture into a tube. This mixture should not contain oxygen, carbonic oxide, or carbonic acid; and the pressure is to be reduced to not more than twenty millimetres. Then if a hydrocarbon is present, the passage of a spark from a Ruhmkorff's coil will cause the appearance of a sky-blue light. Viewed with the spectroscope, this presents the spectrum of carbon, and generally so brilliant as to mask totally the spectra of other gases present.

THE rare metals cerium, lanthanum, and didymium have been lately investigated by Drs. Hillebrand and Norton, in Bunsen's laboratory. Cerium looks like iron, having both its color and lustre, but is heavier, and has the hardness of calcite. It tarnishes slowly in dry air and rapidly in moist air. It ignites so readily that pieces scratched off inflame, and its wire burns more brilliantly than magnesium wire. Lanthanum is a little harder, but also a little lighter. It tarnishes more easily and inflames less easily than cerium. Didymium resembles lanthanum. The metals were all obtained by electrolysis of the chlorides.

It is stated that a week's work in Birmingham comprises, among its various results, the fabrication of 14,000,000 pens, 6,000 bedsteads, 7,000 guns, 800,000,000 cut nails, 100,000,000 buttons, 1,000 saddles, 5,000,000 copper or bronze coins, 20,000 pairs of spectacles, six tons of papier maché wares, over £30,000 worth of jewelry, 4,000 miles of iron and steel wire, ten tons of pins, five tons of hairpins and hooks and eyes, 180,000 gross of wood screws, 500 tons of nuts and screw bolts and spikes, fifty tons of wrought iron hinges, 350 miles' length of wax for vestas, forty tons of refined metal, forty tons of German silver, 1,000 dozens of fenders, 8,500 bellows, 800 tons of brass and copper wares—these, with a multitude of other articles, being exported to almost all parts of the civilized world.

THE aërated beverages of which Americans are so fond should not be kept in copper vessels, for carbonic acid (which is the gas present) dissolves this metal with great avidity. From three-hundredths to one-tenth of a grain of copper per gallon has been found in aërated lemonade, ginger ale, soda water, etc.

IN making the ultimate analysis of organic compounds by combustion, with lead chromate and metallic copper reduced by hydrogen, the results obtained are too high, on account of the expulsion of hydrogen, which had been occluded by the copper. Heating the copper to 150 deg. C. does not prevent the error, which may be .05 per cent.

MAYER & WALKOFF, who have been experimenting on the respiration of plants, find that the action goes on both in light and darkness, and that changes of temperature within normal limits have little effect. There is no direct relation between growth in length and respiration, a conclusion that is in conflict with that of previous experiments.

THE famous "Blue Grotto" in the island of Capri, Italy, has been investigated spectroscopically. Most of the light enters through the water, which absorbs the red rays entirely and so much of the yellow as to make the D line scarcely visible. The green, blue, and indigo rays are very bright, and the F and b lines unite in a well marked absorption line.

THE springs of Weissenburg in the Bernese Oberland yield a water which is popularly supposed to have the power of cicatrizing cavities in the lungs, but its analysis shows no reason for such a power. Sulphates of lime and magnesia are its principal solid ingredients, with ehloride and a little iodide of lithium and an organic compound having the odor of blackberries.

THE mountains about Innsbruck in

the Tyrol, as well as other parts of the Alps, present the singular phenomenon of a climate more moderate at a considerable elevation than in the valleys. Prof. Kerner finds that there is a warm region midway up the mountain, lying between two colder zones above and below it. We have heretofore referred to a similar phenomenon in Indiana.

IT is remarked by anthropologists that differences of color are one of the most marked signs of race. The Aryan word for caste is *Varanum*, meaning color, and the Aryans are supposed to have used it to distinguish themselves from the Dasyuf, with whom they came in contact on crossing the Indus, when migrating from Central Asia. The first migrating wave from that centre of human creation can no longer be traced, and only its remnants are found among the most degraded of the hill tribe and slave population in India. Prof. Rolleston thinks that the earliest races of man were preëminently of the Australioid type, which is now brown-skinned and wavy haired, with long narrow heads.

MESSRS. GLADSTONE & TRIBE have been investigating the results of the decomposition of alcohol by aluminium. When absolute alcohol, in which iodine has been dissolved, is poured upon finely divided aluminium in a flask, energetic action takes place and large quantities of hydrogen are evolved. A pasty mass remains, and this heated to 100 deg. C., gives off alcohol, and leaves a solid residue, which liquefies at 275 deg. C., alcohol and an oily body containing iodine passing over. At a higher temperature, this product was again decomposed, with formation of alcohol, ethylene, and alumina. But the most interesting results were obtained under diminished pressure. Then a greenish white solid sublimed, and this was found to be aluminic ethylate. This is therefore the second known organometallic body, containing oxygen, which is capable of distillation, cacodylic oxide being the other.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

PROF. HUXLEY's ingenious if somewhat shallow evasion of the Biblical account of creation, by crediting it to Milton rather than to Moses, has perhaps aroused many minds to inquire what modern theologians really do think of the first chapters of Genesis. This question is answered by a recent publication* by Dr. Cocker of the Michigan State University. In the "Theistic Conception of the World" he treats the first two chapters of the Bible as a poem, which he calls the "symbolical hymn of creation." It has an exordium, six strophes, each with its refrain, and an episode. He does not believe the sacred narrative intends to describe the exact mode of forming the world, nor even to set the successive events in order. It is an ascription, designed to embody in symbolical language the fact that all existence is derived from God. One paragraph will show the broad ground on which this conclusion is based:

A cursory reading of the narrative will convince any one that its purpose is not to enlarge men's views of nature, but to teach them something concerning nature's God. It says nothing about the forces of nature, the laws of nature, the classifications of natural history, or the size, positions, distances, and motions of the heavenly bodies. From first to last, every phenomenon and every law is linked immediately to some act or some command of God. It is God who creates, God who commands, God who names, God who approves, and God who blesses. Strike out the allusions to God, and the narrative is meaningless. Clearly it was never intended to teach science. It has obviously one purpose, to reveal and keep before the minds of men the grand truth that *Jehovah is the sole Creator and Lord of the heavens and the earth*; and it leaves the scientific comprehension of nature to the natural powers with which God has endowed man for that end.

But the author believes that the Mosaic account is practically correct, or perhaps we should say harmonious with the truth. It may be truthful without being all the truth, or truthful and still be very defective. He considers that when scientific knowledge is complete,

the Scripture, rightly interpreted, will be found in harmony with its final conclusions. How Moses was made acquainted with the events of creation is a matter upon which it is impossible to be positive. The author sees no objection to the suggestion that he may have witnessed a series of pictures or visions, the result of which upon his mind is given in the hymn of creation. This explanation of the Biblical narrative forms but a small part of the work, which is chiefly given to a discussion of the views and positive discoveries of scientific men which relate to the production of the world. It is a remarkable tribute to the overmastering power of positive knowledge. Science and theology are mingled in an extraordinary way, but a way that is now necessary, for there is not one province of human thought that has not been compelled to acknowledge the great possibilities of inductive reasoning. Dr. Cocker labors to establish the old faith on the new ground. He is a man of great reading and has a strong belief in the religion to which he has given his heart. Every question is approached in the firm faith that when rightly interpreted it will be found to sustain the Christian religion. This is the fundamental fault of the work. It is a plea for a cause that does not need it, for a cause that is quite as apt to lose as to gain by the defence. The difficulty with this method of meeting the hypothesis of science is that the scientific views are themselves in a state of unstable equilibrium. They may topple at any moment, and then the correspondence that eager devotees have found between them and the Bible is a slur that falls altogether on the religion and not on the science. This is a great error, and those who are drawn into it belittle the cause that is dear to them. While our author is catholic in his reading, he does not seem to assign to all writers in his field their just value. His quotations, the fresh, the obsolete, the trustworthy, and the doubtful, are mingled in a confusion that only the experienced can penetrate. His book is creditable to

* "The Theistic Conception of the World. An Essay in Opposition to Certain Tendencies of Modern Thought." By B. F. COCKER, D. D., LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

his unshaken faith, and it presents the religious aspect of modern knowledge in a thorough manner.

It is not strange that under the present condition of the general mind the question as to the right of the State to teach religion at the public expense should be regarded with unusual interest. This question has been very ably discussed by the Rev. Dr. Spear, whose book upon the subject,* originally published as a series of essays in "The Independent," is notably thorough and notably calm and judicial in tone. Dr. Spear considers the subject in both its constitutional and its equitable aspect, and the conclusion to which he is led is that "the public school, like the State, under whose authority it exists, by whose taxing power it is supported, should be simply a civil institution, absolutely secular and not at all religious in its purposes, and all practical questions involving this principle should be settled in accordance therewith." He admits that this logical result of his argument excludes the Bible from the public school, just as it excludes the Westminster Catechism, the Koran, or any of the sacred books of heathenism. But, as he justly says, this conclusion pronounces no judgment against the Bible and none for it; it simply omits to use it and declines to inculcate the religion which it teaches. It is difficult to see how any other view of the case can be taken consistently with the spirit of our institutions, from the Constitution of the United States downward; and it is a cheering promise of the disappearance of bigotry, even in its milder forms, when we see this view set forth by a distinguished orthodox minister of the Gospel. There still, however, remains this question in connection with religious toleration and religious qualifications—Does a religion one element of which is absolute subservience to the will of a foreign potentate or prelate, the Roman or the Greek, for example, and which undertakes to deal with a civil relation, marriage for example, come properly within the provision for universal reli-

gious toleration, or does it not, for the reasons assigned, assume a relation to the State more or less political?

CAPTAIN WHITTAKER'S "Life of General Custer"* can no more be estimated by fixed biographical rules than the meteoric career of his hero can be compared to the regular and peaceful lives of other men. Not often, perhaps, does the biographer devote himself with such enthusiastic abandon to his task, and seldom is there to be found within the covers of a single volume such an infinite variety of incident and personal reminiscence. The chapters which deal with the early youth of General Custer are exceedingly interesting photographs, as it were, of a certain phase of American domestic and academic life. The characteristics of the child, the sorrows of the "plebe," and the aspirations and experiences of the cadet, are faithfully narrated. The first service of the subaltern, and his initiation into the perils and responsibilities of an officer in time of war, are interwoven with Custer's own recollections of his generals and their campaigns. We are irresistibly reminded of Lever in the style of the narration, and of that dashing creature "O'Malley" in the adventures of our own dragoon. The story of General Custer's wooing is quaintly told, and shines like a bow of promise through all the clouds of his stormy career; it is a romance by itself. *Apropos* of the charge which we are told won the boy general his star, we clip a bit of word painting which could only have been written by "one who has been there":

Were you ever in a charge—you who read this now by the winter fireside, long after the bones of the slain have turned to dust, when peace covers the land? If not, you have never known the fiercest pleasure of life. The chase is nothing to it; the most headlong hunt is tame in comparison. In the chase the game flees, and you shoot; here the game shoots back, and every leap of the charging steed is a peril escaped or dashed aside. The sense of power and audacity that possesses the cavalier, the unity with his steed, both are perfect. The horse is as wild as the man: with glowing eyeballs and red nostrils, he rushes frantically forward at the very top of his speed, with huge bounds as different from the rhythmic precision of the gallop as the sweep of the hurricane is from the rustle of the breeze. Horse and rider

* "Religion and the State; or, The Bible and the Public Schools." By SAMUEL T. SPEAR. B. D. 18mo, pp. 308. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

* "A Complete Life of General George A. Custer," etc. By F. WHITTAKER, Brevet Captain Sixth N. Y. V. Cavalry. New York: Sheldon & Co.

are drunk with excitement; feeling and seeing nothing but the cloud of dust, the scattered flying figures; conscious of only one mad desire, to reach them, to smite, smite, smite!

The author of this book is too much of an artist, too much of a poet, perhaps, to divest his battle descriptions of anything that is doubtful in fact, if only it is eulogistic of his hero or picturesque in its nature. He has an eye for color, and prefers to have his picture a showy and effective one even if some of the accessories are purely of the imagination. We cannot consider the letters of the "Times" special correspondent as a reliable history of the events immediately following the battle of Gettysburg, although they are undoubtedly glowing bulletins of the exploits of General Kilpatrick and his temporary subordinate, General Custer. Nor can we accept the statement of the Detroit "Evening News" for an entirely correct report of the grand review at Washington, in 1865, when he hands down to posterity that sober-sided old warrior, Provost Marshal General Patrick, as one who "had ridden down the broad avenue bearing his reins in his teeth, and his sabre in his only hand"; although the Mazeppa act in which Custer immediately followed is not overdrawn by the "News," because that would be "painting the lily." There are several other extracts from newspapers of a similar nature, but we have not space to refer to them. Captain Whittaker's book offers material for that "coming historian," but cannot be looked upon as an entirely safe historical authority. Colonel Chesney says, "Accept no one-sided statement from any national historian who rejects what is distasteful in his authorities, and uses only what suits his own theory. . . . Gather carefully from actual witnesses, high and low, such original material as they offer for the construction of the narrative. This once being safely proved, judge critically and calmly what was the conduct of the chief actor; how far his insight, calmness, personal control over others, and right use of his means were concerned in the result." The great fault of this otherwise attractive biography is the unwise partisanship which, as Captain Whittaker shows, was so injurious to his hero in life and which even in death does not forsake him. At

page 282 Captain Whittaker says of alleged envy and jealousy of Custer in certain quarters:

A great deal of this was due to the boasting and sarcastic remarks of his injudicious friends, who could not be satisfied with praising their own chief without depreciating others.

Thus the author, after warning his readers of the pit into which so many others have fallen, proceeds in the most inconsistent manner to fall into it himself.

Had we space, we could here make many extracts entirely free from the foregoing objections. Many new descriptions of Indian life, never before in print, are here given; some excellent essays on the prominent phases of American military life; and many anecdotes and biographical sketches of the officers who fell with Custer on the "Little Big-horn," with portraits, are also given. The volume is a very large, handsome octavo, illustrated by two portraits of General Custer (one an excellent likeness on steel), and many full-page woodcuts, and seems especially seasonable as a holiday present. No biographical collection can be considered complete without it, and we should think it would have an especial charm to military readers. That Mrs. Custer is to receive a share of the receipts from its sale will not lessen its circulation.

PALESTINE is certainly an inexhaustible source of books, and Dr. Ridgaway* tells us the reason why. Travellers' descriptions of the grand mountain scenery, its strange deserts, its ancient customs, transmitted from the dawn of history, its trees a thousand years of age, and its mighty ruins, contribute to and intensify the interest which the Christian feels in that region alone of all the earth. Of late years this country has been the scene of systematic explorations and the theme of an important series of critical works. Dr. Ridgaway's volume deserves a place in this series, though he has little of novelty to present. But the author has produced just the book that was needed, the one which it might be supposed the first

* *"The Lord's Land: A Narrative of Travels in Sinai, Arabia, Petra, and Palestine, from the Red Sea to the Entering in of Hamath."* By HENRY B. RIDGAWAY, D. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

traveller there would have written. Leaving out nearly all the every-day incidents of travel, he aims to extract from each place he saw just what is of interest to the Bible student. He is to be congratulated on a rare ability to discriminate between the important and entertaining and what is matter-of-course. The plan of his journey, which was made in company with eleven others, mostly clergymen, was to follow the route of the Israelites from Egypt to Palestine, and then to visit every place made memorable by the life of Christ, besides many others of Biblical interest. He tried to be critical, and constantly discusses the pros and cons for admitting the received location of prominent points; but in this he is not very successful, and seems to decline at length into helpless acquiescence. He rejects the innovations and doubts of such men as Robinson and Baker, and acknowledges that the sacred sites have for the most part been identified. But there is a limit to even his credulity. He swallowed easily the "exact spot" where the cradle lay, but strained at the fragment of a column on which Mohammed is to sit when he judges the world, and says, "I was unable to resist the temptation to straddle it!" Perhaps the secret of Dr. Ridgaway's success is that he has omitted those rhapsodies which are natural enough amid such scenes, but which we get our fill of without going to Palestine. He is too full of the real situation to turn to fanciful imaginations, and as a consequence he gives us the best companion to the Bible which we know of. The critical results of his journey are small, but as a careful summary of what others have finally settled upon his work is authentic. A large number of engravings, of the best execution, bring the landscape and buildings vividly before us. Many of them are from Dr. Ridgaway's sketches, others from photographs, and the only fault we have to find is the omission of titles to them, an omission which is artistic, but inconvenient.

—Lieutenant Ruffner* does not give a very assuring picture of New Mexico, considered as a possible State in our Union. It has never prospered; its population and area of cultivated land being

smaller now than three hundred years ago. As these changes are no doubt due to the operation of natural causes, about which scientific men do not agree, the immediate future of the country does not appear very flattering. Wide as the spread of westward migration has been, it has hardly affected New Mexico. Lieutenant Ruffner says: "The line once crossed, a foreign country is entered. Foreign faces and a foreign tongue are encountered." For twenty-six years the Territory has formed a part of our country, but in that time our civilization has hardly made an impression upon it. The author, without directly saying so, seems to regard the scheme for making it a State with disfavor, and his readers will agree with him. He has done his country a service by this painstaking and impartial description of a region which few but army officers know anything about.

—It is a very difficult thing nowadays to write a book of travels that can interest the general public. A hundred years ago a man who had circumnavigated the world was a remarkable object, and people would crowd to see him, and read his works with avidity. But what a change the last century has produced. Compare the difference of tone between 1776 and 1876, and then go back and compare 1876 with the former year. There is not anything like a parity of advance between the two centuries. The traveller and sailor was as much of a hero in 1776 as was the captain of the *Vittoria*, the last ship of Magellan's fleet when he sailed into Cadiz in 1522, having been round the earth and lost a day in the operation; just as Mr. Phileas Fogg, of later fame, gained one by going in the opposite direction. Men who have been to China and India, Australia and New Zealand, are too plentiful to-day to excite notice; and when it comes to writing books about their adventures, it is necessary to be cautious to avoid treading in old tracks and wearying the reader. The man who describes a voyage round the world to-day must be a character of interest in himself, or he will not interest his audience. The writer of the book now before us* possesses the qualifications for the task seldom possessed by the

* "New Mexico and the New Mexicans: A Political Problem." By an Officer of the Army.

* "Through and Through the Tropics." By FRANK VINCENT, JR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1876.

professional traveller, who is apt to bore one with long stories. He has the eye of a newspaper correspondent, the quick intuition as to what is or is not interesting *per se*, and has actually succeeded in making an interesting and readable book of three hundred pages out of a subject nearly worn out. Mr. Vincent started from New York in a clipper ship, went round the Horn to San Francisco, thence to Hawaii, where he remained some weeks, thence to New Zealand and Australia, finally to Calcutta, and thence home to New York, after a prolonged tour through India, Siam, and China. The incidents of the latter tour formed the basis of his first book, the "Land of the White Elephant," the success of which encouraged him to this, his second venture. The chief characteristic of Mr. Vincent's second work is its freshness and interest. He seems to be profoundly impressed with the truth of the saying of Thales of Miletus, that "the half is sometimes more than the whole." The taste and judgment of the author are shown by what he leaves out as much as by what he leaves in. There is hardly a dull page in the book, and in each place he only notes what is curious, leaving out of the question all that is commonplace. More could not be asked of him.

We have received the first number of the "Archives of the National Museum at Rio de Janeiro."* This is a scientific institution, and from the number of officers named it appears to be prepared for inaugurating thorough work in archæology, geology, botany, zoology, etc. Its aim, however, is not merely the study of pure science, but its application to the immediate welfare of man through agriculture and the industries. The director general is Dr. Netto, and the secretary Dr. Joao Joaquin Pizarro. Most of the officers are Brazilians, but our countryman, Prof. Hartt, is director of the "sciencias physicas," including geology, mineralogy, and paleontology. This first number of the "Archivos" contains papers in the Portuguese language on aboriginal remains, one by Prof. Wiener and Prof. Hartt, and one by Dr. Netto on a botanical subject.

PROF. WALKER's work in both the Census Bureau and the Indian Department shows how original and critical his mind is. The first fruit of his activity as a professional teacher of political economy is an extended treatise on the question of wages.* He seems to have found himself unable to make the views of the systematic writers always harmonize with his own conceptions, and his work is to a considerable extent controversial. One of his prominent objects of attack is the wage-fund theory, which is that wages are paid out of capital, that a certain portion of the capital in every country is charged with this duty, and that the rate of wages could be accurately determined if the amount of this fund and the total number of laborers could be ascertained. This theory makes the savings of past labor to be the source from which wages are paid. Prof. Walker argues that "wages are, in a philosophical view of the subject, paid out of the product of present industry, and hence that production furnishes the true measure of wages." Labor is an article which the employer buys because it forms a necessary part of a certain product which he intends to sell. The price which he expects to obtain for the product controls the amount he can afford to pay for the labor. It is true that the money paid must necessarily come from past savings unless the laborers wait for their pay, as they formerly did in this country. But in making this payment capital merely *advances* the money, and its possessor receives interest for its use; the amount of this interest being another element that is controlled by the price which the manufacturer expects to obtain for the product. Prof. Walker thinks it not surprising that the erroneous wage-fund theory found acceptance in England, where the facts on which it is based were first observed. But he marvels that American thinkers can accept it, for the condition of some classes of laborers here was, so late as half a century ago, a decided disproof of it. Farm hands, for instance, were formerly often paid at the end of the year, for the reason that there was not capital enough in farmers' hands to make the advances necessary for

* "Archivos do Museu Nacional do Rio de Janeiro." Imprensa Industrial.

* "The Wages Question. A Treatise on Wages and the Wages Class." By FRANCIS A. WALKER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50.

weekly or monthly payments. Here was a case in which the employer clearly had to wait for the product before he could pay the wages. No past savings were available for the purpose. The author's arguments are always clearly put and forcible, but his position loses strength by the very character of his task. He has so completely separated the wages question from all others, that we miss the natural collocation of wages with the other items which make up the cost of a product. The capitalist has one and the same purpose in buying raw material and labor, and no discussion of the subject can seem complete that does not proceed from the likeness or unlikeness of these two components of value. Another theory which our author combats strongly is that the interest of the employer is sufficient to keep wages up to the highest profitable point. He holds that the laborer must be active in his own interests, or he will never obtain that rate of payment which is necessary to his proper maintenance. Bad food reduces the quantity and quality of the laborer's work, so that more men have to be hired for a given task, and the employer pays more in the end for his product, than when wages are good; but even this prospective loss is not sufficient to keep employers from experimenting to find just that point to which wages may be lowered without affecting food disastrously. This disposition of the employer can be combated only by the resistance of the laborer. Prof. Walker thinks there is a "constantly imminent danger that bodies of laborers will not soon enough or amply enough resent industrial injuries which may be wrought by the concerted action of employers or by slow and gradual changes in production, or by catastrophes in business, such as commercial panics." Of course he does not advocate strikes, which "are the insurrections of labor," but even these are to be judged by their results. The results may or may not justify them. He considers that coöperation is a real panacea that can successfully take the place of violent measures. He denies the assertion that coöperation gets rid of the capitalist. It merely avoids the business man, who in the present order of things borrows the capital, hires the laborers, and directs the business. Practically he

is a salaried man. Prof. Walker finds difficulty in giving this man a title suitable for use in treatises on political economy. He objects to "undertaker" and "adventurer," because they have other meanings, and suggests the French *entrepreneur*. The objections are well taken, but the middleman is not only a reality; he also has a name by which he is known in business. If Prof. Walker wants to have a cellar dug or rock blasted, he can go to Pennsylvania and find a "venturer" to undertake the work; and there seems to be no good reason why a term that is already in common use and well understood should be rejected by the schoolmen. This is a valuable contribution to political economy, so valuable, in fact, that we can only say that it should be read, not demonstrate the fact in a short notice.

"ELSIE'S MOTHERHOOD" * is a story in which piety of the Sunday-school kind is curiously contrasted with villany in the shape of Ku Klux outrages. Elsie's children are all sweetness, obedience, and kisses, and live in an atmosphere of goodness that is revolting because it is monstrous. There is a suspicion of political purpose associated with the appearance of the book just at this time which does not improve it.

—The author of "Near to Nature's Heart" † shows abundant powers of invention, but his imagination is not sufficiently well regulated for the production of a natural or even plausible story. The individual who is so intimate with nature is a young girl whose father has fled from England and hidden himself in the forests of the Hudson river on account of a quarrel with his brother, which he (erroneously) supposes to have been a fatal one. His seclusion is so complete that his daughter grows up almost without the sight of man or womankind except the three who are in her father's hut, and the consequence is a partial reversion to the wild state from which we are nowadays supposed to have been somewhat removed by the process of evolution. The author dresses the nymph in

* "*Elsie's Motherhood*." A Sequel to "*Elsie's Womanhood*." By MARTHA FINLEY (FARGUE-HARSON). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† "*Near to Nature's Heart*." By Rev. E. P. ROE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

a style that ingeniously indicates the character he desires to paint. "Her attire was as simple as it was strange, consisting of an embroidered tunic of finely dressed fawn skin, reaching a little below the knee, and ending in a blue fringe. Some lighter fabric was worn under it, and encased the arms. The shapely neck and throat were bare, though almost hidden by a wealth of wavy golden tresses that flowed down her shoulders. Her hat appeared to have been constructed out of the skin of the snowy heron, with its beak and plumage preserved intact, and dressed into the jauntiest style. Leggings of strong buckskin, that formed a protection against the briers and roughness of the forest, were clasped around a slender ankle, and embroidered moccasins completed an attire that was not in the style of the girl of the period, even a century ago." This nymph was fishing, and for a float used the bud of a water lily! This is quite characteristic of the author's idea throughout. In losing civilization this girl put on all the supposed graces and none of the known brutishness of the wild state. The result is an incongruous character, but it is quite in harmony with the general notion that the natural state is one of greater perfection than that we really dwell in. As for the story, it relates to Revolutionary times, introduces Washington and the Continental army, with battles, dangers, and other lively and thrilling situations. In plot it is crude and rough. The author makes the artistic mistake of introducing religion as a principal element of his tale, though it does not relate to a time or to persons characteristically religious. The variety of incident, the presence of historical characters, including Washington and "Captain" Molly, and a certain *quantum* of real skill in the author, will no doubt make this book acceptable to the uncritical, but it does not deserve the attention of others. We notice that the publishers announce the "fourteenth thousand," which is the best indication of the book's popularity.

weiss,"* who has gathered her occasional verses into a pretty volume under the title of that graceful and tender little poem. Her title-page bears no publisher's name and her dedication to friends, whose loving kindness has welcomed them one by one, and at whose request they have been gathered together, seems to imply that they are privately printed. If this is because no publisher would undertake the production of the volume, we do not wonder; not because of the inferiority of the poems, for they are much better than many that do find publishers. They belong to a large class in which the world cannot be brought to take any great interest—verses expressive of various emotions, love, devotion, resignation, and so forth, which are all uttered with fervor or with tenderness, verses graceful in style, and in good rhythm, and which yet produce no great impression; white on the other hand they are much above that sentimental or that sententious twaddle which sometimes finds many admirers. It is sad to see so much of this sort of verse published; for it is the occasion and the sign of woful disappointment to persons of unusual intelligence and true poetic feeling, who, however, have not in any great measure the poetic faculty.

—"Frithiof's Saga" has been often translated into English, and we have here the result of one more effort to give us the great Swedish poem in our own language.† The principal difference between this translation and its predecessors is that this preserves the changing metres of the original. It was undertaken chiefly because it seems the Swedes have not been satisfied with the previous translations because they did not follow the metre of the original. The reason is not a good one, and the result of the attempt to conform to it is not very happy. There is no question of pleasing the Swedes with a translation into English. It is English ears that are to be consulted by what is written in English, whether original or not. The Swedes have the original; that is for them; the English version is for us. The effect of the many

* "*Edelweiss: An Alpine Rhyme.*" By MARY LOWE DICKINSON. New York, 1876.

† "*Frithiof's Saga. A Norse Romance.*" By ESSEN FÖRNER, Bishop of Westö. Translated from the Swedish by Thomas A. Holcombe and Martha and Lyon Holcombe. 18mo, pp. 218. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

THE ranks of the rhymers of the day are thronged with women, among the better of whom is the author of "Edel-

and great changes in the rhythm and in the form of the verse is not pleasant to our taste; and indeed we are inclined to think that the best translation of this or of any other "Saga" would be into rhythmic prose, which embodied the spirit, but did not simulate the form of the original. —It is very unfortunate for what is often called American literature, that almost all attempts to treat any part of our history poetically or dramatically are miserable failures. Among the verse books before us two are of this kind; one by Mr. George L. Raymond,* who has written in what he supposes is the ballad form some things which are not at all ballad-like, and which are dreary stuff under whatever name; and the other a thing which Mr. Martin F. Tupper† seems to suppose is a drama in blank verse upon the events of our war of independence. A more stupid and ridiculous performance we have rarely seen. That it should be read through by any one seems to us quite insupposable. And yet, although he has written this and "Proverbial Philosophy," Mr. Tupper is a D. C. L. of Oxford and an F. R. S.

—Something of a far higher quality than this is Mr. Bayard Taylor's "National Ode" written for the Centennial celebration. It is to be regretted, we think, that Mr. Taylor was not able to give himself up entirely to poetical composition. He has the poetic faculty, and his verse is nervous and manly, far better, we think, than his prose. Had he been a poet only, he might have taken a still higher place in contemporary literature. This poem, well known to the public, is one of his finest and most spirited efforts. The present edition‡ is very handsomely illustrated and printed.

—Charles Sprague is an "American" poet of the last generation, who is almost forgotten, and indeed quite unknown to readers of the present day. He has something of Campbell in his style—Campbell in his calm and serious moods. It may have been desirable to reprint his poems and essays in an attractive vol-

* "Colony Ballads, etc., etc., etc., etc." By GEORGE L. RAYMOND. 16mo, pp. 95. New York: Hard & Houghton.

† "Washington: A Drama in Five Acts." By MARTIN F. TUPPER. 16mo, pp. 67. New York: James Miller.

‡ "The National Ode. The Memorial Freedom Poem." By BAYARD TAYLOR. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 74. Boston: William E. Gill & Co.

ume,* with his portrait; but we fear that he belongs to the class of middling writers of prose and verse who were much talked of by our fathers chiefly because they were "American."

—One of the best of the many volumes of verse upon our table is the collection of poems by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.† Mrs. Piatt's muse is often thoughtful, but in all that she has given us, of which much is attractive in form and suggestive in substance, these lines that follow are the most valuable. They refer to the altar which Paul found at Athens "To the Unknown God":

Because my life was hollow with a pain
As old as death: because my eyes were dry
As the fierce tropics after months of rain,
Because my restless voice said, "Why?" and
"Why?"

Wounded and worn, I knelt within the night
As blind as darkness—Praying? And to
Whom?—

When yond' cold crescent cut my folded sight,
And showed a phantom Altar in my room.

It was the Altar Paul at Athens saw.

The Greek bowed there, but not the Greek
alone!

The ghosts of nations gathered, wan with awe,
And laid their offerings on that shadowy stone.

The Egyptian worshipped there the crocodile;
There they of Nineveh the bull with wings;
The Persian there with awart, sun-lifted smile
Felt in his soul the writhing fire's bright stings.

There the weird Druid held his mistletoe;
There, for the scorched son of the sand, coiled
bright,

The torrid snake was hissing sharp and low;
And there the Western savage paid his rite.

"Allah," the Moslem darkly muttered there;
"Brahma," the jewelled Indies of the East
Sighed through their spices with a languid
prayer;

"Christ!" faintly questioned many a peler
priest.

And still the Athenian Altar's glimmering Doubt
On all religions—evermore the same.

What tears shall wash its sad inscription out?
What hand shall write thereon His other name?

The last five lines of Mrs. Piatt's poem express finely the feeling as to God and religion which now fills countless numbers of the truest hearts and brightest minds.

—"As You Like It" has just been published in the "Clarendon Press Series of Shakespeare's Select Plays." Mr. Grant

* "The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague." 16mo, pp. 207. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

† "That New World, and Other Poems." By Mrs. S. M. B. PIATT. 16mo, pp. 180. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

White, in his article "On Reading Shakespeare," in the present number of "The Galaxy," has said so much in regard to this series and its present editor,* William Aldis Wright, that it is only necessary for us to record here the appearance of this edition of Shakespeare's most charming comedy, and to say that Shakespeare's lovers and students will find in it some new views which are interesting, and appear to be sound, and a copious and careful body of annotation.

—Of poetry, or rather of verse, as we before remarked, our table is full this month, and with it we have a dictionary to teach us to rhyme withal.† "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary" has had complete possession of this field for three quarters of a century, and we are not sure that it will be supplanted by Mr. Barnum's. His new plan is very systematic. He classifies his words in groups—single rhymes, double rhymes, triple, quadruple, and even quintuple rhymes; and then he divides and subdivides and parcels off his words under separate headings. He does not give definitions. The book will be valuable to the student of the English language, more so, we are inclined to think, than to the mere rhyme-hunter, who will prefer to run his finger and his eye down a column of words arranged merely according to their final letters.

—Mr. Tennyson's new dramatic poem is before us in the elegant Boston typography of Ticknor & Field's worthy successors.‡ The poet laureate added little to his fame by his previous dramatic work, "Queen Mary"; he will gain less by

* "Shakespeare." Select Plays. "As You Like It." Edited by WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M. A., Bursar of Trinity College, Cambridge. 16mo, pp. 168. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

† "A Vocabulary of English Rhymes." Arranged on a new plan. By the Rev. SAMUEL W. BARNUM. 18mo, pp. 767. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ "Harold: A Drama." By ALFRED TENNYSON. 16mo, pp. 170. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

this. It is good of course to a certain degree, but it is only "fair to middling" Tennysonian work. We find in it not a passage that stirs us, not one that charms. It puts the story of the Norman Conquest of England into a dramatic form and into good blank verse, with sound and sensible treatment of the subject, and that is all. Its author's good taste, and above all his experience, his dexterity, acquired by such long practice, are manifest on every page; but there is little more. He dedicates it to the present Lord Lytton, in evident desire to wipe out the memory of the old feud between him and Bulwer Lytton; but that was too black and too bitter to be sponged away with a little sugar and water.

—Mr. Latham Cornell Strong is modest in his preface about his collection of verse,* although he is rather too elaborately metaphorical in his way of blushing properly. He says, as to the flaws in his poems, that he "has a reasonable confidence that they will not all be discovered by any one reader." This may be true from the probable fact that no one reader will read them all; we think that we have met with enough of them to show that Mr. Strong might well have refrained himself from publication. For example, we think that a true poet could hardly have written many such passages as these, and there are many such in the volume:

The night is rising from the trees,
Her hands, uplifted, trail with stars

The moon hath flung *its banners* on the sward

Old Rupert named, *alone of all the rest*
She most esteemed, for he had brought her
flowers,

To wreath her tresses and make manifest
His sympathy for her, *in many ways expressed*

The last four lines unite incorrectness, tameness, and inelegance with remarkable and fatal facility.

* "Castle Windows." By LATHAM CORNELL STRONG. 16mo, pp. 232. Troy: H. B. Nims & Co.

NEBULÆ.

—THE evolutionists manifestly feel that they are put upon their defence in the matter of religion. As far as they themselves are concerned, they are at peace with their own consciences; but nevertheless they do not sit easily under the charge of atheism which is very generally brought against them by that part of the world to which science does not stand in place of religion. They are now making desperate efforts to show that they have a religion, and Mr. M. J. Savage has written a very clever book upon the subject, entitled "The Religion of Evolution." Mr. Savage is a very pronounced evolutionist; he sticks at nothing in the most extravagant form of the new theory, and the attitude which he would take toward religion is clearly shown in the title of his previous volume on a kindred subject, "Christianity the Science of Manhood." It is safe to say that although Mr. Savage and others like him may call themselves Christians and believe themselves to be so, and may live lives worthy of the name, no man who twenty-five years ago was a professed believer in the Christian religion, and comparatively very few of those who are so now, would accept the term *science* as applicable to Christianity or to religion at all. For science means knowledge, knowledge of facts, and cautious logical deductions from those facts; whereas the very essence of religion is a faith which holds itself above knowledge and reason, a faith which is not only the substance of things hoped for, but the evidence of things not seen. And this great definition, one of the greatest ever given, applies not particularly to the faith of the Christian religion, but to all faiths—Judaism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and the rest. The true religionist will sooner accept one of these as a religion than a religion of evolution, or than he will consent to accept Christianity as a science of anything—of manhood, or even of God-hood.

—It is with this view of religion, this feeling about it, that the evo-

lutionists have to deal when they endeavor to free themselves from the charge of irreligion. This is a state of the case which some of them do not seem to appreciate at its full importance. They shirk it, or at least they slight it; but Mr. Savage, it must be admitted, meets it fairly and boldly. He takes the position that such a view of religion is unworthy of a reasonable creature, and he brushes it aside with little ceremony and with some dexterity. But his chief difficulty is with the conception which lies at the foundation of all religions—the idea of god. Granted a god, or gods, and religion follows as a matter of course; and conversely, no god, no religion. Therefore the evolutionists, those of them who feel, or who see the necessity of a religion, of whom Mr. Savage may be taken as a fair representative, go about to provide themselves and the rest of the universe with a god, and they do it in this fashion. It is shown to the satisfaction of the evolutionists, and also of very many who have no respect for their theory, that the Mosaic cosmogony—that is, the account in Genesis of the creation of the earth and its inhabitants, and all the visible universe—has never been proved, and is incapable of proof, and that it holds its place in popular belief solely because of its supposed connection with Christianity; that it is merely a tradition (from however high and venerable a source), and that it rests upon no knowledge or study of the facts which it professes to explain; that it is in no way connected with Christianity, which would stand on its own merits equally whether the world were six thousand or six million years old, and whether it and its inhabitants were made in six days or six æons; that it—the Mosaic account of the origin of the world—explains nothing, but simply tells dogmatically that God made all and that God did so and so; that no intelligent person would think of resting satisfied with the Mosaic account, had it not come to be regarded as a requirement of religion to do so, but that this has become so fixed that the whole orthodox

system is the natural and logical outgrowth of the Mosaic account of the beginning of things: "the prevailing belief about God, the nature and the fall of man, total depravity, the need and the schemes for supernatural redemption, the whole structure, creed, and ritual of the Church, the common belief about the nature and efficacy of prayer meetings, the whole system of popular revivals, limited salvation, and everlasting punishment"—all and each being built on the foundation of the Mosaic cosmogony. Therefore for the vast number of intelligent thoughtful people to whom the Mosaic account of the creation is no longer authoritative, although it may be mythically instructive, the foundation of their religion is gone. It is then assumed that religion must rest upon a veneration for the creative power or agent to which the present *cosmos* owes its existence, and that as the traditional God or Creator of Genesis has been eliminated from cognition by science, his place in religion must be taken by the power by which he is supplanted. Hence we have the god of evolution and the religion of evolution.

— BUT what is this god of evolution? In a very remarkable series of papers which have appeared for some months past in "Macmillan's Magazine," upon Natural Religion, remarkable equally for the subtlety and closeness of their thought and their clearness of style, something called Nature is set up as God; Mr. Savage's god, as nearly as we can make out, is the law of evolution—the formative power by which the universe passed from a mass of fluid fire, revolving in space, into suns, and suns and planets, and their inhabitants. In either case it amounts to about the same thing. What is nature? We may be sure the word is not used in the sense which it has when we say that a man admires nature, loves nature, or observes nature, nor in that which it has when we speak of the nature of things or the nature in a work of the imagination, or the nature of man, or "the nature of the beast." What is it then? We are very sure that the "Macmillan" writer, with all his delicacy of thought and command of expression, could not say exactly what he means when he speaks of this Nature which is so worthy of reverence and of love. For this rea-

son, and for no other, we may be sure, he has left the word undefined. This is important; for, as Mr. Savage says in his eleventh chapter, when he proposes the question whether evolution and Christianity are antagonistic, so that one necessarily excludes the other—"that depends upon definitions."

— THE truth is that this whole question is one greatly of definitions. What do you mean by God? what by Nature? what by religion? We are inclined to think that if the two parties on one side and the other of the great question of the day were to have a preliminary settlement of definitions, it would become plain that there could be no discussion, certainly no profitable discussion, between them—no more than there could be a fight between a deep-sea fish and a chamois. They would find that there was no ground on which they could meet, no point on which they could come in contact! To one God is, and must be, a person, an individual, who, however spiritual, eternal, omniscient, and omnipresent, is yet as much a person as a man having a will, with purposes, affections, feelings, sentiments, as indeed every spiritual being must have—a being who can be feared, revered, admired, loved. Religion to these men is worship of this person, obedience to his will because it is his, faith in him, love of him. The god of the evolutionists, on the other hand, is, if Nature, a mere manifestation or result; if a law, a mere mode or rule of action. As to the religion of evolution, we cannot, with all Mr. Savage's help, and that of the "Macmillan" writer (who, we are sure, must be a man of mark, or at least one who will become so), discover what it is, except a conformity to what may be called the law of nature; but that is something of which a healthy beast or a drop of water is quite as capable as a man is; and such conformity implies feeling quite as much in one of these cases as in the other. It implies feeling in no case; and religion without feeling, sentiment, and faith is no religion at all in the sense which the word has had from the beginning of its use to this day. The religious man finds in *his* God a being whom he can love and lean upon, who has a right to his obedience, to whom he can be loyal, whom he can

address, calling him Father, as we are told that Christ did. But you cannot love a law. True, David says, "O how I love thy law"; but the law that he loved was the will of the Supreme Being, and he loved it because it was His. It was not a mode of action or of evolution that he loved. Nor can you obey such a law, although you may conform to it; nor can you be loyal to it, for you cannot be loyal to an abstraction. As to fatherhood, this law-god of evolution is the father of nothing except as two and two are the father and mother of four. Therefore, while we regard such books as Mr. Savage's as interesting expositions of the condition as to super-scientific subjects into which modern science has brought many of its votaries, we cannot see that they do anything toward refuting the charge brought against science (as it is among the evolutionists), that it is at war with religion, and takes away all the grounds of religious faith. For that which the evolutionists set up as a god religious people regard as the mere creature of the true God; and what they set up as religion the others regard utterly lacking in all the essentials of religion. It would be much better for the evolutionists to face this whole question boldly, as Mr. Savage does in part, and to say that the result of their investigations is the belief that there is no God, and consequently that there need not be, and in fact cannot be, any religion in the sense in which that word has for centuries been used. Moreover, we cannot see the grounds of one pretence which is made by the evolutionists, and which is implied if not in terms set up in all their writings that are not purely scientific and have what may be called a moral character, such as the book before us. This is that their theory accounts for everything, and is more consistent with reason than that of those who accept with faith the book of Genesis. The evolution theory is, in the words of Mr. Savage, "that the whole universe, suns, planets, moons, our earth, and every form of life upon it, vegetable and animal, up to man, together with all our civilization, has developed from a primitive fire-mist or nebula that once filled all the space now occupied by the worlds; and that this development has been according to laws and methods and forces still

active and working about us to-day." But if it be granted, or even proved, that this is true, we cannot see how it satisfies the reason when we come to the question of creation and a creator. For what a stupendous, unutterably stupendous, and almost inconceivable thing was that fire-mist that filled all space and had in it not only the germs and possibilities of suns and moons and planets and our earth, but of man and *all his civilization*; and those laws and methods and forces according to which the universe and man and his civilization have been evolved from a fire-mist—what inconceivable things they are! Now who made the fire-mist and the law of evolution? We cannot see that reason is satisfied by the substitution of a fire-mist and a law of evolution for the will of a creator and a specific creation of the suns and stars and planets, including the earth, and man, and his possibilities of civilization. The thing is as broad one way as it is long the other. As far as the fact of creation goes, in either case the belief must be a matter of faith, not of reason. With regard to the anthropomorphism of the Hebrew story, that is shared, and must be shared, by all religions—that is, all religions which rest upon the notion of a personal God. The limitations of man's nature, the limitations of language, make anthropomorphic metaphor necessary when a man speaks of a god. Even the evolutionists cannot get rid of the necessity of faith.

— DR. RICHARDSON'S papers published in "Nature," and designed to prove the advantage, and in fact the real necessity of experimenting on animals in order to be ready to save human life, contain many interesting facts and deserve to be widely read in view of the current discussion as to the propriety of permitting the practice of vivisection. The following case affords conclusive proof of the learned and humane physiologist's argument. He says: "Dr. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia, in the year 1869, made the original and remarkable observation that if a part of the body of a frog be immersed in simple syrup, there soon occurs in the crystalline lens of the eyeball an opaque appearance resembling the disease called cataract. He extended his observations to the effects of grape

sugar, and obtained the same results. He found that he could induce the cataractic condition invariably by this experiment, or by injecting a solution of sugar with a fine needle, subcutaneously, into the dorsal sac of the frog. The discovery was one of singular importance in the history of medical science, and explained immediately a number of obscure phenomena. The co-existence of the two diseases, diabetes and cataract, in man had been observed by France, Cohen, Hasner, Mackenzie, Duncan, Von Graafe, and others, and Von Graafe had stated that after examining a large number of diabetic patients in different hospitals, he had found one-fourth affected with cataract. Before Mitchell's observation there was not a suspicion as to the reason of this connection, and a flood of light, therefore, broke on the subject the moment he proclaimed the new physiological fact. Still more, Mitchell showed that the cataract he was able to induce by experiment was curable also by experiment, a truth which will one day lead to the cure of cataract without operation. Then, but not till then, the splendid character of this original investigation, and the debt that is due to one of the most original, honest, laborious workers that ever in any age cultivated the science and art of medicine, will be duly recognized." Upon receiving intelligence of this discovery, Dr. Richardson undertook experiments to discover the cause of this dependence of cataract upon diabetes. He found that whenever the specific gravity of the blood was raised to ten degrees above the normal standard, and remained so for a short time, cataract followed. He also found that the disease so produced could be cured by removing the salts which had been introduced into the blood. This certainly points to a cure for cataract which shall be really radical, and adds another to the results which justify, even upon humanitarian grounds, physiological experiments, at the expense of the animal creation, within prescribed limits.

— Mr. SORBY has lately made some calculations of the probable size of the invisible atoms which compose material substances. Dr. Royston Pigott determined that the smallest visual angle which we can well appreciate is that covering a hole of 11·4 inches diameter at a distance of 1,100 yards. This corresponds to about six seconds of an arc. In a microscope magnifying 1,000 diameters this would make visible a particle one-three-millionth part of an inch thick. But Mr. Sorby is inclined to think that a size between 1·80,000 and 1·100,000 of an inch is about the limit of the visibility of minute objects, even with the best microscopes. Now, taking the mean of the calculations made by Stoney, Thomson, and Clerk-Maxwell, we have 21,770 as the number of atoms of any permanent gas required to cover one-thousandth of an inch, when lying end to end. By a series of calculations which produce numbers entirely beyond human conception, (10,817,000,000,000 atoms in 1·100,000 of a cubic inch, for instance) he reached the conclusion that there are in the length of 1·80,000 of an inch (the smallest visible object) about 2,000 molecules of water, or 520 of albumen, and therefore, in order to see the ultimate constitution of organic bodies, it would be necessary to use a magnifying power from 500 to 2,000 times greater than those we now possess. With this result settled, he was able to make one of those radical predictions which are so rarely possible to the careful scientist; namely, that the atom will never be seen by man. It is not that instruments cannot be made powerful enough (though that is no doubt true), but that the waves of light are too coarse to distinguish the limits of such an extremely small distance. To see atoms we should need light waves only one-two-thousandth of their actual length. At present we are as far from that attainment as we are from reading a newspaper, with the naked eye, at the distance of one-third of a mile.

THE GALAXY.

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THE ENGLISH PEERAGE.

MORE than one reader must have felt impatient with Milton for spoiling the fine epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester with such unfortunate lines as "A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir," and "No Marchioness, but now a queen." Probably the expressions sounded less absurd to his contemporaries than they do to us, for titles of nobility, however unworthily conferred, had more significance in the reign of James I. than they bear in the reign of Queen Victoria. The memorable despatch in which Collingwood announced the victory of Trafalgar, and which has been described by great writers as a masterpiece of simple narration began with these words: "Sir: The ever to be lamented death of Vice Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, in the moment of victory," etc. Now peers of all ranks, except the highest, are commonly spoken of under the general designation of "Lord So-and-So," and are rarely accorded in conversation the honors of "my lord," or "your lordship." Generally speaking, it may be said that in England titles, like decorations, are still greedily sought after, but when won are not openly displayed. They are felt by their bearers to be an anachronism, though no doubt a sufficiently agreeable one to those most immediately concerned.

Successive governments give as large a share of patronage to the

peers and baronets, and their kinsfolk, as they reasonably can; while the Premier is only too glad to select men of rank as his colleagues in the Cabinet, if they are only possessed of decent abilities, and will work—for a minister must be a hard worker in these days. Thus, Mr. Gladstone's administration, the first which was ever designated as "Radical," contained a large proportion of the aristocratic element in its ranks, though it was even made a charge against Mr. Gladstone by conservative and pseudo-liberal papers, that he unjustly deprived the peerage of its due representation in the Cabinet.

As a matter of fact, when the Cabinet resigned it consisted of sixteen members. Of these, eight were peers or sons of peers. Of the remaining thirty-six Parliamentary members of the administration, fourteen were peers or sons of peers. Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet numbers but twelve ministers. Of these six are peers, another is heir presumptive to a dukedom; while an eighth is a baronet; and of the remaining members of the administration, nineteen out of thirty-eight are peers, baronets, or sons of peers. In the army and navy, in the diplomatic service, the peerage equally secures its full share of prizes; and even in the legal profession it is far from being a disadvantage to a young barrister that his name figures in the pages of Burke. In the Church a large proportion of

the best livings are held by members of the same privileged class, and even the Stock Exchange lately showed itself eager to confer such honors as were in its gift on a duke's son, who had been courageous enough to "go into trade."

The British aristocracy is still, therefore, "a fact," if a favorite term of Mr. Carlyle's may be permitted in such a connexion, as it probably may, for the author of "The French Revolution" has himself been one of the latest eulogists of the governing families of England, and perhaps a few notes on the origin and history of some of the principal houses may not be unacceptable to American readers.

The House of Lords, as at present constituted, consists of something less than five hundred temporal peers. The first in order of hereditary precedence, after the princes of the blood royal, is the Duke of Norfolk, a blameless young gentleman of eight-and-twenty years, and a zealous Catholic, as it is generally supposed that a Howard is compelled to be by a mysterious law of his nature. As a matter of fact, however, no family in England has changed its religion so often. Henry Charles, thirteenth duke, seceded from the Church of Rome on the occasion of the papal aggression. He declared himself convinced that "ultramontane opinions were totally incompatible with allegiance to the sovereign and the Constitution." The Duke's expression of opinion might have had more weight with his coreligionists had his own reputation for wisdom stood higher. But it stood very low. His Grace had made himself very conspicuous during the agitation for the repeal of the corn laws by recommending a curry powder of his own manufacture as a substitute for bread, which singular piece of advice to a starving people earned him the sobriquet of "Curry Norfolk." Charles, eleventh duke, also renounced the old faith about the year 1780. He had not yet succeeded to his title, but was known as the Earl of Surrey; was im-

mediately returned to Parliament for one of his father's boroughs. (The dukes of Norfolk had eleven boroughs at their disposition before the passing of the reform bill.) He was a notable personage in his day, and acted in concert with the party of Fox. For giving the toast of "The people, our Sovereign," at a public dinner he was deprived of his lord-lieutenancy and of his colonelcy of militia. He was remarkable, too, for a dislike of clean linen, which his friends were grieved to see him carry to excess.* Three other Howards of the same stock are more honorably distinguished in their country's annals. They are the victor of Flodden and two of his grandsons; the one the Surrey of history and romance, the other, Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, the conqueror of the Spanish Armada. The origin of the family is involved in obscurity, some maintaining that it sprung from the famous Hereward, the Wake, of whose name they affirm Howard to be a corruption; while others assert that the word Howard is neither more nor less than a euphonious form of Hogward, and that the premier duke and hereditary Earl Marshal of England might ultimately trace his descent to a swineherd if he were disposed so to do. The first Howard of whom genealogists can take serious cognizance was a respectable judge of the court of common pleas in the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. (1297-1308). His descendant was ennobled in the reign of Edward IV.

Next on the roll of the Lords to the Duke of Norfolk is Edward St. Maur, the Duke of Somerset, an extremely clever man, "with a passion for saying disagreeable things." He recently published a smart attack on the evidences of Christianity, which occasioned not a little difficulty to some worthy editors. They were sincere Christians, but it jarred against their feelings to speak harshly of a duke.

* "Did your Grace ever try a clean shirt?" Abernethy is said to have asked the Duke, who had consulted him on some ailment.

The St. Maurs (or Seymours) are of genuine Norman descent, and began to be heard of in the thirteenth century. They apparently remained estimable till the time of Henry VIII., when that uxorious monarch married Jane, the daughter of Sir John Seymour, by whom he became the father of Edward VI. Strangely enough, Jane's brother, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, afterward married Henry's widow, and the knot of family relationships becomes a little complicated in consequence. More inauspicious unions were never contracted. Lord Seymour was executed by order of his brother, the Protector (and first Duke of Somerset), and three years later the Protector's death-warrant was signed by his own nephew. From the close of this short chronicle of blood, the Seymours practically disappear from the pages of English history, though Macaulay has left a graphic picture of that Sir Edward Seymour who was Speaker of the House of Commons under Charles II., and who proudly replied to William III., when asked if he belonged to the Duke of Somerset's family, that "the Duke of Somerset belonged to his family." Francis, fifth duke, was the occasion of a few days' gossip and much scandal. During his travels in Italy he visited the convent of the Augustinians at Lerice, where he was foolish enough to offer an impertinence to some ladies of the family of Botti, and was shot by an angry Signor Botti a few hours later. His brother Charles, who succeeded him, is the hero of a less tragic story. His second wife, Lady Charlotte Finch, once tapped him with her fan, when he is said to have rebuked her in these terms: "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she never ventured to take such a liberty." He was known among his contemporaries as "the proud Duke of Somerset."

The next of the ducal houses in order of precedence traces its descent from Charles II. and Louisa de Querouaille, "whom our rude ancestors called Madam Carwell." The Dukes

of Richmond have always been known as honorable gentlemen, but they have left no mark on the political history of England. The present Duke is perhaps the most distinguished man of his family, being leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, and, as is generally thought, Mr. Disraeli's destined successor in the Premiership. The third Duke held high office in the early part of the reign of George III.; while his nephew, Colonel Lennox, who afterward succeeded him in the title, had the honor of fighting a duel with a son of George III. Neither of the combatants suffered any hurt, and Colonel Lennox was reserved for the most melancholy of deaths; falling, thirty years after, a victim to hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a dog. His royal antagonist was Frederic, Duke of York, who subsequently became Commander-in-Chief of the British army in the most inglorious period of its annals. Indeed, so disgraceful was his Royal Highness's conduct of the campaign of 1794, that Pitt demanded one of two things from the King; viz., either that the Prince should be brought before a court-martial, or that the Prime Minister should in future have the right of appointing to great military commands. It must have cost George III. a bitter pang to accept the latter alternative.

The Duke of Grafton, who holds the fourth place on Garter's Roll, is equally descended from his Majesty, King Charles II., of happy memory. Henry Fitzroy, son of Barbara Villiers (created Duchess of Cleveland), was raised to the highest rank in the peerage, as Duke of Grafton, in 1675. He was one of the first to desert his uncle's cause in 1688, and two years later he died a soldier's death under the walls of Cork, fighting for William III. and the liberties of England. His great grandson was Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, who may still be seen gibbeted in the pages of Junius. His Grace was a member of Chatham's second ministry, and succeeded his

chief in the Premiership. Of other Dukes of Grafton history makes no special mention.

The fifth of the dukes in order of precedence quarters the royal arms of France and England, but without the *bâton sinister*. Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, Duke of Beaufort, is lineally descended from "*old John of Gaunt*, time-honored Lancaster" (third son of Edward III.) and Catherine Swinford. John of Gaunt's children by this union were afterward legitimized by act of Parliament. Henry, the second son, took holy orders, and became Bishop of Lincoln, and afterward of Winchester, as well as Cardinal and Lord Chancellor. He is the Cardinal Beaufort who figures in the stately Gallery of Shakespeare. He and his brothers took the name they bore from the Castle of Beaufort, in Anjou, the place of their nativity. The Cardinal's elder brother was created Earl and afterward Marquis of Somerset. His descendant, Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, fell into the hands of the Yorkists, at the battle of Hexham, and was succeeded in the family honors by his brother Edmund, who was soon to share the same fate. With him the legitimate male line of John of Gaunt became extinct. Duke Henry, however, had left a natural son, who was called Charles Somerset, and who, to use the appropriate language of chronological dictionaries, "*flourished*" in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. He was a brave soldier and a skilful diplomatist; having been chosen a Knight of the Garter; he was also appointed captain of the King's Guards for his services. Sir Charles Somerset obtained in marriage Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, and Lord Herbert of Rayland, Chepston, and Gower; and, in his wife's right, was summoned to Parliament as Lord Herbert, in the first year of Henry VIII. In 1514 he was advanced to the Earldom of Worcester, having previously been constituted Lord Chamberlain for

life, as a reward for the distinguished part he had in the taking of Terouenne and Tournay. He died in 1526, and was succeeded by his son. Little is heard of the Somersets—Earls of Worcester—during the sixteenth century, though the marriage of two ladies of that house called forth the well-known Epithalamium of Spenser. Henry, the fifth earl, created Marquis of Worcester by Charles I., is celebrated in English history for his defence of Rayland castle against the forces of the Parliament, under Sir Thomas Fairfax. On this subject, Mr. George MacDonald's last novel of "*St. George and St. Michael*" may be consulted with advantage.

The brave old cavalier did not long survive the surrender and destruction of his ancestral home. The same year he died, and was succeeded in his title by his son Edward, the famous author of the "*Century of Inventions*." It is scarcely too much to say that had this man been divested of rank and fortune, and had he been furnished with the requisite motive for exertion, he might have anticipated the work of Watt and Stephenson. As it was, the discoveries he made served but to amuse his leisure hours. The Marquis of Worcester was well-nigh the last of his race about whose doings his countrymen would much care to be informed. His son was created Duke of Beaufort in 1682, and with the attainment of the highest rank in the peerage came a cessation of mental activity in the family. One more Somerset, however, deserves honorable mention—Fitzroy, who was aide-camp to Wellington, and lost an arm at Waterloo. Raised to the peerage in 1852 as Lord Raglan, he was named two years later to the command of the English army in the Crimea. What he did, and what he did not, in that post, is still remembered. In truth he was a gallant soldier, distracted by contradictory instructions, feeling keenly the criticisms of newspaper writers, who complained that one of the strongest fortresses in the world was not taken

in a few weeks. The siege had lasted eight months, when Lord Raglan resolved to make one desperate effort to carry the place by assault on the 18th of June, the fortieth anniversary of Waterloo. The attack failed, and the allies were repulsed with severe loss. Ten days later the English general succumbed to sickness and chagrin.

The Dukes of St. Albans enjoy precedence after the Dukes of Beaufort. William Amelius Aubrey De Vere Beauclerk, present and tenth duke, is lineally descended from the Merry Monarch and Nell Gwynn, and through the marriage of the first duke, from the De Veres, Earls of Oxford. His Grace is Hereditary Grand Falconer, a pleasant little sinecure of some \$6,000 a year. Of the Dukes of Saint Albans history has nothing to say. The ninth duke married the widow of Mr. Thomas Coutts, of banking renown.

Next on Garter's roll comes the Duke of Leeds, lineally descended from Thomas Osborne, Earl of Danby and Lord High Treasurer under Charles II., whom Dutch William afterward made Duke of Leeds. Danby (for he is better known by this title than by the one which he dishonored) must be considered to have been an average statesman, and even a patriot, as public spirit then went. He steadily opposed French influence under Charles II., and afterward contributed to the success of the Revolution. He was subsequently impeached by the Commons for taking bribes, but the principal witness on whom the House relied to substantiate the charge mysteriously disappeared when most wanted. From that day, however, the Duke of Leeds was morally extinguished. The subsequent Dukes led worthy and honorable lives, but were not otherwise notable. The seventh married (24th of April, 1828) an American lady, Louisa Catharine, third daughter of Mr. Richard Caton of Maryland, and widow of Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey.

The two next of the ducal houses,

those of Bedford and Devonshire, are invested by Whig writers with almost a halo of glory, though in truth they have produced respectable rather than great men. The beginnings of the house of Russell are somewhat curious. One of the earliest ancestors of the family of whom anything is accurately known was Speaker of the House of Commons in the second and tenth years of Henry VI. His grandson, John Russell, a gentleman of property, resided at Berwick, about four miles from Bridport, in the county of Dorset. He was a bookish man, and would probably never have gone to seek out fortune; but fortune, as is her wont, came to him in the person of the Archduke Philip of Austria. This Prince, the son of the reckless Maximilian, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by a Sir Thomas Trenchard, who immediately wrote to court for instructions. Meanwhile he deputed his first cousin, Mr. Russell, to wait upon the Prince. His Highness was so fascinated by the conversation of Mr. Russell, that he begged that gentleman to accompany him to Windsor, where he spoke of him in such high terms to the King (Henry VII.), that the monarch at once took him into his favor. He subsequently accompanied Henry VIII. in his French wars, and afterward becoming a supple instrument of his master's ecclesiastical policy, was rewarded with a peerage and a grant of the Abbey of Tavistock, and the extensive lands thereto belonging. To these possessions the Protector Somerset added the monastery of Woburn and the Earldom of Bedford. Nor did the star of John Russell grow dim under the reign of the Catholic Mary, who named him Lord Privy Seal, and Ambassador to Spain, to conduct Philip II. to England. He died in 1555. From him were descended various Russells who enjoyed as many of the good things of this life as they could decently lay

hands upon, and two of whom were famous men in their day. William, Lord Russell, is best known to posterity as the husband of the admirable Rachael Wriothesley, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Southampton, and widow of Francis, Lord Vaughan. With respect to his execution there has been some difference of opinion; but the probability is that it was a judicial murder of the worst kind. Immediately after the Revolution, Lord Russell's attainder was reversed by Parliament. His widow survived him forty years, and lived to see George I. on the throne and the Protestant succession firmly established. What is not so generally known, perhaps, is that the mother of Lord Russell was the daughter of Carr, Earl of Somerset, by the divorced wife of Essex. She was herself a virtuous lady, and is said to have fallen down in a fit when she first learned the horrible details of her family history.

Lord Russell's cousin was the victor of La Hogue, created Earl of Orford in 1697. He died in 1727 without issue, when the title became extinct—to be renewed fifteen years later in favor of Sir Robert Walpole.

Lord Russell's father was created Duke of Bedford by William III., May 11, 1694. He was succeeded by his grandson, Wriothesley, who was married at the ripe age of fourteen and elevated to a separate peerage the same year. He had previously been requested to come forward as a candidate for the county of Middlesex; but the prudent Lady Russell refused to allow him. In the then state of public opinion he would have been elected without opposition.

The eighteenth century was the golden age of Whig families, at least till George III. became king, and the house of Russell continued to provide the country with a succession of dignified placemen. John IV., Duke of Bedford, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1756. In 1762 his Grace, as the plenipotentiary of England, signed

the preliminaries of peace at Fontainebleau with France and Spain—a work on which he can scarcely be congratulated, seeing that by it England was juggled out of nearly every advantage she had won by seven years of victory. The Duke's son, Francis, called by courtesy Marquis of Tavistock, married Lady Elizabeth Keppel, who literally died of grief when her husband was killed by a fall from his horse. Dr. Johnson's characteristic comment on this event was that if her ladyship had been a poor washerwoman with twelve children to mind, she would have had no time to die of grief. Lord Tavistock left three sons, Francis and John, successively fifth and sixth Dukes of Bedford, and William (posthumous), the unfortunate nobleman who, within living memory, was murdered by his French valet Courvoisier.

John, Earl Russell, the distinguished statesman who "upset the coach," is a son of the sixth duke, Lord Odo Russell, one of the ablest of modern diplomats, a grandson of the same peer.

On the day after the head of the house of Russell was raised to ducal rank, the head of the Cavendishes received the same honor, being created Marquis of Hartington and Duke of Devonshire. This family claims descent from Sir John Cavendish, Lord Chief Justice of England in 1366, 1373, and 1377. "In the fourth year of Richard II. his lordship was elected chancellor of the university of Cambridge, and was next year commissioned, with Robert de Hales, treasurer of England, to suppress the insurrection raised in the city of York, in which year the mob, having risen to the number of fifty thousand, made it a point, particularly in the county of Suffolk, to plunder and murder the lawyers; and being incensed in a more than ordinary degree against the Chief Justice Cavendish, his son John having killed the notorious Wat Tyler, they seized upon and dragged him, with Sir John of Cambridge, prior of

Bury, into the marketplace of that town, and there caused both to be beheaded." Thus far Burke, who has small sympathy to bestow on Wat Tyler, albeit that reformer was murdered in a cowardly way, whether it were Walworth or Cavendish who struck the blow. "For William Walworth, mayor of London, having arrested him (Wat Tyler), he furiously struck the mayor with his dagger, but being armed [*e. i.*, the mayor being in armor], hurt him not; whereupon the mayor, drawing his baselard, grievously wounded Wat in the neck; in which conflict an esquire of the King's house, called John Cavendish, drew his sword and wounded him twice or thrice, even unto death. For which service Cavendish was knighted in Smithfield, and had a grant of £40 per annum from the King." The great-great-grandson of this Sir John Cavendish was gentleman usher to Cardinal Wolsey; after the death of his master King Henry took him into his own employment, to reward him for the fidelity with which he had served his former patron. His elder brother William was in 1530 appointed one of the commissioners for visiting and taking the surrenders of divers religious houses. Needless to add that from that day Mr. Cavendish had but to do as the King told him and make his fortune. Before his death he had begun to build the noble seat of Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, which his descendants still possess. His second son, and eventual heir, was created Earl of Devonshire by King James I. in 1618. The first earl's nephew was the renowned cavalier general created Marquis and subsequently Duke of Newcastle. He was at one time governor of the Prince of Wales (afterward Charles II.), and there is a touching epistle extant in which his youthful charge entreats the Marquis that he may not be compelled to take physic, which he feels sure would do him no good.

William, fourth earl of Devonshire, although raised to a dukedom by Wil-

liam III., distinguished himself, as did his son, the Marquis of Hartington, in the House of Commons, by vehement opposition to the King's retention of his Dutch guards after the conclusion of peace in 1697; and for this uncourtly conduct the country owes them a deep debt of gratitude. The Dutch guards were not likely to do much harm, but foreign troops have no business in a free state.

Henry Cavendish, the eminent chemist and philosopher, was grandson to the second duke (who married Rachel, daughter of William, Lord Russell). The present duke was senior wrangler of his year; his eldest son is leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons.

Of the dukes of Marlborough, who are next on the list, it is unnecessary to say much. All the world knows the strange history of John Churchill, the noblest and the meanest of mankind. The great duke's only son died of the smallpox while yet a boy; but his honors were made perpetual in the female as well as the male line. The present duke is lineally descended on the father's side from a most worthy country gentleman, Sir Robert Spencer, of Althorp, raised to the peerage as Lord Spencer by James I. Lord Spencer's name should be dear to every American for the friendship he showed his neighbors the Washingtons. The Washingtons had at one time rather a severe struggle to make both ends meet, but they saw better days. John Washington, the heir of the house, was knighted and fought for Charles I. in the civil war. Disgusted with the commonwealth, he emigrated to America, hearing that men were more loyal on the other side of the Atlantic. He is commonly believed to have been the ancestor of George Washington. Such is the irony of fate.

The second Duke of Marlborough who, when unwell, would limit himself to a bottle of brandy a day, proved a real source of danger to his country. When he succeeded to his grandfather-

er's honors in 1783, the faults of the victor of Blenheim were forgotten and only his surpassing military achievements remembered. King and people were alike determined to honor the man who bore his name, and, it was fondly deemed, inherited his qualities. He was made lord lieutenant of two counties, a knight of the garter, and promoted to high military command. Having conducted himself without discredit at Dettingen, he was thought equal to anything, and in the year 1758 Pitt, who felt kindly toward the Churchills, and who had been left £10,000 by Duchess Sarah, was so rash as to name him commander-in-chief of all the British forces in Germany destined to act under Prince Ferdinand. After all, the appointment did no harm, for the Duke died the same year. *Exeunt* the Dukes of Marlborough into infinite space. Henceforth they and their doings have no more human interest.

The Dukes of Rutland are another family dating their greatness from a share in the spoil of the monasteries. Thomas Manners, first Earl of Rutland, drew one of the best repartees ever made from Sir Thomas More, then Lord Chancellor. "*Honores mutant mores*," said the Earl to Sir Thomas in resent for some fancied affront. "Nay, my lord," replied More; "the pun is better translated into English—Honors change Manners." Among the descendants of this nobleman two are worthy a passing notice; viz., John, Marquis of Granby, the most dashing of cavalry officers, whose bluff features may still be seen on the signboards of many taverns in England; and Lord John Manners, heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Rutland, and a member of the present Cabinet. Lord John is chiefly famous as the author of a poem in which occur the oft-quoted lines:

Let arts and learning, laws and commerce die,
But keep us still our old nobility—

perhaps the most remarkable sentiment ever uttered even by a young man. It is fair to Lord John Man-

ners to add that he was a fairly successful Minister of Public Works under two administrations, showing indeed a good deal of taste and no contempt at all for the arts. Another Manners was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1805 to 1828; but beyond having an income of something like \$180,000 punctually during nearly a quarter of a century, this prelate cannot be considered to have done anything noteworthy. The Archbishop's son was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1817 to 1834, and was raised to the peerage in 1835 as Viscount Canterbury—a peerage being the invariable termination of a modern Speaker's career. The present Lord Canterbury (his son) has been Governor of Victoria and two or three other colonies; for men do not belong to a ducal family for nothing.

There are but eleven Dukes of England properly so called; that is, Dukes sitting in the House of Lords as such, and deriving their titles from creations before the union with Scotland. The Duke of Norfolk, as before stated, is the first of these, and the Duke of Rutland the last in order of precedence. The patent of the latter as Duke bears date March 29, 1703. There are also Dukes of Great Britain and of the United Kingdom, as well as of Scotland and Ireland; but those of the two sister kingdoms sit by inferior titles among their peers, and all the Dukes not of England take precedence among each other by somewhat intricate rules of precedence, into which it is not worth while to enter. The dukedoms are twenty-eight in all, exclusive of those held by princes of the blood royal. The honor has been very sparingly bestowed in late years. The last conferred by George III. was that of Northumberland, the King refusing to make any more creations, except in favor of his own descendants. The Prince Regent made Lord Wellington a duke, and after his accession to the throne raised Lord Buckingham to the same dignity. William IV. made two more, and her

present Majesty has added an equal number to the list.

The history of one ducal family is the history of all. They generally boast a founder of some abilities, and produce one or two men, seldom more, who leave their mark on the annals of their country. It would be strange if it were otherwise, considering the enormous opportunities which a title, joined to fair means, gives to its possessor in England. The privileges with which acts of Parliament and courtly lawyers in bygone ages invested the nobility have long since become nominal. A peer, has now no right as such to tender advice to the Queen. If libelled, he can no more terrify the offender with the penalties of *scandalum magnatum*, but must content himself with the same remedies as do other folk; if he cannot be arrested for debt, he shares that privilege with all the Queen's subjects; and if he continues to be a hereditary member of the Legislature, it is because the chamber in which he sits has been reduced to a moderating committee of the sovereign assembly. But the nameless privileges of persons of rank are great indeed. The army, the navy, the Church are filled with them or their dependents. Till within the last few years, the diplomatic service was regarded as their peculiar property. In the present House of Commons, the second elected by household suffrage, fully one-third of the members are sons of peers, baronets, or closely allied by marriage, or otherwise, to the titled classes. A fair proportion of these are Liberals; the Queen's son-in-law, Lord Lorne, member for Argyllshire, being a professor of "Liberal" opinions, as also Lord Staf-

ford, son of the Duke of Sutherland, and Lord de Gray, son of the Marquis of Ripon. Such Liberals serve the useful function of "watering" the creed of their party, which might otherwise prove too strong for the Constitution. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright would doubtless have gone much further in the path of reform if unfettered by ducal retainers.

And yet, though England is still very far from the realization of that political equality which American citizens enjoy among themselves, and which is perhaps one of the few ascertainable benefits Frenchmen have derived from the revolution, there can be no doubt as to the direction in which England is advancing. Democracy is the goal of the future, and it is even in sight, though a long way off. For instance, considerable as is the parliamentary influence of certain noblemen in the present day, it is influence and no more. Before the Reform act of 1832, the parliamentary "influence" of a peer, as it was euphemistically termed, meant that he had the absolute disposal of one or more seats in the House of Commons. The Duke of Norfolk, as before mentioned, returned eleven members, the Duke of Richmond three, Lord Buckingham six, the Duke of Newcastle seven. In the year 1820, out of the twenty-six prelates sitting in the House of Lords, only six were not directly or indirectly connected with the peerage; while the value of some of the sees was enormous. Now public opinion is too formidable to allow of jobbery that is not very discreetly managed, and a great deal no doubt is thus managed. But appearances must be kept up.

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, MUCH DESIRED PRIZE, SWEET
LIBERTY!"

THE summer had gone and much even of the autumn, and Miss Grey and her companion were settled in London. Minola had had everything planned out in her mind before they left Dukes-Keeton, and little Miss Blanchet was positively awed by her leader's energy, knowledge, and fearlessness. The first night of their arrival in town they went to a quiet, respectable, old-fashioned hotel, well known of Keeton folk, where Miss Grey's father used to stay during his visits to London for many years, and where his name was still well remembered. Then the two strangers from the country set out to look for lodgings, and Miss Grey was able to test her knowledge of London, and satisfy her pride of learning, by conducting her friend straightway to the region in which she had resolved to make a home for herself. She had been greatly divided in mind for a while between Kensington and the West Centre; between the neighborhood of the South Kensington Museum, the glades of the gardens, and all the charms of the old court suburb, and the temptations of the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the old-fashioned squares and houses around the latter. She decided for the British Museum quarter. Miss Blanchet would have preferred the brightness and air of fashion which belonged to Kensington, but Miss Grey ruled that to live somewhere near the British Museum was more like living in London, and she energetically declared that she would rather live in Seven Dials than out of London.

To find a pleasant and suitable lodging would ordinarily have been a difficulty; for the regular London lodging-

house keeper detests the sight of women, and only likes the gentleman who disappears in the morning and returns late at night. But luckily there are Keeton folk everywhere. As a rule nobody is born in London, "except children," as a lady once remarked. Come up to London from whatever little Keeton you will, you can find your compatriots settled everywhere in the metropolis. Miss Grey obtained from the kindly landlady of the hotel—who had herself been born in Keeton, and was married to a Glasgow man—a choice of Keeton folk willing to receive respectable and well-recommended lodgers—"real ladies" especially. Miss Grey, being cordially vouched for by the landlady as a real lady, found out a Keeton woman in the West Centre who had a drawing-room and two bedrooms to let.

Had Miss Grey invented the place it could not have suited her better. It was an old-fashioned street, running out of a handsome old-fashioned square. The street was no thoroughfare. Its other end was closed by a solemn, sombre structure with a portico, and over the portico a plaster bust of Pallas. This was an institution or foundation of some kind which had long outlived the uses whereto it had been devoted by its pious founder. It now had nothing but a library, a lecture hall, an enclosed garden (into which, happily for her, the windows of Miss Grey's bedroom looked), an old fountain in the garden, considerable funds, a board of trustees, and an annual dinner. This place lent an air of severe dignity to the street, and furthermore kept the street secluded and quiet by blocking up one of its ends and inviting no traffic. The house in which our pair of wanderers was lodging was itself old-fashioned, and in a manner picturesque. It had

broad old staircases of stone, and a large hall and fine rooms. It had once been a noble mansion, and the legend was that its owner had entertained Dr. Johnson there and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and that Mrs. Thrale had often been handed up and down that staircase. Minola loved association with such good company, and it may be confessed went up and down the stairs several times for no other purpose whatever than the pleasure of fancying herself following in the footsteps of bright Mrs. Thrale, with whose wrongs Miss Grey, as a misanthrope, was especially bound to sympathize.

The drawing-room happily looked at least aslant over the grass and the trees of the square. Minola's bedroom, as has been said, looked into the garden of the institution, with its well-kept walks, its shrubs, and its old-fashioned fountain, whose quiet plash was always heard in the seclusion of the back of the house. Had the trunks of the trees been just a little less blackened by smoke our heroine might well have fancied, as she looked from her bedroom window of nights, that she was in some quaint old abode in a quiet country town. But in truth she did not desire to encourage any such delusion. To feel that she was in the heart of London was her especial delight. This feeling would have brightened and glorified a far less attractive place. She used to sit down alone in her bedroom of nights in order to think quietly to herself, "Now I am at last really in London; not visiting London, but living in it." There at least was one dream made real. There was one ambition crowned. "Come what will," she said to herself, "I am living in London." In London and freedom she grew more and more healthy and happy. As a wearied Londoner might have sought out say Keeton, and found new strength and spirits there, so our Keeton girl, who was somewhat pale and thin when she sat on the steps of the ducal mausoleum, grew stronger and brighter

every day in the West Centre regions of London.

A happier, quieter, freer life could hardly be imagined, at least for her. She spent hours in the National Gallery and the Museum; she walked with Mary Blanchet in Regent's Park, and delighted to find out new vistas and glimpses of beauty among the trees there, and to insist that it was ever so much better than any place in the country. As autumn came on and the trees grew barer and the skies became of a heavier silver gray, Minola found greater charms in their softened half tones than the brighter lights of summer could give. Even when it rained—and it did rain sometimes—who could fail to see the beauty, all its own, of the green of grass, and the darker stems and branches of trees, showing faintly through the veil of the mist and the soft descending shower? It was, indeed, a delightful Arcadian life. Its simplicity can hardly be better illustrated than by the fact that our adventurous pair of women always dined at one o'clock—when they dined at all—off a chop, except on Sundays, when they invariably had a cold fowl.

Much as Miss Grey loved London, however, it was still a place made up of men whom she considered herself bound to dislike, and of women who depended far too much on these men. Therefore she made studies of scraps of London life, and amused herself by satirizing them to her friend.

"I have accomplished a chapter of London, Mary," she said one evening before their reading had set in. "I have completed my social studies of our neighbors in Gainsborough Place"—a little street of shops near at hand. "I am prepared to give you a complete court guide as to the grades of society there, Mary, so that you may know at once how to demean yourself to each and all."

"Do tell me all about it; I should very much like to know."

"Shall we begin with the highest or the lowest?"

"I think," Miss Blanchet said with a gentle sigh, expressive of no great delight in the story of the lower classes, "I would rather you begin low down, dear, and get done with them first."

"Very well; now listen. The lowest of all is the butcher. He is a wealthy man, I am sure, and his daughter, who sits in the little office in the shop, is a good-looking girl, I think. But in private life nobody in Gainsborough Place mixes with them on really cordial terms. Their friends come from other places; from butchers' shops in other streets. They do occasionally interchange a few courtesies with the family of the baker; but the baker's wife, though not nearly so rich, rather patronizes and looks down upon Mrs. Butcher."

"Dear me!" said the poetess. "What odd people!"

"Well, the pastry-cook's family will have nothing to do, except in the way of business, with butcher or baker; but they are very friendly with the grocer, and they have evenings together. Now the two little old maids, who keep the stationer's shop where the post-office is, are very genteel, and have explained to me more than once that they don't feel at home in this quarter, and that their friends are in the West End. But they are not well off, poor things, I fear, and they like to spend an evening now and then with the family of the grocer and the pastry-cook, who are rather proud to receive them, and can give them the best tea and Madeira cake; and both the little ladies assure me that nothing can be more respectable than the families of the pastry-cook and the grocer—for their station in life, they always add."

"Oh, of course," Miss Blanchet said, who was listening with great interest as to a story, having that order of mind to which anything is welcome that offers itself in narrative form, but not having any perception of a satirical purpose in the whole explanation. Minola appreciated the "of course," and somehow became discouraged.

"Well," she said, "that's nearly all, except for the family of the chemist, who live next to the little ladies of the post-office, and who only know even them by sufferance, and would not for all the world have any social intercourse with any of the others. It's delightful, I think, to find that London is not one place at all, but only a cluster of little Keetons. This one street is Keeton to the life, Mary. I want to pursue my studies deeper though; I want to find out how the gradations of society go between the mothers of the boy who drives the butcher's cart, the baker's boy, and pastry-cook's boy."

"Oh, Minola dear!"

"You think all this very unpoetic, Mary, and you are shocked at my interest in these prosaic and lowly details. But it is a study of life, my dear poetess, and it amuses and instructs me. Only for chance, you know, I might have been like *that*, and it is a grand thing to learn one's own superiority."

"You never could have been like that, Minola; you belong to a different class."

"Yes, yes, dear, that is quite true. I belong to the higher classes entirely; my father was a country architect, my stepfather is a Nonconformist minister—these are of the aristocracy everywhere."

"You are a lady—a woman of education, Minola," the poetess said almost severely. She could not understand how even Miss Grey herself could disparage Miss Grey and her parentage in jest.

"I can assure you, dear, that one of the pastry-cook's daughters, whom I talked with to-day, is a much better educated girl than I am. You should hear her talk French, Mary. She has been taught in Paris, dear, and speaks so well that I found it very hard to understand her. She plays the harp, and knows all about Wagner. I don't. I like her very much, and she is coming here to take tea with us."

The poetess was not delighted with

this kind of society, but she never ventured to contradict her leader.

"You can talk to every one I do really believe," she said. "I find it so hard to get on with people—with some people."

"I feel so happy and so free here. I can say all the cynical things that please me—you don't mind—and I can like or dislike as I choose."

"I am afraid you dislike more than you like, Minola."

"I think I could like any one who had some strong purpose in life; not the getting of money, or making a way in society. There are such, I suppose; I don't know."

"When you meet my brother I am sure you will acknowledge that he has a purpose in life which is not the getting of money," said Miss Blanchet. "But you don't like men."

Minola made no reply. Poor little Miss Blanchet felt so kindly to all the race of men that she did not understand how any woman could really dislike them.

"I am going to do something that will please you to-morrow," Miss Grey said, feeling that she owed her companion some atonement for not warming to the mention of her brother. "I am positively going to hunt out Lucy Money. They must have returned by this time."

This was really very pleasant news for Miss Blanchet. She had been longing for her friend to renew her acquaintance with Miss Lucy Money, about whom she had many dreams. It did not occur to Mary Blanchet to question directly even in her own mind the decrees of Miss Grey, or to say to herself that the course of life which they were leading was not the most delightful that could be devised. But, if the little poetess could have ventured to translate vague yearnings into definite thoughts, she would, perhaps, have acknowledged to herself a faint desire that the brilliant passages of the London career she had marked out for herself in anticipation should come rather more quickly than they just now

seemed likely to do. At present there was not much difference perceptible to her between London and Duke's-Keeton. Nobody came to see them. Even her brother had not yet presented himself. Her poem did not make much progress; there was no great incentive to poetic work. Minola and she did not know any poets, or artists, or publishers. Mary Blanchet's poetic tastes were of a somewhat old-fashioned school, and did not include any particular care for looking at trees, and fields, and water, and skies, although these objects of natural beauty were made to figure in the poems a good deal in connection with, and illustrative of, the emotions of the poetess. Therefore the rambles in the park were not so delightful to her as to her leader; and when the evening set in, and Minola and she read to each other, Mary Blanchet was always rather pleased if an opportunity occurred for interrupting the reading by a talk. She was particularly anxious that Minola should renew her acquaintance with her old schoolfellow, Miss Lucy Money, whose father she understood to be somehow a great sort of person, and through whom she saw dimly opening up a vista, perhaps the only one for her, into society and literature. But the Money family were out of town when our friends came to London, and Miss Blanchet had to wait; and, even when it was probable that they had returned, Miss Grey did not seem very eager to renew the acquaintance. Indeed, her resolve to visit Miss Money now was entirely a good-natured concession to the evident desire of Mary Blanchet. Minola saw her friend's little ways and weaknesses clearly, and smiled now and then as she thought of them, and liked her none the less for them—rather, indeed, felt her breast swell with kindness and pity. It pleased her generous heart to gratify her companion in every way, to find out things that she liked and bring them to her, to study her little innocent vanities, that she might gratify them. What little dainties Mary

Blanchet liked to have with her tea, what pretty ribbons she thought it became her to wear—these Miss Grey was always perplexing herself about. When she found that she liked to be alone sometimes; that she must have a long walk unaccompanied, that she must have thoughts which Mary would not care to hear, then she felt a pang of remorse, as if she were guilty of a breach of true *camaraderie*, and she could not rest until she had relieved her soul by some special mark of attention to her friend. On the other hand, Mary Blanchet, for all her dreams and aspirations, was a sensible and managing little person, who got for Miss Grey about twice the value that she herself could have obtained out of her money. This was a fact which Minola always took care to impress upon her companion, for she dreaded lest Miss Blanchet should feel herself a dependent. Miss Blanchet, however, in a modest way, knew her value, and had besides one of the temperaments to which dependence on some really loved being comes natural, and is inevitable.

So Minola set out next day, about three o'clock, to look up her schoolfellow, Miss Lucy Money. She went forth on her mission with some unwillingness, and with a feeling as if she were abandoning some purpose or giving up a little of a principle in doing so. "I came to London to live alone and independent," she said to herself sometimes, "and already I am going out to seek for acquaintances. Why do I do that? I want strength of purpose. I am just like everybody else"; and she began, as was her wont, to scrutinize her own weaknesses, and bear heavily on them. For, absurd as it may seem, this odd young woman really did propose to live alone—herself and Mary Blanchet—in London until they died—alone, that is, so far as social life and acquaintanceships in society were concerned. Vast and vague schemes for doing good to her neighbors, and for striving in especial to give a helping hand to troubled women, were in Miss Grey's plans of

life; but society, so called, was to have no part in them. It did not occur to her that she was far too handsome a girl to be allowed to put herself thus under an extinguisher or behind a screen. When people looked after her as she passed through the streets, she assumed that they noticed some rustic peculiarity in her dress or her hat, and she felt a contempt for them. Her love of London did not imply a love of Londoners, whom in general she thought rude and given to staring. But even if she had thought people were looking at her because of her figure, her face, her eyes, her superb hair, she would have felt a contempt for them all the same. She had a proud indifference to personal beauty, and looked down upon men whose judgment could be affected by the fact that a woman had finer eyes, or brighter hair, or a more shapely mould than other women.

Once Minola was positively on the point of turning back, and renouncing all claim on the acquaintanceship of her former school companion. She suddenly remembered, however, that in condemning her own fancied weakness she had forgotten that her visit was undertaken to oblige Mary Blanchet. "Poor Mary! I have only one little acquaintanceship that has anything to do with society, and am I to deny her that chance if she likes it?" She went on rapidly and resolutely. Sometimes she felt inclined to blame herself for bringing Mary Blanchet away from Keeton, although Mary had for years been complaining of her life and her work there, and beseeching Miss Grey not to leave her behind when she went to live in London.

It was a beautiful autumn day. London looks to great advantage on one of these rare days, and Miss Grey felt her heart swell with mere delight as she looked from the streets to the sky and from the sky to the streets. She passed through one or two squares, and stopped to see the sun, already going down, send its light through the bare branches of the trees. The west-

ern sky was covered with gray, silver-edged clouds, which brightened into blots of golden fire as they came closer in the track of the sun. The air was mild, soft, and almost warm. All poets and painters are full of the autumnal charms of the country; but to certain oddly constituted minds some street views in London on a fine autumn day have an unspeakable witchery. Miss Grey walked round and round one of the squares, and had to remind herself of her purpose on Mary Blanchet's behalf in order to impel herself on.

The best of the day had gone, and the early evening was looking somewhat chill and gloomy between the huge ramparts of the Victoria street houses by the time that Miss Grey stood in that solemn thoroughfare, and her heart sank a little as she reached the house where her old school friend lived.

"Perhaps Lucy Money is altogether changed," Miss Grey said to herself as she came up to the door. "Perhaps she won't care about me; perhaps I shan't like her any more; and perhaps her mamma will think me a dreadful person for not honoring my stepfather and stepmother. Perhaps there are brothers—odious, slangy young men, who think girls fall in love with them. Oh, yes, here is one of them."

For just as she had rung the bell a hansom cab drove up to the door, and a tall, dark-complexioned young man leaped out. He raised his hat with what seemed to Miss Grey something the manner of a foreigner when he saw her standing at the door, and she felt a momentary thrill of relief, because, if he was a foreigner, he could not be Lucy Money's brother. Besides, she knew very well that the great houses in Victoria street were occupied by several tenants, and there was good hope that the young man might have business with the upper story, and she with the ground floor.

The young man was about to ring the bell, when he stopped and said:

"Perhaps you have rung already?"

"Yes, I have rung," Miss Grey coldly replied.

"This is Mr. Money's, I suppose?"

"Mr. Money lives here," she answered, with the manner of one resolute to close the conversation. The young man did not seem in the least impressed by her tone.

"Perhaps I have the honor of speaking to Miss Money?" he began, with delighted eagerness.

"No. I am not Miss Money," she answered, still in her clear monotone.

No words could say more distinctly than the young man's expression did, "I am sorry to hear it." Indeed, no young man in the world going to visit Mr. Money could have avoided wishing that the young lady then standing at the door might prove to be Miss Money.

The door opened, and the young man drew politely back to give Miss Grey the first chance. She asked for Miss Lucy Money, and the porter rang a bell for one of Mr. Money's servants. Miss Grey had brought a card with her, on which she had written over her engraved name, "For Lucy Money," and beneath it, "Nola," the short rendering of "Minola," which they used to adopt at school.

Then the porter looked inquiringly at the other visitor.

"If Mr. Money is at home," said the latter, "I should be glad to see him. I find I have forgotten my card case, but my name is Heron—Mr. Victor Heron; and do, please, try to remember it, and to say it rightly."

CHAPTER V.

MISS GREY'S FIRST CALL.

MR. MONEY's home, like Mr. Money himself, conveyed to the intelligent observer an idea of quiet, self-satisfied strength. Mr. Money had one of the finest and most expensive suites of rooms to be had in the great Victoria street buildings, and his rooms were furnished handsomely and richly. He had servants in sober livery, and a carriage

for his wife and daughters, and a little brougham for himself. He made no pretence at being fashionable; rather indeed seemed to say deliberately, "I am a plain man and don't care twopence about fashion, and I despise making a show of being rich; but I am rich enough for all I want, and whatever money can buy for me I can buy." He would not allow his wife and daughters to aim at being persons of fashion had they been so inclined; but they might spend as much money as ever they pleased. He never made a boast of his original poverty, or the humbleness of his bringing up, nor put on any vulgar show of rugged independence. The impression he made upon everybody was that of a completely self-sufficing—we do not say self-sufficient—man. It was not very clear how he had made his money. He had been at the head of one of the working departments under the Government, had somehow fancied himself ill treated, resigned his place, and, it was understood, had entered into various contracts to do work for the governments of foreign States. It was certain that Mr. Money was not a speculator. His name never appeared in the directors' list of any new company. He could not be called a city man. But it was certain that he was rich.

Mr. Money was in Parliament. He was a strong radical in theory, and was believed to have much stronger opinions than he troubled himself to express. There was a rough, scornful way about him, as of one who dearly considered all our existing arrangements merely provisional, and who in the mean time did not care to occupy himself overmuch with the small differences between this legislative proposition and that. It was not on political subjects that he usually spoke. He was a very good speaker, clear, direct, and expressive in his language, always using plain, effective words, and always showing a perfect ease in the finishing of his sentences. There was a savor of literature about him,

and it was evident in many indirect ways that he knew Greek and Latin much better than most of the university men. The impression he produced was that of a man who on most subjects knew more than he troubled himself to display. It seemed as if it would take a very ready speaker indeed to enter into personal contest with Mr. Money and not get the worst of it.

He was believed to be very shrewd and clever, and was known to be liberal of his money. People consulted him about many things, and to some extent admired him; some were a little afraid of him, and, in homely phrase, fought shy of him. Perhaps he was thought to be unscrupulous; perhaps his blunt way of going at the very heart of a scruple in others made them fancy that he rather despised all moral conventionalities. Whatever the reason was, a certain class of persons always rather distrusted Mr. Money, and held aloof even while asking his advice. No one who had come in his way even for a moment forgot him, or was confused as to his identity, or failed to form some opinion about or could have put clearly into words an exact statement of the opinion he had formed.

On this particular day of autumn Mr. Money was in his study reading letters. He was talking to himself in short, blunt sentences over each letter as he read it, and put it into a pigeon-hole, or tore it and threw it into the waste-paper basket. His sentences were generally concise judgments pronounced on each correspondent. "Fool." "Blockhead." "Just so; I expected that of you!" "Yes, yes, he's all right." "That will do." Sometimes a comment, begun rather gruffly, ended in a good-natured smile, and sometimes Mr. Money, having read a letter to the close with a pleased and satisfied expression, suddenly became thoughtful, and leaned upon his desk, drumming with the finger tips of one hand upon his teeth.

A servant interrupted his work by

bringing him a message and a name. Mr. Money looked up, said quickly, "Yes, yes; show him in!" and Mr. Victor Heron was introduced.

Mr. Money advanced to meet his visitor with an air of cordial welcome. One peculiarity of Mr. Money's strong, homely face was the singular sweetness of the smile which it sometimes wore. The full lips parted so pleasantly, the white teeth shone, and the eyes, that usually seemed heavy, beamed with so kindly an air, that to youth at least the influence was for the moment irresistible. Victor Heron's emotional face sparkled with responsive expression.

"Well, well; glad to see you, glad to see you. Knew you would come. Shove away those blue books and sit down. We haven't long got back; but I tried to find you, and couldn't get at your address. They didn't know at the Colonial Institute even. And how are you, and what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Not much good," Heron replied, thinking as usual of his grievance. "I couldn't succeed in seeing anybody."

"Of course not, of course not. I could have told you so. People are not yet coming back to town, except hard working fellows like me. Have you been cooling your heels in the antechambers of the Colonial office?"

"Yes, I have been there a little; not much. I saw it was no use just yet, and that isn't a kind of occupation I delight in." The young man's face reddened with the bare memory of his vexation. "I hate that sort of thing."

"To go where you know people don't want to see you? Yes, it tries young and sensitive people a good deal. They've put you off?"

"As I told you, I have seen nobody yet. But I mean to persevere. They shall find I am not a man to be got rid of in that way."

Mr. Money made no observation on this, but went to a drawer in his desk and took out a little book with pages alphabetically arranged.

"I have been making inquiries about you," he said, "of various people who know all about the colonies. Would you like to hear a summary description of your personal character? Don't be offended—this is a way I have; the moment a person interests me and seems worth thinking about, I enter him in my little book here, and sum up his character from my own observation and from what people tell me. Shall I read it for you? I wouldn't, you may be sure, if I thought you were anything of a fool."

This compliment, of course, conquered Heron, who was otherwise a good deal puzzled. But there was something in Mr. Money's manner with those in whom he took any interest, that prevented their feeling hurt by his occasional bluntness.

"I don't know myself," Heron said.

"Of course you don't. What busy man, who has to know other people, could have time to study himself? That work might do for philosophers. I may teach you something now, and save you the trouble."

"I suppose I ought to make my own acquaintance," said Heron resignedly, while much preferring to talk of his grievance.

"Very good. Now listen."

"Heron, Victor.—Formerly in administration of St. Xavier's settlements. Got into difficulty; dropped down. Education good, but literary rather than businesslike. Plenty of pluck, but wants coolness. Egotistic, but unselfish. Good deal of talent and go. Very honest, but impracticable. A good weapon in good hands, but must take care not to be made a plaything."

Heron laughed. "It's a little like the sort of thing phrenologists give people," he said, "but I think it's very flattering. I can assure you, however, no one shall make a plaything of me," he added with emphasis.

"So we all think, so we all think," Mr. Money said, putting away his book. "Well, you are going on with this then?"

"I am going to vindicate my conduct, and compel them to grant me an inquiry, if you mean that. Nothing on earth shall keep me from that."

"So, so. Very well. We'll talk about that another time—many other times; and I may give you some advice, which you needn't take if you don't like, and I shan't be offended. Now, I want to introduce you to my wife and my girls, and you must have a cup of tea. Odd, isn't it, to find men drinking tea at five o'clock in the afternoon? Up at the club, any day about that hour, you might think we were a drawing-room full of old spinsters, to hear the rattling of teacups that goes on all around."

He took Heron's arm in a friendly, dictatorial way, and conducted him to the drawing-room on the same floor.

The drawing-room was entered, not by opening a door, but by withdrawing some folds of a great, heavy, dark-green curtain. Mr. Money drew aside part of the curtain to make way for his friend; and they both stopped a moment on the threshold. A peculiar, sweet, half melancholy smile gave a strange dignity for the moment to Mr. Money's somewhat rough face, and he gently let the curtain fall.

"Wasn't there some great person, Mr. Heron—Burke, was it?—who used to say that whatever troubles he had outside all ceased as he stood at his own door? Well, I always feel like that when I lift this curtain."

It was a pretty sight, as he again raised the curtain and led Heron in. The drawing-room was very large, and was richly, and, as it seemed to Heron, somewhat oddly furnished. The light in the lower part was faint and dim, a sort of yellowish twilight, procured by softened lamps. The upper extremity was steeped in a far brighter light, and displayed to Heron, almost as on a stage, a little group of women, among whom his quick eye at once saw the girl who had come up to the door at the same time with him. She was, indeed, a very conspicuous figure, for she was seated on a sofa, and one girl

sat at her feet, while another stood at the arms of the sofa and bent over her. An elderly lady, with voluminous draperies that floated over the floor, was reclining on a low arm-chair, with her profile turned to Heron. On a fancy table near, a silver tea-tray glittered. A daintily dressed waiting-maid was serving tea.

"Take care of the floors as you come along," said Money. "We like to put rugs, and rolls of carpet, and stools now in all sorts of wrong places, to trip people up. That shows how artistic we are! Theresa, dear, this is my friend, Mr. Heron."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Heron," said a full, deep, melancholy voice, and a tall, slender lady partly rose from her chair, then sank again amid her draperies, bowed a head topped by a tiny lace cap, and held out to Heron a thin hand covered with rings, and having such bracelets and dependent chainlets that when Heron gave it even the gentlest pressure, they rattled like the manacles of a captive.

"We saw you in Paris, Mr. Heron," the lady graciously said, "but I think you hardly saw us."

"These are my daughters, Mr. Heron, Theresa and Lucy. I think them good girls, though full of nonsense," said Mr. Money.

Lucy, who had been on a footstool at Miss Grey's feet, gathered herself up, blushing. She was a pretty girl, with brown, frizzy hair, and wore a dress which fitted her so closely from neck to hip that she might really have been, to all seeming, melted or moulded into it. The other young lady, Theresa, slightly and gravely inclined her head to Mr. Heron, who at once thought the whole group most delightful and beautiful, and found his breast filled with a new pride in the loved old England that produced such homes and furnished them with such women.

"Dear, darling papa," exclaimed the enthusiastic little Lucy, swooping at her father, and throwing both arms round his neck, "we have had such a

joy to-day, such a surprise ! Don't you see anybody here ? Oh, come now, do use your eyes."

"I see a young lady whom I have not yet the pleasure of knowing, but whom I hope you will help me to know, Lucelet."

Mr. Money turned to Miss Grey with his genial smile. She rose from the sofa and bowed and waited. She did not as yet quite understand the Money family, and was not sure whether she ought to like them or not. They impressed her at first as being far too rich for her taste, and odd and affected, and she hated affectation.

"But this is Nola Grey, papa—my dearest old schoolfellow when I was at Keeton; you must have heard me talk of Nola Grey a thousand times."

So she dragged her papa up to Nola Grey, whose color grew a little at this tempestuous kind of welcome.

"Dare say I did, Lucelet, but Miss Grey, I am sure will excuse me if I have forgotten; I am very glad to see you, Miss Grey—glad to see any friend of Lucelet's. So you come from Keeton ? That's another reason why I should be glad to see you, for I just now want to ask a question or two about Keeton. Sit down."

Miss Grey allowed herself to be led to a sofa a little distance from where she had been sitting. Mr. Money sat beside her.

"Now, Lucelet, I want to ask Miss Grey a sensible question or two, which I don't think you would care twopence about. Just you go and help our two Theresas to talk to Mr. Heron."

"But, papa darling, Miss Grey won't care about what you call sensible subjects any more than I. She won't know anything about them."

"Yes, dear, she will; look at her forehead."

"Oh, I have looked at it ! Isn't it beautiful ?"

"I didn't mean that," Mr. Money said with a smile; "I meant that it looked sensible and thoughtful. Now, go away, Lucelet, like a dear little girl."

Miss Grey sat quietly through all this. She was not in the least offended. Mr. Money seemed to her to be just what a man ought to be—uncouth, rough, and domineering. She was amused meanwhile to observe the kind of devotion and enthusiasm with which Mr. Heron was entering into conversation with Mrs. Money and her elder daughter. That, too, was just what a man ought to be—a young man—silly in his devotion to women, unless, perhaps, where the devotion was to be accounted for otherwise than by silliness, as in a case like the present, where the unmarried women might be presumed to have large fortunes. So Miss Grey liked the whole scene. It was as good as a play to her, especially as good as a play which confirms all one's own theories of life.

"England, Mr. Heron," said Mrs. Money in her melancholy voice, "is near her fall."

"Oh, Mrs. Money, pray pardon me—England ! you amaze me—I am surprised—do forgive me—to hear an Englishwoman say so; our England with her glorious destiny !" The young man blushed and grew confused. One might have thought his mother had been called in question or his sweetheart.

Mrs. Money shook her head and twirled one of her bracelets.

"She is near her fall, Mr. Heron ! You cannot know. You have lived far away, and do not see what we see. She has proved faithless to her mission."

"Something—yes—there I agree," Mr. Heron eagerly interposed, thinking of the St. Xavier's settlements.

"She was the cradle of freedom," Mrs. Money went on. "She ought to have been always its nursery and home. What have we now, Mr. Heron ! A people absolutely in servitude, the principle of caste everywhere triumphant—corruption in the aristocracy—corruption in the city. No man now dares to serve his country except at the penalty of suffering the blackest ingratitude !"

Mr. Heron was startled. He did not know that Mrs. Money was arguing only from the assumption that her husband was a very great man, who would have done wonderful things for England if a perverse and base ruling class had not thwarted him, and treated him badly.

"England," Theresa Money said, smiling sweetly, but with a suffusion of melancholy, "can hardly be regenerated until she is once more dipped in the holy well."

"You see we all think differently, Mr. Heron," said the eager Lucy. "Mamma thinks we want a republic. Tessy is a saint, and would like to see roadside shrines."

"And you?" Heron asked, pleased with the girl's bright eyes and winning ways.

"Oh—I only believe in the regeneration of England through the renaissance of art. So we all have our different theories, you see, but we all agree to differ, and we don't quarrel much. Papa laughs at us all when he has time. But just now I am taken up with Nola Grey. If I were a man, I should make an idol of her. That lovely, statuesque face, that figure—like the Diana of the Louvre!"

Mr. Heron looked and admired, but one person's raptures about man or woman seldom awaken corresponding raptures in impartial breasts. He saw, however, a handsome, ladylike girl, who conveyed to him a sort of chilling impression.

"She was my schoolfellow at Keeton," Lucy went on, "and she was so good and clever that I adored her then, and I do now again. She has come to London to live alone, and I am sure she must have some strange and romantic story."

Meanwhile Mr. Money, who prefaced his inquiries by telling Miss Grey that he was always asking information about something, began to put several questions to her concerning the local magnates, politics, and parties of Keeton. Minola was rather pleased to be talked to by a man as if she were a ra-

tional creature. Like most girls brought up in a Nonconformist household in a country town, she had been surrounded by political talk from her infancy, but unlike most girls, she had sometimes listened to it and learned to know what it was all about. So she gave Mr. Money a good deal of information, which he received with an approbatory "Yes, yes" or an inquiring "So, so" every now and then.

"You know that there's likely to be a vacancy soon in the representation-member of Parliament," he added by way of explanation.

"I know what a vacancy in the representation means," Miss Grey answered demurely, "but I didn't know there was likely to be one just now. I don't keep up much correspondence with Keeton. I don't love it."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know."

He smiled.

"You are smiling because you think that a woman's answer? So it is, Mr. Money, and I am afraid it isn't true; but I really didn't think of what I was saying. I *do* know why I don't care much about Keeton."

"Yes, yes; well, I dare say you do. But to return, as the books say—do you know a Mr. Augustus Sheppard?"

She could not help coloring slightly. "Yes, I know him," and a faint smile broke over her face in spite of herself.

"Is he strong in Keeton?"

"Strong?"

"Well liked, respectable, a likely kind of man to get good Conservative support if he stood for Keeton? You don't know, perhaps?"

"Yes, I think I do know. I believe he wishes to get into Parliament, and I am sure he is thought highly of. He is a very good man—a man of very high character," she added emphatically, anxious to repair the mental wrong doing of thinking him ridiculous and tiresome.

Just at this moment Mr. Heron rose to take his leave, and Mr. Money left the room with him, so that the conversation with Miss Grey was broken

off. Then Lucy came to Nola again, and Nola was surrounded by the three women, who began to lay out various schemes for seeing her often and making London pleasant to her. Much as our lonely heroine loved her loneliness, she was greatly touched by their spontaneous kindness, but she was alarmed by it too.

A card was brought to Mrs. Money, who passed it on to Lucy.

"Oh, how delightful!" Lucy exclaimed. "So glad he has come, mamma. Nola, dear, a poet—a real poet!"

But Nola would not prolong her visit that day even for a poet. A very handsome, tall, dark-haired man, who at a distance seemed boyishly young, and when near looked worn and not very young, was shown in. For the moment or two that she could see him, Minola thought she had never seen so self-conceited and affected a creature. She did not hear his name nor a word he said, but his splendid, dark eyes, deeply set in hollows, took in every outline of her face and form. She thought him the poet of a schoolgirl's romance made to order.

Minola tore herself from the clinging embraces of Lucy, with less difficulty, perhaps, because of the poet's arrival, to whose society Lucy was clearly anxious to hasten back. It so happened that Mr. Money had kept Mr. Heron for a few minutes in talk, and the result was that exactly as Miss Grey reached the door Mr. Heron arrived there too. They both came out together, and in a moment they were in the gray atmosphere, dun lines of houses, and twinkling gaslights of Victoria street. Minola would much rather have been there alone.

Victor Heron, however, was full of the antique ideas of man's chivalrous duty and woman's sweet dependence, which still lingered in the out-of-the-way colony where he had spent so much of his time. Also, it must be owned that he had not yet quite got rid of the sense of responsibility and universal dictatorship belonging to

the chief man in a petty commonwealth. For some time after his return to London he could hardly see an omnibus horse fall in the street without thinking it was an occasion which called for some intervention on his part. Therefore, when Miss Grey and he stood in the street together Mr. Heron at once assumed that the young woman must, as a matter of course, require his escort and protection.

He calmly took his place at her side. Miss Grey was a little surprised, but said nothing, and they went on.

"Do you live far from this, Miss Money?" he began.

"I am not Miss Money. My name is Grey."

"Of course, yes—I beg your pardon for the mistake. It was only a mistake of the tongue, for I knew very well that you were not Miss Money."

"Thank you."

"And your first name is so very pretty and peculiar that I could not have easily forgotten it."

"I am greatly obliged to my god-fathers and godmothers."

"Did you say that you lived in this quarter, Miss Grey?"

"No—I did not make any answer; I had not time."

"I hope you do not live very near," the gallant Heron observed.

"Why do you hope that?" Miss Grey said, turning her eyes upon him with an air of cold resolution, which would probably have proved very trying to a less sincere maker of compliments, even though a far more dexterous person than Mr. Heron.

"Of course, because I should have the less of your company."

"But there is no need of your coming out of your way for me. I don't require any escort, Mr. Heron."

"I couldn't think of letting a lady walk home by herself. That would seem very strange to me. Perhaps you think me old-fashioned or colonial?"

"I have heard that you are from the colonies. In London people have not time to keep up all these pretty forms

and ceremonies. We don't any longer pretend to think that a girl needs to be defended against giants, or robbers, or mad bulls, when crossing two or three streets in open day."

"Well, it is hardly open day now; it is almost quite dark."

"The lamps are lighted," Miss Gray observed.

"Yes, if you call that being lighted! You have such bad gas in London. Why does not somebody stir up people here, and put things to rights? You seem to me the most patient people in all the world. I wish they would give me the ruling of this place for about a twelvemonth."

"I wish they would."

"Do you?" and he looked at her with a glance of genuine gratitude in his dark eyes, for he thought she meant to express her entire confidence in his governing power, and her wish to see him at the head of affairs. Miss Grey, however, only meant that if he were engaged in directing the municipal government of London he probably would be rather too busy to walk with her.

"Yes," he went on, "you should soon see a change. For instance"—they were now at the end of Victoria street, near the Abbey—"I would begin by having a great broad street, like this, running right up from here to the British Museum. You know where the British Museum is, of course?"

"Yes; I live near it."

"Do you really? I am so glad to hear that. I have been there lately very often. How happy you Londoners are to have such glorious places. In that reading-room I felt inclined to bless England."

Miss Grey was now particularly sorry that she had said anything about her place of residence. Still it did not seem as if much would have been gained by any reticence unless she could actually dismiss her companion peremptorily. Mr. Heron was evidently quite resolved to be her escort all the way along. He was clearly

under the impression that he was making himself very agreeable. The good-natured youth believed he was doing quite the right thing, and meant it all for the very best, and therefore could not suppose that any nice girl could fail to accept his attendance in a kindly spirit. That Miss Grey must be a nice girl he was perfectly certain, for he had met her at Mr. Money's, and Money was evidently a fine fellow—a very fine fellow. Miss Grey was very handsome too, but that did not count for very much with Heron. At least he would have made himself just as readily, under the circumstances, the escort of little Miss Blanchet.

So he talked on about various things—the Money's, and what charming people they were! the British Museum, what a noble institution! the National Gallery, how hideous the building!—why on earth didn't anybody do something?—the glorious destiny of England—the utter imbecility of the English Government.

It was not always quite easy to keep up with his talk, for the streets were crowded and noisy, and Mr. Heron talked right on through every interruption. When they came to crossings where the perplexed currents and counter-currents of traffic on wheels would have made a nervous person shudder, Mr. Heron coolly took Miss Grey's hand and conducted her in and out, talking all the while as if they were crossing a ball-room floor. Minola made it a point of honor not to hesitate, or start, or show that she had nerves. But when he began to run into politics he always pulled himself up, for he politely remembered that young ladies did not care about politics, and so he tried to find some prettier subject to talk about. Miss Grey understood this perfectly well, and was amused and contemptuous.

"I suppose this man must be a person of some brains and sense," she thought. "He was in command of something somewhere, and I suppose even the Government he calls so imbecile would not have put him there if he

were a downright fool. But because he talks to a woman, he feels bound only to talk of trivial things."

At last the walk came to an end. "Ah, I beg pardon. You live here," Mr. Heron said. "May I have the honor of calling on your family? I sometimes come to the Museum, and if I might call, I should be delighted to make their acquaintance."

"Thank you," Miss Grey said coldly. "I have no family. My father and mother are dead."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I wish I had not asked such a question." He looked really distressed, and the expression of his eyes had for the first time a pleasing, softening effect upon Miss Grey.

"We lodge here all alone—a lady—an old friend of mine—and I. We have no acquaintances, unless Lucy Money's family may be called so. We read and study a great deal, and don't go out, and don't see any one."

"I can quite understand," Mr. Heron answered with grave sympathy. "Of course you don't care to be intruded on by visitors. I thank you for having allowed me the pleasure of accompanying you so far."

He spoke in tones much more deferential than before, for he assumed that the young lady was lonely and poor. There was something in his manner, in his eyes, in his grave, respectful voice, which conveyed to Minola the idea of genuine sympathy, and brought to her, the object of it, a new conviction that she really was isolated and friendless, and the springs of her emotions were touched in a moment, and tears flashed in her eyes. Perhaps Mr. Heron saw them, and felt that he ought not to see them, for he raised his hat and instantly left her.

Minola lingered for a moment on the doorstep, in order that she might recover her expression of cheerfulness before meeting the eyes of Miss Blanchet. But that little lady had seen her coming to the door, and seen and marvelled at her escort, and now ran herself and opened the door to receive her.

"My dear Minola, do tell me who that handsome young man was! What lovely dark eyes he had! Where did you meet him? Is he young Mr. Money?"

The poetess's susceptible bosom still thrilled and throbbed at the sight, or even the thought, of a handsome young man. She could not understand how anybody on earth could avoid liking handsome young men. But in this case a certain doubt and dissatisfaction suddenly dissolved away into her instinctive gratification at the sight of Minola's escort. A handsome and young Mr. Money might prove an inconvenient visitor just at present.

Minola briefly told her when they were safe in their room. Miss Blanchet was relieved to find that he was not a young Mr. Money, for a young Mr. Money, if there were one, would doubtless be rich.

"Isn't he wonderfully handsome! Such a smile!"

"I hardly know," Minola said distressedly; "perhaps he is. I really didn't notice. He goes to the Museum, and I must exile myself from the place for evermore, or I shall be always meeting him, and be forced to listen politely to talk about nothing. Mary Blanchet, our days of freedom are gone! We are getting to know people. I foresaw it. What shall we do? We must find some other lodgings ever so far away."

"Do you like Miss Money, dear?" Mary Blanchet asked timidly.

"Lucy? Oh, yes, very much. But there is Mr. Money; and they are going to be terribly kind to us; and they have all manner of friends; and what is to become of my independence? Mary Blanchet, I will not bear it! I will be independent!"

"I have news for you, dear," Miss Blanchet said.

"If it please the destinies, not news of any more friends! Why, we shall be like the hare in Gay's fable if we go on in this way."

"Not of any more friends, darling,

but of one friend. My brother has been here."

"Oh!"

"Yes; and he is longing to see you."

Minola sincerely wished she could say that she was longing to see him. But she could not say it, even to please her friend and comrade.

"You don't want to see him," said Mary Blanchet in piteous reproach.

"But you do, dear," Miss Grey said; "and I shall like to see any one, be sure, who brightens your life."

This was said with full sincerity, although at the very moment the whimsical thought passed through her, "We only want Mr. Augustus Sheppard now to complete our social happiness."

CHAPTER VI.

IS THIS ALCESTE?

MINOLA's mind was a good deal disturbed by the various little events of the day, the incidents and consequences of her first visit in London. She began to see with much perplexity and disappointment that her life of lonely independence was likely to be compromised. She was not sure that she could much like the Moncys, and yet she felt that they were disposed and determined to be very kind to her. There was something ridiculous and painful in the fact that Mr. Augustus Sheppard's name was thrust upon her almost at the first moment of her crossing for the first time a strange threshold in London; then there was Mary Blanchet's brother turning up; and Mary Blanchet herself was evidently falling off from the high design of lonely independence. Again, there was Mr. Heron, who now knew where she lived, and who often went to the British Museum, and who might cross her path at any hour. Sweet, lonely freedom, happy carelessness of action, farewell!

Mr. Heron was especially a trouble to Minola. The kindly, grave expression on his face when he heard of her

living alone declared, as nearly as any words could do, that he considered her an object of pity. Was she an object of pity? Was that the light in which any one could look at her superb project of playing at a lifelong holiday? And if people chose to look at it so, what did that matter to her? Are women, then, the slaves of the opinion of people all around them? "They are," Minola said to herself in scorn and melancholy—"they are; we are. I am shaken to the very soul, because a young man, for whose opinion on any other subject I should not care anything, chooses to look at me with pity!"

The night was melancholy. When the outer world was shut out, and the gas was lighted, and the two women sat down to work and talk, nothing seemed to Minola quite as it had been. The evident happiness and passing high spirits of the little poetess oppressed her. Mary Blanchet was so glad to be making acquaintances, and to have some prospect of seeing the inside of a London home. Then Minola's kinder nature returned to her, and she thought of Mary's delight at seeing her brother, and how unkind it would be if she, Minola, did not try to enter into her feelings. Her mind went back to her own brother, to their dear early companionship, when nothing seemed more natural and more certain than that they two should walk the world arm-in-arm. Now all that had come to an end—faded away somehow; and he had gone into the world on his own account, and made other ties, and forgotten her. But if he were even now to come back, if she were to hear in the street the sound of the peculiar whistle with which he always announced his coming to her—oh, how, in spite of all his forgetfulness and her anger, she would run to him and throw her arms around his neck! Why should not Mary Blanchet love her brother, and gladden when he came?

"What is your brother like, Mary, dear?" she said gently, anxious to

propitiate by voluntarily entering on the topic dearest to her friend.

"Oh, very handsome—very, very handsome!"

Miss Grey smiled in spite of herself.

"Now, Minola, I know what you are smiling at; you think it is my sisterly nonsense, and all that; but wait until you see."

"I'll wait," Minola said.

Miss Grey did not go out the next day as usual, although it was one of the soft, amber-gray, autumnal days that she loved, and the Regent's Park would have looked beautiful. She remained nearly all the morning in her own room, and avoided even Mary Blanchet. Some singular change had taken place within her, for which she could not account, otherwise than by assuming that it was begotten of the fear that she would be drawn, willingly or unwillingly, into uncongenial companionship, and must renounce her liberty. She was forced into a strange, painful, self-questioning mood. Was the whole fabric of her self-appointed happiness and independence only a dream, or, worse than a dream, an error? So soon to doubt the value and the virtue of the emancipation she had prayed for and planned for during years? Not often, perhaps, has a warm-hearted, fanciful, and spirited girl been pressed down by such peculiar relationship as hers at Keeton lately; a twice removed stepfather and stepmother, absolutely uncongenial with her, causing her soul and her youth to congeal amid dull repression. What wonder that to her all happiness seemed to consist in mere freedom and unrestricted self-development? And now—so soon—why does she begin to doubt the reality, the fulfilment of her happiness? Only because an impulsive and kindly young man, whom she saw for the first time, looked pityingly at her. This, she said to herself, is what our self-reliance and our emancipation come to after all.

It was a positive relief to her, after

a futile hour or so of such questioning, when Mary Blanchet ran up stairs, and with beaming eyes begged that Minola would come and see her brother. "He is longing to see you—and you will like him—oh, you will like him, Minola dearest?" she said beseechingly.

Miss Grey went down stairs straightway, without stopping to give one touch to her hair, or one glance at the glass. The little poetess was waiting a moment, with an involuntary look toward the dressing table, as if Miss Grey must needs have some business there before she descended, but Miss Grey thought nothing of the kind, and they went down stairs together.

Minola expected, she could not tell why, to see a small and withered man in Mary Blanchet's brother. When they were entering the drawing-room, he was looking out of the window, and had his back turned, and she was surprised to see that he was decidedly tall. When he turned around she saw not only that he was handsome, but that she had recognized the fact of his being handsome before. For he was unmistakably the ideal poet of schoolgirls whom she had met at Mr. Money's house the day before.

The knowledge produced a sort of embarrassment to begin with. Minola was about to throw her soul into the sacrifice, and greet her friend's brother with the utmost cordiality. But she had pictured to herself a sort of Mary Blanchet in trousers, a gentle, old-fashioned, timid person, whom, perhaps, the outer world was apt to misprize, if not even to snub, and whom therefore it became her, Minola Grey, as an enemy and outlaw of the common world, to receive with double consideration. But this brilliant, self-conceited, affected, oppressively handsome young man, on whom she had seen Lucy Money and her mother hanging devotedly, was quite another sort of person. His presence seemed to overcharge the room; the scene became all compound of tall, bending form and dark eyes.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Blan-

chet," Miss Grey began, determined not to be put out by any self-conceited poet and ideal of schoolgirls. "I must be glad to see you, because you are Mary's brother."

"You ought rather to be not glad to see me for that reason," he said, with a deprecating bow, and a slight shrug of the shoulders, "for I have been a very neglectful brother to Mary."

"So I have heard," Miss Grey said, "but not from Mary. She always defended you. But I have seen you before, Mr. Blanchet, have I not?"

"At Mrs. Money's yesterday? Oh, yes; I only saw you, Miss Grey. I went there to see you, and only in the most literal way got what I wanted."

"But, Herbert, you never told me that you were going, or that you knew Mrs. Money," his sister interposed.

"No, dear; that was an innocent deceit on my part. You told me that Miss Grey had gone there, and as I knew the Moneys I hurried away there without telling you. I wanted to know what you were like, Miss Grey, before seeing my sister again. I hope you are not angry? She is so devoted to you that she painted you in colors the most bewitching; but I was afraid her friendship was carrying her away, and I wanted to see for myself when she was not present."

Miss Grey remained resolutely silent. She thought this beginning particularly disagreeable, and began to fear that she should never be able to like Mary Blanchet's brother. "Oh, why do women have brothers?" she asked herself. There seemed something dishonest in Mr. Blanchet's proceeding despite the frank completeness of his confession.

"Well, Herbert, confess that I didn't do her justice; didn't do her common justice," the enthusiastic Mary exclaimed.

"If Miss Grey would not be offended," her brother said, "I would say that I see in her just the woman capable of doing the kind and generous things I have heard of."

"Yes; but we mustn't talk about it," the poetess said, with tears of gratefulness blinking in her eyes; "and we'll not say a word more about it, Minola; not a word, indeed, dear." And she put a deprecating little hand upon Minola's arm.

Then they all sat down, and Herbert Blanchet began to talk. He talked very well, and he seemed to have put away most of the airs of affectation which, even in her very short opportunity of observation, Minola had seen in him when he was talking to the Money girls.

"You have travelled a great deal," Miss Grey said. "I envy you."

"If you call it travelling. I have drifted about the world a good deal, and seen the wrong sides of everything. I make it pay in a sort of way. When any place that I know is brought into public notice by a war or something of the kind, I write about it. Or if a place is not brought into any present notice by anything, I write about it, and take a different view from anybody else. I have done particularly well with Italy, showing that Naples is the ugliest place in all the world; that the Roman women have shockingly bad figures, and that the climate is wretched from the Alps to the Straits of Messina.

"But you don't think that?" Mary Blanchet said wonderingly.

"Don't I? Well, I don't know. I almost think I do for the moment. One can get into that frame of mind. Besides, I really don't care about scenery. I don't observe it as I pass along. And I like to say what other people don't say, and to see what they don't see. Of course I don't put my name to any of these things; they are only done to make a living. I live *on* such stuff as that. I live *for* Art."

"It is glorious to live for art," his sister exclaimed, pressing her thin, tiny hands together.

Mr. Blanchet did not seem to care much about his sister's approval.

"My art isn't yours, Mary," he said, with a pitying smile. "Pictures of

flowers and little children saying their prayers, and nice poems about good young men and women, are your ideas of painting and poetry, I am sure. You are a lover of the human race, I know."

"I hope I love my neighbors," Mary said earnestly.

"I hope you do, dear. All good little women like you ought to do that. Do *you* love your neighbor, Miss Grey?"

"I don't care much for any one," Miss Grey answered decisively, "except Mary Blanchet. But I have no particular principle or theory about it, only that I don't care for people."

Although Miss Grey had Alceste for her hero, she did not like sham misanthropy, which she now fancied her visitor was trying to display. Perhaps too she began to think that his misanthropy rather caricatured her own.

Miss Blanchet, on the contrary, was inclined to argue the question, and to pelt her brother with touching commonplaces.

"The more we know people," she emphatically declared, "the more good we see in them. In every heart there is a deep spring of goodness. Oh, yes!"

"There isn't in mine, I know," he said. "I speak for myself."

"For shame, Herbert! How else could you ever feel impelled to try and do some good for your fellow creatures?"

"But I don't want to do any good to my fellow creatures. I don't care about my fellow creatures, and I don't even admit that they are my fellow creatures, those men and those women too that one sees about. Why should the common possession of two legs make us fellow creatures with every man, more than with every bird? No, I don't love the human race at all."

"This is nonsense, Minola; you won't believe a word of it," the little poetess eagerly said, divided between admiration and alarm.

"You good, little, innocent dear, is

it not perfectly true? What did I ever do for you, let me ask? There, Miss Grey, you see as kind an elder sister as ever lived. I remember her a perfect mother to me. I dare say I should have been dead thirty years ago but for her, though whether I ought to thank her for keeping me alive is another thing. Anyhow, what was my way of showing my gratitude? As soon as I could shake myself free, I rambled about the world, a very vagrant, and never took any thought of her. We are all the same, Miss Grey, believe me—we men."

"I can well believe it," Miss Grey said.

"Of course you can. In all our dealings with you women we are just the same. Our sisters and mothers take trouble without end for us, and cry their eyes out for us, and we—what do we care? I am not worse than my neighbors. But if you ask me, do I admire my fellow man, I answer frankly, no. Not I. What should I admire him for?"

"One must live for something," the poetess pleaded, much perplexed in her heart as to what Miss Grey's opinion might be about all this.

"Of course one must live for art; for music and poetry, and colors and decoration."

"And Nature?" Mary Blanchet gently insinuated.

"Nature—no! Nature is the buxom sweetheart of ploughboy poets. We only affect to admire Nature because people think we can't be good if we don't. No one really cares about great cauliflower suns, and startling contrasts of blazing purple and emerald green. There is nothing really beautiful in Nature except her decay; her rank weeds, and dank grasses, and funereal evening glooms."

While he talked this way he was seated on the piano stool, with his face turned away from the piano, on whose keys he touched every now and then with a light and seemingly careless hand, bringing out only a faint note that seemed to help the conversa-

tion rather than to interrupt it. He was very handsome, Minola could not help thinking, and there was something in his colorless face and deep eyes that seemed congenial with the talk of glooms and decay. Still, true to her first feeling toward all men, Minola was disposed to dislike him, the more especially as he spoke with an air of easy superiority, as one who would imply that he knew how to maintain his place above women in creation.

"I thought all you poets affected to be in love with Nature," she said. "I mean you younger poets," and she emphasized the word "younger" with a certain contemptuous tone, which made it just what it meant to be—"smaller poets."

"Why younger poets?"

"Well, because the elder ones I think really were in love with Nature, and didn't affect anything."

He smiled pityingly.

"No," he said decisively, "we don't care about Nature—our school."

"I am from the country; I don't think I know what your school is."

"We don't want to be known in the country; we couldn't endure to be known in the country."

"But fame?" Minola asked—"does fame not go outside the twelve-mile radius?"

"Oh, Miss Grey, do pray excuse me, but you really don't understand us; we don't want fame. What is fame? Vulgarity made immortal."

"Then what do you publish for?"

He rose from his seat and seized his hair with both hands; then constrained himself to endurance, and sat down again.

"My dear young lady, we don't publish; we don't intend to publish. No man in his senses would publish for us if we were never so well inclined. No one could sell six copies. The great, thick-headed public couldn't understand us. We are satisfied that the true artist never does have a public—or look for it. The public can have their Tennysons, and

Brownings, and Swinburnes, and Tupper, and all that lot——"

"That lot!" broke in Miss Blanchet, mildly horrified—"that lot! Browning and Tupper put together!"

"My dear Mary, I don't know one of these people from another; I never read any of them now. They are all the same sort of thing to me. These persons are not artists; they are only men trying to amuse the public. Some of them, I am told, are positively fond of politics."

"Don't your school care for politics?" Miss Grey asked, now growing rather amused.

"Oh, no; we never trouble ourselves about such things. What can it matter whether the Reform bill is carried—is there a Reform bill going on now?—I believe there always is—or what becomes of the Eastern Question, or whether New Zealand has a constitution? These are questions for vestrymen, not artists; we don't love man."

"There I am with you," Miss Grey said; "if that alone were qualification enough, I should be glad to be one of your fraternity, for I don't love man; I think he is a poor creature at his best."

"So do I," said the poet, turning toward her with eyes in which for the moment a deep and genuine feeling seemed to light up; "the poorest creature, at his best! Why should any one turn aside for a moment from his path to help such a thing? What does it matter, the welfare of him and his pitiful race? Let us sing, and play, and paint, and forget him and the destiny that he makes such a work about. Wisdom only consists in shutting our ears to his cries of ambition, and jealousy, and pain, and being happy in our own way and forgetting him."

Their eyes met for a moment, and then Minola lowered hers. In that instant a gleam of sympathy had passed from her eyes into his, and he knew it. She felt a little humiliated somehow, like a proud fencer suddenly disarmed at the first touch of his adversary.

For, as he was speaking scorn of the human race, she was saying to herself, "This man, I do believe, has suffered deeply. He has found people cold, and mean, and selfish—as *I* have—and he feels it, and cannot hide it. I did him wrong; he is not a fribble or sham cynic, only a disappointed dreamer." The sympathy which she felt showed itself only too quickly in her very eloquent eyes.

Herbert Blanchet rose after an instant of silence and took his leave, asking permission to call again, which Miss Grey would have gladly refused if she could have stood up against the appealing looks of Mary. So she had to grant him the permission, thinking as she gave it that another path of her liberty was closed.

Mary went to the door with her brother, and, much to Minola's gratification, remained a long time talking with him there.

Miss Grey went to the piano and began to sing; softly to herself, that she might not be heard outside. The short autumnal day was already closing in London. Out in the country there would be two hours yet of light before the round, red sun went down behind the sloping fields, with the fresh upturned earth, and the clumps of trees, but here, in West-Central regions of London, the autumn day dies in its youth. The dusk already gathered around the singer, who sang to please or to soothe herself. In any troubled mood Miss Grey had long been accustomed to clear her spirits by singing to herself; and on many a long, dull Sunday at home—in the place that was called her home—she had committed the not impious fraud of singing her favorite ballads to slow, slow time, that they might be mistaken for hymns and pass unproved. Her voice and way of singing made the

song seem like a sweet, plaintive recitative, just the singing to hear in the "gloaming," to draw a few people hushed around it, and hold them in suspense, fearful to lose a single note, and miss the charm of expression. In truth, the charm of it sprang from the fact that the singer sang to express her own emotions, and thus every tone had its reality and its meaning. When women sing for a listening company, they sing conventionally, and in the way that some teacher has taught, or in what they believe to be the manner of some great artist; or they sing to somebody or at somebody, and in any case they are away from that truthfulness which in art is simply the faithful expression of real emotion. With Minola Grey singing was an end rather than a means; a relief in itself, a new mood in itself; a passing away from poor and personal emotions into ideal regions, where melancholy, if it must be, was always divine; and pain, if it would intrude, was purifying and ennobling. So, while the little poetess talked with her brother in the dusk, at the doorway, with the gas lamps just beginning to light the monotonous street, Minola was singing herself into the pure blue ether, above the fogs, and clouds, and discordant, selfish voices.

She came back to earth with something like a heavy fall, as Mary Blanchet ran in upon her in the dark and exclaimed—

"Now, do tell me—how do you like my brother?"

To say the truth, Miss Grey did not well know. "I wonder is he an Alceste?" she asked herself. On the whole, his coming had made an uncomfortable, anxious, uncanny impression upon her, and she looked back with a kind of hopeless regret on the days when she had London all to herself, and knew nobody.

WORDSWORTH'S CORRECTIONS.

WHEN an author, in his later editions, departs from his earlier text, he is apt to reveal some traits of his method and genius that might not otherwise have been so evident, and a poet's corrections may thus have more than a merely curious interest. Take Mr. Tennyson's, for instance: "The Princess," to say nothing of his shorter emended poems, has been, one might say, rewritten since the first edition, and his corrections are always interesting. Yet they spring, I think, from a narrower range of motive than Wordsworth's; they are directed more exclusively toward the object of artistic finish; they commonly show the poet busied in casting perfume upon the lily. Take this example from "The Miller's Daughter." In the first version of that poem, as it appeared in 1843, we are told that before the heroine's reflection became visible in the mill-pool—

A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream.

Later editions give us this more graceful version of what occurred:

Then leapt a trout. In lazy mood
I watch'd the little circles die;
They passed into the level flood,
And there a vision caught my eye.

Unquestionably that is an improvement, and of a sort which Wordsworth was continually making. But Wordsworth's corrections do not merely illustrate the effort to reach artistic finish, though very many of them are made with that intent; they have a relation to his theories, tastes, creeds, to his temperament and training, to his manner of receiving friendly or hostile criticism; and in comparing these textual variations we seem to watch the artist at his work—to enter in some sort into his very consciousness—as we see him manipulating the form or the thought of his verses:

Τὰ δὲ γορνεύει, τὰ δὲ, κολλομελεῖ,
Καὶ γυμνοῦται, κέντρονομάζει.

Nor is this to consider too curiously; Wordsworth himself has invited us to the task. In his letters as well as in the notes to his poems, frequent mention is made of these labors of emendation. Writing in 1837 to Edward Quillinan, he asks him to "take the trouble . . . of comparing the corrections in my last edition [that of 1836] with the text in the preceding one," "in the correction of which I took great pains," as he had written to Prof. Reed a month before. And there is ample opportunity of this sort; I do not know an ampler one of the kind in the works of any other poet. Tasso's *variae lectiones* are numerous, but they were mostly made to conciliate his critics; Milton's are of great interest, but they are comparatively few in number, and Gray's are fewer still; Pope's are numerous, but not often interesting; while Tennyson's, as I have intimated, seem to me to spring from a less serious poetic faculty than Wordsworth's, and are therefore less significant. But I am anxious not to claim too much significance for Wordsworth's corrections, for I can do little more here than to point out some of them, leaving for the most part their interpretation to the reader. To attempt more than this would be to enter upon an analysis of Wordsworth's genius, for which this is not the occasion.

And yet we shall see, I think, that his genius might be in some sort "restored," as naturalists say, were it necessary, from these fragmentary data, for Wordsworth's corrections cover the whole term of his literary activity. He preferred, one might say, to correct after publication rather than before; and, revising his youthful writing during a second and a third generation following, his final texts had re-

ceived the benefit of more than half a century of criticism by himself and others. From the year 1793, in which his first volumes appeared, the "Evening Walk" and the "Descriptive Sketches," to the year of his death, 1850, he put forth not fewer than twenty-four separate publications in verse, each of which contained more or less of poetry previously unpublished; and in the greater number of these texts may be found variations from the previous readings. The larger part of them, indeed, are slight—the change of single words, the alteration of phrases, the transposition of verses or stanzas. And yet few of them, I think, are quite without interest for persons in whose reading, as Wordsworth himself expresses it, "poetry has continued to be comprehended as a study." I have noted some thousands of his corrections; but a copious citation of them might weary all but actual students of poetic *technique*, a class that is hardly as numerous, I suspect, as that of the actual practitioners of poetry, and I will therefore keep mainly to such *variae lectiones* as may be referred to motives of more general interest.*

The first question which we naturally ask about Wordsworth's corrections is this: Were they improvements? My readers will decide for themselves; for my own part, it seems to me that they generally were improvements; that Wordsworth bettered his text three times out of four when he changed it. Nor is this surprising; few admirers of Wordsworth's poetry

will deny that there were many passages quite susceptible of amendment in it; for that task there was ample room. But on the other hand, it happened not infrequently, as we might expect, that when the poet returned, in the critical mood, to mend his first form of expression, he marred it instead. In the poem, for instance, beginning, "Strange fits of passion have I known," the second stanza as originally published ran thus:

When she I loved was strong and gay,
And like a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath the evening moon.

—*Lyrical Ballads*, 1800.

The passage stood thus for many years, and was finally altered to read:

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening moon.

Is there not some loss of vividness here? The later reading is perhaps the more graceful, and yet the picture seems to me brighter in the early version. This, too, seems a doubtful improvement; it occurs in "The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale." Wordsworth wrote at first:

His staff is a sceptre—his gray hairs a crown:
Erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak
Of the unfaded rose is expressed on his cheek.

—1815.

In later editions we read:

His bright eyes look brighter, set off by the
streak
Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on his cheek.

Here the last line is bettered; but I, for one, am sorry to lose the sunflower comparison; it is picturesque, and it aptly describes this hearty child of the earth.

Look now at the poem "We are Seven," as it began in the "Lyrical Ballads":

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb—
What should it know of death?

It is now sixty years since "dear brother Jim" was dismissed from his place in these lines—dismissed, perhaps, with the less compunction because the stanza was written by another

* After the early poems just mentioned and the "Lyrical Ballads," 1793 to 1802, the chief editions to be consulted for the changes of text are the complete editions of 1807, 1815, and 1836, and the original issues of "The Excursion" (1814), of "The White Doe of Rylston" (1815), of "Peter Bell," and of "The Waggoner" (1819). Unfortunately I have not been able to get access to Mr. W. Johnston's useful collection of Wordsworth's "Earlier Poems" (London, 1867): it would have lightened the task of collecting the *varianæ*, the more important of which, for the period covered by the collection, are given in it. But, having gone in nearly every case to the original texts, I need hardly say that I have been careful to quote them accurately in the present article.

hand—Coleridge's—as an introduction to the rest of the poem. But I think the lines were better as the young poets first sent them forth. “Brother Jim” had, perhaps, no clearly demonstrable business in the poem; and yet, having been there, we miss him now that he is gone. That homely apostrophe had in it the primitive impulses of the Lake school feeling; the phrase refuses to be forgotten, and seems to have a persistent life of its own. I have seen the missing words restored, in pencil marks, to their rightful place in the text of copies belonging to old-fashioned gentlemen who remembered the original reading. Nor can we easily deny existence to our “dear brother Jim”; his name still lingers in our memories, haunting about the page from which it was excluded long ago; he lives, and deserves to live, as the symbol of immortal fraternity.

But as I have said, Wordsworth mended his text oftener than he marred it, and first by refining upon his descriptions of outward nature. Among the cases in point, one occurs in a poem entitled “Influences of Natural objects in calling forth and strengthening the Imagination in Boyhood and early Youth”—a cumbrous heading enough. May I digress for a moment upon the unlucky titles which Wordsworth so often prefixed to his poems, and the improvements occasionally made in them? Surely a less convenient caption than the one just quoted is not often met with, or a less attractive one than this other, prefixed to an inscription not very many times longer than itself:

“Written at the Request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and in his Name, for an Urn, placed by him at the termination of a newly-planted Avenue in the same Grounds.”

Titles like these are not only fatiguing in the very reading, a preliminary disenchantment, but they are not properly names at all; they are headings, rubrics, captions which do not name. Wordsworth seems to send forth these unlucky children of the muse with a

full description of their eyes, hair, and complexion, but forgets to christen them; and I believe that this oversight, though it may not appear a very serious one, has interfered more than a little with the effectiveness of his minor poetry, and consequently with the fame and influence of the poet. For it makes reference to them difficult, almost impossible: how is one to refer to a favorite passage, for instance, in a poem “Written at the Request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and in his Name, for an Urn, placed by him at the termination of a newly-planted Avenue in the same Grounds”? These titles are fit to discourage even the admirers of Wordsworth, and to repel his intending students; nor will they attract any one, for they are formless; they are the abstracts of essays, the *précis* of an argument, rather than fit designations for works of poetic art. A considerable number, too, of Wordsworth's minor pieces remain without name, title, or description of any kind whatever. If that desirable thing, a satisfactory edition of his poems, should ever appear, it will be given us by some editor who shall be sensitive to this northern formlessness, and who may venture, perhaps, to improve the state of Wordsworth's titles.

Let me end this digression by noting another singular title, with its emendation. In the “Lyrical Ballads” of 1798 appeared a poem with this extraordinary caption:

“Anecdote for Fathers, shewing how the art of Lying may be taught.”

Now, certainly, Wordsworth did not intend to teach the art of lying, yet nothing can be clearer than his declaration. He failed to see the ludicrous meaning of these words, and it took him thirty years, apparently, to find out what he had said; but he saw it at last, and dropped the explanatory clause of the title, quoting in its place an apt motto from Eusebius; and we now read:

“Anecdote for Fathers. *Reling vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges;*” and the charming story professes no longer

to show how boys may be taught to lie, but to point out the danger of making them lie when you press them to give reasons for their sentiments.

And now, returning to the corrections of text in the descriptive passages, let us note a curious change in the poem already mentioned, "On the Influence of Natural Objects," etc. Wordsworth is describing the pleasures of skating; and these are some of them, according to the passage as originally published in "The Friend":

Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay—or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng
To cut across the image of a Star
That gleamed upon the ice.

To do this is of course impossible, and the lines which I have italicized are mere closet description. We cannot skate across the reflection of a star until we can skate into the end of a rainbow; and the curious thing is that the so-called "poet of nature" should ever have fancied, even for a moment at his desk, that he had ever done it. Clearly, Wordsworth's study was not always out of doors, to use a favorite phrase of his; on the contrary, this passage is so unreal that a critic unacquainted with the personal history of the poet might argue that he had never been on skates—as Coleridge wrote the "Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni" without ever visiting that valley. But Wordsworth seems to have found out that his description was false; for he made a compromise, in the later editions, with the optical law of incidence and reflection; and we now see him attempting merely, but not achieving, the impossible thing:

—Leaving the tumultuous throng
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain.

But Wordsworth held stoutly, in the main, to his own experience, his own impressions; and he did this even to the injury of his descriptions. He was never, for instance, in sailor's phrase, "off soundings"; he never saw the mid-ocean; and consequently,

when he described Leonard, in the first edition of "The Brothers," as sailing in mid-ocean, he says that he gazed upon "the broad green wave and sparkling foam." But he found out his mistake at last; he was fond of reading voyages and travels, and he seems to have become convinced finally, perhaps by the testimony of his sailor brother, that the deep sea was really blue and not green; that the common epithet was the true one; for he corrected the line to read "the broad blue wave."

Let us now examine some of those curiously prosaic passages which Wordsworth strove faithfully to convert into poetry, and strove with various success. And first, those famous arithmetical passages in "The Thorn," one of which stands to-day as it stood in the "Lyrical Ballads." We still read there, indeed, of

A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,
Just half a foot in height,

the precise altitude that Wordsworth gave it in 1798; not an inch to the critics, he seems to have said. But these other peccant lines in the preceding stanza he recast, and in a way that is curious to follow:

And to the left, three yards beyond,
You see a little muddy Pond
Of water never dry:
I've measured it from side to side:
'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.

Of these lines Crabb Robinson said to Wordsworth that "he dared not read them aloud in company." "They ought to be liked," rejoined the poet. Well, we may not like them; but they are interesting, for they present a really instructive specimen of bad art. Clearly enough, here is a poet in difficulties. The "little muddy pond" was not a pond in nature, but a pool; and a pool it would have been in verse, but for the particular exigency—the necessity of rhyming with the word *beyond*. Note now the honesty of our poet. For rhyme's sake he has temporarily sacrificed accuracy; he has called a pool a pond; but to show what the piece of water actually was, that actually it was a pool, though the ex-

igencies of rhyme had forced him to call it provisionally by another name, he goes on to give us its accurate measurement, not only from "side to side," but from end to end as well. "Tis three feet long and two feet wide," he tells us; and now his northern conscience is satisfied; he seems to say, "I was unfortunately compelled to use the wrong word in this passage, but I make amends at once; these are the precise dimensions of the object, and you can give it the right name yourself." This devotion to the topographical truth of the matter was abated, however, in later editions, perhaps by the derision of the critics. Wordsworth rewrote the passage, one would say, to please the graces rather than the mathematical verities; and the lines now read thus:

You see a little muddy pond
Of water, never dry,
Though but of compass small, and bare
To thirsty suns and parching air.

Another considerable improvement was made, a little further on, in the same poem. These are the lines as they ran in the "Lyrical Ballads":

Poor Martha! on that woful day
A cruel, cruel fire, they say,
Into her bones was sent;
It dried her body like a cinder,
And almost turned her brain to tinder.

—1798.

Certainly there was room for improvement here; and in the edition of 1815 we find the lines recast as follows:

A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

Or see again this prosaic passage from "The Brothers," as first published in the "Lyrical Ballads." The lines describe the parting of James from his companions at a certain rock:

—By our shepherds it is call'd the Pillar.
James, pointing to its summit, over which
They all had purpos'd to return together,
Inform'd them that he there would wait for them;
They parted, and his comrades pass'd that way
Some two hours after, but they did not find him
At the appointed place, a circumstance
Of which they took no heed. —1800.

It would occur to few readers to call this poetry were it not visibly divided into verse; and Wordsworth himself

seems to have thought as much, for after many years he rewrote the passage, condensing and poetizing it as follows:

—By our shepherds it is called THE PILLAR.
Upon its airy summit crowned with heath
The loiterer, not unnoticed by his comrades,
Lay stretched at ease; but, passing by the place
On their return, they found that he was gone.
No ill was feared.

There are hundreds of corrections in this style; and we naturally ask what made it necessary for Wordsworth to weed his poetic garden so often, to amend with care and trouble what some other poets would have done well at first? We need not hold with some of his critics that Wordsworth had in any peculiar sense a dual nature, to explain the amount of prosaic poetry, if I may call it so, that he wrote. No real poet ever wrote, as I take it, a greater amount of prosaic poetry than he; and no real poet ever published a greater number of verses that might fairly be called not only poor poetry, but considered as proof that their author could not write good poetry at all.

What critic would believe before the proof, that the poet who had written the lines just quoted from "The Thorn," and others like them, could have written also the "Lines to H. C." and "She Was a Phantom of Delight"? But to inquire at length into this contrast is to inquire into the deepest traits of Wordsworth's genius. One cause of his prosaic verse, however, may be mentioned here. Wordsworth had injurious habits of composition; he dictated his prose to an amanuensis, and he composed his poems in the fields as he walked. He was thus a libertine of opportunity, and though he strictly economized his subjects, and made the least yield him up its utmost, yet he was prodigal in the quantity of his expression. He did not wait for what are called moments of inspiration; he was always ready to compose, and thus he composed too much; he made verses whenever he was out of doors, "murmuring them out" to the astonishment of

the rustics. Doubtless the first factor of genius is this abundance of power. But, on the other hand, the control, the direction of power is the first essential to the beauty of the work of art. "Good men may utter whatever comes uppermost; good poets may not," says Lander; and the aphorism touches upon a serious fault of Wordsworth's method. He lacked due power of self-repression; he was too much interested in his own thoughts to make a sufficiently jealous choice among them when he came to write them down. Two qualities, indeed, of his nature he kept in such abeyance, the amative and the humorous—and he was not without a humorous side—as to express but little of them in his writings. But he seems to have recorded almost everything, not humorous or amatory, that came into his mind; and, in consequence, we feel that his poetry comes perilously near being a verbatim transcript of his processes of consciousness. But no man's thought is always sufficiently valuable for a shorthand report; and we often wish that Wordsworth had reflected, with Herrick, that the poet is not fitted every day to prophesy:

No; but when the spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles
Full of fire—then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.

Does it seem an invidious task to recall the unhappy readings that I have mentioned—readings abandoned by Wordsworth long ago, and unknown to many of his younger students? To do it with slighting intent, or from mere curiosity, would be unworthy; nor will the routine mind be persuaded that there is anything more than a merely curious interest in the comparison of editions. We, thinking that Wordsworth cannot really be understood in a single edition, must leave the routine mind to its conviction that one text contains all that there is of value in his poetry. And to offset the ungraceful verses that we have just considered, let us look at some changes by which Wordsworth has made fine

passages finer still. Of the sonnets published in 1819 with "The Waggoner," none is more striking, as I think, than the one beginning, "Eve's lingering clouds extend in solid bars." In it at first he spoke as follows of the reflection of the heavens at night in perfectly still water:

Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere
Opening its vast abyss, while fancy feeds
On the rich show?—But list! a voice is near:
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds.

In the later editions this passage is enriched by a grand stroke of imagination:

Is it a mirror?—or the nether sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires?—But list! a voice is near:
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds.

The following change is from the same sonnets; the passage describes a bright star setting:

Forfeiting his bright attire,
He burns, transmuted to a sullen fire
That droops and dwindles; and, the appointed debt
To the flying moments paid, is seen no more.

So in 1819; in later editions we find the passage as follows:

He burns, transmuted to a dusty fire,
Then pays submissively the appointed debt
To the flying moments, and is seen no more.

That is scarcely an improvement; but the alteration of epithet is curious: the substitution of fact for fancy in changing the low star's "sullen fire" into a "dusty fire."

Here, again, is a case where the new reading has a fresher phrase than the old. It occurs in the last stanza of "Rob Roy's Grave," where Wordsworth spoke thus of the hero's virtues:

—Far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
And kindle, like a fire new-stirred,
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

Later, a new line was substituted as follows:

—Far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes
At sound of Rob Roy's name.

And Wordsworth insisted, quite as strongly as his severest critics, upon finish, upon literary art as discriminable from the substance. While he was

blaming Byron, Campbell, and other eminent poets for its lack, his assailants were loud in the same charge against him; they protested that whatever other merits the new poetry might have, that of artistic finish was surely not one. Jeffrey wrote in 1807 that Wordsworth "scarcely ever condescended to give the grace of correctness or melody to his versification." But Wordsworth, in a letter lately first published, criticises Campbell's "Hohelinden" in a way that shows him by no means unstudious of form. He writes thus to Mr. Hamilton:* "I remember Campbell says, in a composition that is overrun with faulty language, 'And dark as winter was the flow of Iser rolling rapidly'; that is, 'flowing rapidly.' The expression ought to have been 'stream' or 'current.' . . . These may appear to you frigid criticisms," he adds; "but depend upon it, no writings will live in which these rules are disregarded." This is good doctrine, and we have seen Wordsworth striving to realize it in his practice. He did realize it to a certain extent; if his style was not always eloquent, not always poetical, it was generally better English than that of his popular contemporaries. And yet a critic in "The Dial," following, as recently as 1843, the lead of Jeffrey in this blame of Wordsworth, could write of him as follows:† "He has the merit of just moral perception, but not that of deft poetic execution. How would Milton curl his lip at such slipshod newspaper style! Many of his poems, as for example the 'Rylstone Doe,' might be all improvised. . . . These are such verses as in a just state of culture should be *vers de Société*, such as every gentleman could write, but none would think of printing." That passage is worth reading twice; note the condescension of the praise, the flippancy of the blame, the inaccurate English and French; and what a jaunty misquotation of Wordsworth's title! It was not very profitable cen-

sure; but Wordsworth received much criticism by which he was glad to profit. Let us look at some of the cases in which he turned the strictures of friends or of enemies to account. The changes that he made in deference to criticism are striking, and so too are some of the cases in which he refused to profit by criticism. I will speak of both.

Of the former kind are the corrections in "Laodamia." That poem appeared first in 1815, having been suggested during a course of classical reading which Wordsworth had taken up for the purpose of directing the studies of his son. Landor criticised this poem in the first volume of his "Imaginary Conversations," and in the main very favorably; he makes Porson say that parts of it "might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the regions he describes"; he calls it "a composition such as Sophocles might have delighted to own." But he points out blemishes in two stanzas, the first and the seventeenth; he blames the execution of one and the thought of the other. Wordsworth rewrote both of them, and I quote the second passage as affording the more interesting change. In the first edition Protesilaus, says the poet, returning from the shades to visit Laodamia,

Spake, as a witness, of a second birth
For all that is most perfect upon earth.

On this Landor remarks, putting the words into Porson's mouth:

How unreasonable is the allusion to *witness* and *second* birth, which things, however holy and venerable in themselves, come stinking and reeking to us from the conventicle. I desire to see Laodamia in the silent and gloomy mansion of her beloved Protesilaus; not elbowed by the godly butchers in Tottenham court road, nor smelling devoutly of ratafia among the sugar bakers' wives at Blackfriars.

Wordsworth dropped these lines; and we now read instead, that the hero

Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Reviv'd, with finer harmony pursued.

In the first volume of his "Imaginary Conversations" Landor said of Wordsworth: "Those who attack him with virulence or with levity are men

* "Prose Works," III., 302.

† "The Dial," Vol. III., p. 514.

of no morality and no reflection." In a later volume, however, Landor attacks him thus himself, with both virulence and levity, as I fear we must say, and Wordsworth declined to profit by these later glibbing criticisms, though some of them, and especially those upon the "Anecdote for Fathers," were valuable, and suggested real improvements of text. In this attack, which is contained in the second conversation of Southey and Porson, Landor had noticed Wordsworth's adoption of his earlier criticism of *Laodamia*; and this circumstance was probably a reason why Wordsworth refused to receive further critical favors at his hands. The poem "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," for instance, sharply criticised by Landor, stood almost untouched through the editions of fifty years. And in a letter of 1843, recently published for the first time,* Wordsworth speaks thus severely of an attack made upon his son-in-law, Edward Quillinan, by Landor: "I should have disapproved of his [Quillinan's] condescending to notice anything that a man so deplorably tormented by ungovernable passion as that unhappy creature might eject. His character may be given in two or three words: a madman, a bad man; yet a man of genius, as many a madman is." That criticism seems rather more than righteously severe; but Wordsworth, while he cared little for the criticism of the reviews, felt keenly the lash of the violent Landor. The violent Landor we must call him, for violence was the too dominant trait of his noble genius; and he exasperated Wordsworth, as we see. But compare what I have just quoted with his familiar remark about the small critics: "My ears are stone dead to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings." That Wordsworth said at thirty-six years of age; and here is a striking reminiscence recorded during his later years, and published in the "Prose Works." At seventy-one he said to Lady Richardson:

* "Prose Works," III., 381.

It would certainly have been a great object to me to have reaped the profits I should have done from my writings but for the stupidity of Mr. Gifford and the impertinence of Mr. Jeffrey. It would have enabled me to purchase many books which I could not obtain, and I should have gone to Italy earlier, which I never could afford to do until I was sixty-five, when Moxon gave me a thousand pounds for my writings. This was the only kind of injury Mr. Jeffrey did me, for I immediately perceived that his mind was of that kind that his individual opinion on poetry was of no consequence to me whatever; that it was only by the influence his periodical exercised at the time in preventing my poems being read and sold that he could injure me. . . . I never, therefore, felt his opinion of the slightest value except in preventing the young of that generation from receiving impressions which might have been of use to them through life.

This is grand self-confidence; and it is in the same tone that elsewhere he says:

Feeling that my writings were founded on what was true and spiritual in human nature, I knew the time would come when they must be known.

In this connexion the English reviews of that time are still interesting reading, particularly the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh." What was Jeffrey saying in his "organ" during the years of Wordsworth's earlier fame? In 1807 he described the poem of "The Beggars" as "a very paragon of silliness and affectation"; and he said of "Alice Fell," "If the printing of such verses be not felt as an insult on the public taste, we are afraid it cannot be insulted." Two years later he calls upon the patrons of the Lake school of poetry to "think with what infinite contempt the powerful mind of Burns would have perused the story of Alice Fell and her duffle cloak, of Andrew Jones and the half-crown, or of little Dan without breeches and his thievish grandfather." Wordsworth dropped the poem of "Andrew Jones," and never restored it—an omission almost unique, as we shall see; for he stood by the substance of his work, if not always by the form, with great pertinacity. He said of "Alice Fell," in his old age, "It brought upon me a world of ridicule by the small critics, so that in policy I excluded it from many editions of my poems, till it was restored at

the request of some of my friends." Wordsworth had no stancher friend, his poetry had no more delicate critic, than Charles Lamb; and Lamb wrote thus in 1815 to Wordsworth about "Alice Fell" and the assailants of the poem. He said: "I am glad that you have not sacrificed a verse to those scoundrels. I would not have had you offer up the poorest rag that lingered upon the stript shoulders of little Alice Fell, to have atoned all their malice: I would not have given 'em a red cloak to save their souls."

Jeffrey decried two other pieces that rank among the most perfect of Wordsworth's minor poems, as "stuff about dancing daffodils and sister Emmelines," and spoke of another, which we count for pure poetry to-day, as "a rapturous, mystical ode to the cuckoo, in which the author, striving after force and originality, produces nothing but absurdity." And he attacked these lines in the "Ode to Duty":

Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong :
And the most ancient heavens through thee are
fresh and strong.

This, Jeffrey said, is "utterly without meaning: at least we have no sort of conception in what sense Duty can be said to keep the old skies *fresh*, and the stars from wrong." We need not be surprised at Jeffrey's failing to admire these lines: they are transcendentalism, and it would have troubled Wordsworth himself to render them into the plain speech which he recommended as the proper diction of poetry. For they have not a definite translatable content of thought; and we cannot read them as philosophy or ethics; but as poetry we may feel their power; we are willing to enjoy them for their own sake, because beauty is enough. But this Jeffrey did not admit; Jeffrey was not vulnerable by magnificent phrases, and of course he could not foresee what a power Wordsworth's transcendentalism was to exert. When the ode "Intimations of Immortality" first appeared (with the edition of 1807), Jef-

frey called it "the most illegible and unintelligible part of the publication."* The remark need not surprise us. Jeffrey looked for logical thought in the poem, and logical thought it had not; whatever else it may contain, it will hardly be said to propound any new arguments for immortality. But Jeffrey wrote in all sincerity, and later in his life he read Wordsworth's poetry a second time, with a view to discover, if he could, the merits which he had failed to see when he criticised it—the merits which the English public had then found out. His effort was a failure; for him the primrose remained a primrose to the last, and nothing more. The acute lawyer was not a poet, nor a judge of poets; he had an erroneous notion of what the office of poetry is; of what it has been and will be—to please, to elevate, to suggest, but not to argue or convince; and to the last he did not get beyond his early decision, which, in the article just quoted from, runs as follows:

We think there is every reason to hope that the lamentable consequences which have resulted from Mr. Wordsworth's open violation of the established laws of poetry, will operate as a wholesome warning to those who might otherwise have been seduced by his example, and be the means of restoring to that ancient and venerable code its honor and authority.

But the critic cannot always tell what the new "song is destined to, and what the stars intend to do." It is now evident enough where the early assailants of Wordsworth were mistaken; and yet which critic of to-day would be sure of his ground in a similar case? For the faults of genius are old, familiar, and easily to be discerned; while, on the other hand, genius itself is always novel, and therefore may be easily mistaken. It takes genius to recognize genius; and most of Wordsworth's critics were not men of genius. Landor, who was one, made a wise remark upon this point. He said, "To compositions of a new kind, like Wordsworth's, we come without scales and weights, and without the means of making an assay."

* "Edinburgh Review," October, 1807.

But by pointing out his faults, his critics did him and us a service; and it was one by which the poet profited, as we have seen, in spite of his independence.

Let us now look at some of Wordsworth's multiple readings, if we may call them so—passages, namely, in which he has returned, year after year, to certain peccant verses, changing them again and again in the quest of adequate expression. After repeated experiments he sometimes finds a reading to please himself; sometimes, having allowed a provisional text to stand throughout many years, he discards it and returns to the original form; and sometimes, again, he abandons a passage entirely, after scarring it with a lifetime's emendations. Of the first sort I will cite three readings of a stanza in "A Poet's Epitaph." As first published in the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1800, the poem contained this adjuration to the philosopher "wrapped in his sensual fleece":

O turn aside, and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy pin-point of a soul away!

Lamb did not like this; and he wrote to Wordsworth: "The 'Poet's Epitaph' is disfigured, to my taste, by the coarse epithet of 'pin-point' in the sixth stanza." In the edition of 1815 the "coarse epithet" disappears, and the passage is modified as follows:

—Take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
That abject thing, thy soul, away!

The years that "bring the philosophic mind" did not, however, reconcile Wordsworth with the particular "philosopher" here in question. (Sir Humphrey Davy, as Crabb Robinson, if I am not mistaken, tells us). On the contrary, the poet devised a still more injurious epithet for that unhappy physicist; and the passage now reads:

—Take, I pray, . . .
Thy ever-dwindling soul away!

Another of these multiple corrections has attracted much notice; it occurs in the successive descriptions of

the craft wherein the "Blind Highland Boy" went sailing. In the first edition of that poem Wordsworth called it

A Household Tub, like one of those
Which women use to wash their clothes!

It would seem difficult to defend this couplet upon any accepted theory of æsthetics, rhyme, or syntax; and the "Household Tub" provoked quite naturally a shout of derision from all the critics; it became the poetical scandal of the day. Jeffery, mindful of "the established laws" of poetic art, protested that there was nothing, down to the wiping of shoes, or the evisceration of chickens, which may not be introduced in poetry, if this is tolerated." The tub, in short, proved intolerable to the reviewers; and when next the poem appeared in a new edition, that of 1815, Wordsworth transmuted the craft into a green turtle shell, noting the change as made "upon the suggestion of a Friend":

The shell of a green Turtle, thin
And hollow: you might sit therein,
It was so wide and deep.
'Twas even the largest of its kind,
Large, thin, and light as birch tree rind;
So light a shell that it would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing waves.

Lamb's comment upon this change was as follows:

I am afraid lest that substitution of a shell (a flat falsification of the history) for the household implement, as it stood at first, was a kind of tub thrown out to the beast, or rather thrown out for him. The tub was a good honest tub in its place, and nothing could be fairly said against it. You say you made the alteration for the "friendly reader," but the "malicious" will take it to himself. Damn 'em, if you give 'em an inch, etc.

Wordsworth, however, instead of restoring the old text, went on amending, and with reason; the reading just given is diffuse. But see now the third and final form which he gave to the passage. The sublimation of the Household Tub is now completed; it becomes, at last,

A shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
That sportive dolphins draw.
And as a Coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This shell upon the deep would swim.

Here again are some new readings that Wordsworth discarded after long trial. A well-known sonnet, one of his earliest, began thus in 1807:

I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief ! The vital blood
Of that Man's mind, what can it be ? What food
Fed his first hopes ? What knowledge could he
gain ?

In 1815 we find the passage rewritten as follows:

I grieved for Buonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief ! for, who aspires
To genuine greatness but from just desires,
And knowledge such as He could never gain ?

But in the later editions the first reading was restored, except the words "vital blood," and we now read:

The tenderest mood
Of that man's mind, what can it be ?

In "The Nightingale" Wordsworth first called that bird "a creature of a fiery heart"; but in the edition of 1815 it became "a creature of ebullient heart," a flat disenchantment of the verse. The change was questioned from the first, as Crabb Robinson tells us, and in later editions the first reading was restored. A fortunate correction made in the same edition was retained—the change of "laughing company" to "jocund company," in "The Daffodils":

A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.

—1815.

The poem "Rural Architecture," in the "Lyrical Ballads" of 1800, was curtailed of its closing stanza in the edition of 1815:

Some little I've seen of blind bolsterous works
In Paris and London, 'mong Christians and Turks,
Spirits busy to do and undo, etc., etc.

But in Lamb's correspondence of the same year he complains to Wordsworth that the omission "leaves it [the poem] in my mind less complete," and the lines were restored in the later editions. Not to differ hastily with Lamb, the lines yet seem lines to be spared. In the same sentence he complains that in the new edition there is another "admirable line gone (or something come instead of it),

'the stone-chat, and the glancing sand-piper,' which was a line quite alive. I demand these at your hand." Wordsworth restored the line, and the three versions of the passage are worth comparison. It is from the "Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew Tree," and describes a wanderer in the solitude of the country:

His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper :
And on these barren rocks, with juniper,
And heath, and thistle, thinly sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished.

—"Lyrical Ballads."

In the second reading he corrects a bad assonance thus:

His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the sand-lark, restless bird,
Piping along the margin of the lake.

—1815.

Here the "line quite alive" is gone—to be restored in deference, apparently, to Lamb's request. Another assonance is got rid of in the later editions, the "thistle thinly sprinkled o'er," and the passage now reads melodiously as follows:

His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper:
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,
And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished.

Wordsworth struck out many lines and stanzas in the course of his revisions, besides main passages of considerable length, as from the "Thanksgiving Ode" and the patriotic ode of January, 1816. These omissions are too long to quote here; but the following lines dropped from the ode on "Immortality" will have interest; they are not to be found, I think, in any English edition since that of 1815. Addressing the child over whom Immortality, in the language of the ode,

Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by—

this earlier reading continues:

To whom the grave
Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
Of day or the warm light:
A place of thought where we in waiting lie.

Another notable omitted passage is the introduction to "Dion," published in 1816:

**Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailling
O'er breezeless water on Locarno's lake. . . .**

Here nineteen lines full of beauty are sacrificed by Wordsworth in the interest of the unity of the poem. He struck out, too, some lines from "The Daisy," "The Thorn," and "Simon Lee," and eight stanzas have disappeared from "Peter Bell" since the first edition of that poem. Among them are these grotesque lines, favorites with Charles Lamb:

Is it a party in a parlour?
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd—
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
All silent and all damn'd!

And here are some verses that have interest from the glimpse they give of Wordsworth's faculty in a field that he declined to cultivate—the amatory or “fleshly,” as it has been conveniently named for us of late. I quote from that rare book, the “Descriptive Sketches” of 1793; and as the lines are not included in any edition of his poems, they are unfamiliar to most readers. But two copies of this book, so far as I know, exist in this country. One of them, which belonged to the late Prof. Henry Reed, Wordsworth's American editor, is full of corrections in Wordsworth's own handwriting; and it is by the courtesy of its present owner that I am enabled to give here the early text with these corrections, never before printed. The young Wordsworth takes leave of Switzerland, at the conclusion of his pedestrian tour, with this glowing apostrophe:

Farewell ! those forms that in thy noontide shade
Rest near their little plots of oaten glade,
Those stedfast eyes, that beating breasts inspire,
To throw the "sultry rays" of young Desire ;
Those lips whose tides of fragrance come and go
According to the cheek's unquiet glow ;
Those shadowy breasts in love's soft light array'd
And rising by the moon of passion award.*

* I venture to note, in passing, a small class of corrections in which the poet has cleared his text

Wordsworth thus dropped, for one reason or another, many passages from his poems. But did he abandon entire poems? That did not often happen. He strove patiently to perfect the form of his thought; but he was unwilling to let the substance of it go. In the seven volumes of his poetry, as they now stand, but two poems are lacking, to the best of my knowledge, of all that he ever published. One of these, an unimportant piece beginning, "The confidence of youth our only art," was printed with the "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent" (1822), and no longer appears in the collected editions. The other missing poem, "Andrew Jones," was abandoned for reasons, as I think, of considerable critical interest. In the "Lyrical Ballads" it began thus:

**I hate that Andrew Jones : he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage :
I wish the press-gang or the drum
With its tantara sound would come,
And sweep him from the village !**

This poem may be found (with slight emendations) as late as the edition of 1815; but after that date I meet with it nowhere but in foreign reprints. Why was it dropped? It is doubtless a story of unrelieved though petty suffering; it corresponds, in small, to what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the "poetically faulty" situation of Empedocles, a situation "in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done." But, on the other hand, that fragment of Æschylus, the "Prometheus Bound," in which everything is endured and nothing done, yet remains a work of the deepest interest: nor need we think that Wordsworth abandoned his little

from certain innocencies of expression that were liable to be misread by persons on the alert for double meanings. The following are among the Wordsworthian simplicities that have been amended in the later editions; the reference is made to the octavos of 1815, which may be compared with any of the editions since 1836 :

Vol. I., page 111, "The Brothers," passage beginning, "James, tired perhaps."

Vol. I., page 310, "Michael," passage beginning, "Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms."
Vol. I., page 223, "Laodamia," stanza beginning, "Be taught, O faithful Consort."

poem for a reason so refined as that which led Mr. Arnold to abandon one of his own. There was, as I take it, a moral reason which led to Wordsworth's decision; namely, that the story of "Andrew Jones" is told with bitterness of feeling from beginning to end; and against bitterness of feeling Wordsworth had recorded, during his earlier years, a striking protest. We shall read it presently; but first let us couple with the poem a sentence from his prose—a sentence full of the same feeling, and which was early dropped for the same reason. We shall find it in the edition of 1815, in the essay supplementary to the famous Preface of that date. There Wordsworth turns upon his critics as follows:

"By what fatality the orb of my genius (for genius none of them seem to deny me) acts upon these men like the moon upon a certain description of patients, it would be irksome to enquire: nor would it consist with the respect which I owe myself to take further notice of opponents whom I internally despise."

This is not quite in the vein of the serenely meditative poet; and if we look back to a time twenty years earlier than this, we shall find that Wordsworth had reproved his heat beforehand. In 1795, when he first chose definitely the poet's career, he had written these lines:

If thou be one whose heart the hol' forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that
pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness: that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used: that thought with him
Is in its infancy.

That is the teaching of earlier and serener years, of the time when the poet was still quietly embayed in youth, when jealous criticism, and envy, and disappointment were still trials of the future. Youth has its own passions; but it has also its peculiar serenity; and after Wordsworth had passed through the stormy years which gave him fame, we see the ma-

turer man recalling the teaching of his calmer self. It was in obedience to this, as I believe, that he cancelled the passages that have just been mentioned; feeling their discord with the pure song of that early time.

Let us now look at some of the passages which Wordsworth has emended, not by taking away from the words of his book, but by adding to them. As he wrote to Mr. Dyce, he diligently revised the "Excursion," in the edition of 1827, and got the sense "in several instances, . . . into less room"; and minor changes are to be counted by hundreds. But he made some additions to this poem, and for significant reasons.

Readers of Christopher North's essay, in the "Recreations," on "Sacred Poetry," will remember the long indictment which he there brings against the earlier poems of Wordsworth; he complains of them as being irreligious. It is interesting to find the earthly Christopher displaying the pious zeal of an inquisitor in the matter, declaring that in all of Wordsworth's writings, up to the "Excursion," "though we have much fine poetry, and some high philosophy, it would puzzle the most ingenious to detect much, if any, Christian religion"; and lamenting its absence even in the "Excursion," in the story of "Margaret," as told in the first book. This tale Christopher North calls "perhaps the most elaborate picture he [Wordsworth] ever painted of any conflict within any one human heart;" but he adds, with how much sincerity we will not now ask, that it "is, with all its pathos, repulsive to every religious mind—that being wanting without which the entire representation is vitiated. . . . This utter absence of Revealed Religion . . . throws over the whole poem to which the tale of Margaret belongs an unhappy suspicion of holowness and insincerity in that poetical religion which at the best is a sorry substitute indeed for the light that is from heaven."

That Wordsworth laid to heart this

criticism, will appear on comparing the original passage, as reprobated by Christopher North, with the form which the poet gave it in the latter editions. Originally the peddler, finishing the story of "Margaret," moralizes thus:

My Friend ! enough to sorrow you have given ;
The purposes of wisdom ask no more :
Be wise and chearful, and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye ;
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
I will remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that

wall,
By mist and silent raindrops silvered o'er,
As once I passed, into my heart convey'd
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and look'd so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which fill'd my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the griefs
The passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appear'd an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was. I turn'd away,
And walk'd along my road in happiness.

"What meditation?" cries out Christopher North. "Turn thou, O child of a day, to the New Testament, and therein thou mayest find comfort." And Wordsworth in his revision made the following additions to this fine pagan passage:

—Enough to sorrow you have given ;
The purposes of wisdom ask no more :
Nor more would she have craved as due to one
Who in her worst distress, had often felt
The unbounded might of prayer ; and learned,
with soul
Fixed on the cross, that consolation springs
From sources deeper far than deepest pain
For the meek sufferer. Why then should we
read

The forms of things with an unworthy eye ?
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.

Then follow the beautiful lines about the weeds, the spear-grass, the mist and rain-drops, as quoted above; but the close of the passage is extended as follows:

—All the griefs
That passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain
Nowhere dominion o'er the enlightened spirit
Whose meditative sympathies repose
Upon the breast of Faith. I turned away,
And walked along my road in happiness.

It remains to be said that a certain number of Wordsworth's poems—and these were, as we might expect, among his best—have stood unchanged in all the editions from the first, run-

ning the gauntlet of their author's critical moods for half a century, and coming out untouched at last. I will not call them uncorrected poems, but rather poems in which all the needed corrections were made before their first publication, for they belong to that exquisite class of creations—too small a class, even in the works of the greatest masters—in which the poet has fused completely the refractory element of language before pouring it out into the mould of poetic form. Among these untouched poems are three from the "Lyrical Ballads"—"A slumber did my spirit seal," "Three years she grew in sun and shower," and "She dwelt among the untrodden ways"—all written at the age of twenty-nine; such are the "Yew Tree," written four years later, and "She was a phantom of delight." Several of the best sonnets, too, were unchanged; as that on "Westminster Bridge," and "Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour."

And lastly, I may mention one or two changes of text which Wordsworth did not make, but which belong to the class for which careless editors or proof-readers are responsible. An edition well known to the American public is especially peccant in this respect; that beautiful line, for instance, in "The Pet Lamb"—

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears,
becomes,

That green cord all day is rustling in thy ears.
And here is a really interesting *erratum*; it occurs in the poem of "The Idiot Boy," where it has stood unnoticed for twenty years and more. Wordsworth's stanzas, describing the boy's night-long ride under the moon, "from eight o'clock till five," bearing meanwhile "the owls in tuneful concert strive," originally put these words into his mouth, the actual words of his hero, as Wordsworth tells us in a note:

The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the Sun did shine so cold,
Thus answered Johnny in his glory.

But this reading puzzled the proof-

reader. How could the sun shine at night? This being clearly impossible, he restored the idiot boy to partial sanity. He made him say:

The cocks did crow to-who, to-who,
And the Moon did shine so cold;

and the only wonder is that he did not also read,

The cocks did crow cock-a-doodle-doo.

Some one proposes, I believe, a similar emendation in "As You Like It," intending to make the Duke speak

better sense than Shakespeare put into his mouth. He is to say,

Sermons in books,
Stones in the running brooks, and good in everything.

But while in the main the text of Shakespeare is bettering under criticism, Wordsworth is suffering miscorrection; and for the good that he has to give us we cannot quite dispense with the original editions.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

PORTRAIT D'UNE JEUNE FEMME INCONNUE,

GALERIE DE FLORENCE.

I SAW a picture in a gallery:

Go where I will, it still abides with me.
The hair rich brown, one lovely golden tress
Strayed from the braid and touched the loveliness
Of the fair neck, so smooth, so white, so young,
It shamed the pearls a prince's hand had strung.
The dress is white, with here and there a gleam
Of amber brilliant, sunlight on a stream!
And hanging on her arm, a scarf, the thing
About that glorious head and neck to fling,
Protecting from the night, scarlet and black and gold,
And gems are woven in each gleaming fold.
The picture has that gracious air which tells
The hand that painted it was Raphael's.
They know she's beautiful, and know no more.
Thus questioned I, as many did before:
"Why art thou sad, thou delicate, proud face?
Thou art a Dame of bright and cheerful race,
Thy fortunes grand, thy home this Florence fair.
Does an unworthy heart thy palace share?
Or with a soft caprice dost turn from joy,
And play with sorrow as a costly toy?
Or has thy page forgotten, or done worse—
Failed he to find the fond expected verse
Thy lover promised thee? I know not why
I linger near thee, beautiful and sad,
Yet with such sorrow, who would have thee glad?"
(Is she not gifted with the anointed eye
That sees the trouble of the passer-by?)
"Is thine that great, that tender sympathy
That calls all heart-aches nearer unto thee?
Or a great soul with aspirations rife,
Feeling the insufficiency of this our life?
Thou hast attraction of a grander tone,
Some charm more subtle e'en than beauty's own!
"Though woman throws no greater lure than this,
The lip regretful which we fain would kiss,
The eye made softer by the unfallen tear,
And sunlight brighter for the shadow near.
Why do I ask? will woman ever tell
The secret of the charm that fits her well?"
She did not answer, sweet, mysterious Dame.
I left her sadly, locked in gilded frame.

MISS TINSEL.

A GOLD-MINER'S LOVE STORY.—IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A GOLD-DIGGING RECLUSE.

ON a knoll, not far from a running stream, was pitched a rough canvas tent. It was of the "wall" sort, and was pegged to the ground with strong fastenings. Inside were a hammock, a coarse table, two or three stools, and some boxes and barrels. There were likewise a gridiron, a "spider," an iron kettle, some tin dishes and cups, and a pair of candlesticks of the same material. Outside there was a trench dug, by way of drainage, so that the floor within was kept hard and dry; but the floor was of earth merely. There was not a flower, or a picture, or the least attempt at ornament whatever within the tent. Hence the interior looked bare, sordid, and forbidding. And yet, grim as it was, the tent had been the solitary abode of its occupant for many months. In the midst of gold, in quantity outstripping the wildest dreams of his boyhood, this man had chosen to be a miser. In the midst of a society whose reckless joviality and wild profusion were perhaps without precedent, he had chosen to be a recluse. For this self indulgence he had to pay a price. But he consoled himself, remembering that a price has to be paid for everything.

Chester Harding came to Bullion Flat about a year before. He had no friends and no money. The former he could do without, he thought, but the latter was indispensable. So he got work on the Flat, turning a spade and plying a rocker for five dollars a day. Such work was then better paid as a rule, but Harding, though diligent and strong, was not used to toil, and hence was awkward and comparatively inefficient. He improved with practice and strove doggedly on, never losing a day, saving every penny, spending

nothing for drink or good fellowship, courting no man's smile, and indifferent to all men's frowns. He was savagely bent on achieving independence, and in no long time, after a fashion, he got it. Independence, in this sense, consisted in a share of a paying claim, and in the whole of a "wall" tent. In the former he dug and washed, morosely enough, with five or six partners; but he made up for this enforced and distasteful social attrition by living in his tent alone.

Harding was a man getting toward middle life, strongly built, but not tall, with a grave, handsome face and speech studiously reserved and cold. He seemed to fear lest he might be thought educated, and, as if to disarm such a suspicion, his few words were apt to be abrupt and homely. When he first came to the Flat he had two leathern trunks, and these in due time were bestowed in the tent on the knoll. One Sunday Harding opened them. The first contained some respectable garments, such as might belong to the ordinary wardrobe of a gentleman. There were white shirts among the rest, and some pairs of kid gloves. Of all these articles Harding made a pile in the rear of his tent and then deliberately set them on fire. "I couldn't afford it before," he muttered. "They might have bought a meal or two if need were; but now—" To be rich enough to gratify a caprice was clearly very agreeable to the man; for presently he brought out a number of books—old favorites obviously—and treated them in the same incendiary manner. The Shakespeare and the Milton, the Macaulay and the Buckle spluttered and crackled reproachfully in the flames; yet their destroyer never winced, but added to the holocaust heaps of letters, and at

last two or three miniatures saved for the fire as a final tid-bit, and gazed with grim joy as the whole crumbled in the end to powdery ashes. Chester Harding reserved nothing but one little volume, bound in velvet with gilt clasps, and one faded old daguerreotype, which he replaced in his trunk side by side, and then covered quickly so that they should be out of sight. It seemed to be his wish to hide and to forget every trace of his past life.

That life had been a hard and bitter one. From his earliest childhood Harding had been a victim of the weakness and cruelty of others. A miserable home, made a hell by drink and contention, was at last broken up in ruin, and the young man went forth into the world to meet coldness and injustice at every turn. Suspicion and selfishness are among the almost certain fruits of an experience like this, and the world is naturally more ready to condemn such fruits than to find excuses for them. When Harding found himself unpopular and distrusted he as naturally shaped his conduct so as to justify its condemnation. Surrounded from the beginning of his life by bad influences, and by these almost exclusively, he found little to soften his harsh judgment of men or to mitigate his resentment for their ill treatment. In time he fell in with one who with greater strength and higher wisdom might perhaps have led him up to nobler views and a loftier destiny. For he loved her deeply and without reservation. But her charms of person found no counterparts in her mind or heart, and Harding was cheated and betrayed. To escape old thoughts and associations, and to mend if possible broken fortunes, he sought the Land of Gold. He had heard that men were more generous there than elsewhere, less cunning, tricky, and censorious. Perhaps even he might find average acceptance among new scenes and among a new people.

But on the day he landed at San Francisco Harding was robbed by a

fellow traveller, whom he had befriended, of the last penny he had in the world. The man had shared his stateroom on board the steamer, and knew that he had a draft on the agent of the Rothschilds. When Harding cashed his draft he took the proceeds, in gold coin, to his hotel. That night he was visited by his shipmate, who contrived to steal the belt containing this little fortune, and to escape with it to the mines. Next morning Harding sought a near relative, an older man of known wealth, his sole acquaintance on the Pacific coast.

"I've come to you," he said, after receiving a somewhat icy greeting, "to ask you to help me. A serious misfortune has overtaken me, and——"

"If it's money you want," interrupted the other brusquely, "I've got none!"

This was not the usual fashion of the pioneers. Happily most of them were made of sweeter and kindlier stuff. But the fates had woven out poor Harding's earlier fortune, and it was all destined to be of the same harsh, pitiless web. He bowed his head when these words were said to him, and with the kind of smile angels must most hate to see on the faces of those so near and so little below them, he went forth in silence. Next morning he pawned his watch and made his way up into the mines.

"He's cracked; that's what he is," decided Jack Storm. Since the great find of gold at Bullion Flat there had been a great rush thither from the immediate neighborhood, and among the rest quite a deputation arrived from Boone's Bar. Jack was as great a dandy as ever, and still wore his gaudy Mexican jacket, with its silver bell buttons, his flapping trousers to match, and his gigantic and carefully nourished moustache.

"Cracked!" repeated Mr. Copperas suavely. "Not he. He takes too good care of his money for that. No, boys, that ain't the trouble. He's been 'chasing the eagle' in times past;

the bird has been too many for him, and now he's playing to get even."

"Stuff!" gurgled Judge Carboy, unwilling to part by expectoration with even the smallest product of his favorite quid. "He's done sutthin' he's ashamed of. No trifle like that, Cop. He's properly committed a murder out East. Bime by we'll hear all about it."

Jack Storm shook his head. "He's worked side by side with me for nigh a year, and he wouldn't hurt a fly. Besides, it is his turn next week to go to 'Frisco for stores."

"What's that to do with it?" queried Mr. Copperas.

"A durned sight," returned the other. "Ain't they after these cusses with a sharp stick who've got in hot water at home? And ain't goin' to 'Frisco for such chaps jes' like walkin' into the lion's mouth? Why, there's honest miners—and them as ain't honest miners, Cop—who'd a *leetle* rather not go down to the Bay jes' now, even among the quiet folks over at Boone's Bar."

Mr. Copperas coughed unessily. "So Harding's going down, is he?" he inquired. "Right off?"

"Sartain. You'd better take a trip and keep him company."

There was a murmur of amusement at this. Everybody at the "Bella Union" knew that something had been in the air touching chirographic exploits of Mr. Copperas a few years back at New Orleans, and before he kept the faro bank at Boone's Bar.

"For my part," put in Jim Blair, who liked to hear injustice done to no man, "I s'pose there's reasons why a chap might want to live alone, and yet mightn't a knifed anybody nor robbed 'em either."

"That's so, Jim," affirmed Judge Carboy oracularly. "No doubt on't. But when it's so we usually hear what them reasons is. Now, who knows air a word on 'em in the case afore us? Anyhow, I hope he's good—good as gold—only we've had our sheer of troubles in the county, and it's well to look sharp."

"When I was a little chap," proceeded Jim Blair with retrospective deliberation, "I lived in a village on the further side o' the Ohio. Most folks did their business on t'other bank, and went over generally by the eight o'clock ferry in the mornin'. Now, there was two or three that didn't; men whose work lay nigher home, or who went later. But the crowd went over reg'lar at eight. Arter awhile they got awful sot agin them who didn't go over at the same time. There weren't no hell's delights you could think of them fellers didn't lay to the men who didn't travel by the eight boat; and at last, damn me if they didn't want to lynch 'em!"

"Lynch 'em for not goin' in the eight boat!" cried the Judge, whose respect for the majesty of the law always asserted itself, as was meet, on hearing any tale of its infringement.

Jim Blair nodded. "Not so much, I reckon, for not goin' in the eight boat as for not doin' what other folks did. However, them who ever try to trouble Ches Harding 'll have a rough time, I guess."

"You think he's sech a game fighter?" inquired Jack Storm with lively interest.

"That may be too. But what I meant was, there's them on the Flat who believe in Ches for all his lonesome ways, and won't see him put upon. For my part I reckon he's more sinned against than sinnin'."

"I guess you're half right, Jim," admitted Judge Carboy with diplomatic concession; "more'n half right. But mark my words"—and the Judge's voice rose to the orotund swell which denoted his purpose to be more than commonly impressive—"thar'll be the devil's own time on the Flat some day, and that air duck 'll be king pin and starter of it. I never know'd no such silent, sulky cuss as that moonin' round but that he kicked up pettikiler h—in the long run."

It will be seen from this that there were differences of opinion respecting Chester Harding at Bullion Flat, and

it cannot be denied that there was some reason for it.

CHAPTER II.

MISS TINSEL.

It was in a magnificent theatre that Chester Harding first saw her—a theatre grand in size and tasteful in decoration. It had only lately been opened, and was one of the lions of the Golden City. Harding went there to while away an idle hour, and in order, perhaps, that he might see all there was to be seen before leaving San Francisco. His visit was one of merest chance, and no trifle had seemed lighter in all his California life than his straying that night into the Cosmopolitan Theatre.

And yet perhaps it was the turning-point in his existence. Others who were there from Bullion Flat said afterward that from that night Harding was transfigured. A blaze of chandeliers, with golden fretwork skirting the galleries and rich dark velvet framing the boxes, could hardly surprise him. Nor was there much to astonish—whatever there might be to admire—in the rows of handsomely dressed women who gave brilliancy to the audience. Neither could the drama itself, which the manager was pleased to style “a grand legendary fairy spectacle,” move Harding seriously from his equilibrium. All these splendors, together with the resonant orchestra, the dazzling scenery, rich in Dutch metal and gold foil, the sanguinary and crested Baron, the villain of the play, the iridescent youth, its hero, the demons, who went through traps, vampire and other—one Blood-Red Demon with a long nose being especially conspicuous—the fairies, who brought order out of chaos—of whom the “Queen of the Fairy Bower” was the large-limbed and voluptuous principal—the “Amazonian Phalanx,” who went through unheard-of manœuvres with massive tin battle axes and spears—all these failed, it must be owned, to

startle Mr. Harding from his propriety. He had seen such things, or things very like them, before. And yet he was taken off his feet, to use the metaphor, and swept away captive by a very torrent of emotion excited by Miss Tinsel.

She was only a *coryphée*; that is, she was but one among the minor subordinates of the ballet. Her advent was accomplished as one of the “Sprites of the Silver Shower.” She had to come chastezizing down the stage, and she never raised her eyelids—before most demurely cast down—until she was close upon the footlights. But when those eyelids *did* go up it was—well, as Judge Carboy afterward used to say, it was just like sunrise over the mountains at Boone’s Bar! A girl with a mass of bright hair, almost red it looked by daylight, and large gray eyes that looked as black as soot by the gas, but took on more tender hues by day—a girl with a figure that was simply perfection, and yet one who with all her archness seemed to have no vanity. She had many dainty white skirts, one above another like an artichoke, of fluffy and diaphanous texture, and although these, it cannot be denied, were perilously short, somehow Miss Tinsel did not look in the least immodest.

All the men from Bullion Flat knew it was Miss Tinsel, since the “Queen of the Fairy Bower” addressed this charming figure more than once as “Zephyrind,” and a reference to the play-bill thereupon at once established her identity.

What strange magnetism there was about this girl Harding, and indeed all who looked at her, found it hard to define. Perhaps, apart from her lovely eyes and hair and her exquisite figure, it was because she always seemed to be drawing away that she proved so fascinating. Even when she advanced straight toward you she seemed for ever to retreat. By what subtle and skilful instinct of coquetry Miss Tinsel was enabled to convey this impression cannot here be explained.

That she did convey it was universally admitted. It appeared, however, on inquiry, that her dramatic powers were of the slightest. Her beauty and charm were such that the manager would gladly have put her forward could he have seen his way to do so. But her success had been so moderate, when the experiment was tried, in one or two of the "walking ladies" of farces, that it was thought wisest to let her be seen as much and heard as little as possible.

When Harding last saw her that night she was going up to Paradise on one foot, the other pointing vaguely at nothing behind, the intoxicating eyes turned up with a charming simulation of pious joy, and the cherry lips curled into a smile that showed plenty of pearls below. She vanished from his gaze in a glory of red fire, amid the blare of gongs and trumpets, while the "Blood-Red Demon" went down to the bad place under the stage through a trap, and the "Queen of the Fairy Bower," with felicitous compensation, ascended to the heaven of the flies.

After this tremendous catastrophe Harding went to his hotel and reflected.

That a Timon like himself—a misogynist indeed of the first water—should fall in love at first sight with a ballet girl certainly furnished matter for reflection. But reflection did not prevent Timon from seeking an interview with his unconscious enslaver the next day. Even cold and soured natures may become under some incentives enthusiastic and ingenious.

Harding found out where Miss Tinsel lived, learned that she usually came from rehearsal at about two, called consequently at three, and coolly sent in his name, telling the servant that the young lady would know who he was. As he hoped, the device got him admittance. The girl supposed he was some one from the theatre whose name she had not caught or had forgotten.

It was a very plain and humble room, almost as bare and forbidding

perhaps as the inside of Harding's tent on the knoll, and yet how glorified was the place with the purple atmosphere of romance!

Miss Tinsel was as simply equipped as her room: a gown of dark stuff with a bit of color at the throat, and that was all. Harding saw that she was not quite so perfect physically as he had thought, and this, strange as it may seem, instantly increased his passion for her. Nothing could make her figure other than beautiful, or impair the lustre of her eyes; but the fair creature had a little range of freckles across her delicate nose and cheeks, and her hair by day appeared, as has been said before, nearly red. Her natural smile, on the other hand, as distinguished from her stage smile, which was merely intoxicating, was almost heavenly; and it was not made less so by an occasional look that was grave almost to sadness.

"Sit down." He was standing stock still and silent in the middle of the room. "You come from the theatre, don't you?"

It was a sweet voice—sweet and low—too low, in truth, which was one of the reasons of its failure in the drama—one of those thrilling contralto voices, most magnetic and charming when heard by one alone, or close by, but which lost their magnetism and charm if strained to fill the ears of a crowd.

"No—yes—that is, I was there last night. I saw you there," he replies stupidly.

"Last night? Oh, yes. But why do you want to see me to-day?"

This is a hard question to answer; so he tries evasion.

"Did you get a bouquet?"

"A perfect love—a beauty—it was thrown at my feet; but I gave it to *her* of course."

"Gave it to *her*?"

"Miss De Montague—don't you know—the 'Queen of the Fairy Bower?' She gets all the bouquets."

"Oh, she does, does she?"

"Certainly. She is the principal,

you know. Her engagement calls for all the bouquets."

"Even when they are plainly intended for somebody else?"

"Ah, but they oughtn't to be intended for somebody else. If any one is so silly as to think somebody else ought to have a bouquet, any one has to be punished. Then they forfeit him."

"Forfeit him?"

"Or his flowers. They always forfeit you in theatres—if you're late at rehearsal, you know, or if you keep the stage waiting. But then you needn't mind. Miss De Montague is a dear, good soul. She took the bouquet for the look of the thing, you know; that's business; but she gave me half the flowers when we got home."

"Does she live here then?"

"Why, to be sure. You know, we always go to the theatre together. Only for her I should be quite alone."

"And do you like this kind of thing?" he asks clumsily.

She bursts into a merry laugh. "Like it? Why, I get my living by it. We all have to live, you know, and I've no one to look out for me but myself, and——"

She pauses suddenly, having caught his eye fixed upon her with a gaze of passionate admiration. This first calls up the look of gravity we have spoken of, and then brings the color sharply to her face. It also reminds her of the somewhat peculiar character of the interview. The instant after she resumes, as if continuing her sentence, "Did you come here to ask me that?"

"No," he replies bluntly. "I never thought of the question until the moment before I asked it."

"Please tell me, then," she proceeds, with gathering surprise, "what *did* you come for?"

He hesitates a moment, moved by the superstition or the honest feeling that he must tell her no word of untruth, and then quietly answers:

"I am not sure that I know."

"Not sure that you know?"

"No."

"Perhaps, then, you'll go away, and when you *are* sure——"

"Come back again?" hazards he.

"I didn't say that. You look and talk like a gentleman, and if, as I hope, you are one, you will know that I can't see strangers—people who have no business with me—and so you must excuse me." She has risen and moves with some dignity toward the door.

"One moment," he interposes.

"Forgive me; you know for your part that it is impossible I should wish to offend——"

"How should I? You come here to me a stranger, and refuse to say what for."

"No. I did not refuse. I only said I was not sure that I knew why I came."

"Then you must be crazy!" she blurts out impulsively.

"Perhaps I am. I begin to think so."

"Then I wish you would go away!" she goes on with apprehension. "I'll tell you what, Mr. Bellario is here, and he's—oh, terribly strong!"

"Mr. Bellario?" he echoes.

"Yes. The 'Blood-Red Demon,' you know. Didn't you see him go through the traps?"

Harding laughs, very much amused.

"And you mean to threaten me with the 'Blood-Red Demon,' do you?"

"Oh, no," she responds gently, but again edging toward the door—"not threaten; but"—in a very conciliatory tone—"if you won't say what you come for and won't go away——"

"But I will," he says gravely.

"Will which?"

"Will both. I will say what I came for and then I will go away."

"I don't mean to be rude, you know," she puts in, softening.

"Nor I. Now I will tell you. I came because I could not possibly stay away—because you drew me toward you with an irresistible force——"

"I'm sure I didn't!" she protests indignantly.

"Unconsciously, of course. You may think me foolish—wild if you

please. I can't help that. You will know better in time. I come to you saying not a wrong word, thinking not a wrong thought. There is nothing against me. At home I was a gentleman. I ask leave to visit you, respectfully as a friend, nothing more."

"But why?" she asks, bewildered.

"Because I admire you greatly, inexpressibly, and I must tell you so." She turns scarlet now. "But I shall never tell you this—not again—or anything else in words you do not choose to hear. All I ask is the leave now and then to see and to speak with you."

This was very embarrassing. Had he said he loved her, and at first sight, she would have turned him away. She would have distrusted both his sincerity and his motives. But he did not say this. On the contrary, he offered in explicit terms, it would seem, not to say it. She therefore naturally took refuge in generalities.

"But what you ask won't be possible. What would people say? This is a very bad, a scandalous country, I mean. What would Miss De Montague think, or Mr. Bellario?"

"What people will say or think hardly needs to be considered," said Harding steadily, "since in a week I shall have gone to my home in the mines. You won't be troubled with me long—twice more perhaps. Only once if you prefer it. All shall be exactly as you wish it. Is not that fair?"

Miss Tinsel was saved the present necessity for replying to a question or coping with a situation both of which she found extremely perplexing, since at this juncture the door opened and admitted the "Queen of the Fairy Bower" and the "Blood-Red Demon," who had apparently been out for a morning walk. To Harding's surprise, the "Queen" was a motherly looking woman of forty-five and the "Demon" a weak-eyed young man, with a pasty white face, and some fifteen years younger. Both were much overdressed, and both stared vigorously at Harding—the "Queen" with an air intended to represent fashionable rail-

lery, the "Demon" with haughty surprise. But the visitor avoided explanations that might have been embarrassing by bowing low to the company and passing from the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE CUP AND THE LIP.

HER real name was Jane Green. But Jane Green would never do for the play-bill; so the manager, exercising his peculiar and traditional prerogative, had rechristened the young lady for the histrionic world, and she appeared as "Aurora Tinsel." A poor, almost friendless girl, she had left the Atlantic States with an aunt who had been the wife of the "property man" in the theatre. Soon after the aunt died, and Jane had gladly accepted the offer of Miss De Montague to live with her, and, by helping that lady with her dresses, to render an equivalent for her society and protection.

Harding was a wise man in his generation, foolish as in some respects he may appear. We offer no explanation of his swift and unreasoning infatuation, because it is just such men who do just such rash and impulsive things. But he was sagacious enough to know that a man who really wants a woman is less likely to get her by being too quick than even by being too slow. Women who are interested always maintain the contrary; but this is because they want to bag their game instantly, whether they mean to throw it away afterward or not. The sex are not apt, however, to err by over-rating the value of what they get too easily, and this Harding was philosopher enough to know.

Hence, while he again sought Miss Tinsel twice before his departure, and while his admiration, although respectful, was not concealed, he did not go so far as to ask the girl to become his wife. It appeared that after the run of the current spectacle at the theatre a "great tragedian" was to play an engagement there, and the opportuni-

ty was to be taken for the ballet and pantomime troupe to make a tour of the mines. Miss De Montague was to go as a chief attraction, and Miss Tinsel was to go also, and among the places they were to visit was Bullion Flat.

These plans left open a space of three months, during which Harding could think of what he was at, and Miss Tinsel could think of what he meant, and several other persons who were interested could make up their minds what to do.

The first step taken by Harding on his return was highly confirmatory, in the judgment of the Flat, of the opinion expressed by Jack Storm some time before. A contract was made with a builder, and close by the tent on the knoll there speedily arose a cottage of fair proportions, which was evidently meant to supersede the humbler structure which for a year had formed Harding's home. No one doubted his ability prudently to incur such an outlay. He had been saving to parsimony, and he had been prosperous. But why, when a tent had so long sufficed to him, and when he so disliked to part with money, he should go to so needless an expense, was so obscure that to accept Jack Storm's solution impugning Harding's sanity was the easiest and consequently the most popular way of solving the enigma.

The cottage was built notwithstanding, and it was soon the subject of general remark that Harding was becoming more genial and "sociable" than before. He astonished Judge Carboy and Jim Blair by asking them to drink one night at the "Bella Union." He smiled affably and passed the time of day with Jack Storm and his other companions when they met to begin work on the claim for the day. He ordered champagne for the crowd on the evening when a green tree was lashed to the rooftop of his cottage on the knoll; and at last he raised wonder and surprise to their perihelion by actually giving a housewarming.

"I know'd it all along," affirmed Judge Carboy that night to his familiars. They were taking a cocktail at the "Bella Union" by way of preface to "bucking" against Mr. Copperas's bank—"I know'd it all along. He's got a wife out East, and she's a comin' out to jine him in the new house."

"Is that the 'suthin' you talked of that he was ashamed of, Judge?" laughed Jim Blair. "It looks like it, for sartin he never said nothin' about her."

"A man may git married," retorted the Judge with judicial acumen, "and yit do suthin' else to be ashamed of, mayn't he? There's been murderers and horse thieves stretched afore now who had wives, hain't there? And the last chap the boys hung to a flume up to Redwood, he had three wives, didn't he? And they all come to the funeral." And with this triumphant vindication of his position the Judge sternly deposited half a paper of fine-cut in his mouth and started for the luxurious apartment of Mr. Copperas.

Next morning Bullion Flat was in a flurry of excitement and pleasurable anticipation. The "Grand Cosmopolitan Burlesque, Ballet, and Spectacle Troupe" had arrived, and were to play in the theatre attached to the "Bella Union." It was not, however, until the succeeding afternoon that Chester Harding called upon Miss Tinsel at the same hotel.

It was a good sign that that young lady crimsoned at the first sight of him; what she first said was another: "You have not been in a hurry," she pouted, "to come and see me."

"I supposed you would be very busy," said he smiling, and devouring her with his eyes. "Were you so anxious to have me come?"

"Anxious?" she repeated; and then added, illogically, "I supposed you would please yourself."

He nodded. "And how do you like Bullion Flat?"

"I think it ever so pretty—only I don't like the earth all torn up, and such ugly holes and scars."

"We have to get at the gold, you know," he explained, "even at such a cost. But the hilltops, anyhow, are spared."

She looked through a window and pointed at the most picturesque eminence in the neighborhood—the knoll. "That is your house?" she observed shyly.

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"I think it lovely—situation and all."

"And how did you know it was mine?"

"Oh," she said, laughing, "we show-folks see a great many people—besides being seen by them—and I've heard a lot about you."

Harding's face darkened a little. "Then you've heard that I'm not much liked?"

"I've heard that some say so. But what of that? Miss De Montague says she wouldn't give a fig for a man everybody speaks well of—and she quoted something from a comedy—the 'School for Scandal.'"

"Will you tell me what people say?" he inquired curiously.

"Oh, that you are gloomy, reserved, and live all alone, and that you are—not extravagant, and that you haven't had a very happy life."

"That last at least, if true, is a misfortune rather than a fault."

"It's all misfortune, ain't it?" said the girl sagely. "People don't make themselves. There's Mr. Bellario now. He thinks nature really meant him for a great warrior—somebody like Napoleon, you know. And instead of that he's—well, he calls himself a professional gentleman, but the boys call him a tumbler. I suppose it would be much grander to kill people than to jump through 'vampire traps'; but you see he didn't get his choice—any more than I did."

"Then you didn't want to go on the stage?"

"No, indeed. It was just for bread. Auntie was a 'second old woman'—and they got me in for 'utility,' as they call it. There was no one to care

for me, and I was glad to earn an honest living; but like it! Never!"

"You say there was no one to care for you?" said Harding gently. "Had you no friends—no parents?"

Jane reddened painfully, and the sad look came quickly into her face. "My mother is dead, you see," she replied, with hesitancy, "and—and—I'd rather not speak of this any more, please."

"Surely," he exclaimed hastily, "I've no right to catechize you. Pray forgive my asking at all. I ought to have been more careful. I know what trouble is, and how to feel for those who suffer."

She looked at him earnestly. "You have suffered yourself, then—they were right when they said yours had not been a happy life?"

"I have no right to whine—but happy—no, far from it."

Jane's lovely face took on its softest and tenderest expression.

"They said that lately you have been happier—gayer than ever before—and that people liked you—oh, ever so much better than they used to. Why is it that people like those the best who seem to need help and sympathy the least?"

Jane leaned from the window as she spoke and toyed with some running vine that clambered to the casement. The grace and beauty of her figure were made conspicuous by the movement, and Harding paused a moment before he replied:

"People like to be cheerful, I suppose, and people like others to be like themselves, I know. It is true that I have been unhappy—that my life has been morose and solitary. How much this has been my own fault and how much that of others, need not be said. But it is also true that of late I have been far happier. Shall I tell you why?"

His voice was deep and earnest, and something in his eyes made the girl crimson again, and turn her own to the distant hills.

"If you please," she faltered, in her low, musical contralto.

"Shall I tell you too why I have built that cottage you are looking at?" he went on with increasing earnestness. "It is because it has been my hope, my prayer, that this sad, lonely life of mine was nearly over. It is because I have believed that after much pain, and doubt, and bitterness my trust in men might be brought back through my love for a woman. The cottage—it is for you, Jane. I love you, Jane. Do you hear me? From the moment I saw you, I loved you. I resolved to ask you to marry me. Jane, will you do so?"

While he spoke the color had been fading steadily from her face, and when he stopped the girl was ashy pale. He looked at her anxiously and impatiently.

"I—I—am—so sorry," she muttered at last, as if each word were a separate pain.

"Sorry? God! Why?" Then with swift suspicion, "Jane, do you care for—are you engaged to some one?"

She shook her head mournfully.

"Do you see that sun going down over the hills?" She turned her beautiful eyes full upon Harding as she spoke, with a look of ineffable tenderness and sorrow. "Well, you must let what you have said go down with that sun, and never think of it—never speak of it again."

It was Harding's turn to blanch now, and the blood retreated from his swarthy cheeks until they looked almost ghastly.

"Why?" and his voice came involuntarily, almost in a whisper.

"Do not ask me—have pity—do not ask me."

"I must ask you," he cried impetuously, "but yet I need not perhaps. You care for no one else? Then it must be that you do not, you cannot, care for me. Is that it, Jane?"

"That is not it."

"Not it!" he cried joyfully. "Then you *do* care for me a little—just a little, Jane?—a little which is to grow into a great deal by and by! Oh,

child, child, think how wretched I have been all these years! Think how I have waited and waited. I lived for twelve long months, Jane, alone, without a soul, without even a dog, in a tent on that knoll; and so hungry, Jane—so hungry for sympathy, for love. It comes to me at last, dear Jane, what I have longed for and begged for so long. Don't, don't—as you hope for mercy, don't take it away again!"

"You are good," she said softly, "whatever they may say. It is good and noble of you. Why should I tell you lies? I do like you very much, for all," looking down with a faint blush, "we have met and known each other so little. But all the same, it cannot be."

"Cannot again," he cried impatiently. "Once more, I ask you, will you tell me why not?"

She looked at him half frightened, for there was something of mastery in his tone; then, standing erect, and with a positiveness as strong as his own, she answered, "Because I should disgrace you."

"Because you are on the stage!" he exclaimed disdainfully. "Is that it?"

"That is something," returned Jane humbly, "but perhaps not much. I am hardly important enough to be worth even that sort of reproach. And besides the people of California are too liberal to apply it. I know I am only a ballet dancer"—and the poor girl tried to smile here—"and a pretty bad one at that. But I work hard, for an honest living, and no one can say I have ever disgraced myself."

"Then how can you disgrace me?"

"I have begged you not to ask me."

"I must!" cried Harding passionately; "and I have the right to do so. Would you have me take your cool 'no' when you care for no one else and do care for me, and to go my way satisfied? I can't—I won't!"

"You will be sorry," said Jane pitifully.

"Let me be. Anything rather than the doubt. Give me the truth."

"Well then." She turned her back now and looked from the window with her grave, sad face, and spoke in a dull, measured way, like the swinging of a pendulum. "I am a convict's daughter. My father is in the State prison of New York at Auburn."

"For what crime?"

"Murder. It was in the first degree. The Governor commuted it to imprisonment for life. There were extenuating circumstances. I went down on my knees and prayed that he might be saved from the gallows."

"And his victim?"

"Was his wife—my mother."

CHAPTER IV.

A MYSTERY AND A PARTING.

THE troupe of which Miss De Montague and Mr. Bellario were prime spirits made a profound impression at Bullion Flat; so profound, in truth, that before their three nights were over a fresh engagement was made for their return a fortnight later. It was agreed that at that time, and on their return from other points, they should appear for an additional three nights, and thus afford their admirers opportunities for which the first essay had been insufficient. This arrangement was highly agreeable to Miss De Montague and Mr. Bellario for reasons largely connected, respectively, with the excellent cuisine and bar of the Bella Union. "Why, my dear," observed the lady, "when I first came up to do the 'legitimate,' fifteen months ago, love nor money could buy a morsel of supper after the play. We had to do with a pot of ginger, and dig it out with the Macbeth daggers, and wash it down with bad beer."

The arrangement was also satisfactory to Miss Tinsel. It seemed well to her that she should be absent for a time; and yet she could not deny a feeling of joy over the thought of returning. Her lover had been greatly shocked by the dismal tale she had related; but, to the credit of his manli-

ness, he had refused to accept the facts as conclusive arguments against his suit. "Was it her fault," argued he, "that her father was a scoundrel?" Why should stigma or disability of any sort attach to her for that which she had no hand in, and had been powerless to prevent? On the contrary, should not the world, or any part of it that might come in contact with her, treat a helpless and innocent girl with even greater tenderness and commiseration because of the undeserved and terrible misfortune that had befallen her?

Jane had resolved that she ought not to be moved by such arguments, and yet she could not help liking to hear them. It was in the end agreed between them—by Harding's earnest entreaties—that she should think the matter over, and that her final decision should be withheld until the return of the troupe to perform its second engagement. Jane had talked with Miss De Montague, who, in spite of some foibles, was a kind-hearted and right-minded woman, and Miss De Montague had strongly urged that Jane's sensitiveness was overstrained. If Mr. Harding had been told all the truth without reserve and he still wished to make Jane his wife, and Jane wished to marry him, that was enough. To stand about and moon over it, and wonder or care what people would say, was all fiddle-faddle, and all sensible people would call it so. Besides, California was different from other places. It was the custom there to give everybody a chance, and value them for what they did and what they were *now*—and not for what other people, or even they themselves, had done before. It is right to admit that the amiable lady's passion for Mr. Bellario—whose similar feeling for Miss Tinsel was more than suspected—had something to do with inspiring all these sage suggestions; but the suggestions were not deprived of good sense by that.

During the fortnight that passed between Jane's departure and her re-

turn the cottage that Harding designed for her future home fast approached completion. Meanwhile its owner's claim was doing better, and his coffers were consequently fuller than ever before. He resolved that, come what might, Jane should become his wife; and it was in this frame of mind that Harding walked out by the riverside on the night the troupe returned. As before, he resolved not to hurry in his suit, and therefore determined to omit calling until the following day.

The night was clear, the stars shining brightly, and the stream ran gurgling forward with a pleasant sound. Suddenly, as Harding strolled musing along the bank, some one touched him on the shoulder from behind; and turning, he beheld the "Blood-Red Demon," Mr. Bellario. That gentleman wore a long cloak, tossed across his breast and left shoulder, and a slouched sombrero; and his white, pasty face wore a look of inscrutable mystery.

"Hist!" he enjoined in a stage whisper; "all is discovered!" Then he drew back, with finger on lip, as if to watch the effect of his revelation.

"What's the matter?" said Harding.

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! Ha! ha!" and the "Demon" laughed witheringly. "He asks me what I mean! Mark me," proceeded he, with a sudden transition, "I know your secret!"

"Oh, you do, do you? Which one do you mean?" questioned Harding scornfully.

"I have neither time nor heart to trifle," said the "Demon," waving his arm with an air of ineffable majesty.

"I shall be brief and to the point."

"You'll very much oblige me."

"Enough. What prompts me to this midnight deed, 'twere bootless now to ask, and idle to reveal. Therefore to my tale. You are in love with Aurora—with Miss Tinsel?"

"By what right——"

"Spare your reproaches. I am in love with her too!"

"You!"

"Is that so strange?" Long ere you crossed our path I knew and loved her. But this is neither here nor there."

"I should think not."

"Professionally," continued the "Demon," with great dignity, "she is, of course, my inferior. Socially—well, you know, I think the damning family secret——"

"Whatever that may be, it is no sin of hers. I think you may wisely leave it a secret—so far, that is, as to omit crying it on the housetops."

"Save to yourself and Miss De Montague, no hint of the tragedy has passed my lips. But to the business between us——"

"My good sir," said Harding, with irritation, "I know of none, so far. If you have anything to say to me, I'll listen. If not, I'll pass on."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the "Demon" with bitter mockery. "I come to serve ye, and ye would spurn me from yer path! Poor, poor humanity! Why, why should I laugh when I should rather weep?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Harding simply, "and I don't want to be uncivil. But it certainly isn't asking too much to want to know what you mean."

"No," responded the "Demon," with melodious sadness—"not too much. Though every word be torture, yet I will e'en go through the ordeal. Sir, what I have to say—and it cuts me to the heart to say it—is that this lady—this young girl—this Aurora Tinsel—is worthy of neither of us."

"What!"

"She is unworthy—lost—and capable of the worst deception!"

"That's false!"

"How, sir?"

"That's false. And you or any one else who says it is a liar!"

The "Demon" drew suddenly back, clapped his hand to an imaginary sword hung at his left side—and then thought better of it.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed lightly, but keeping at a wary distance from

Harding's reach. "Why should I yield to rage? My prowess is well known—and, after all, this worthy gentleman speaks in ignorance. Sir," he added, changing his tone with elaborate and chivalrous grace, "I speak of what I know, and speak only with the best of motives. But it is due to you that I offer to make good my words. I can absolutely prove that what I have said is true."

"Prove it, how?"

"By enabling you to witness for yourself that which justifies what I say."

"And you can do this?"

"Almost to a certainty, and probably this very night."

Harding hesitated. To take the course proposed seemed like doubt, and doubt was unworthy. To refuse to take that course might subject Jane to calumny, which he might on the other hand nip in the bud. Presently he spoke:

"What do you propose?"

"That you go with me at once, and judge for yourself. We may fail to-night, but if so, our success to-morrow will be all but certainty."

The man's air of conviction was impressive, and Harding, fearful, yet hoping that he might unearth some strange mistake or deception, agreed to the plan proposed. It was settled that the two should meet an hour later at the "Bella Union," and they parted now with that understanding. Bellario, however, took occasion before leaving his companion to make his insinuations so far specific as to tell him that Miss Tinsel had made the acquaintance of a certain handsome, dark-eyed man, who had followed the troupe ever since it had last been at Bullion Flat; that this man evidently admired the girl very much, and that she had encouraged his advances in the most unmistakable manner; that she had gone so far as to receive her admirer at her room in the hotel, and that at so late an hour as to excite the censure of the not over-prudish Miss De Montague; and that, in fine, Miss Tinsel's hitherto

spotless name had been so tarnished by the events of the last fortnight as to make it certain none would ever again think her the pure girl she had always hitherto been held to be.

With the blood tingling through every vein, with nerves at extreme tension, and a heart full of bitterness, Chester Harding passed away. Something told him that the tale, black and dismal as it was, was likewise true. When Jane told him the story of her father's crime and its punishment, Harding felt as if there had fallen between him and his prospect of happiness a veil that made it look doubtful and unreal. The girl's firmness in telling him the truth, and the assertion of her opinion as to the proper bearing and consequence of that truth on her relations with Harding, had assuredly deeply impressed and comforted him. It was something to face, after all, and even in California, this wedding the child of a murderer and felon. Yet her own perfect goodness was the justification and would be the reward of such an act. But when Jane's goodness itself was in question it was no wonder that Harding's heart sank within him. He was no coward, but his experience had taught him distrust; and he waited for the stipulated hour to pass in an agony of doubt and pain.

The "Bella Union" had two long wings, perhaps thirty feet apart, running at right angles with its façade toward the rear. In the second story of one wing there were sleeping rooms. Both stories of the opposite wing were occupied by the theatre. The latter was quite dark, and hither Bellario conducted Harding after they had met in the saloon below.

"Be silent," whispered the "Demon," when they met—"be silent and follow."

Up two winding staircases, then through a long passage, and they stood in a gallery over the stage and directly facing the other wing.

"Look!" said the "Demon"; "he's there now!" He still whispered, for the night was hot and windows were

everywhere open. Through one of these directly opposite Harding distinctly saw Miss Tinsel. She was talking earnestly with some one not in sight. Harding gazed breathlessly and listened. Presently a second figure came between the window and the light within. It was that of a tall, handsome man with dark eyes. He replied to the girl with earnestness equal to her own, but in tones as carefully suppressed. As the eyes of the observers got used to the situation, they descried a bed on the further side of the room. On this Miss Tinsel, after a time, sat down. The man followed and seated himself by her side. A moment or two more, and he took both her hands and clasped them in his own. They still talked, obviously with deep feeling, and at last Miss Tinsel threw her arms around her companion's neck and kissed him.

"Enough," hoarsely exclaimed Harding. "Enough—and more than enough!"

"You'll wait no longer?" asked the other.

"Not an instant. Can't you conceive, man—you who profess yourself to have cared for her—what a hell this is?"

"I've been through it before," muttered the "Demon," "and the wound isn't quite so fresh."

They descended in silence to the saloon, and there Harding spoke more freely:

"See here—you've saved me from a great peril—and although I think I had rather you had shot me outright, you deserve no less gratitude. If you want help—money—for instance——"

The "Demon" waved his hand in lofty refusal.

"As Claude Melnotte says, sir, I gave you revenge—I did not sell it. There are better men than I in the world, and lots of them. But I try to do as I would be done by—at least in a scrape like this. I wish you good night, and I hope you'll take comfort. After a little it'll seem easier to you. Certainly the ill news should come easier even

now than it would afterward. As Othello says, 'Tis better as it is.'"

He bowed and passed away. Ascending to the apartment of Miss De Montague, he made himself so agreeable as to be able to borrow from that lady a dozen shining eagles; and, thus provided, descended promptly to Mr. Copperas's bank, where he whiled away the night—assisted by copious drinks and unlimited cigars—at the enlivening game of faro.

As for Harding, he went to the bar of the saloon and took what was for him a stiff glass of brandy. Then he turned abruptly on his heel, and without sending his name before him, marched straight up to Miss Tinsel's room.

She met him at the door with a glad cry—and then shrank back abashed.

"I see," she murmured, in her low, sweet voice, "you don't care to have me repulse you again. You have thought it over—and you agree that it is better not."

He came just inside the door, but did not sit, although she motioned him to a chair.

"I agree," he repeated mechanically—"I agree—with you that it is better not." Then he looked suspiciously around the room. There was no one there—but a door opened into another room beyond. Jane followed his eyes. "That is Miss De Montague's room," she said; "we are always next to each other."

"And she is there now?"

"Yes—with Mr. Bellario—he is calling on her."

Harding paused a minute, and then went on in a hard, constrained voice, like one who repeats a disagreeable lesson.

"I have thought it right to see you—now, for the last time—and say I think it best—and right—that we should part."

Jane turned very pale, and the old grave look of hopeless pain came over her face. But she answered with infinite softness and humility:

"It is right—you know I thought so

from the first. You should not marry a—*a convict's daughter.*"

"It is not because you are a convict's daughter."

"The reason is sufficient."

"I repel it," he cried vehemently—"I will have none of it—I told you so before—I repeat it now. Listen," and he crossed the room swiftly and closed both doors.

"I loved you for yourself—dearly—dearly. What did it matter to me—what fault was it of yours—what other people did, or what or where they were? In this grand, new country, men—some men, at least—have grown high enough and strong enough to shake off such paltry prejudices as those. To me they are as nothing."

"You led me to think so," Jane said gently.

"Why should I care for your being a ballet-dancer—or for the other thing, when you had never disgraced yourself? But now it is different."

"Now it is different!" she echoed in amazement.

"Different in this," pursued he with growing excitement, "that before you were a pure girl—pure as snow—everybody said that—and now you are—are—compromised."

The blood rushed in a torrent up to her hair.

"Who says it?" she demanded, now first showing warmth—"who dares say it?"

"Alas, Jane," he replied, "don't make things worse by deception at parting. Let us be at least as we have always been, honest and unreserved to each other."

"What you have said just now," said the girl proudly, "is an insult. The time has been when you would not have heard another say such words—either to me or of me; and yet they are as little deserved now as they have ever been."

"They are, are they?" he retorted. "Then pray tell me who was that man you have had here within an hour?"

She turned deadly white, and open-

ed her lips thrice to speak before the words would shape themselves.

"That—man?"

"Do you deny having a man with you?"

She shook her head piteously. "No—there was a man here—and with me."

"Ah, you confess it then," cried he, as if her admission made what he knew more heinous. "Who was this man? Confess all!"

"He—he—wanted help—asked for money. He saw me in the play at Boone's Bar—and thinking me richer than I am, asked me for money."

Harding laughed scornfully. "And do you expect me to believe this?"

"It is true," she hurried on nervously. "He said he was desperate and must have money to get away."

"Had he any claim upon you?" he asked, scanning her with cold, searching eyes.

She hesitated and made answer,

"No—none."

"Yet he pushed his demand with eloquence?"

"He did."

"And with success?"

"I gave him all I had."

"Even although he had no claim on you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Jane—Jane!" he cried with a burst of bitter sorrow; "why couldn't you have been truthful to the end? Why—why must you make me look back—always and only to despise you!"

She looked at him stonily, but made no reply.

"Jane, it cuts me to the heart to say it—but I saw you—do you hear?—saw you. He took both your hands in his—you threw your arms about his neck and kissed him. Do you deny this?"

She still looked him straight in the face, but two tears brimmed into her eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. "No, it is true," she then answered.

"You own this too," he cried furiously. "Jane, who is this man?"

She remained silent.

"I ask you again, Jane—and for the last time—who is this man?"

"I cannot tell you."

"You refuse?"

"I must."

"Then farewell. We can meet no more." He turned, and stood with his hand on the door, and with the action the girl's overstrained nerves gave way.

"Oh, no, no, no! Oh, Chester, I have loved you so! Don't—for mercy's sake—don't leave me in anger—when I so need comfort—help—and—p—pity!"

She fell on her knees by the bed, and with her face in her hands, sobbed aloud.

As she did so, a burst of strange, mocking laughter resounded from the adjoining room, and Harding started as if he had been stung.

"It must be!" he hissed, all that was hardest and worst in his nature suddenly possessing him. "After this it would only be torture—to both!" He bent suddenly and kissed—not her lips, no longer pure—but her forehead, once, twice, thrice, passionately, and then fled away into the darkness.

CHAPTER V.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

HARDING went up to his lonely tent. Like a wounded animal, he sought his lair, and the memory of the many solitary hours he had passed there, even at this sad moment, refreshed his spirit. There he could be alone—away from men's eyes—free from their curiosity, from their comments, or, what would be worse, from their pity.

He had made himself comparatively rich; he had built up a home, as it were, in the wilderness; he had even tried, and with some success, to gain men's esteem—and what were all these worth to him now?

Such bitter thoughts as these filled

Harding's mind as he arranged his coarse pallet, and then, throwing himself upon it, sought to forget his grief during the short space that remained before daylight. He was awakened, almost instantly, it seemed to him—although, in fact, three hours had passed—by the sharp crack of a rifle. Harding leaped up and ran to his door.

It was a dull, gray dawn—the sky overcast, but the air free from wind or rain. A little below Harding's tent there spread a plain about a mile wide. This extended along the bank of the river, and terminated in a clump of redwoods which grew far up the mountain beyond. Here and there on the plain were scattered a few small trees and copses of manzanita; but for the most part it was clear from the outskirts of the village up to the redwoods.

On this plain Harding now saw a remarkable sight. A man was running from tree to tree, striving always to get nearer the mountain. Perhaps three hundred yards behind him were five or six armed pursuers trying to close in on the fugitive, and occasionally firing at him. As Harding gazed, three shots were discharged in rapid succession. Yet the man still held on his way, apparently unhurt, and it looked as if he would quickly gain the cover of the forest. But there was one behind him far swifter than the rest, who ran like an Indian on the river or further side from Harding, and who threatened in a few moments to get dangerously near. It was because this man was so distant from himself that Harding did not at first recognize his own partner, Jack Storm, although he was in his usual well known Mexican dress. Now, Storm was the best rifle shot on Bullion Flat.

It appeared that the fugitive knew this. At all events, as if suddenly realizing his peril, he turned and ran straight toward Storm, resolved to draw his fire, apparently, and by confusing his aim to have a better

chance of escape. Storm's ready rifle flew up to his shoulder instantly, and Harding saw the pale blue ring of smoke and heard the quick report. Still the fugitive sped on. He was plainly unscathed, or in any case not disabled; and in his hand there now flashed a bright something which Harding knew was a bowie-knife. With that, although the combatants were a mile away, Harding seized a revolver, and dashed at his highest speed down the hill. Almost at the same moment, there also started in company from Bullion Flat three figures on horseback. These were Miss Tinsel, the "Demon," Mr. Bellario, and Judge Carboy. All who were now making for the scene of the combat heard in sharp repetition five or six shots from revolvers; but after the last of these, all was still. When they got to the spot they found Jack Storm fainting from loss of blood, but hurt only with flesh wounds; and they were told that the other man, his opponent, was mortally wounded, and had been taken, by his own request, up on the mountain side, among the redwoods, to die.

With a choking cry, Miss Tinsel galloped on, and in a few moments Chester Harding and she were again face to face over the dying man's body. Ghastly white as he was, all dabbled with blood, and the foam oozing from his lips, her lover at once knew Jane's visitor of the night before. What had happened had been hurriedly revealed to Harding—in broken whispers by the bystanders—before Jane came up.

The man had robbed several rooms at the "Bella Union" during the night, and had succeeded in gathering a large sum. Among the treasures stolen were all the loose funds belonging to the "Combination Troupe," the night's winnings of Mr. Copperas's faro bank, and Miss De Montague's diamonds. But just as the robber, toward daylight, was on the point of making off in safety, he met a lion in the path in Jack Storm. It happened that Jack wanted to have a talk with his partner, Harding, and, as they were then very busy on the claim, made up his mind to

compass this purpose bright and early, before getting to work. Stumbling on the marauder, the latter was secured after a struggle, and "the boys" speedily determined to make an example of him. The man begged for a chance of life, and after some debate, had been given the option of the halter or running the gauntlet, with three hundred yards' start, in the way we have described. In the subsequent struggle he had been shot through the lungs, and terribly cut with his own bowie-knife—wrested from him by Jack Storm—and his life was now fast ebbing away.

As she came up Jane sprang from her horse, and threw herself on the ground beside the dying man. They had propped his head on a hillock of turf, and some charitable soul had brought water from the river. Judge Carboy quickly put a flask of brandy to the sufferer's lips, and he opened his eyes:

"Ja—Jane," he gasped, "my pretty Jane—this is the end—the end of it—a dog's death—and deserved, too—but—I—I—always loved you!"

She burst into tears and began sobbing over him and fondling his head.

"Don't, darling—don't, little Jenny—it won't be long—I am better away—better for you—there—there! I'm sliding away somewhere—and——"

His voice failed, and his dark face began to grow blue. The doctor, who had ridden hastily up, forced between the man's teeth some strong restorative.

"I want you to remember—always—that I was drunk when I did it—drunk and crazy. I was bad—vile—but not so bad as that. Don't tell who—who I am. It will only disgrace you—only disgrace you—I'm going, little Jenny——"

"Oh, father! father!" and the poor child bowed down her pretty head on the breast of the wretched thief and murderer, and wept as if her heart would break.

"No—no," he muttered; "no, little Jenny, I'm not worth it. Only—don't think worse—worse of me than I de-

serve. Perhaps mother—in heaven—has forgiven me! She knows—knows—I was mad when I did it.”

“Yes—yes—I shall remember,” whispered she, “always. Now don’t talk more—not now.”

“No—I shan’t talk—much more”—a strange wan smile came over his face—“not much more, little Jenny.” He put up his hand and stroked her sunny hair.

“Tell them about this last—that I was desperate—I had broke jail—knew the officers were on my track—and was penniless. Give me—more—brandy. So. Why, I can’t see you any more, little Jenny—and yet it is morning, isn’t it, not night!” He gasped for breath

and clutched feebly at the air. “Kiss me—little Jenny—mer—mercy—*Lord Jesus*—better—better times—hereafter!”

A shudder, and the man was dead, and Jane was left all alone in the world. Poor, besotted, frantic Michael Green, all sin-scorched as he was, had passed from the judgment of men to the more merciful judgment beyond. Yet the orphan, if alone, lacked neither sympathy nor protection. Nor did she ever lack from that moment the respect and confidence of the man of whose heart she had from the first been mistress. So that the true happiness came in time which is so often the sweeter for being deferred.

HENRY SEDLEY.

DEFEATED.

GIVE me your hand—nay, both, as I confront you.
Let me look in your eyes, as once before.
I gaze, and gaze. Oh, how they change and soften!
I stand within the portal: lo! a door—

A door close shut and barred. I knock and listen.
No sound, no answer. Doubtingly I wait.
Oh! for one glance beyond that guarded entrance,
The power that mystic realm to penetrate.

I touch the barrier with hands entreating,
If it would yield to me, and none beside.
What bitter pain, what sense of loss and failure,
To come so near, and come to be denied!

Softly I call, but only silence answers—
Silence, and the quick throbbing of my heart.
Immovable, the frowning bar abideth:
Kneeling, I kiss the threshold and depart.

MARY L. RUTTER.

SHALL PUNISHMENT PUNISH?

IT is published that in England a man has been undergoing an aggregate imprisonment of ten years for breaking a shop window, at different times, and that when recently pardoned he immediately broke the same window again for the purpose of being again arrested. One who knows nothing more than this of the facts cannot presume to determine what punishment should in justice be given to this particular offender, but the case is interesting as an extreme example of what frequently occurs in a less striking degree in this country. Police courts become acquainted with a class of criminals who would rather go to jail for their dinner, especially in winter, than earn a dinner by hard work. They are the confirmed vagabonds from whom the army of summer tramps is chiefly recruited. They never feel truly virtuous and happy in cold weather except when they have committed a petty offence and are on the way to "punishment," which consists in accepting from a thoughtful public a warm shelter and all the food they want. It is their business to live, at times if not constantly, in this way. Sending them to jail for their offences is known by the courts that send them to be nothing but a sorry farce.

There is another equally incorrigible class, who commit greater crimes, but not chiefly for the sake of "punishment." Detectives keep themselves advised of the sentences of these offenders, and prepare to shadow them anew whenever they are released from confinement. It is not expected that incarceration will have any reformatory effect. The question of reforming them, as of reforming those who offend to get rid of the trouble of taking care of themselves, comes to be left out of consideration, after a little experience, by the officers whose duty it is to deal with them. Only intimi-

dation remains for a considerable number. With these, rather than with the English window-breaker, should probably be classed the subject of this item from a late newspaper: "Charles Dickens is dead, and died of honest work; but the German prisoner, Charles Langheimer, whom he saw in the penitentiary at Philadelphia thirty-three years ago, and over whose punishment by solitary confinement he lamented in 'American Notes,' describing him as 'a picture of forlorn affliction and distress of mind,' still lives at the age of seventy-five, and has just been sent back to his old quarters the sixth time, for his chronic offence of petty theft, which has kept him in jail full half his long life."

That punishment for crime is necessary, and therefore a public duty, is admitted, and every community professes to impose it. But what of the criminals whom punishment as now administered does not punish—who actually commit crimes for the purpose of receiving it? It would seem that society has not the power or has not the wisdom to protect itself. It has the right, of course. It has the power also.

The law does not succeed in what it attempts and professes to do. At present when we find a criminal who has sufficient good in him to feel our methods, we punish him in proportion to his—goodness. When we find one so vile that our methods are like water on a duck's back, we do not punish him—except as water punishes a duck. He goes unpunished because he is so bad, while a better man is punished because he is better. What is this but rewarding insensibility? It is very creditable to the hearts of the lawmakers—perhaps—but it is fraud on the community. It is legalized wickedness. It permits incarnate nuisances to wax fat, and prey upon

honest industry, and increase and multiply, until they become the only prosperous and protected class.

It has been suggested that a criminal on his second conviction be deemed a professional, and incarcerated for life. It would no doubt be cheaper for the public to shut him up thus and support him permanently. But there is the objection that the punishment would generally be out of proportion to the crime, if it were a punishment at all; and if it were not a punishment, we would be offering a greater premium on vice than we now are. To punish petty larceny as if it were as great a crime as manslaughter or murder would be too unjust to be long possible. The case seems to demand a new medicine rather than a greater dose of one which has failed when tried in any practicable quantities.

There is one remedy, so far as the infliction of real punishment is a remedy, although those who administer justice as above described will hold up their hands in horror at the mention of it. If it be a fact that the punishment of criminals is necessary, and if it be a fact that a class of them is impervious to any punishment except physical pain, then we are bound to either inflict this pain or else abandon the principle of punishment. There is no third course if the two facts are admitted—and to those who will not admit them an unprejudiced reading of the criminal news of the past three hundred and sixty-five days is commended. If one man's heart is callous to what will break another's, all men's backs are of nearly equal tenderness. It is doubtful whether the whipping-post ever had a fair trial without proving that it might be made a good thing under such circumstances as we must very soon, if we do not now, confront.

The fact that it was once used and then abandoned does not settle the case. It was erected for those who could have been otherwise dealt with, and for those who deserved no punishment at all. It was not reserved for

only those deserving punishment, on whom our more refined penalties had been tried and had failed. It is not a fair trial of it to put it into the hands of a drunken or passionate ship's captain; or the hands of a religious bigot; or the hands of a slave-driver; or the hands of a tyrant or autocrat of any kind; or the hands of an incompetent judge; or the hands of any judge in a ruder age than this. If an ignorant or brutal use of it in the past condemns an enlightened use of it now, we should abandon life-taking and imprisonment, for these have been even more abused. We have no fear that the death penalty will be misused hereafter because men have been hung for petty larceny heretofore. When the lash is wielded by a barbarous hand, as it generally has been, of course we abhor it. But how about it when the hand of Christ wields it in the temple? Although the incarnation of charity made him a scourge for those who needed it, yet we cannot follow His example because Torquemadas have made scourges for those who did not need them. Such is the logic of those who would cite the past in this matter. The truth is, the lash was abandoned in the humane belief that criminals could be punished without it; and the truth also is, some criminals are now proving that they cannot be punished without it.

Go over the subject as we may, we come back to the question, Is the lash or something equally unrefined necessary to accomplish all the law now attempts? It must be looked at in the cold light of certain very sad facts, as well as in the warm blaze of "chromo" civilization. If we are not yet compelled to answer it in the affirmative, there is so much evidence pointing toward such an answer, that it is well to consider very respectfully indeed whatever can be said on the unpopular side. It need not frighten those who accept the idea so tersely presented by the Hare Brothers—of which one is strongly reminded by Mr. Greg in the "Enigmas of Life,"

although perhaps he does not expressly state it—that the tendency of civilization is to barbarism.

Of course flogging is not a panacea; but it is for those who profit by nothing gentler; and the more enlightened society becomes the more certainly can these be identified. The generous feeling that has discontinued it would not cease to be a guarantee against its abuse. Our courts cannot depart far from public sentiment. We can trust judges and juries to determine who deserves castigation just as safely as to determine who deserves imprisonment or death. Most of the censure they now receive in their treatment of the hopelessly depraved is for their lenity and not their rigor. There is no offender would not dread and wish to avoid whipping. Certainly no one would offend for the purpose of receiving it; and it would probably discourage a man in less than ten years from breaking the same window. It would be inexpensive, and would have the merit of being short and sharp, if not decisive. Punishment, intimidation, is what is here considered, and the point is whether it shall be administered to all who deserve it, or whether the law society finds necessary for its protection shall be a falsehood, at war with itself—a sham. The law cannot shrink from anything that is necessary to its purpose without impeaching its purpose.

And is it more inhuman to hurt the back of one who cannot be made to feel anything else than it is to pain the heart and hurt the soul of one who can? How can Christians so exalt the flesh above the spirit? They did not do it in the primitive days of the faith. Is it more barbarous to scourge the body than to gall it with irons, or poison and debilitate it by confinement, or wear it out by inches at hard labor? We have not abolished corporeal punishment—only rejected a form of it which is frequently more merciful, if more dreaded, than some that are retained.

All wrongs right themselves by "in-

humanity," if permitted to go far enough. You are told by good authority, and you know without telling, that if you find a burglar in your house at night, you perform a public duty by shooting him dead rather than see him escape. From the humanitarian point of view, this is certainly more dreadful than it would have been to stop, by flogging, any minor offences that led him into your house. Indeed, if the penalty for the burglary itself were a "barbarous" laceration of his back, it would doubtless have more effect in keeping him from the burglary and from a bloody death, than does the risk of imprisonment. We must not whip him in obedience to the law, but we may safely shoot him dead without regard to it. It is our tenderness that becomes "inhuman" if it be not wisely bestowed. Would it be quite in keeping with the pretensions of "advanced" civilization to see the matrons and maids of the rural neighborhoods going about their dairies and summer kitchens with revolvers in their belts, and bowie-knives in their bosoms? That is the spectacle the "tramp" nuisance promises to produce. Would the whipping-post, set up in the slums of the great cities, where the miscreants among the tramps breed and form their characters, look any more like barbarism? The voluntary tramp has but shown the countryman during the summer what the city suffers during the winter. He is simply trying to distribute and equalize himself, and while enjoying his country air, collects the same taxes he collects all the rest of the year in town. Let the city continue to rear him tenderly, and not hurt his precious carcass, and feed and warm him, and punish only his sensitive spirit, until the country people get down their shot-guns and make a barbarous end of him. And this is being true to the cause of humanity.

It is noble for the law to withhold its hand when one who has taken a wrong step can be won back to a good life by other means; and if the wretch-

es hopelessly saturated with vice can be intimidated by anything milder than flogging, by all means be mild; but when we find one who cannot, why not acknowledge the fact and act on it?

The reason why we do not so act is only a sentimental one. A sentimental reason, however, may be a very good one. Society feels that it is better to suffer, and to see its laws become a mockery to this degree, than to shock its own best instincts. This sentiment that obstructs absolute vindication of the law is respectable so long as it can be respected with tolerable safety and public satisfaction. But it interferes with justice by courtesy, and not by right. It is all very well so long as society does not complain. But if its mouthpieces are to be believed, society does complain. The public is not satisfied with the present punishment of certain offenders—indicated with sufficient accuracy by the tough old Langheimer and the English window-breaker—and is restive under the pecuniary burden they impose.

Although the history of the whipping-post is nearly worthless to one seeking to know what its value might be under all the favorable conditions with which it could be surrounded now and here, yet it is possible to point readily to one trial that should have been, and probably was, a fair one. A very few years ago—perhaps four or five—garroting became a terror to the London pedestrian. For assault and robbery, without intent to

kill, the death penalty was too terrible, and the other penalties failed to intimidate, as they generally do when the crime is lucrative, easily accomplished, and not immediately dangerous. It could not be trifled with, and something had to be done. A "barbarous" whipping of the bare back was resorted to, and garroting subsided. The result was what the public wanted. Sentimental eyes may show their whites, horrified hands may go up, floods of twaddle may come forth in sympathy with the discouraged garroter, but men of common sense, especially if they have been garroted themselves, will say the end was worth what it cost, and believe in the inhumanity that achieved it.

Nothing has been said of Delaware. No valuable lesson could be drawn from her without considerable investigation, and perhaps not then. She may do too much flogging, or she may not do enough. Her ministers of justice may be models of enlightenment, or they may be models of debasement. The lash there may be still a class instrument, or it may not. She has no great city—an exceedingly important consideration—and two portions of her people are jostling each other as nominal equals in the race of life, who but the other day held the relation of master and slave. She is probably not indifferent to a good name, and her retention of the whip under all the sneers she receives is some evidence that she at least regards it as still having a defensible use.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

RENUNCIATION.

COULD I recall thee from that silent shore
 Whence never word may reach our longing ears,
 To gaze upon thee thro' my happy tears,
 And call thee back to life and joy once more,
 Could I refrain? If at my touch Death's door
 Would open for thee, and thy glad eyes shine
 With swift surprise of life, straight into mine,
 And we might dwell with love for evermore,
 Could I forbear? God knows, who still denies.
 Yet being dead, thou art all mine again:
 No fear of change can break that perfect rest,
 Nor can I be where thou art not; thine eyes
 Smile at me out of heaven, and still my pain,
 And the whole pitying earth is at thy breast.

KATE HULLAND.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

“THE last word in the Eastern Question,” said Lord Derby, “is Constantinople.” If for Constantinople we read not merely the city itself, but that half of Turkey in Europe bordering upon the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, and understand the real point to be, Shall or shall not Russia have it? we have the whole Eastern Question in a nutshell. Russia is bound by every consideration of policy and interest to get it if she can. Great Britain is bound by every consideration of interest, and even of self-preservation, to prevent it if she can. Germany, Austria, and France are bound to prevent it, if possible, unless they can at the same time gain equivalent advantages which shall leave them relatively to each other, and especially to Russia, not less powerful than they now are. The other nations of Europe may be left out of view in considering the question; for their interest in it is less vital, and they could do little toward the result, except as allies to one side or the other, in case of a general European war in which the great Powers should be quite evenly balanced, when their comparatively small weight might turn the scale.

A glance at the map will show the paramount importance to Russia of the acquisition of this territory. Comprising more than half of all Europe, she is practically cut off from the navigable seas. She has, indeed, a long coast-line upon the Arctic ocean, but she has there only the inconsiderable port of Archangel, and this can be reached only by rounding the North Cape and sailing far within the Arctic Circle, while the port itself is blocked up by ice seven months of the year. She also borders for seven hundred miles upon the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia; but here, in the northwestern corner of her territory, she has only

two tolerable ports, Cronstadt and Riga, and these are frozen up for nearly half the year; but from these ports is carried on three-fourths of her foreign commerce. She next touches salt water in the Black Sea, almost 1,500 miles from St. Petersburg, on the extreme south of her territory. This sea, half of whose shores belongs to Russia, is 720 miles long, and 380 miles wide at its broadest point, covering an area, including the connected Sea of Azof, of nearly 200,000 square miles—more than twice that of all the great lakes of North America. Russia wishes to be a great maritime power. The Black Sea has good harbors and abundant facilities for building ships and exercising fleets. Into it fall all the great rivers of the southern half of Russia, except the Volga, whose mouth is in the Caspian; and the Volga may properly be considered a Black Sea river, for a railway, or perhaps even a canal of a few leagues, would connect it with the Don and the other rivers of the Black Sea system. The Black Sea is emphatically a Russian sea; but Russia enjoys the valuable use of it only by the sufferance of whomsoever holds Constantinople. By the treaty of Paris, concluded in 1856, after the reverses of the Crimean war, Russia agreed not to maintain a fleet there; and it was not till 1870 that taking advantage of the critical position of the other great Powers, she declared that this article of the treaty was abrogated. She has now a strong fleet of iron-clads and other steamers in the sea, but the actual strength of this fleet is unknown except to herself. It was certainly powerful three years ago, and is doubtless much more powerful now. A vessel and crew which has navigated the “Bad Black Sea,” as the Turks call it, has nothing to fear from the broadest ocean. But this sea is liable at any moment to be a closed one to Russia.

No Russian man-of-war has, we believe, ever sailed into or out of it; no merchantman can enter or leave it except by the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, which are its gates, and of these gates Turkey holds the keys.

The Black Sea is joined to the deep, narrow Sea of Marmora by the straits of the Bosphorus, twenty miles long and from three-quarters of a mile to two and a half miles wide. Just where the straits open out into the Sea of Marmora stands Constantinople, a spot marked out by nature as the one on the whole globe best fitted for the site of a great metropolis. At its western extremity the Sea of Marmora—about one hundred miles long, with a maximum breadth of forty-three miles—contracts into the straits usually called the Dardanelles, which is properly the name of four castles, which, two on each side, command the passage, here less than a mile wide. Both straits could easily be so fortified as to be impassable by the combined navies of the world; and even now we suppose that only the best armored ironclads could safely undertake to force the passage, in or out, of the Dardanelles.

Let us now consider the fearful preponderance which Russia would gain by the possession of these straits, including of course that half of European Turkey bordering upon them. We have seen that the shores of the Black Sea furnish every facility for the construction of a navy of any required strength, and its waters afford ample space for its training. With these approaches in her grasp, Russia might in ten years construct and discipline her fleet there, perfectly safe from molestation by the navies of Europe. Fleets built and equipped at Sebastopol, Kherson, and Nicolaief, could sweep through the Dardanelles, closed to all except themselves, enter the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, and dominate over their shores and over the commerce of every nation which has to use these waters as a highway. In case of its happening at any time to

find itself overmatched, the Russian fleet could repossess the gates of the Dardanelles, and be as safe from pursuit as an army would be if sheltered behind the rocks of Gibraltar.

Great Britain would be first and most immediately menaced by this; for a strong military and naval power established on the Bosphorus would hold in command the shortest way of communication with her possessions in India. The Czar would hold in control the route by way of the Suez canal: or at best Great Britain could keep it open only by maintaining a vastly superior fleet in the Mediterranean; and it would be difficult for her to maintain there a fleet which would not be practically overmatched by one which Russia could easily keep up in the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. The days are past when a Hood or a Nelson might safely risk a battle if the odds against him were much less than two to one. A British admiral must henceforth make his count upon meeting skill and seamanship equal to his own, and whatever advantage he gains must be gained by sheer preponderance of force.

If Great Britain is to retain her Indian empire, a collision there between her and Russia is a foregone conclusion. An empire which, under a succession of sovereigns of very different character, has steadily pressed its march of conquest through the deserts of Turkistan, will not be likely to look without longing eyes upon the fertile valley of the Indus; and here Russia would have a fearful advantage in position. The Suez route practically closed, as it would be in the event of a war, Britain could only reach India by the long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, while Russia would have broad highways for the march of her troops to the banks of the Indus, whence she could menace the whole peninsula of Hindostan.

We indeed do not think that the possession of her Indian empire adds anything to the power of Great Britain. She has never derived any direct

revenue from it. The Indian expenditures to-day exceed, and are likely in the future to exceed, the revenues. All the vast amounts of plunder and "loot" which individuals, the East India Company, or the Crown have gained, have cost to get them more than they were worth. Unlike Australia and the Dominion of Canada, India offers no field for colonization for men of British blood, where they or their children may build up a new Britain under strange stars. It has come to be an accepted fact that Englishmen cannot long retain health and vigor in India, and that their offspring, born there, rarely survive childhood unless sent "home" at an early age. Britain holds India purely and absolutely as a conquered and subjugated territory. Whether British rule in India is, upon the whole, a blessing or a curse to the natives, is a matter of grave doubt; that it is most unwillingly borne, is beyond all question. It is a despotism pure and unmixed, and a despotism of the most galling kind—a despotism exercised by a horde alien in race and religion, alien in habits and modes of thought, in life and manners, in customs and ideas. Macaulay, when in power in India, forty years ago, said of it the best that can be said: "India cannot have a free government; but she may have the next best thing—a firm and impartial despotism." To maintain this despotism, even against the feeble natives alone, imposes a heavy strain upon the British government. The British empire in India is only a thin crust overlying a bottomless quagmire, into which it is in peril of sinking at any moment by a force from above or an upheaval from below. How nearly this came to pass during the accidental Sepoy mutiny of twenty years ago, is known to all men. Had that mutiny chanced to have broken out three years before, during the Crimean war, it is safe to say that the course of the world's history would have taken a different turn. Since then Great Britain has apparently somewhat consoli-

dated this crust, but it is yet thin, and the weight of Russia thrown upon it could scarcely fail to break it through.

The commercial value of India to Great Britain is, we think, vastly exaggerated. India, in proportion to her population, has always been, and is likely long to be, a very poor country. The trade of Great Britain with India—exports and imports—is not much greater than that with France, considerably less than that with Germany, and far less than that with the United States; and we see no reason to suppose that it is perceptibly increased by the subjugation of India to the British crown. India sells to Great Britain what she can, and buys from her what she wants and can pay for, and would continue to do so in any case. Still, we do not imagine that the British government or people will ever be brought to take our view of the value of India to them. It will be held to the last extremity of the national power, and will only be abandoned under stress of the direst necessity. And for her secure possession of India it is absolutely essential, for reasons which have been stated, that whoever else may have Constantinople in the future, Russia shall not have it. England's interest in the question is a purely selfish one. She is content to have the Turks there because for the time being they keep the Russians out. Whatever worth may formerly have been in the sentimental avowment that it is the duty of the European family of nations to see to it that no weak member of it is gravely wronged by a stronger one is past and gone. It is from no love for the Turks that Great Britain desires that the Sultan should continue to hold at least nominal sovereignty over Turkey in Europe, and the actual custody of the keys of the Black Sea. An able English writer says:*

The position of the Turk at Constantinople is no choice of ours, nor any creation of our policy. We do not maintain him for any love of himself, nor because we rely on his strength to guard the post—though that is absurdly underrated. His

* "Quarterly Review," October, 1873.

corruption and weakness are at least as great an embarrassment to us as an injury to the nations of his empire. But the whole Eastern question hangs upon the fact that he is there, and has been there with a long prescriptive right which he is not likely to yield, or to have wrested from his grasp till after a frantic struggle of despair. Nor is any practical mode apparent by which he will be soon displaced, save that, after a convulsion which would involve all Europe, the Czar should be enthroned upon the Bosphorus. To prevent that catastrophe, and to avert the horrors that must precede it, is our real Eastern policy.

Still more emphatic is the declaration of Lord Derby, the British Premier, when defending the action of the Government in sending the Mediterranean fleet, last May, to Besika Bay, at the mouth of the Dardanelles: "We have in that part of the world great interests which we must protect. . . . It is said that we sent the fleet to the Dardanelles to maintain the Turkish empire. I entirely deny it. *We sent the fleet to maintain the interests of the British empire.*"

Let us now glance rapidly at Turkey in Europe, the coveted prize in this case. Nominally, and upon the maps, it comprises all except the southern apex of the great triangular peninsula bounded on the east by the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Archipelago; on the west by the Adriatic; on the north, the broad base of the peninsula, it is bounded by Austria; on the south, the narrow apex, by Greece. Russia touches it only on the northeast corner. Its area is in round numbers 200,000 square miles, not differing materially from that of France or Germany, or about five-sixths of that of Austria. No other part of Europe, of anything like equal extent, combines so many natural advantages of geographical position, soil, and climate. The population is variously estimated at from 13,000,000 upward; we think that 17,000,000 is a tolerably close approximation. Of these, in round numbers, only about 2,000,000 are Turks, or, as they style themselves, Osmanlis; 11,500,000 are of various Slavonic races; 1,500,000 are Albanians; 1,000,000 Greeks; the remainder Armenians, Jews, and Gipsies. In religion there are about 4,800,000

Mohammedans, nearly half of whom are not Osmanlis, the remainder being of Slavonic descent, whose ancestors embraced Islam in order to save their estates; they are, however, quite as devoted Mussulmans as are the Osmanlis themselves. There are now about 12,000,000 Christians, of whom some 11,000,000 belong to the Greek Church, and nearly 1,000,000 are in communion with the Church of Rome. The name Ottomans is officially given to all the subjects of the empire, irrespective of race or religion; all except Mussulmans are specifically designated as *Rayahs*, "the flock." Nominally, at least, by the new Constitution promulgated in December, 1876, while Islam is the religion of the State, all subjects are equal before the law, and all, without distinction of race or creed, are alike eligible for civil and military positions.

But a very considerable part of this territory is not properly included in the Ottoman empire. The principality of Roumania, in the northeastern corner, made up of what was formerly known as Wallachia and Moldavia, with a population of about 4,500,000, is practically independent, under a prince of the house of Hohenzollern, elected in 1866. It merely acknowledges the suzerainty of the Sultan, to whom it pays an annual tribute of some \$200,000. Serbia, on the north, bordering upon Austria, with a population something less than 1,500,000, has for years been really independent, merely paying a tribute of less than \$130,000.

Roumania and Serbia are strongly under Russian influence. Besides these is the little State of Montenegro, on the Adriatic, with a population of less than 200,000, which disowns the suzerainty of the Sultan, and has for many months waged a fierce but desultory war against him.

Of what properly constitutes Turkey in Europe, with a population of some 11,000,000, the following are the principal divisions, designating them by their former names, by which they are

still best known: south of Roumania, and between the Danube and the Balkhan mountains, is Bulgaria; south of Bulgaria is Roumelia, in which Constantinople is situated; in the northwest is Herzegovina; between which and Servia is Bosnia; on the west, along the Adriatic, is Albania. In estimating the defensive strength of the Ottoman empire we must take main account of Turkey in Asia, with a population of some 17,000,000, by far the larger portion of whom are Osmanlis, devoted to Islam, warlike by nature, and fully capable, as was shown in the Crimean war, of being moulded into excellent soldiers. But our present concern is with Turkey in Europe.

If the ingenuity of man, working through long centuries of misrule, had set itself to the task of developing a form of government the most potent for evil and the least powerful for good, the system could not have been worse than that which exists in European Turkey; and the worst of it is that no one but the most hopeful optimist can perceive in it the slightest hope of reform or practical amendment. In theory the Sultan is the recognized organ of all executive power in the State. The dignity is hereditary in the house of Osman; but the brother of a deceased or deposed Sultan takes precedence of the son, as being nearer in blood to the great founder of the house. A Sultan, therefore, must see in his brother a possible rival, who must, in case his life is spared, be kept immured in the seclusion of the harem. A Sultan who succeeds his brother naturally comes to the throne at a somewhat mature age, but as ignorant as a babe of all that belongs to the duties of government; lucky it is if he is not also physically and mentally worn out by debauchery and excess. Turkish history is full of instances where one of the first acts of a Sultan has been to order the execution of his brothers and nephews. Thus Mahmoud II. put to death his infant nephew, the son of

his predecessor, and caused three pregnant inmates of the harem to be flung into the Bosphorus in order to make sure the destruction of their unborn offspring. The actual task of government is in some sort divided between the Sultan and the "Porte," a term which is used to designate the chief dignitaries of the State. The "Sublime Porte" is the Council of the Grand Vizier, who presides over the Council of State, consisting of the ministers for home affairs, for foreign affairs, and for executive acts, with several secretaries, one of whom is supposed to be answerable that the acts of the ministry are in conformity with the supreme law of the Koran. The Porte of the Defterdar, or Minister of Finance, whose council is styled the "Divan," consists of several ministers and other functionaries. The "Agha" formerly comprised many civil and military officials whose duties were in some way immediately connected with the person of the Sultan, not very unlike what we call a "kitchen cabinet." The foregoing are all designated as "Dignitaries of the Pen." The "Dignitaries of the Sword" are the viceregal and provincial governors, styled pachas and beys. They are at once civil and military commanders; and, most important of all, tax-gatherers, and not infrequently farmers as well as receivers of taxes. If they forward to the Porte the required sum of money, little care is had as to the manner in which their other duties are performed or neglected. The manifold extortions of the local pachas keep one part or another of the empire, not only in Europe, but in Asia, in a state of perpetual insurrection, of which little is ever heard abroad.

The Koran is the acknowledged source of all law, civil and ecclesiastical. Its interpreter is the *Sheikh-ul-Islam*, "the Chief of the Faithful," sometimes styled the "Grand Mufti." He is the head of the *Ulema*, or "Wise Men," comprising the body of great jurists, theologians, and *literati*, any

or all of whom he may summon to his council. He is appointed for life by the Sultan, and may be removed by him. His office is in theory, and sometimes in practice, one of great importance. To him and his council the Sultan is supposed to refer every act of importance. He does not declare war or conclude peace until the Grand Mufti has formally pronounced the act "conformable to the law." It is only in virtue of his *fatwa*, or decree, that the deposition of a Sultan is legalized. A *fatwa* from him would summon around the standard of the Prophet all the fanatical hordes of Islam to fight to the death against the infidels, in the firm belief that death on the battlefield is a sure passport to Paradise. With the Koran as the supreme law, and the Sheikh-ul-Islam its sole interpreter, nothing can be more futile than the provision of the new Constitution of December, 1876, that "the prerogatives of the Sultan are those of the constitutional sovereigns of the West."

It is necessary here to touch only briefly upon the rise and decline of the Turkish empire in Europe. The Osmanlis take their name from Osman, the leader of a Tartar horde driven out from the confines of the Chinese empire, who overran Asia Minor. His great-grandson, Amurath I., crossed into Europe, took Adrianople in 1361, and overran Bulgaria and Servia. Several of his successors pushed far into Hungary and Poland. Mohammed II. took Constantinople in 1453, and brought the Byzantine empire to a close. Selim I. (1512-20) extended his dominion over Mesopotamia, Syria, and Egypt. Solymán II., "the Magnificent" (1520-1566), raised the Turkish power to its highest point. He took Buda in 1529; and in 1532 besieged Vienna with a force of 800,000 men, but was routed by the Polish John Sobieski, with a force hardly a tenth as great. But for another half century the Turkish power was sufficient to inspire terror in all Christendom. With the death

of Solymán, the power of the Turks began to wane, slowly but surely, and at the close of the last century the expulsion of the Turks from Europe seemed close at hand. The great wars of the French Revolution gave them a new lease of possession, and at its close Sultan Mahmoud II., who was by blood half French,* endeavored to introduce reforms which some men hoped and others feared would restore the Ottoman Empire. But the result showed the impossibility of patching up rotten garments with new cloth. The Greek revolution broke out, and at its close the Sultan found himself no match for his vassal, Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, and it was only the intervention of Russia, Austria, and Great Britain which prevented the Pacha from establishing at Constantinople the seat of a new empire, which, be it what it might, would not have been Turkish. What were the reasons of Great Britain and France it is not now easy to say. Those of Russia are patent: she wanted Constantinople to remain in the hands of the Turks until she herself was in a position to seize it. From that time the Ottoman Empire became the "sick man of Europe," around whose bedside all the other powers were watching, each determined that none of the others should gain the greater share in his estates when he died. In 1844 they formally adopted him into the family of the nations of Europe, and promised that his safety should be the common care of all.

Russia, in the mean while, was busy in endeavoring to make herself the patron of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and when the time appeared ripe, entered upon those overt acts which led to the Crimean war. Out of this war the Ottoman Empire came

* His mother was a Creole, a native of Martinique, and cousin of that other Creole who came to be the Empress Josephine. She had been sent to France to be educated, and on her voyage homeward was captured by an Algerine pirate who sold her to the Dey, by whom she was sent as a present to the Sultan, whose favorite Sultana she became.

with considerable apparent advantage. The man supposed to be sick unto death showed that there was unexpected vitality—of a spasmodic sort indeed—in his Asiatic members; and again there were hopes and fears of his ultimate convalescence, if not of restoration to robust health. That those hopes and fears were baseless is now clear enough. Never was the sick man so feeble as within the last five years.

The existing crisis in the Eastern Question came about in the ordinary course of things. In the summer of 1875 the pecuniary needs of the Sublime Porte were more than usually urgent, and the tax-gatherers were even more than usually exacting. The normal result ensued: there were local risings in Bosnia and Herzegovina. A secret Bulgarian revolutionary committee, favored by Russia, has for years existed in Bucharest, the capital of Roumania. They sent emissaries into Bulgaria to excite an insurrection in that province. The plan was to set fire to Adrianople and Philippopolis, each in scores of places, to burn other towns, mainly inhabited by Mussulmans, and force all the Bulgarian Rayahs to join the uprising. The insurrection broke out prematurely in May, 1876, and only a few were actively engaged in it. Two or three thousand troops would have been sufficient to have quelled the rising; but there were none in the province, and despite the urgent appeals of the Pacha none were sent. The Mussulmans, who are in a fearful minority there, were thrown into a panic; and the Pacha gave orders for calling an ignorant and fanatical population to arms. Regular troops were at last sent. The Turks gained an easy victory, and perpetrated those ineffable atrocities, the recital of which sent a thrill of horror throughout Christendom. The Bulgarians fled northward toward Serbia, pursued by the Turks, who it is said made predatory incursions. Prince Milan made some extraordinary demands upon the Sultan, among which

were that the government of Bulgaria should be committed to him and that of Bosnia to Prince Nicholas of Herzegovina. The Grand Vizier refused to listen to these demands; whereupon the Prince called the Servians to arms, declared war against the Sultan, invaded Bulgaria, and soon assumed the title of King of Serbia. His invasion of Bulgaria met with ill success. Although aided by many Russian soldiers and officers, absent on special leave from their regiments, the Servians were driven back over their frontiers; and the war was finally suspended by a truce for six months. We suppose that there can be no doubt that the rising in Bulgaria and the action of Serbia were favored, if not by the Czar personally, yet by the Russian government, although it would, if possible, have withheld Prince Milan from declaring war when he did. The Servian Bishop Strossmayer expressly affirms that the insurrection in Herzegovina was prematurely commenced against the advice of Russia, and that Serbia and Montenegro went to war of their own accord, though they have naturally accepted the Russian aid since accorded to them. He adds that Prince Gortschakoff, who in the Russian government is all that Prince Bismarck is in that of Germany, the year before last "informed Prince Milan that Russia was unprepared; that only within three years did she count on taking Constantinople; and that only then would she call on the Slaves of the South to plant the Greek cross on the dome of St. Sophia."

Meanwhile, on the news of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria, the Czar put his troops in motion toward the Turkish frontier, and made demands upon the Sultan which, if acceded to, would have practically made the Czar the actual sovereign of all Turkey in Europe north of the Balkhan. Great Britain sent her fleet to the mouth of the Dardanelles to "maintain the interests of the British empire" in that part of the world. Diplomatic notes and rejoinders passed between the cabinets

of the great Powers; and early in January an International Conference was assembled at Constantinople to endeavor to settle, or at least to stave off the present crisis in the Eastern Question; Great Britain, through her representative, the Earl of Salisbury, apparently taking the lead. As we write, in the early days of February, all that is definitely known is: The Conference has utterly failed; the Sultan absolutely refused to accede to the propositions made to him; and the ambassadors of the great Powers have been withdrawn from Constantinople. Surmises and rumors as to what will next be done are rife; not the least significant or the least probable being that the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria are consulting as to taking the matter into their own hands. Whatever the immediate issue may be—whether a peace of some kind; a partial war between Russia on the one side, and Turkey, with or without Great Britain, on the other; or a general European war—of one thing we may be certain: it will not cause Russia to more than postpone still longer her long-cherished determination to have Constantinople.

Mr. Carlyle has suggested, as a final settlement of the Eastern Question, that Turkey in Europe should be divided between Russia, Austria, and Great Britain. But, as is his wont, he leaves out some essential factors in the problem. No part of this territory would be of the slightest use to Great Britain, except perhaps the island of Candia as a sort of half-way house in the highway to India by the Suez canal. She has everything to lose and little more than nothing to gain by any such partition, which, as it necessarily must, would give Constantinople to Russia. Mr. Carlyle has so thorough a dislike to France—and with him dislike is nearly equivalent to contempt—that he naturally leaves her out of the problem. But it is surprising that he leaves out his favorite Germany, perhaps the most important factor of all.

We can conceive of a partition of Turkey between Russia and Austria which would be so manifestly and equally advantageous to both that they might agree to it. And the line of division is clearly indicated by nature. Austria, like every other great civilized nation, desires to be a maritime power; but she touches the sea only at one point, the head of the Adriatic, with the narrow strip known as Dalmatia, running half way down its eastern coast. There are only two considerable ports, Trieste and Fiume. Eastward, and back of Dalmatia, are Serbia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina; and below these, on the Adriatic, is the long coast-line of Albania, with several good harbors. Across the narrowing isthmus is the Archipelago, with the excellent harbor of Salonika. Now look on any tolerable map, and one will see on the eastern borders of Serbia, where the Danube breaks through the Carpathians, a range of mountains shooting southward to and crossing the Balkhan, from which it is continued still southward to the Archipelago, the whole dividing European Turkey into two almost equal halves. Let Russia take the eastern half, comprising Roumania, Bulgaria, and the half of Roumelia, including Constantinople, the whole shore of the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles—all that she really needs or cares for. Let Austria take the other half, which would give her the whole eastern coast of the Adriatic, and a large frontage on the Archipelago, and so a double access to the Mediterranean and thence to the ocean. She would acquire thereby an access of valuable territory equal to almost half of her present dominions, which would render her relatively to Russia fully as strong as she now is.

But such a partition could not be carried into effect without the concurrence of Germany, for Germany is undoubtedly as a military power much stronger than Russia. Germany certainly would never assent unless she could somewhere get something equiv-

alent to that gained by Austria and Russia, and not an inch of Turkey would be of any use to her. But in quite another part of Europe is a territory comparatively small in extent, which would be of priceless value to Germany. This is the little kingdom of Holland, which is indeed physically a part of Germany, and essential to the rounding off of the boundaries of the new empire. It would give her an extended sea-front, which is what she also needs in order to become a great naval and commercial power. It would give her also in the Zuyder Zee a naval depot and harbor of refuge inferior only to that of the Black Sea, and immeasurably superior to any other in Europe. Furthermore, with Holland would go the possession of Java and as many other great islands in the Indian Ocean as she might choose to seize and colonize. To Holland, indeed, we think such an annexation would be a decided gain. Her people are in race, language, and religion closely allied to the Germans. It would be better for her to become a State, inferior only to Prussia, of the great German empire, than a feeble

kingdom, always at the mercy of her powerful neighbors. But whether it would be for her good or not, would not be likely to be much taken into account should the great Powers agree upon a reconstruction of the political map of Europe. The interests of France would suffer no material damage from this, provided she were left free to extend her Algerian possessions over the whole Mediterranean coast of Africa, now almost a desert, but once the granary of the Roman empire, and abundantly capable of being restored to its ancient fertility; or in case she should think her dignity required something more, she might receive in Belgium far more than a counterpoise for her recent loss of Alsace-Lorraine.

Suppose that in some not remote future the policy of Russia, Germany, and Austria shall happen to be directed by statesmen as able and unscrupulous as Gortschakoff, Bismarck, and Von Beust, we think such a settlement of the Eastern Question by no means an improbable one. And should these Powers agree to effect it, all the rest of Europe could do nothing to the contrary.

A. H. GUERNSEY.

THE LASSIE'S COMPLAINT.

NOW simmer cleeds the groves in green,
 An' decks the flow'ry brae;
 An' fain I'd wander out at e'en,
 But out I daurna gae.
 For there's a laddie down the gate
 Wha's like a ghaist to me;
 An' gin I meet him air or late,
 He winna lat me be.

He glow'rs like ony silly gowk,
 He ca's me heavenly fair.
 I bid him look like ither fowk,
 Nor fash me sae nae mair.
 I ca' him coof an' hav'rel too,
 An' frown wi' scornfu' ee.
 But a' I say, or a' I do,
 He winna lat me be.

JAMES KENNEDY.

ASSJA.

BY IVAN TOURGUÉNEFF.

I WAS then twenty-five years old, began N. N. As you see, the story is of days long past. I was absolutely my own master, and was making a foreign tour, not to "finish my education," as the phrase is nowadays, but to look about me in the world a little. I was healthy, young, light-hearted; I had plenty of money and as yet no cares; I lived in the present and did precisely as I wished; in one word, life was in full flower with me. It did not occur to me that man is not like a plant, and that his time of bloom is but once. Youth eats its gilded gingerbread, and thinks that is to be its daily food; but the time comes when one longs in vain for a bit of dry bread. But it is not worth while to speak of that.

I was travelling without aim or plan: made stops wherever it pleased me, and went on whenever I felt the need of seeing fresh faces—especially faces. Men interested me above all things. I detested monuments, collections of curiosities. The mere sight of a guide roused in me feelings of weariness and fury. In the Dresden "Grüne Gewölbe" I nearly lost my wits. Nature made a powerful impression upon me; but I did not love her so-called beauties—her mighty hills, her crags and torrents. I did not like to have them take possession of me and disturb my tranquillity. Faces, on the contrary—living, earthly faces, men's talk, laughter, movements—I could not do without. In the midst of a crowd I was always particularly gay and at my ease. It gave me real pleasure merely to go where others went, to shout when others shouted, and at the same time to observe how these others shouted. It pleased me to observe men—yes, I did not observe them merely; I studied them with a delighted and insatiable curiosity. But I am digressing again.

Twenty years ago, then, I was living in the little German town of S—, on the left bank of the Rhine. I sought solitude. I had been wounded to the heart by a young widow whose acquaintance I had made at a watering-place. She was extremely pretty and vivacious, flirted with everybody—alas! with me also, poor rustic! At first she had lifted me to the skies, but soon plunged me in despair when she sacrificed me to a rosy-cheeked lieutenant from Bavaria. Seriously speaking, the wound in my heart was not very deep; but I considered it my duty to give myself for a time to melancholy and retirement—what pleasure youth finds in these!—and accordingly settled myself in S—.

This little town had attracted me by its position at the foot of high hills, by its old walls and towers, its hundred-year-old diadems, its steep bridges over the clear little brook which flowed into the Rhine, but above all by its good wine. And after sunset—it was in June—the loveliest of fair-haired Rhineland girls sauntered through the narrow streets and cried, "Good evening!" in their sweet tones to the stranger whom they met, some of them even lingering still when the moon rose behind the peaked roofs of the old houses, and the little stones of the pavement showed distinctly in her steady light. Then I delighted in strolling about the old town. The moon seemed to look down benignly from a cloudless sky, and the town received this glance and lay peacefully there wrapped in sleep and veiled in moonbeams—the light that at once soothes and vaguely stirs the soul. The weathercock upon the high, sharp spire gleamed in dull gold; long gleams of gold quivered on the dark surface of the stream; some dim lights—O thrifty German folk!—burned here and there in the small

windows under the slated roofs; the vines stretched out mysterious fingers from the walls; something stirred perhaps in the shadow of the fountain in the little three-cornered market-place; suddenly the sleepy cry of the watchman sounded; then a good-natured dog growled in an undertone; and the air kissed the brow so softly, and the lindens smelled so sweet, that the breast involuntarily heaved quicker, and the word "Gretchen" rose to the lips, half a cry, half question.

This little town of S— lies about two versts from the Rhine. I went often to look at the majestic river, and would sit for hours upon a stone bench under a lonely, large oak, thinking, not without a certain exertion, of my faithless widow. A little statue of the Virgin, with a red heart pierced with swords upon her breast, looked sadly out from the leaves. On the opposite bank lay the town of L—, somewhat larger than the one in which I had established myself. One evening I was sitting in my favorite spot, looking in turn at the stream, the sky, and the vineyards. Before me some white-hooded urchins were climbing over the sides of a boat that was drawn up on the shore and lay there keel upward. Little skiffs with sails hardly swollen passed slowly along; green waves slid by with a gentle, rushing sound. All at once strains of music greeted my ears. I listened. They were playing a waltz in L—. The double bass grumbled out its broken tones, the violins rang clear between, the flutes trilled noisily.

"What is that?" I asked an old man who approached me dressed in a plush waistcoat, blue stockings, and shoes with buckles.

"That?" he replied, shifting his pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other. "Those are the students who have come from B— to the *Commers*."

"I will see this *Commers*," I thought. "Besides, I have not yet been in L—." I found a ferryman and crossed the river.

Perhaps not every one knows what a *Commers* is. It is a particular kind of drinking bout, in which the students from one section, or of one society, unite. Almost every participant of a *Commers* wears the conventional costume of the German student: a short jacket, high boots, and a little cap with colored vizor. The students generally assemble at midday and carouse till morning, drinking, singing, smoking, and occasionally they hire a band.

Such a *Commers* was at this moment held in L— at a little inn called the Sun, in a garden adjoining the street. Flags were flying from the inn and over the garden itself. The students sat round tables under the spreading lindens; a huge bulldog under one of the tables. The musicians were under a trellis at one side, playing with great spirit, and refreshing themselves from time to time with mugs of beer. A great crowd had collected in the street before the unpretending little inn. The good citizens of L— were not of the stuff to let slip a good opportunity of seeing strange guests. I mingled with the crowd of lookers-on. It gave me an immense satisfaction to watch the faces of the students, their embraces, their exclamations, the innocent affectations of youth, the eager glances, the unrestrained laughter—the best laughter in the world. All this generous ferment of young, fresh life, this striving forward, no matter whither so it be forward, this rollicking, untrammelled existence excited and infected me. Why not join them, I thought?

"Assja, have you had enough?" suddenly asked in Russian a man's voice behind me.

"Let us wait a little longer," answered another voice, a woman's, in the same tongue.

I turned hastily. My eyes fell on a handsome young fellow in a loose jacket and cap. On his arm hung a girl of medium height, with a straw hat which entirely hid the upper part of her face.

"You are Russians?" I said aloud involuntarily.

The young man smiled and answered, "Yes; we are Russians."

"I did not expect, in such an out-of-the-way place——" I began.

"Nor did we," he interrupted me.

"But what does that signify? All the better. Permit me to, introduce myself. My name is Gagín, and this is"—he paused for an instant—"my sister. May we ask your name?"

I told him, and we began a conversation. I learned that Gagín, like myself, was travelling for pleasure; that he had arrived at L—— the week previous, and was now staying there. To speak candidly, I was always unwilling to make the acquaintance of Russians in other countries. I could recognize them at any distance by their gait, the cut of their clothes, and more than all by the expression of their faces. The self-satisfied, scornful, and usually haughty expression would change suddenly to one timid and suspicious; in a moment the whole man is on his guard, his glance wanders about unsteadily. "Have I said anything ridiculous? Are they laughing at me?" this anxious look seems to say. But a moment more, and the majesty of the physiognomy is restored, only occasionally replaced by stupidity. Yes, I avoided Russians, but Gagín pleased me at once. There are such fortunate faces in the world. To look at them is a pleasure for every one. One feels at once cheered and caressed by them. Gagín had just such a gentle, attractive face, with great soft eyes and fine curly hair. When he spoke, even if you did not see his face, you felt by the mere sound of his voice that he was smiling.

The young girl whom he had called his sister also seemed to me at the first glance very lovely. There was something peculiar and remarkable in the traits of her round, brown face, with its thin, delicate nose, its round, almost babyish cheeks, and its clear, dark eyes. Her form was graceful, but apparently not yet fully developed.

She did not in the least resemble her brother.

"Will you come home with us?" Gagín asked me. "I think we have seen enough of the Germans. Our beloved countrymen would certainly have broken some window panes or smashed a few chairs, but these fellows are quite too well behaved. What do you say, Assja, shall we go home?"

The young girl nodded assent.

"We live just beyond the village," Gagín continued, "in a little solitary house far up the hillside. It is really fine there. You shall see for yourself. The landlady promised me to have some buttermilk for us. It will be dark very soon, and then you can cross the Rhine far more pleasantly by moonlight."

We set out. Through a low gate—for the town was surrounded on all sides by an old wall, some of whose loop-holes even yet remained undestroyed—we gained the open country, and after we had walked about a hundred paces beside a stone wall we came to a steep and narrow path up the hill, into which Gagín turned. The slope on both sides was planted with grapes. The sun had but just set, and a soft purple light rested on the green vines, the long poles, the dusty soil covered with bits of broken slate and stone, and upon the white walls of a small house with steep roof and light windows, which stood high above us on the mountain which we were climbing.

"Here is our place!" exclaimed Gagín as we drew near the house. "And here is the landlady just bringing us our buttermilk. Good evening, madam! We will be there in a moment. But first," he added, "look about you once. What do you say to this outlook?"

The view was indeed charming. The Rhine lay before us, a strip of silver between green banks. In one place it glowed in the purple and gold of the sunset. All the houses in the little towns clustering on the shores stood

out distinctly; hills and fields spread far before us. Below us it was lovely, but above it was lovelier still. The brilliant transparency of the atmosphere, and the depth and purity of the sky, made a profound impression on me. The air was fresh and exhilarating. It blew with a light wave motion, as if it felt itself more free on the hilltop.

"You have chosen a magnificent situation," I said.

"Assja found it out," Gagin answered. "Now, Assja, give your orders. Let us have everything brought here. We will take tea in the open air. We can hear the music better here. Haven't you noticed it?" he went on. "A waltz close at hand may be often good for nothing—mere commonplace jingle. It becomes exquisite at a distance; sets all the sentimental strings in one's heart a twanging." Assja (her name was properly Anna; but Gagin always called her Assja, and I shall allow myself that privilege)—Assja went into the house and soon returned with the landlady. Both together they carried a great tea-tray with a jug full of milk, plates, spoons, sugar, berries, and bread. We seated ourselves and began to eat. Assja took off her hat. Her black hair, cut rather short, and curled like a boy's, fell in thick ringlets over neck and shoulders. At first she was shy; but Gagin said to her:

"Assja, don't be afraid. He won't hurt you!"

She smiled, and immediately addressed a little conversation to me. I have never seen a more restless creature. She did not sit still a moment. She stood up, ran into the house, came out again, sang in an undertone, and laughed often in an odd way. It seemed as if she was not laughing at what she heard, but at stray thoughts which came into her head. Her large, clear eyes looked at us frankly and fearlessly. Now and then, however, the lids fell, and then her glance became suddenly deep and gentle.

For nearly two hours we chatted to-

gether. Daylight was long past, and the twilight had changed from scarlet and gold to a faint redness, then to a clear gray, and finally all was lost in night; but our speech flowed as uninterruptedly, peacefully, and quiet as the air that surrounded us. Gagin brought a bottle of Rhine wine, and we drank it leisurely. We could still hear the music. The notes seemed fainter and sweeter to us. Lights began to appear in the town and on the river. Assja's head drooped forward so that her hair fell over her eyes. She was silent and breathed heavily. Then she declared that she was sleepy, and went into the house; but I saw that she stood for a long time behind the closed window without lighting her lamp. Then the moon rose, and her beams quivered on the surface of the water. Everything was bright or in deep shadow, but certainly took on a different appearance. Even the wine in our glasses sparkled with a mysterious brilliancy. The wind had fallen as if it had folded its wings and were resting. Warm, spicy odors of the night rose from the ground.

"It is time for me to go, or I shall not find a ferryman," I said.

"Yes; it is time," Gagin repeated.

We descended the footpath. Suddenly stones began to rattle down. Assja was running after us.

"Aren't you asleep then?" her brother asked her. But she ran on before us without replying. The last dim lights which the students had lighted in the little inn garden showed through the branches of the trees, and lent them a gay, fantastic appearance. We found Assja at the shore talking to the old boatmen. I sprang into the boat and took leave of my new friends. Gagin promised to visit me on the next day. I shook his hand and held mine out to Assja, but she merely looked at me and nodded. The boat was pushed off and was borne down on the swift current. The ferryman, a hale old fellow, dipped his oars deep into the dark flood.

"You're in the streak of moonshine

—you've spoiled it," Assja called after me.

I looked down. The waves were rippling darkly about the boat.

"Good-by !" rang her voice again.

"Till to-morrow," Gagin added.

The boat touched the bank. I stepped out and looked back, but could see no one on the shore behind me. The moonshine spanned the stream again like a golden bridge, and like another good-by I caught the strains of an old country waltz. Gagin was right. I felt that all the strings of my heart trembled responsively. I crossed the dusky fields to my house, drinking great draughts of the balmy air, and giving myself up wholly to a sweet, vague feeling of expectation. I felt myself happy. But why? I wished for nothing, I thought of nothing. I was merely happy.

Still smiling from the fulness of delightful and changing sensations, I sank into bed, and had already closed my eyes when it suddenly occurred to me that I had not thought of my cruel fair one once in the whole evening. "What does it mean?" I asked myself. "Am I not hopelessly in love?" But just as I put this question to myself I fell asleep, as it seemed, like a baby in its cradle.

The next morning (I was awake, but had not risen) some one knocked with a stick under my window, and a voice that I immediately recognized as Gagin's began to sing,

Sleepest thou still?
My lute shall wake thee.

I ran to open the door for him.

"Good morning," said Gagin as he entered. "I disturb you a little early. But what a morning it is! Fresh, dewy; the larks singing." With his wavy, shining hair, his bare neck and ruddy cheeks, he was as fresh as the morning himself.

I dressed myself, and we went out into the garden, sat down upon a bench, ordered coffee, and began to talk. Gagin confided to me his plans for the future. Possessed of a fair

property, and entirely independent, he wished to devote himself to painting; only he regretted that this decision had been a late one, and that he had already lost much time. I also detailed my projects, and even took him into the secret of my unhappy love affair. He listened patiently, but, so far as I could see, the story of my passion did not awake any very lively sympathy in him. After he had sighed once or twice out of good manners, he proposed to me to come and see his studio. I was ready at once.

We did not find Assja. She had gone to the "ruin," the landlady assured us. Two versts from L— were the remains of a castle of the middle ages. Gagin laid all his canvases before me. There was life and truth in his sketches, a certain breadth and freedom of treatment, but not one was finished, and the drawing was careless and often faulty. I told him my opinion frankly.

"Yes, yea," he interrupted me with a sigh. "You are right; it is all weak and unsatisfactory. But what is to be done? I haven't studied properly, and the inexcusable carelessness shows everywhere. Before working it always seems as if I were capable of eagle flights—it seems as I could hurl the earth out of her course; but when it comes to execution one loses strength quickly enough, and is tired."

I began to encourage him, but he motioned with his hand that I should be silent, rolled up his canvases, and threw himself on the sofa. "If my patience lasts, I shall make something yet," he muttered in his beard; "if not—then I shall stay a country lout. Come, let us look after Assja." We started.

The way to the ruin wound round the slope of a wooded valley, at whose bottom a brook flowed noisily over its pebbles as if it were anxious to lose itself in the great stream that was shining peacefully behind the sharply indented mountain side. Gagin called my attention to some partially lighted

spots; in his words the artist certainly spoke, if not the painter. The river soon appeared. On the summit of the naked rock rose a square town, black with age but in tolerable preservation, though it was cleft from top to bottom. Moss-grown walls adjoined this town, ivy clung here and there, a tangle of briars filled the embrasures and the shattered arches. A stone footwalk led to the door that remained intact. We were already near it when suddenly a girl's figure sped by us, sprang over the heaps of rubbish, and seated herself on a projection of the wall directly over the abyss. "There is Assja," cried Gagin. "Is she mad?"

Through the gate we stepped into a spacious courtyard half filled with wild apple trees and stinging nettles. It was indeed Assja, who was sitting on the projection. She looked down at us and laughed, but did not stir from her place. Gagin threatened her with his finger. I began to expostulate aloud with her on her recklessness.

"Don't do that," Gagin whispered to me. "Don't exasperate her. You don't know her. She would be capable of clambering up the town. Look yonder, rather, and see how ingenious the people hereabouts are."

I looked about me. A thrifty old lady had made herself very comfortable in a kind of narrow booth made of boards piled up in one corner, and knitted her stocking, while she occasionally glanced askance at us. She had beer, cake, and soda-water for tourists. We sat down on a bench and attacked our heavy tin mugs of cooling beer. Assja still sat motionless; she had drawn up her feet, and wound her muslin scarf about her head. Her charming, slender figure showed sharp against the sky, but I could not look at it without annoyance. Even on the previous day I had seen something intense, unnatural in her. "Does she want to astonish us?" I thought. "What for? What a childish freak!" As if she had fathomed my thought, she cast a quick and piercing glance at me,

laughed loudly, sprang in two bounds from the wall, and going to the old woman, asked for a glass of water.

"You think that I want to drink it?" she said, turning to her brother. "No; there are some flowers up there that I must water."

Gagin made no reply, but she scrambled up the ruins glass in hand, and, stopping from time to time and bending down, with extraordinary painstaking she let fall some drops of water, which glistened in the sun. Her movements were full of grace, but I was vexed as before, although I was forced to admire her lightness and dexterity. In one perilous spot she uttered a little shriek with design, and then laughed loudly again. That annoyed me still more.

"The young lady climbs like a goat," mumbled the old woman, and stopped knitting for a moment.

Meanwhile Assja had emptied her glass and come down, roguishly swaying to and fro. A strange, imperceptible smile played round her brows, and nostrils, and lips; half audacious, half merry, the dark eyes were shining.

"You find my behavior scandalous," her face seemed to say. "Very well. I know that you admire me."

"Neatly done, Assja; neatly done," said Gagin under his breath.

It seemed as if she felt suddenly ashamed of herself. Her long lashes fell, and she sat down near us meekly, as if conscious of naughtiness. Now for the first time I could see her face fairly—the most changeful that I had ever beheld. For a few moments it was very pale, and took on a reserved, almost a melancholy expression. Her features seemed larger, stronger, and more simple. She was perfectly still. We made the tour of the ruins (Assja followed us), and were very enthusiastic over the view. Meanwhile dinnertime approached. Gagin paid the old woman, asked for another glass of beer, and cried, turning to me with a sly look,

"To the health of the lady of your heart!"

"Has he—have you such a lady?" asked Assja suddenly.

"Who hasn't?" replied Gagin.

Assja became thoughtful. Her face assumed yet another expression. The challenging, almost bold smile returned.

On the way home she laughed more, and her behavior was more whimsical than ever. She broke for herself a long branch, carried it over her shoulder like a gun, and bound her scarf about her head. A party of fair-haired young English dandies met us. As if at a word of command, they all stood aside to let Assja pass, with a cold glare of astonishment in their eyes, while she began to sing loudly in mockery. As soon as we had reached the house she went to her chamber, and appeared at dinner in a most elaborate dress, with carefully arranged hair, and wearing gloves. She behaved with great propriety, not to say stiffness, at table, hardly touched her food, and drank water out of a wine-glass. Evidently she wished to appear before me in a new rôle, that of a conventional and well brought up young lady. Gagin let her alone. It was easy to see that it had become a habit with him to let her have her will in all things. At times he looked at her good-naturedly and shrugged his shoulders slightly, as much as to say, "Be indulgent; she is only a child." When the meal was ended Assja rose, made us a courtesy, and taking up her hat, asked Gagin if she might go to see Frau Luise.

"Since when have you begun to ask permission?" answered Gagin with his ready smile, but with a little astonishment. "Is the time long to you with us?"

"No; but yesterday I promised Frau Luise that I would visit her. And then I think you two would rather be alone. Mr. N." (she pointed to me) "may have something to tell you."

She went.

"Frau Luise," Gagin began, taking pains to avoid my glance, "is the widow of a former burgomaster of

this place; a good old soul, but rather narrow-minded. She has taken a great fancy to Assja. It is Assja's passion to make the acquaintance of people of the lower classes. I have found that pride is at the bottom of the matter every time. I have spoiled her thoroughly, you see," he went on after a pause; "but what was there for me to do? I never could carry a point by firmness with any one; most of all not with her. It is my duty to be indulgent with her."

I was silent. Gagin gave another direction to the conversation. The more I learned of him the more he pleased me. I soon understood him. His was a real Russian character—truth-loving, faithful, simple, but unfortunately rather sluggish, lacking firmness, and without the inward fire. Youth did not flame up in him; it burned with a gentle glow. He was most amiable and sensible; but I could not imagine what he would become in manhood. He wished to be an artist. Without constant, absorbing endeavor, no one is an artist. You exhaust yourself, I thought, looking at his gentle face and listening to the slow cadence of his voice. No; you will not strain every nerve; you will never succeed in mastering yourself. And yet it was impossible not to be attracted by him. My heart was really drawn to him. It may have been four hours that we talked together, sometimes sitting on the sofa, sometimes walking quietly up and down before the house; and in these four hours we became real friends.

The day was at its close, and it was time to go home. Assja had not returned.

"She is a wild creature," Gagin said. "If you please, I will go back with you, and we will go to Frau Luise's on the way, and I will ask if she is still there. The distance is trifling."

We descended to the town, turned into a crooked and narrow cross street, and came to a standstill before a house of four stories with two windows on a floor. The second story

projected into the street beyond the first; the third and fourth reached still further forward than the second. The whole house, with its old-fashioned carving, its two thick pillars below, its steep, tiled roof, and the beak-shaped gutter running out from the eaves, had the appearance of some monstrous, squatting bird.

"Assja," called Gagin, "are you there?"

A lighted window in the third story was thrown up, and Assja's little dark head appeared. Behind her peered forth the face of a toothless and bleary-eyed old woman.

"Here I am," answered Assja, coquettishly leaning over the window-sill on her elbows. "It is exceedingly pleasant here. Catch," she added, flinging a bit of geranium down to Gagin. "Imagine that I am the lady of your heart."

Frau Luise laughed.

"N. is going," responded Gagin. "He would like to take leave of you."

"Indeed?" said Assja. "In that case give him my sprig. I am coming home directly."

She shut the window, and I fancied that she gave Frau Luise a kiss. Gagin handed me the sprig without a word. Without a word I put it in my pocket, went to the ferry, and crossed to the other side.

I remember that I went home thinking of nothing definite, but feeling a certain dull ache at my heart, when suddenly a strong odor, well known to me, but not usual in Germany, made me stop puzzled. I stood still and recognized by the roadside a hemp-field of moderate size, whose smell reminded me at once of my native steppe. A mighty homesickness arose in me. I had a longing to feel Russian air blowing on my cheeks, to have Russian ground beneath my feet. "What am I doing here? Why am I wandering about among strangers in a strange land?" I cried aloud, and the vague uneasiness that weighed on my spirits changed suddenly to a bitter

burning pain. I reached the house in a mood entirely different from the one of the preceding day. I was strangely excited. I could not compose myself. A feeling of vexation which I could not explain to myself possessed me. At last I sat down to think of my faithless widow (for I devoted the close of every day to official recollections of this lady), and I took out one of her letters. But this time I did not even open it. My thoughts had taken another turn; I thought—of Assja. I remembered that Gagin, in the course of conversation, had spoken of certain obstacles which would make his return to Russia very difficult. "Is she then really his sister?" I cried aloud.

I undressed myself, went to bed, and tried to sleep; but an hour afterward I was sitting up with my elbow on the pillow, and still thinking of the "capricious maid with her affected laugh." "She has a form like the little Galatea of Raphael in the Farnese," I said to myself. "Yes, and she is not his sister."

Meanwhile the widow's letter lay quietly on the floor, bleached by a moonbeam.

However, on the following day I went again to L—. I said to myself that I wished to visit Gagin, but in truth I was curious to watch Assja, to see if she would pursue the extravagances of the day previous. I found them both in the parlor, and wonderful!—was it because I had thought so much of Russia in the night and the morning?—Assja appeared to me a real Russian girl—yes, even a very ordinary one, almost like a servant. She wore a shabby gown; her hair was combed back behind her ears. She sat quietly by the window, busy with some sewing, sedate and still as if she never in her life had been otherwise. She hardly spoke, examined her work from time to time; and her features had an expression so dull and commonplace that I was involuntarily reminded of our own Kathinkas and Maschinkas. To complete the resom-

blance, she began to hum "My darling little mother." I looked at her sal-low, languid face, thought of yesterday's fantasies, and got suddenly out of temper. The weather was magnificent. Gagin declared that he was going to sketch from nature. I asked if he would permit me to accompany him, if it would not disturb him?

"On the contrary," said he, "you will assist me by your suggestions."

He put on his Vandyk hat and his painting blouse, took his canvas under his arm, and started. I followed him slowly; Assja remained at home. In going out Gagin begged her to take care that the soup should not be too watery. Assja promised to oversee it in the kitchen. Gagin reached a dell which I already knew, sat down upon a stone, and began to sketch an old, hollow, wide-branched oak. I lay down in the grass and took out a book, but my reading did not advance beyond the second page, nor did he blacken much paper. We chatted a great deal, and, if my memory does not deceive me, we discoursed very subtly and profoundly about work: what one should avoid, what strive for, and in what consisted the real merit of the artists of our day. At last Gagin declared that he was not in the mood for work, threw himself down beside me, and then for the first time our youthful talk flowed free, now passionate, now dreamy, now almost inspired, but always vague—a conversation peculiar to Russians. After we had talked ourselves tired we started for home, filled with satisfaction that we had accomplished something, had arrived at some result. I found Assja precisely as I had left her. Whatever pains I might take with my scrutiny I could discover no trace of coquetry, no evidence of a part designedly played. This time it was impossible to accuse her of oddity. "Aha!" Gagin said; "you have imposed penance and fasting on yourself." In the evening she gaped several times without pretence at concealment, and retired early. I also took

leave of Gagin betimes, and having reached home, I gave myself up to no more dreams. This day ended in sober reflections. But I remember that as I settled myself to sleep I said aloud, "What a chameleon the girl is!" And after a moment's thought I added, "And she is certainly not his sister."

In this way two whole weeks passed. I visited the Gagins every day. Assja seemed to shun me. She indulged in no more of those extravagances which had so astonished me on the first days of our acquaintance. It seemed to me that she was secretly troubled or perplexed. Neither did she laugh so much. I observed her with interest.

She spoke French and German indifferently well, but one could see in everything that she had not been in the hands of women since her childhood, and the strange, desultory education which she had received had nothing in common with Gagin's. In spite of the Vandyk hat and the painter's blouse, the delicate, almost effeminate Russian nobleman was always apparent in him; but she was not in the least like a noblewoman. In all her movements there was something unsteady. Here was a graft lately made, wine not yet fermented. Naturally of a timid and shy disposition, she yet was annoyed by her own timidity, and in her vexation she compelled herself to be unconcerned and at her ease, in which she did not always succeed. Several times I turned the conversation to her life in Russia, her past. She answered my questions reluctantly. I learned, however, that she had lived in the country for a long time before her travels. Once I found her with a book. She was alone. Her head supported by both hands, the fingers twisted deep in her hair, she was devouring the words with her eyes.

"Bravo!" I called out to her on entering. "You are very busy."

She raised her head and looked at me with great gravity and earnestness.

"Do you really think that I can do

nothing but laugh?" she said, and was about to withdraw.

I glanced at the title of the book; it was a French novel.

"I can't commend your choice," I said.

"What shall I read then?" she cried. And throwing her book on the table, she added, "It's better that I fill up my time with nonsense," and with this she ran out into the garden.

That evening I read "Hermann and Dorothea" aloud to Gagin. At first Assja occupied herself rather noisily near us, then suddenly ceased and became attentive, seated herself quietly beside me, and listened to the reading to the end. On the following day I was again puzzled by her mood till it occurred to me that she had been seized with a whim to be womanly and discreet like Dorothea. In a word, she was an enigmatical creature. Full of conceit and irritable as she was, she attracted me even while she made me angry. I was more and more convinced that she was not Gagin's sister. His behavior toward her was not that of a brother; it was too gentle, too considerate, and at the same time a little constrained. A singular occurrence seemed, by every token, to confirm my suspicions.

One evening, when I came to the vineyard where the Gagins lived, I found the gate locked. Without much thought I went to a broken place which I had often noticed in the wall, and sprang over. Not far from this place, and aside from the path, there was a small clump of acacia. I had reached it, and was on the point of passing it. Suddenly I heard Assja's voice, the words spoken excitedly and through tears:

"No. I will love no one but you: no, no—you alone and for ever!"

"Listen, Assja. Compose yourself," replied Gagin. "You know that I believe you." I heard the voices of both in the arbor. I saw both through the sparse foliage. They were not aware of my presence.

"You—you alone," she repeated,

threw herself on his neck, and clinging to his breast, she kissed him amid violent sobs. "Come, enough," he said, while he smoothed her hair gently with his hand.

For a moment I stood motionless. Suddenly I recollected myself. Enter and join them? For nothing in the world! it shot through my brain. With hasty steps I gained the wall, leaped it, and reached my dwelling almost on the run. I laughed, rubbed my hands together, and congratulated myself on the chance which had so unexpectedly confirmed my suspicion (whose truth I had not doubted for an instant); but my heart was heavy. "They dissemble well!" I thought. "And for what purpose? Why do they wish to amuse themselves at my expense? I would not have thought it of them!" What a disturbing discovery it was!

I slept ill, and on the following day I rose early, buckled on my knapsack, and after telling my landlady not to expect me at night, I turned my steps toward the mountains, following the stream on which the town of S— is built. These mountains are very interesting from a geological point of view; they are particularly remarkable for the regularity and purity of their basaltic formations; but I was not bent on geological investigation. I could give no account to myself of my own feelings. One thing, however, was clear: I had not the least desire to see the Gagins. I insisted to myself that the only ground of my sudden distaste for their society lay in vexation at their falseness.

What had been the necessity of calling themselves brother and sister? I resolutely avoided thinking of them, loitered idly among the hills and valleys, spent much time in village inns in friendly talk with the landlord and his guests, or lay on a flat or sunny rock in the lovely weather, and watched the clouds float over. In this way three days passed not unpleasantly, though from time to time I had a

stified feeling at my heart. This quiet nature accorded perfectly with my state of mind. I gave myself up completely to the chance of the moment and the impressions that it brought to me; following one another without haste, they flooded my soul, and left finally a single feeling where everything which I had seen or heard or experienced during these three days was blended—everything: the faint resinous smell of the woods, cry and tapping of the woodpeckers, the continual murmur of the clear brooks with spotted trout in their sandy shallows, the not too bold outlines of the mountains, gray rock, the friendly villages with venerable churches and trees, storks in the meadows, snug mills with wheels merrily turning, the honest faces of the country people with their blue smocks and gray stockings, the slow creaking wagons and well-fed horses, or sometimes a yoke of oxen, long-haired lads strolling along the cleanly kept paths under apple and pear trees. To this day I remember with pleasure the impressions of that time. I greet you, little nook of modest ground, with your modest content, with your signs everywhere visible of busy hands, of labor constant if not severe—greetings to you and peace.

At the end of the third day I returned to S—. I have forgotten to say that in my vexation with the Gagin, I had endeavored to reinstate the image of my hard-hearted widow. But I remember, as I began to think of her, I saw before me a little peasant girl, about five years old, out of whose round little face a pair of great innocent eyes were regarding me curiously. The look was so childlike, so confiding, a kind of shame swept over me. I could not continue a lie before that gaze, and at once and for ever I said good-by to my early flame.

I found a note from Gagin waiting for me. My sudden whim astonished him. He made me some reproaches that I had not taken him with me, and begged me to come to him as soon

as I should return. Distrustfully I read this note, yet the following day found me at L—.

Gagin's reception was friendly. He overwhelmed me with affectionate reproaches; but no sooner had Assja caught sight of me than she broke into loud laughter, designedly, it seemed, and without the least cause, and ran away precipitately. Gagin lost his temper, grumbled at her for a crazy girl, and begged me to excuse her. I must confess that I was very cross with Assja. I was uncomfortable before, and now this unnatural laughter and ridiculous behavior must be added. However, I acted as if I had observed nothing, and detailed to Gagin all the incidents of my little journey. He told me what he had done during my absence. But the conversation went lame. Assja kept running in and out. Finally I declared that I had some pressing work, and that it was time for me to be at home. Gagin tried to detain me at first, then looking keenly at me, he begged permission to accompany me. In the hall Assja approached me suddenly, and held out her hand to me. I gave her fingers an almost imperceptible pressure, and bade her good-by carelessly. We crossed the Rhine together, strolled to my favorite oak tree near the little shrine to the Virgin, and sat down on a bench to enjoy the landscape. There a remarkable conversation took place between us.

At first we only spoke in the briefest words, then fell into silence and fixed our eyes on the shining river.

"Tell me," Gagin began suddenly, with his accustomed smile, "what is your opinion of Assja? She must appear a little singular to you. Not so?"

"Yes," I answered, not without a certain constraint. I had not expected him to speak of her.

"One must learn to know her well to form a judgment upon her," he continued. "She has a very good heart, but a wild head. It is hard to live quietly with her. However, it is not

her fault, and if you knew her history——”

“Her history!” I interrupted him. “Isn’t she then your——” Gagin looked at me.

“Is it possible that you have doubted that she was my sister? No,” he went on, without heeding my confusion. “She is; at least she is my father’s daughter. Listen to me. I have confidence in you, and I will tell you all about her.

“My father was a very honest, sensible, cultivated, and unfortunate man. Fate had no harder blows for him than for others, but he could not bear the first one that he felt from her. He had married early—a love match; his wife, my mother, soon died, and I was left a six months’ old baby. My father took me to his country estates, and for twelve whole years he lived there in absolute seclusion. He himself took charge of my education, and would never have been separated from me if my uncle, his brother, had not come to visit us in our country house. This uncle lived in Petersburg, where he held a rather important post. He persuaded my father, who could not be induced to quit his home under any consideration, to trust me to his care. He showed his brother what an injury it was to a boy of my age to live in such complete isolation, and that, with a companion always melancholy and silent as my father, I should inevitably remain behind boys of my age—yes, that my character might easily be endangered by such a life. For a long time my father resisted his brother’s arguments, but at last he yielded. I cried at parting from my father, whom I loved, though I had never seen a smile on his face; but Petersburg once reached, our gloomy and silent nest was soon forgotten. I went to school, and was afterward placed in a regiment of the Guards. Every year I spent some weeks at our country house, and with every year I found my father more melancholy, more reserved, and depressed to an alarming degree. He went to church daily, and had al-

most given up speech. On one of my visits—I was then in my twentieth year—I saw for the first time about the house a little lean, black-eyed girl, who might have been about ten years old. It was Assja. My father said she was an orphan whose care he had undertaken: those were his own words. I gave her no further attention. She was as wild, quick, and shy as a little animal, and if I entered my father’s favorite room, a great dismal chamber in which my mother had died, and which had to be lighted even by day, she always slunk out of sight behind my father’s old-fashioned easy chair, or hid behind the bookcase. It happened that for the three or four years following I was prevented by my service from visiting our estate. Every month I received a short letter from my father, in which Assja was spoken of seldom and always incidentally. My father was already past his fiftieth year, but looked still a young man. Imagine my distress then when I suddenly received a perfectly unexpected letter from our steward, announcing the fatal illness of my father, and begging me urgently to come home as quickly as possible if I wished to see him alive. I rushed headlong home, and found my father, though in the last agony. My presence seemed the greatest joy to him; he clasped me in his wasted arms, turned on me his gaze half doubtful, half imploring, and after he had obtained from me a promise that I would carry out his last wishes, he ordered his old servant to fetch Assja. The old man brought her. She could hardly support herself on her feet, and was trembling in every limb.

“‘Now take her,’ said my father to me with earnestness. ‘I bequeathe to you my daughter, your sister. You will hear everything from Jacob,’ he added, while he pointed to his valet.

“Assja burst out sobbing, and threw herself on the bed. Half an hour afterward my father was dead.

“I learned the following story: Assja was the daughter of my father and

a former waiting maid of my mother's, named Tatiana. She rose distinct to my remembrance, this Tatiana, with her tall, slender figure, her serious face, regular features, her dark and earnest eyes. She had the reputation of a proud, unapproachable girl. As nearly as I could learn from Jacob's reserved and respectful story, my father had entered into close relations with her some years after my mother's death. At that time Tatiana was not in her master's house, but living with a married sister, the dairywoman, in a separate hut. My father became very much attached to her, and wished to marry her after my departure, but she herself refused this in spite of his entreaties.

"The departed Tatiana Vlassieva"—so Jacob told me, standing against the door, with his hands crossed behind his back—"was in all things very thoughtful, and would not lower your father. 'A fine wife I should be for you—a real lady wife!' she said to him—in my presence she has said it." Tatiana never would come back to the house, but remained, together with Assja, living with her sister as before. As a child I had often seen Tatiana at church on saint days. She stood among the servants, usually near a window. She wore a dark cloth wound about her head and a yellow shawl on her shoulders—the strong outline of her face clear against the transparent pane; and she prayed silently and humbly, bowing very low after the old fashion. When my uncle took me away Assja was just two; when she lost her mother, just nine years old.

"Immediately after Tatiana's death my father took Assja home to himself. He had already expressed a wish to have her with him, but Tatiana had refused it. You can imagine what Assja must have felt when she was taken into the master's house. To this day she has not forgotten the hour when for the first time they dressed her in a silk dress and kissed her little hand. In her mother's life-

time she had been brought up with great strictness: my father left her without a single restraint. He was her instructor; except him, she saw no one. He did not spoil her; at least he did not follow her about like a nursemaid, but he loved her fondly, and refused her nothing. He was conscious of guilt toward her. Assja soon discovered that she was the principal person in the household. She knew the master was her father, but at the same time she began to understand her equivocal position. Willfulness and distrust were developed to an extreme degree in her. Bad manners were contracted; simplicity vanished. She wished (she herself told me) to compel the whole world to forget her origin. She was ashamed of her mother, was ashamed of being ashamed, and was in turn proud of her. You see that she knew and knows still many things that should not be known at her age. But does the blame rest with her? Youth was strong in her: her blood flowed hot, and no hand near to guide her—the fullest independence in everything! Is such a fate easily borne? She would not be inferior to other girls. She rushed headlong into study. But what good could result from it? The life, lawlessly begun, seemed likely to develop lawlessly. But the heart remained true and the reason sound.

"And so I found myself, a young fellow of twenty, weighted with the care of a thirteen-year old girl! In the first days after my father's death my voice caused her a feeling of feverish horror, my caresses made her sad, and only by degrees and after a long time did she become accustomed to me. And later, when she had gained security that I really considered her my sister, and that I loved her as a sister, she attached herself passionately to me: with her there is no half feeling.

"I brought her to Petersburg. Hard as it was to leave her—I could not live with her in any case—I placed her at one of the best boarding-schools.

Assja agreed to the necessity of our separation, but it cost her a sickness which came near to being a fatal one. Little by little she reconciled herself, and she staid four years in this establishment. But contrary to my expectations, she remained almost her old self. The principal of the school often complained to me. 'I cannot punish her,' she would say; 'and I can do nothing by kindness.' Assja comprehended everything with great quickness, learned wonderfully—better than all; but it was utterly impossible to bring her under the common rule. She rebelled; was sulky. I could not blame her much. In her position she must keep herself at the service of every one, or avoid every one. Only one of all her companions was intimate with her—an insignificant, silent, and poor girl. The other young girls with whom she was associated, of good families for the most part, did not like her, and taunted and jibed her whenever they could find opportunity. Assja was not behind them by a hair's breadth. Once, in the hour for religious instruction, the teacher came to speak of the idea of vice. 'Sycophancy and cowardice,' said Assja aloud, 'are the meanest vices.' In a word, she continued to walk in her own way, only her manners improved somewhat; but even in this respect, I fancy, she has made no wonderful advance.

"She had reached her seventeenth year. It was useless to keep her longer at school. I found myself in great perplexity. All of a sudden a happy thought struck me: to quit the service, and to travel with Assja for a year or two. Done as soon as thought. So here are we both now on the banks of the Rhine: I occupied in learning to paint, she following out her whims in her usual way. But now I must hope that you will not pass too harsh judgment upon her; for however much she may insist that everything is indifferent to her, she does care very much for the opinion of others, and especially for your own."

And Gagin smiled again his gentle smile. I wrung his hand.

"That is how it stands now," Gagin continued. "But I have my hands full with her. A real fire-brand, that girl! Up to this time no one has ever pleased her; but alas if ever she falls in love! At times I do not know what to do with her. Late-ly she took it into her head to declare that I was growing cold to her, but that she loved only me, and would love only me her life long. And how she sobbed!"

"So that was it," I said to myself, and bit my lip. "But tell me," I asked Gagin, "now that our hearts are open, has really no one ever caught her fancy? Surely she must have seen many young men in Petersburg?"

"And they are all absolutely distasteful to her. No. Assja is seeking a hero—an entirely extraordinary man, or else an artistic shepherd among his flock. But enough of this gossip. I am detaining you," he added as he rose.

"Come," I said, "let us go back. "I don't care to go home."

"And your work?"

I made no reply. Gagin laughed good-naturedly, and we returned to L—. As the well-known vineyard and the little white house on the hill-side came in sight, my heart was warmed in a curious way—yes, that was it—warmed and soothed as if, unknown to me, some one had poured some healing drops there. Gagin's story had made me cheerful.

Assja met us at the threshold. I had expected to find her still laughing, but she stepped forward to us, pale, silent, and with eyes down cast.

"Here he is again," Gagin said to her, "and be sure of this: it was his own wish to come back."

Assja looked at me inquiringly. I held out my hand to her, and this time I grasped tightly her cold and slender fingers. I felt deep pity for her. Now I understood much that had before disturbed me in her: her inner restlessness, her offensive manner, her en-

deavor to show herself other than she was—all was clear to me. I had had a glimpse into this soul. A constant weight oppressed it. Fearfully the untrained will fought and struggled, yet her whole being was striving after truth. Now I understood why this singular girl had attracted me: it was not only the charm which invested her whole body; it was her soul which drew me.

Gagin began to fumble among his sketches. I asked Assja to come for a walk with me through the vineyard. She gave a ready, almost humble assent. We climbed the hill about half way, and stopped on a broad plateau.

"And you felt no *ennui* without us?" Assja began.

"Did you, then, feel any in my absence?" I asked.

Assja looked at me sideways.

"Yes," she replied. "Is it pleasant in the mountains?" she immediately continued. "Are they high? Higher than the clouds? Tell me what you have seen. You have told my brother, but I have heard nothing about it."

"Why did you go away?" I interrupted her.

"I went—because— Now I will not go away," she added in a gentle, confiding tone. "You were cross to-day."

"I?"

"You."

"But why? I beg you—"

"I don't know; but you were cross, and went away cross. It was very unpleasant to me to have you go away in that manner, and I am glad that you have come back."

"I am equally glad," I replied.

Assja moved her shoulders slightly, one after the other, as children do when they are in good humor.

"Oh, I am famous at guessing," she went on. "Long ago my father had only to cough, and I knew instantly whether he was pleased with me or not."

Till this time Assja had never spoken to me of her father. That struck me.

"You loved your father very much?" I asked, and I felt to my great annoyance that I was blushing.

She did not answer, but she also blushed. We were both silent. In the distance a steamboat with its trailing smoke was descending the Rhine: our looks followed it.

"Why do you not tell me something?" Assja said half aloud.

"Why did you laugh to-day when you saw me coming?" I asked her.

"I do not know myself. Sometimes I want to cry, and yet must laugh. You must not judge me by what I do. Ah, by the way, what a wonderful story it is about the Lorelei. Isn't it her rock that we see yonder? They say that at first she drew every one else beneath the water, but after she was acquainted with love, she cast herself in. The story pleases me. Frau Luise tells me all sorts of fairy stories. Frau Luise has a black cat with yellow eyes—"

Assja raised her head and threw back her hair.

"Ah, how comfortable I feel!" she said.

At this moment broken, monotonous tones fell on our ears. Hundreds of voices in unison repeated a hymn with measured pauses. A troop of pilgrims was moving along the way beneath us with flags and crosses.

"I would like to go with them!" cried Assja, while she listened to the sound of the voices, gradually dying away.

"Are you so devout?"

"I would like to go somewhere far off, to pray, to accomplish something difficult," she added. "The days hurry by, life will come to an end, and what have we done?"

"You are ambitious," I said. "You do not wish to live in vain. You would like to leave behind some trace of your existence."

"Would it be impossible?"

"Impossible," I had nearly repeated. I looked into her clear eyes and only said:

"Well, try it."

"Tell me," Assja began after a little silence, while flying shadows followed each other across her face, which had grown pale again—"did that lady please you very much? You remember, my brother drank to your health once, in the ruins; it was the day after we had made acquaintance."

I laughed aloud.

"It was a jest of your brother's; no lady has pleased me, at least no one now pleases me."

"What is it that pleases you in women?" asked Assja, tossing back her head in childish curiosity.

"What a singular question!" I exclaimed.

Assja was a little disturbed.

"I should not have asked the question—not so? Forgive me. I am used to chatter about everything that goes through my head. That is why I am afraid to talk."

"Only talk, for heaven's sake! Don't be afraid," I broke in. "I am so glad that at last you cease to be shy." Assja lowered her eyes and laughed; a still, gentle laughter that I did not recognize as hers.

"Well, tell me something then," she said, while she smoothed her dress and tucked it about her feet as if disposing herself to sit for a long while—"tell me something, or read something aloud, as that time when you read to us out of 'Onegin.'"

She grew suddenly thoughtful.

Where now in green boughs' shadow
The cross rests on my mother's grave—

she said to herself in a low voice.

"In Pushkin the verse is somewhat different," I ventured.*

"I would have liked to be Pushkin's Tatiana," she continued, still lost in thought. "Tell me something," she cried suddenly, with vivacity.

But I could find nothing to say. I looked at her as she sat there, gentle and peaceful, surrounded with the clear sunshine. Everything about us glowed with happiness; the sky, the earth, the water. It seemed as if the very air was bathed in a splendor.

* In Pushkin it reads, "On my nurse's grave."

"Look, how beautiful!" I said, involuntarily lowering my voice.

"Yes, beautiful," she answered as gently, without looking at me. "If we were both birds, we would fly high up there—would soar. We would sink deep into that blue. But we are no birds."

"We may have wings though," I answered.

"How?"

"In time you will discover. There are feelings that swing us off from the earth. Don't fear; you will have wings."

"Have you had them then?"

"How shall I say? I believe that I have never flown till now."

Assja fell again into thought. I bent toward her a little.

"Can you waltz?" she asked unexpectedly.

"Yes, I can," I answered, somewhat surprised.

"Then come, come—I will ask my brother to play a waltz for us—we will imagine that we are flying, that our wings have grown."

She ran to the house. I hastened after her, and in a few moments we were whirling round the narrow room to the music of a charming waltz. Assja danced exceedingly well, with lightness and skill. Something soft and feminine came suddenly into her childish, earnest face. For a long time afterward my hand felt the contact of her delicate form, for a long time I seemed to feel her close, quickened breathing, and to see before me the dark, fixed, half-closed eyes, and the animated pale face with its wreathing hair.

This whole day passed so that one could not have wished it better. We were merry as children. Assja was very lovable and natural. It was a pleasure for Gagin to see her. It was late when I went away. In the middle of the Rhine I told the ferryman to leave the boat to the current. The old man drew in his oars and the majestic stream bore us onward. While

I looked about me and listened, and called forgotten things to memory, I felt a sense of unrest in my heart. I turned my eyes to the heavens, but in the heavens was no rest; with its glittering host of stars it was in steady motion, revolving, trembling. I bent to the river, but there also in the dark, cool depths the stars were dancing and flickering; everywhere the restless spirit of life met me, and the restlessness in my own heart grew stronger. I leaned over the side of the boat. The murmuring of the breeze in my ears, the low splash of the water against the stern of the boat, excited me, and the freshness of the waves did not cool me. Somewhere on the shore a nightingale began her song, and this music worked upon me like a sweet poison. Tears filled my eyes, but not the tears of an indefinite rapture. What I experienced was not the vague feeling of boundless longing in which it seems as if the heart could embrace everything: no. In me arose a burning desire for happiness. Only as yet I did not dare call this happiness by its real name. But bliss—bliss to overflowing was what I longed for. The boat drifted further and further, and the old ferryman sat bowed over his oars and fast asleep.

On my way to the Gugins the following day I did not ask myself if I was in love with Assja, but I thought of her continually; her destiny absorbed me, and I rejoiced over our un hoped-for meeting. I felt that I had known her only since yesterday. Until then she had always avoided me. And now that she had finally admitted me to her friendship, in what a bewitching light did her image appear to me; what a mysterious charm streamed from it to me.

Hastily I sprang up the well-known path, straining my eyes for a glimpse of the little white house in the distance. I did not think of the future; I did not think even of the morrow; but my heart was light in me.

Assja blushed as I entered the room.

I observed that she had again dressed herself with great care, but the expression of her face did not correspond with her finery; it was melancholy. And I had come so happily disposed! I believe that she was inclined to run away in her usual fashion, but forcibly compelled herself to remain. I found Gagin in that peculiar mood of artistic enthusiasm which catches dilettanti by surprise whenever they imagine themselves about to take nature by storm, as they express it. He stood with hair disordered, and bedaubed with paint, before a fresh canvas, drawing madly. Furiously he nodded to me, stepped backward, half closed his eyes, and then precipitated himself again upon his work. I did not like to disturb him, and sat down beside Assja. Slowly her dark eyes turned on me.

"You are not as you were yesterday," I ventured, after I had made some vain attempts to bring a smile to her lips.

"No, I am not," she replied, with a slow, suppressed voice. "But that is nothing. I did not sleep well. I was thinking the whole night."

"About what?"

"Oh, I thought about many things. It has been my habit from childhood, even when I was living with my mother."

She spoke this with a certain emphasis, and repeated it.

"When I was living with my mother I—I wondered why no one can know beforehand what is to happen to him. Sometimes one sees a misfortune coming, and yet cannot turn away from it; and why cannot one always say boldly the truth? Then I thought that I do not know anything, and that I must learn. I must be educated over again. I have been very badly brought up. I do not know how to play the piano, I cannot draw, I sew dreadfully; I have no capacity; I must be very tiresome."

"You are unjust to yourself," I answered. "You have read much, you are cultivated, and with your intellect——"

"Have I an intellect?" she asked with such naïve curiosity that I could not help laughing. She did not laugh.

"Brother, have I an intellect?" she asked Gagin.

He made her no answer, but continued his work, busily laying on his colors, and with one arm flourished in the air.

"Sometimes I hardly know myself what goes through my head," Assja went on with the same thoughtful expression. "At certain times I am actually afraid of myself. Ah, I wish— Is it really true that women ought not to read much?"

"It is not necessary that they should read much, but——"

"Will you tell me what to read? Will you tell me what to do? I will do everything that you tell me," she said, turning to me with an innocent confidence.

I did not readily find any answer to make.

"The time with me will not seem long to you?"

"How can you think so?" I said.

"Well, I thank you," cried Assja, "but I thought you might be *ennuyé*."

And her little hot hand grasped mine tightly.

"N.!" cried Gagin at this moment, "isn't this background too dark?"

I went over to him. Assja rose and left the room.

An hour afterward she returned, stood in the doorway, and beckoned to me.

"Listen," she said. "Would you be sorry if I died?"

"What ideas you have to-day!" I exclaimed.

"I imagine that I shall die soon. Sometimes it seems to me as if everything about me was taking leave of me. It is better to die than to live as—— Ah, don't look at me so. Indeed I am not a hypocrite. I shall be afraid of you again."

"Have you ever been afraid of me?"

"If I am unlike other people, the

fault is not mine," she answered. "Already, you see, I cannot laugh any more."

She was melancholy and depressed until evening. Something was passing in her that I could not understand. Her eyes often rested on me, and every time they did so I felt my heart chilled by their strange expression. She was quiet—and yet whenever I looked at her it seemed to me that I must beg her to be calm. Her appearance fascinated me; I found the greatest charm in her pale features, in her slow, aimless movements; but she fancied—I do not know why—that I was in ill humor.

"Listen," she said to me a little while before my departure. "The thought haunts me that you think me frivolous. In future you must believe everything that I tell you, and you must be frank with me. I will always tell you the truth, I give you my word of honor."

This "word of honor" made me laugh.

"Oh, do not laugh," she broke in with eagerness, "or else I must say to you to-day what you said to me yesterday: 'Why do you laugh so much?'" And after a short silence she continued: "Do you remember, yesterday we were talking of wings? My wings are grown—but where shall I fly?"

"What are you saying?" I replied. "To you all ways are open."

Assja looked in my eyes long and keenly.

"You have a bad opinion of me to-day," she said, and drew her eyebrows together.

"I have a bad opinion? Of you?"

"What is the matter with you two to-day?" Gagin interrupted me. "Shall I play a waltz for you as I did yesterday?"

"No, no," exclaimed Assja, clasping her hands together—"not for the world to-day."

"I won't insist—be easy."

"Not for the world," she repeated, and her cheeks grew pale.

Does she love me? I thought, as I came to the Rhine, whose waves rolled swiftly by.

Does she love me? I asked myself when I awoke the next morning. I did not wish to look into my own heart. I felt that her image—the image of the “girl with the bold laugh”—had impressed itself upon my soul, and that I could not easily get rid of it. I went to L—— and remained there the whole day; but I had only one glimpse of Assja. She was not well; her head ached. She came down stairs for a few moments with her head bound up, her eyes half closed, pale and weak; she smiled feebly, said, “It will pass; it is nothing; everything passes, does it not?” and went away. I was depressed and had a painful sense of blankness, but I would not go home till very late, without, however, seeing her again.

I spent the next day like a man walking in his sleep. I tried to work, but could not; then I tried to be absolutely idle, and to think of nothing; but neither did that succeed. I strolled about the town, returned home, and went out again.

“Are you Mr. N.?” said suddenly the voice of a child behind me. I turned. A little boy was standing before me. “From Miss Annette,” and handed me a note.

I opened it, and recognized Assja’s irregular and scrawling handwriting. “I must see you,” she wrote. “Come to-day at four o’clock to the stone chapel on the way to the ruins. Something unexpected has happened. For heaven’s sake, come. You shall know everything. Say to the bearer, ‘yes.’”

“Any answer?” the boy asked me.

“Say ‘yes,’” I replied. The boy ran off.

When I had reached my room I sat down and fell into deep thought. My heart beat forcibly. I read Assja’s note several times over. I looked at the clock; it was not yet midday.

The door opened: Gagin walked in. His face was gloomy. He seized my

hand and shook it warmly. Apparently he was very much excited.

“What is the matter?” I asked him.

Gagin took a chair and drew it near mine. “Four days ago,” he began with a forced smile, and stammering a little, “I amazed you with a confidence; and to-day I shall amaze you even more. With any other I probably should not—so plainly. But you are a man of honor; you’re my friend, are you not? Well, here then; my sister Assja loves you.”

I started up from my chair.

“You say—your sister——”

“Yes, yes,” Gagin interrupted me.

“I tell you she has lost her senses and will make me lose mine, moreover. Happily she is not used to lying and has great trust in me. Oh, what a soul the girl has! But she will surely do herself a mischief.”

“You must be mistaken,” I said.

“No, I’m not. Yesterday, you know, she staid in bed nearly all day; she ate nothing: to be sure she complained of nothing. She never complains. I was not uneasy, although toward evening she grew feverish. But at two o’clock this morning our landlady roused me. ‘Come to your sister,’ said she. ‘There is something wrong with her.’ I hastened to Assja, and found her not yet undressed, very feverish, in tears: her head was burning hot, her teeth chattered. ‘What’s the matter?’ I asked. ‘Are you sick?’ She threw herself upon my neck, and insisted that I should take her away from there as speedily as possible if I wished her to remain alive. I could make nothing of it—tried to pacify her. Her sobs increased, and suddenly among her sobs I heard—well, in one word, I discovered that she loves you. I assure you, neither of us, being reasonable men, can have the smallest idea of the impetuosity of her feelings and the incredible violence with which she expresses them; it is as sudden and as inevitable as a thunder storm. You are a delightful fellow,” Gagin continued, “But I must

confess that I do not see why she has fallen in love with you. She believes that she has loved you from the first moment she saw you. She was crying lately on that account, even when she was declaring that she loved nobody but me. She imagines that you despise her; she fancies that you know her origin. She asked me if I had told you the story of her life. I naturally denied it, but it is astonishing how keen she is. She wishes only one thing: to go away: immediately away. I staid with her till morning. She wrung a promise from me that we would leave here to-morrow, and then at last she fell asleep. I thought it over and over, and decided—to talk with you. Assja is right, in my opinion. It is best that we should both leave this place. I should have taken her away to-day if an idea that has got into my head didn't prevent it. Perhaps—who can tell?—my sister pleases you? If this should be the case, why should I take her away? So I determined to put shame aside. Besides, I have myself noticed—so I decided—from your own mouth to learn——” Poor Gagín became hopelessly confused. “Pray excuse me,” he added. “I am inexperienced in such matters.”

I seized his hand.

“You wish to know whether your sister pleases me? Yes, she pleases me,” I said in a steady voice. Gagín looked at me.

“But,” he said with an effort, “you don't want to marry her?”

“How can I answer such a question? Think, yourself, how could I at this moment——”

“I know, I know,” Gagín interrupted me. “I have not the least right to expect an answer from you, and my question was improper—to the last degree. But what was I to do? One cannot play with fire. You do not know Assja. It would be possible for her to drown herself—to run away, to seek an interview with you. Any other girl would know how to conceal everything and to wait oppor-

tunities—but not she. This is her first experience. That is the worst of it! If you had seen her as she lay sobbing at my feet, you would share my anxiety.”

I became thoughtful. Gagín's expression, “seek an interview with you,” sank into my heart. It seemed abominable not to answer his confidence with confidence as free.

“Yes,” I said at last. “You are right. An hour ago I received a note from your sister. Here it is.”

Gagín took the note, read it hurriedly, and let his hands fall on his knees. The expression of his features was ludicrous enough, but I was in no mood for laughter.

“You're a man of honor. I repeat it,” he said. “But what is to be done now? What! She wishes to hurry away from here, yet she writes to you and reproaches herself for her own want of foresight. And when can she have written this? What does she want of you?”

I succeeded in calming him, and we began to talk, as coolly as we could, about what we might have to do.

At last we decided as follows: To guard against any desperate step on her part, I was to meet Assja at the appointed place, and have a fair explanation with her. Gagín pledged himself to remain at home and to avoid all appearance of knowing about the note. In the evening we agreed to meet again. “I have full confidence in you,” said Gagín, and pressed my hand strongly. “Spare Assja and myself. But we shall leave to-morrow,” he added as he rose, “for you will not marry Assja.”

“Give me time till evening,” I said.

“So be it. But you will not marry her.”

He went away. I threw myself on the sofa and shut my eyes. My head spun round like a top. Too many emotions came crowding upon me. Gagín's frankness annoyed me, and I was angry with Assja. Her love distressed and delighted me at once. I could not understand how she could

betray herself to her brother. The necessity of a hasty, an instantaneous decision tormented me. "Marry a seventeen-year-old girl of such a disposition! How can I do it?" I said, getting up from my seat.

I crossed the Rhine at the appointed hour, and the first face that met me on the opposite shore was that of the same boy who had come to me in the morning. He seemed to be waiting for me.

"From Miss Annette," he said, and gave me another letter. Assja wrote to appoint another place for our meeting. In half an hour I was to come, not to the chapel, but to the house of Frau Luise, knock at the door, and ascend to the third story.

"Yes' again?" the boy asked me.

"Yes," I answered, and walked along the bank of the river. There was not time to return to my house, and I had no inclination to stroll about the streets. Just beyond the limits of the village there was a little garden with a covered bowling alley and tables for beer drinkers. I entered it. A few middle-aged men were playing ninepins. The balls rolled noisily, and from time to time I caught expressions of applause. A pretty girl, with eyelids reddened by crying, brought me a glass of beer. I looked her in the face. She turned hastily away and disappeared.

"Yes, yes," said a fat and ruddy-cheeked man who was sitting near me. "Our little Nancy is in great trouble to-day. Her lover is gone with the conscripts." I looked after her. She had retired to a corner and buried her face in her hands. One after another the tears trickled through her fingers. Some one called for beer. She brought it, and went back to her place. Her grief reacted upon me. I began to think of the interview before me; but I thought of it with anxiety, not with joy. I did not go light-hearted to the rendezvous. No joyful exchange of mutual love was before me; I had a promise to redeem, a hard

duty to perform. "There is no jesting possible with her"—this expression of Gagin's pierced my soul like an arrow. And was not this the very happiness for which I had longed four days ago, in the little boat which the waves bore onward? Now it seemed to be possible—but I wavered, I thrust it from me; I must put it away from me. The very unexpectedness of it confused me. Assja herself, with her impetuosity, her past history, her education—this charming but singular being—let me confess it—inspired me with fear. For a long time I gave myself up to these conflicting feelings. The deferred tryst was at hand. "I cannot marry her," I decided at last, "and she shall not know that I love her."

I rose, and after I had pressed a thaler in poor Nancy's hand (for which she did not even thank me) I went straight to Frau Luise's house. Already the shadow of dusk was in the air, and above the darkening streets a narrow streak, the reflection of the sunset, reddened in the sky. I knocked lightly at the door. It was opened instantly. I stepped across the threshold and found myself suddenly in darkness.

"This way!" whispered an old woman's voice. "Some one is waiting for you."

I advanced a couple of steps, stumbling. A skinny hand clutched mine.

"Is it you, Frau Luise?" I asked.

"Yes," the same voice answered. "Yes, it is I, my handsome young gentleman." The old woman led me up one steep staircase and stopped at the bottom of a second. By the dull light which came in through a little window I recognized the wrinkled visage of the burgomaster's widow. A hateful, sly smile distorted her shrunken lips and half closed the little bleared eyes. She pointed out a small door to me. I opened it with a hand that trembled, and shut it again behind me.

It was nearly dark in the little room which I entered, and at first I did not

discover Assja. Wrapped in a great cloak, she was sitting in a chair by the window, with her head averted and almost hidden, like a frightened bird. Her breath came quickly, and she was trembling in every limb. I felt an inexpressible pity for her. I approached her; she turned her head away still more.

"Anna Nicolaevna!" I addressed her.

She started suddenly as if she wished to look at me, but dared not. I took her hand. It was cold, and lay in mine like a dead thing.

"I wished," Assja began, and tried to smile, but her pallid lips would not obey her—"I wanted—no, I cannot," she said, and was silent. And in truth her voice broke at every word.

I sat down beside her.

"Anna Nicolaevna!" I repeated, and again found nothing further to say.

There was a silence. I still held her hand and looked at her. She was in the same constrained attitude as before: breathed heavily, and bit her under lip in order to keep back her tears. My eyes were fixed on her. There was something touchingly helpless in her shy immobility. It seemed as if she had just been able to reach the chair, and had fallen there. My heart overflowed.

"Assja!" I whispered, almost inaudibly.

Slowly she raised her eyes to mine. Oh, the glance of a woman who loves! Who shall describe it? Her eyes expressed entreaty, trust, questioning, surrender. I could not withstand their magic. A burning fire thrilled me like the prick of red-hot needles. I bent down and pressed my lips to her hand.

A little hurried sound as of a broken sob fell on my ear, and I felt on my hair the tender touch of a hand that trembled like a leaf. I raised my head, and looked in her face. The expression of fear was gone from her features. Her glance swept past me into the room. Her lips were a little apart,

her forehead white as marble, and the hair pushed off as if the wind had blown it back. I forgot everything; I drew her toward me; willingly her hand obeyed, and her whole body followed; the shawl slipped from her shoulders, and her head bowed silently to my breast and laid itself against my burning lips.

"Yours!" she whispered faintly.

Already my arm was about her, when suddenly, like a gleam of lightning, the thought of Gagin flashed through my brain. "What are we doing?" I cried, and moved roughly away. "Your brother knows all—he knows that we are here together."

Assja sank into her chair.

"Yes," I went on, while I rose and went over to the other side of the room. "Your brother knows everything. I had to tell him everything."

"You had to?" she stammered unintelligibly. She could not come to herself, and only half comprehended me.

"Yes, yes," I repeated with a certain bitterness, "and you are to blame for it—you alone. Why did you betray your secret? Who compelled you to tell your brother? He himself was with me to-day, and told me of your conversation with him."

I avoided looking at Assja, and went up and down the room with great strides. "Now everything is lost—everything, everything."

Assja was about to get up from her chair.

"Oh, sit still," I cried; "sit still, I beg you. You have to do with a man of honor—yes, with a man of honor. But in Heaven's name what disturbed you so? Have you seen any change in me? But it was impossible for me to conceal it from your brother when he made me a visit to-day."

"What am I saying?" I thought to myself, and the idea that I should be a base hypocrite, that Gagin knew of this meeting, that everything had been talked over, twisted and spoiled, maddened me.

"I did not call my brother," Assja

said, in a frightened, harsh voice. "He came of his own will."

"Only see what you have done," I went on. "Now you want to go away."

"Yes, I must go," she said in a whisper, "and I only asked you to come here that I might take leave of you."

"And do you think," I retorted, "that it is easy for me to part from you?"

"Why were you obliged to tell my brother?" repeated Assja with an expression of amazement.

"I tell you, I could not do otherwise. If you had not betrayed yourself——"

"I had locked myself into my chamber," she answered simply. "I did not know that my landlady had another key."

This innocent speech from her mouth at such a moment nearly cost me my self-control. Even now I cannot think of it without emotion. Poor, honest, innocent child!

"And so it is all over," I began again. "All. Now indeed we must part." I threw a stolen glance at Assja, whose face became more and scarlet. She was, I felt, alarmed and ashamed. I myself was greatly agitated, and spoke like one in a fever. "You did not leave the budding feeling time to unfold itself. You yourself have torn the bond between us. You had no confidence in me; you cherished suspicion against me."

While I was speaking Assja bent forward more and more, then sank suddenly on her knees, let her head fall into her hands, and broke into sobs. I rushed to her and tried to raise her, but she resisted me. I cannot endure women's tears; when I see them I lose my self-possession at once.

"Anna Nicolaevna, Assja!" I cried repeatedly. "I beg, I implore you! Stop, for God's sake!" I took her hand again.

But to my extremest astonishment she sprang up suddenly, sped like a flash through the door, and vanished.

When Frau Luise came in a few moments later, I still stood in the middle of the chamber as if thunderstruck. I could not believe that the interview had come to an end so abrupt, so unmeaning, when I myself had not said the hundredth part of what I meant to say, and was, besides, quite uncertain how it should finally terminate.

"Is the young lady gone?" Frau Luise asked me, and raised her yellow eyebrows quite to the parting of her hair.

I stared at her like an idiot, and went away.

I left the village and made my way into the fields. Vexation, the keenest vexation possessed me. I overwhelmed myself with reproaches. How had it been possible for me to misunderstand the reason which had induced Assja to change our place of meeting? How could I have failed to know what it must have cost her to go to the old woman? Why had I not detained her! Alone with her in the dim, empty room I had found the strength, I had had the heart to drive her from me—even to reproach her for coming. Now her image followed me; I besought her pardon. The memory of that pale face, those shy, wet eyes, that hair flowing over the bowed back, the soft nestling of her head against my breast, consumed me like a fire. "Yours!" Her whisper still rang in my ears. "I have acted conscientiously." I tried to say to myself. Lies! What was the conclusion I truly wished? Am I in a condition to part with her? Can I lose her? "O fool! fool!" I repeated with bitterness.

By this time the night had fallen. With hasty steps I sought the house where Assja lived.

Gagin came to meet me.

"Have you seen my sister?" he called to me, still at a distance.

"Isn't she at home then?" I returned.

"No."

"She has not come back?"

"No. Excuse me," Gagin went on. "I could not stand it. I went to the chapel in spite of our agreement; she was not there; she cannot have gone there."

"She did not go to the chapel."

"And you have not seen her?"

I had to acknowledge that I had seen her.

"Where?"

"At Frau Luise's. We separated an hour ago," I added. "I believed certainly that she had come home."

"Let us wait," said Gagin.

We entered the house and sat down near each other. We were silent. Neither of us was without anxiety. We watched the door and listened. At last Gagin rose.

"This is the end of everything," he cried. "I don't know if my heart is in my body. She will kill me yet, by God! Come, let us search for her."

We went out. It had grown dark.

"Of what did you talk with her?" asked Gagin as he crushed his hat down over his eyes.

"I was with her five minutes at longest," I answered. "I spoke to her as we had decided."

"Well," he said, "we would better go, each for himself; in that way we shall find her sooner. In any event, come back here in an hour."

Hastily I descended the hill and ran to the town. I made my way rapidly through all the streets, staring in all directions, took another glance at the windows of Frau Luise's house, reached the Rhine, and began to walk quickly along its bank. From time to time I met women, but Assja was nowhere to be seen. It was no longer vexation that I felt. A secret fear oppressed me, and not fear alone; no, remorse, the warmest pity. Love! yes, tenderest love! Wringing my hands, I called on Assja, into the gathering darkness of the night; softly at first, then louder and louder; a hundred times I repeated that I loved her. I swore never to part from her. I would have given everything in the world to hear her

gentle voice again, to hold her cold hand, to see herself standing before me. So near had she been to me, in perfect trustfulness, in utter simplicity of heart and feeling had she come to me and laid her inexperienced youth in my hands; and I had not caught her to my heart; I had thrown away the bliss of seeing the shy face bloom into a joy, a rapture of peace—this thought drove me to madness.

"Where can she be gone? What is become of her?" I called out, desperate with helpless fears. Suddenly something white glimmered near by on the shore. I knew the spot. An old half sunken cross with quaint inscription stood there, over the grave of a man drowned seventy years before. My heart stood still in my body. I ran to the cross. The white figure had disappeared. "Assja!" I shouted. My wild cry terrified me. No one made answer.

I determined to see if Gagin had found her.

As I hastened up the footpath I saw a light in Assja's chamber. It calmed me a little.

I drew near the house. The door was fastened. I knocked. A window in the darkened first story was carefully raised, and Gagin's head showed itself.

"Found?" I asked.

"She is come back," he whispered to me. "She is in her chamber, and undressing. All is as it should be."

"God be thanked!" I cried, in a transport of inexpressible joy. "God be thanked! Now all will be well. But you know we have something to say to each other."

"Another time," he answered, softly closing the window—"another time. For this, good-by."

"Till to-morrow then," I said. "To-morrow everything will be clear."

"Good-by," Gagin repeated, and the window was shut. I came near to knocking again. I wished to tell Gagin at once that I sought his sister's

hand. But such a wooing, at such an hour! "Till to-morrow then," I thought. "To-morrow I shall be happy."

"To-morrow I shall be happy!" Happiness has no to-morrow; it has no yesterday; it knows of no past; it thinks of no future. The present belongs to it, and not even the present day—only the moment.

I do not know how I reached S—. Not my feet brought me; not the boat carried me; I was borne over as if on broad, mighty wings. My way led me by a thicket in which a nightingale was singing. It seemed to me it sang of my love and my joy.

The next morning, as I drew near the familiar little house, one circumstance seemed strange: all its windows were open, and the door as well. Scraps of paper lay strewn about the threshold, and behind the door a maid was visible with her broom.

I stepped up to her.

"They're off!" she volunteered, before I could ask her if the Gugins were at home.

"Off!" I repeated. "What, gone? Where?"

"They went at six o'clock this morning, and did not say where. But stop. You are surely Mr. N."

"I am Mr. N."

"There is a letter for you inside." She went in and returned with a letter.

"Here it is, if you please."

"But it isn't possible. How can it be?" I said. The maid stared at me stupidly, and began to sweep.

I opened the letter. It was Gugin who wrote. From Assja not a line. He began with a hope that I would not be angry with him on account of his sudden departure. He felt assured that, after mature thought, I would agree to his decision. He had found no other way out of a situation which might easily become difficult, even dangerous. "Yesterday," he wrote, "as we were both waiting silently for Assja, I convinced myself fully that a separation was necessary. There are

prejudices which I know how to respect. I understand that you cannot marry Assja. She has told me everything. For her own sake I am compelled to yield to her repeated, desperate prayers." In conclusion he expressed his regret that our acquaintance should be broken off so abruptly; wished me happiness; shook my hand affectionately; and assured me that it would be useless for me to try to find them.

"What prejudices?" I cried out, as if he could hear me. "Nonsense! Who has given him the right to rob me of her?" I clutched my head with my hands.

The maid began to call loudly for the landlady. Her terror rendered me my self control. One thought took possession of me—to find them, to find them at whatever cost. To submit to this stroke, to calmly accept it, was impossible. I learned from the landlady that they had taken a steamboat about six o'clock in the morning to go down the Rhine. I went to the office. There I was told that they had taken tickets for Cologne. I went home with the intention to pack at once and follow them. My way led me by Frau Luise's house. All at once I heard some one call me. I raised my head, and saw the Burgomaster's widow at the window of the very room where, the day before, I had met Assja. She summoned me with her disagreeable smile. I turned away, and would have gone on, but she called after me that something was there for me. This brought me to a standstill, and I entered the house. How shall I describe my feelings as I again beheld that little room?

"To tell the truth," the old woman said to me, handing me a little note, "I was only to give you that if you came here of your own free will. But you are such a handsome young gentleman. Take it."

I took the letter.

The following words were hastily scrawled in pencil on a scrap of paper:

"Farewell ! We shall not see each other any more. It is not from pride that I go. No ; I cannot do anything else. Yesterday, when I was crying before you, it only needed a word from you—only one single word. I should have staid. You did not speak it. It must be better so. Farewell, for always."

One word ! Fool that I had been ! This word ! I had said it with tears over and over. I had scattered it to the wind. I had repeated it—how often—to the lonely fields ; but to her I had not said it. I had not told her that I loved her. And now I must never say it. When I met her in that fatal room, I myself had no clear consciousness of my love. Perhaps I was not even yet awakened to it while I was sitting with her brother in helpless and fearful silence. A moment later it broke out with irresistible force as I shuddered at the possibility of harm to her, and began to seek her, to call her, but then it was already too late. "But that is impossible," you say. I do not know whether it is possible, but I know that it is true. Assja would not have left me if there had been a trace of coquetry in her, and if her position had not been a false one. She could not bear that which every other girl could have borne ; but that I had not realized. My evil genius held my confession back from my lips, as I saw Gagin for the last time, at the dark window, and the last thread that I might have seized slipped from my fingers.

On the same day I returned to L— with my travelling trunk, and took passage for Cologne. I remember that, as the boat was under way, and I was taking leave in spirit of the streets and the places I should never lose from memory, I saw Nancy on the bank. She was sitting on a bench. Her face was pale, but not sorrowful, and a stalwart young peasant stood beside her, laughing and talking to her. On the other shore of the river the little

Madonna looked out, sad as ever, from the green shadow of the old oak tree.

I found myself on the Gugins' track in Cologne. I learned that they had started for London. Hastily I followed them ; but in London all my inquiries were fruitless. For a long time I would not be discouraged, for a long time I kept up an obstinate search ; but at last I was obliged to give up hope of finding them.

And I never saw them again ; I never saw Assja again. Of her brother I heard brief news sometimes ; but she had for ever vanished from my sight. I do not know if she is yet living. Once, while travelling, years afterward, I caught a hasty glimpse of a woman in a railway carriage whose face reminded me vividly of features never to be forgotten, but I was deceived by a chance resemblance. Assja remained in my memory as I had known her in the fairest days of my life, and as I had last seen her, bowed over the arm of the low wooden chair.

But I will confess that I did not grieve too long for her. Yes, I have even fancied that Fate had been kind in refusing to unite us. I consoled myself with the thought that I could not have been happy with such a wife. I was young, and the future—this short, fleeting life—seemed endless to me. Why should not that be again which once had been so sweet, and even better and more beautiful ? I have known other women, but the feeling which Assja awakened in me—that deep and ardent tenderness—has never repeated itself.

No ! No eyes could compensate me for the loss of those that once were lifted, with such love, to mine. No heart has ever rested on my breast which could make my own beat with such delicious anguish ! Condemned to the solitary existence of a man without a family tie, I bring my life to its gloomy end ; but I guard still, as a sacred relic, her letters and the dried geranium sprig which she once

tossed me from the window. There remains to me of myself—of those
 clings a faint fragrance to it even yet; happy and painful days—of those
 but the hand that gave it, the hand winged hopes and desires? So the
 that it was only once vouchsafed to the slight fragrance of a feeble weed out-
 me to kiss, has mouldered, perhaps, lasts all the joys and all the sorrows of
 for many a year in the grave. And a man. Nay, it outlasts the man him-
 I—what has become of me? What self!

TO BEETHOVEN.

CLASPED in a too strict calyxing
 Lay Music's bud o'er-long unblown,
 Till thou, Beethoven, breathed her spring:
 Then blushed the perfect rose of tone.

O loving Soul, thy song hath taught
 All full-grown passion fast to flee
 Where science drives all full-grown thought—
 To unity, to unity.

For he whose ear with grave delight
 Brings brave revealings from thine art
 Oft hears thee calling through the night:
In Love's large tune all tones have part.

Thy music hushes motherwise,
 And motherwise to stillness sings
 The slanders told by sickly eyes
 On nature's healthy course of things.

It soothes my accusations sour
 'Gainst frets that fray the restless soul:
 The stain of death; the pain of power;
 The lack of love 'twixt part and whole;

The yea-nay of Free-will and Fate,
 Whereof both cannot be, yet are;
 The praise a poet wins too late
 Who starves from earth into a star;

The lies that serve great parties well,
 While truths but give their Christs a cross
 The loves that send warm souls to hell,
 While cold-blood neuters live on loss;

Th' indifferent smile that nature's grace
 On Jesus, Judas, pours alike;
 Th' indifferent frown on nature's face
 When luminous lightnings blindly strike;

The sailor praying on his knees
Along with him that's cursing God—
Whose wives and babes may starve or freeze,
Yet Nature will not stir a clod.

If winds of question blow from out
The large sea-caverns of thy notes,
They do but clear each cloud of doubt
That round a high-path'd purpose floats.

As : why one blind by nature's act
Still feels no law in mercy bend,
No pitfall from his feet retract,
No storm cry out, *Take shelter, friend!*

Or, Can the truth be best for them
That have not stomachs for its strength?
Or, Will the sap in Culture's stem
E'er reach life's furthest fibre-length?

How to know all, save knowingness ;
To grasp, yet loosen, feeling's rein ;
To sink no manhood in success ;
To look with pleasure upon pain ;

How, teased by small mixt social claims,
To lose no large simplicity ;
How through all clear-seen crimes and shames
To move with manly purity ;

How, justly, yet with loving eyes,
Pure art from cleverness to part ;
To know the Clever good and wise,
Yet haunt the lonesome heights of Art.

O Psalmist of the weak, the strong,
O Troubadour of love and strife,
Co-Litanist of right and wrong,
Sole Hymner of the whole of life,

I know not how, I care not why,
Thy music brings this broil at ease,
And melts my passion's mortal cry
In satisfying symphonies.

Yea, it forgives me all my sins,
Fits Life to Love like rhyme to rhyme,
And tunes the task each day begins
By the last trumpet-note of Time.

SIDNEY LANIER.

THE DRAMATIC CANONS.

AT intervals of varying length, the journals of the Anglo-Saxon races are given to discussing the question whether the present age be one of decadence or progress in dramatic art. Most readers of "The Galaxy" have seen some phases of this discussion, which starts up afresh after the arrival of every noted foreign actor or the production of a new play. It is at present confined to the English-speaking nations, and prevails more in America than England just now.

In France there is no lively interest in the theme. The French dramatic authors seem to be pretty well satisfied themselves, and to satisfy their audiences; their best claim to success being found in the fact that English and American dramatic authors of the present day almost invariably pilfer from them.

In the course of this perennial discussion we constantly meet with appeals, on the part of those learned gentlemen, the theatrical critics, to the "dramatic canons." Such and such a play is said to offend against these "canons," and they are spoken of as something of which it is shameful to be ignorant, but at the same time with a vagueness of phrase betraying a similar vagueness of definition. It has seemed to us that an inquiry into the nature of these canons may not be out of place at the present time. This we propose to determine by consulting the practice of those authors of former times whose productions still hold the stage as "stock plays," so called, and of those modern authors still living whose plays are well known and famous, being still successfully acted. By such an analysis we may possibly settle something, especially if our inquiry shall call forth the actual experience of those living who have attained great success, whether as authors or adapters.

The most obvious division of our subject is into tragedy, comedy, melodrama; but inasmuch as it is plain that the laws of success in all these walks of dramatic art must contain much in common, we have preferred a different division for analysis, leaving the kind of drama as a subdivision common to each part of the inquiry. A less obvious but equally just division will be as to the canons regulating the subject, the treatment, and the production of a successful drama, in whatever walk. We propose to ascertain our canons from the successful plays, still holding the stage, of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Knowles, Bulwer, Dion Boucicault, Tom Taylor, Augustin Daly, and Gilbert, together with such single plays, like "The Honeymoon," "Masks and Faces," and a few others, as are better known to the public than their authors, whose sole dramatic successes they were. Ephemeral successes, however great, cannot be safely taken as guides to a canon; but an established success of long standing, however repugnant to our tastes, must be examined, even if it take the form of the "Black Crook."

The influence of the French drama on Anglo-Saxon art has been so decided that no safe estimates of canons can be made which do not take into account the works of Sardou, Dumas, and the minor French authors, whose name is legion. Fortunately for our subject, the French work on simple principles, and will not confuse us any more than the Greeks, whom they imitate. Let us try, then, to ascertain our canons in their order, beginning with the subject of the drama.

What subjects are fit for dramatic treatment, and are there any entirely unfitted therefor?

We find a pretty wide range in the

successful dramas of modern time. In tragedy we have ancient history, as shown by "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Virginius," "Alexander the Great"; mediæval history, in "Macbeth," "Richard III."; legendary stories, in "Lear," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet." In comedy and melodrama we have an almost infinite variety, as much so as in novel writing. History, legend, and pure invention claim equal right in the field. We have "The Tempest," "As You Like It," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," "Merchant of Venice," "The Wonder," "The Honeymoon," "Masks and Faces," "London Assurance," "School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," "Wild Oats," "The Colleen Bawn," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Shaughraun," "The Wife," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Under the Gaslight," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," "American Cousin," "Rip Van Winkle," and the "Black Crook," all well known and successful plays, many perhaps being acted this very night all over the Union and England. We are not here examining the question of the goodness or badness of these plays, their merits or demerits: we are merely recognizing them as well known plays, constantly being acted, and always successful when well acted. Of all of these, the most constantly successful and most frequently acted are those of Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Bulwer, among the old plays, and those of Boucicault and Daly among living authors. Almost all playgoers are familiar with these works, and have seen them once or more; and every new aspirant for histrionic honors has one or more of the plays of the first three in his list of test characters. If he be a man and a tragedian, he must play Hamlet, Othello, Richard, Shylock, Macbeth, Richelieu, Claude Melnotte; if versatile, he must add Benodick, Charles Surface, Captain Absolute, and others to the list; if a lady, she

must be tested in Portia, Ophelia, Pauline, Lady Teazle, Juliet—who knows what? Some very versatile ladies have tried all the light comedy characters, finishing with Lady Macbeth as an experiment. A short time ago there was quite an epidemic of Lady Macbeths, but that is over for the present. The stray sheep have returned to the fold. Let us return to them.

What can we glean about the limitations of the dramatic subject from these successful plays? There is a limitation somewhere, and the first and most obvious is—time. A novelist can make the minute description of a life interesting. The most celebrated novels, such as "Robinson Crusoe," "Vicar of Wakefield," "David Copperfield," "Pendennis," "The Three Guardsmen," and others, have been just such books, imitations of real biographies. But a play is limited in length to five acts, or six at most, and its time of acting has a practical limit of three hours, with the inter-acts. Each act is further practically limited to five scenes, and it is but seldom that it stretches over three, while the latter average is never exceeded and seldom reached in a five-act play. No scene can properly contain more than a chapter of a novel, so we find ourselves practically limited to a story which can be told inside of fifteen chapters, the further inside the better. The French, who are much more artificial than the English in their dramatic canons, almost invariably limit their acts to a single scene, reducing their story thereby to only five chapters. A careful comparison of successful acting plays will generally end in bringing us to one obvious canon:

I. The subject of a drama must be capable of being fully treated in fifteen chapters at most.

The next limitation that we meet is in the nature of the story. A novelist can describe his hero and heroine and

the scenes in which they move. He can depict them in motion, and describe a long journey in strange countries, trusting to picturesque scenery and incident to help him out. He can give us a sketch of their former life, and tell how they fared after they were happily married. The dramatist cannot do this. He must put his people down in a given place and leave them there till his scene is over, opening another scene or another act after a silent interval. He can, indeed, put a narrative of supposed events into the mouth of any of his characters, but such narratives are always dull and prosy, and to be avoided. Shakespeare uses them sometimes, but only when he cannot help himself, and always makes them short. The nearest instances that occur to us are, the description by Troilus to Henry VI. of the murder of Prince Edward, usually put now in the first act of "Richard III.," and the story of Oliver in "As You Like It." Sometimes a short story cannot be helped, but if told, it is always found to be of a collateral circumstance not directly leading to the catastrophe. It generally is brought in only to explain the presence of a character on the stage in the successful drama. Sometimes it happens otherwise. For instance, Coleman makes Mortimer, in the "Iron Chest," tell the whole mystery of his life in the form of a story instead of acting it. The result is a poor play, seldom acted, and generally to small audiences, being only valuable for some special features of which we shall speak later. It is not too much to ask for acceptance of this second canon regarding the subject:

II. The subject should be capable of being acted without the aid of narrative.

Is it still possible to limit the subject, and do novels and dramas differ still further? A third limitation will reveal itself, if we compare a typical drama, like "Much Ado About

Nothing," or "Hamlet," with a typical novel such as "David Copperfield" or "Robinson Crusoe." These latter depend for their interest on a series of adventures which befall a hero, sometimes entirely unconnected with each other, just as they happen to a man in real life, wherein he meets many and various scenes and persons. Neither possesses any sequence of events, depending on each other, such as pervades "Hamlet" and all acting plays. It is true that some few novelists, such as Wilkie Collins, write novels that depend on plot for their interest, but those typical novels which stand at the head of the list do not. The masterpieces of Scott, such as "Ivanhoe," "Talisman," "Old Mortality," are antiquarian studies, with very slight plots; Dickens and Thackeray's best novels have no plot worth mentioning; and where perfect plots are found, it is rare to find a lasting and enduring novel. In a play, on the other hand, a plot seems to be absolutely necessary to interest the spectator, the more intricate the better. We have all seen Shakespeare's plays so often, that we are apt to forget how intricate and involved many of his plots are; and when we consider that most of his plots were taken from very bad novels which have utterly perished from sight, while the plays still live, we begin to realize by the force of contrast another canon relating to the subject, which is this:

III. The subject must have a connected plot, in which one event depends on the other.

When we come to restrict the dramatic subject any farther, we encounter more difficulty. Some might hold that the interest of the subject should depend on either love or death, but we are met at once by instances of plays in which the real interest is almost wholly political, such as "Henry V.," "Richard III.," or moral, such as "Lear." Referring once more to the effect of contrast with

the novel for guidance, we find it very difficult to separate subjects proper for dramatic treatment any further than we have done, and almost impossible to lay down any absolute rule to which distinguished exceptions cannot be quoted. It might be said that the interest should turn on a single action, as it does in most plays, and especially in tragedies, but here we are met by "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Honeymoon," and other plays, where two or three plots progress side by side in perfect harmony. It seems, therefore, that any further absolute limitation of the abstract dramatic subject is impracticable, and we must be content with adding a mere recommendation for our fourth canon, much as follows:

IV. The interest of the plot generally turns on either love or death, and generally hinges on a single action or episode.

When we come to speak of the *best* subjects of dramatic writing, we are really approaching the domain of treatment, which is much wider and better defined. There it becomes a question for judgment and discretion, and much more certainty can be attained. Instead of considering all dramas, we narrow our search to the best only, judging them by the simple tests of success and frequency of acting, and finding what sort of subjects have been taken, and how they have been treated.

Let us then come at once to the question, What is the best method of treating a given subject? Here we are again confronted by a variety of decisions, some of which seem to conflict with others, but which all agree in some common particulars. In the dramas written, down to the time of Boucicault, it seemed to be assumed as a matter of course that every first-class play, comedy or tragedy, must be written in five acts. All of Shakespeare's, Sheridan's, Knowles's, follow this old rule, as inflexible and

artificial as some of the French canons, but with the same compensating advantage, that author and audience knew what was expected of each, and troubled themselves little over the structure of their dramas. Of late years another custom has taken the place of the five-act play, and many if not most of the modern dramas, while of the same length as the old ones, are divided into four and even three acts. Especially is this the case with comedies, and those nondescript plays that are variously called "melodramas," "dramas," and "domestic dramas." In the case of three-act plays, the number of scenes in each act is frequently five, sometimes six or seven, but the common modern practice restricts the last act, if possible, to a single scene. The number of scenes must of course depend on how many are absolutely necessary to develop the story. The French system of a single scene to each act has one great advantage. It permits of very much finer scenery being introduced than in a scene which is to be shifted, whether closed in or drawn aside. For instance, when the curtain comes down between each scene, the stage may be crowded with furniture, and those temporary erections called "set pieces." There will always be plenty of time to remove these between the acts, and noise of hammering is of no consequence when the curtain is down. If there is more than one scene in the act, all this is changed. Let us say there are only two scenes. One of these must be a full-depth scene, but all the furniture and set pieces are restricted to that part of the stage which lies behind the two "flats" which make the front scene. In that front scene furniture is inadmissible, without rudely disturbing the illusion. Let us suppose the front scene to be the first, and that any furniture is left on the stage. At the close of the scene the characters leave the stage, but there stands the furniture. The old way to get rid of it is simple. Enter a "supe" in livery, who picks up the one table and

two chairs. *Exit*, amid the howls of the gods in the gallery, who shriek "Soup! soup!" as if they were suddenly stricken with hunger. Of course this spoils the illusion; and the better the scenery, the more perfect the other illusions, the easier they are disturbed by such incongruity. Sometimes the set pieces in front, if there are any, and the furniture, disappear through trap doors. In the large city theatres, such as those where spectacular pieces are constantly produced, this method of changing a scene is common, but such theatres themselves are not common, and it costs a great deal to run them on account of the number of workmen required. Our present inquiry is directed to the ordinary theatre, with its stock company, simple scenery, and few traps. Of this kind of theatre every town furnishes at least one sample. In such theatres at least it will always be best to keep furniture and set pieces out of the front scenes as much as possible, to preserve the illusion. If the front scene come after the full-depth one, the wisdom of this rule becomes still more apparent. A "supe" taking out furniture is not half as ludicrous as one bringing it in, and without a trap such a spectacle is unavoidable. The first canon offered by common sense is obviously sound:

V. Keep furniture and set pieces out of front scenes, if possible.

This rule being followed, will probably reduce the front scenes of a drama to the open air, woods, gardens, halls, streets, church porches, and similar places, where the attention will be concentrated on the actors, not the picture. The scope of a front scene is further restricted by the fact that you must bring your characters on and take them off, being deprived of that valuable ally to illusion, the "tableau." If the scene be the first of the act, a tableau may indeed be discovered, but it cannot close the scene. The most common place for a

front scene is between a first and a third full-depth scene, to give time for the change that goes on behind. This change always makes a certain amount of noise, and the use of the front scene is to take off the attention of the audience. This intention must be hidden at any price, for, if perceived, it is fatal to the illusion. To hide it there is only one method always reliable, which is to rivet the attention of the audience on your characters, put in your best writing, and get up an excitement to cover the scene. If you have any brilliant dialogue, any passage of great emotion, any mystery to be revealed, put it in your front scene so that your design may not be suspected, but the scene appear natural. In brief the canon says:

VI. Put the best writing into the front scenes.

The next question that arises as to the front scene relates to the character of incident that should be treated therein. It is obvious that it will not do to put in a crisis or a climax at such a place. At its best a front scene is only a makeshift, a preparation for the full scene. Its employment necessitates a loss of nearly three-quarters of the available space, and the tableau loses all its power, as developed in the full-depth scene. Its use is therefore a disagreeable necessity, so disagreeable that the French discard it entirely. Mechanically it is only an introduction to the full scene, and the more it partakes of the same character intellectually, the less will it weary the audience. The best preparation an audience can have for a scene is to make them eager therefor, and the best way to make them eager is to leave them in suspense, so that they are impatient for the movement of the flats that opens the next picture. A familiar instance of this employment of the front scene is found in the "Shaughraun," by Boucicault, before the Irish wake. The front scene represents the outside of a cottage with a

door in the right flat; the peasants and other characters come in, talk about the wake, and enter the house one after another. In this scene it is also explained that the supposed corpse is not dead, but shamming, so that there is no tragic interest associated with the coming scene, but every one is anxious to see it. At last all the characters are off, the flats are drawn aside, and the celebrated Irish wake makes its appearance, taking the whole depth of the stage. The audience is satisfied, and the front scene has answered its end, as expressed in this canon:

VII. Front scenes ought to terminate in a suspense, which the following scene will relieve.

From this canon it follows that the front scene should deal only with explanatory and dependent matters, not the principal action of the drama. Sheridan, in "The Rivals" and the "School for Scandal," opens his first acts with front scenes, which introduce little of the matter of the story. I am inclined to think that he had a reason for this which still prevails, in the noise made by the audience. The beginning of the first act of most plays is distinguished in the auditorium by much shuffling of feet, opening of doors, taking of seats, especially by those who take the reserved seats in front of the house. All this disturbs the audience and makes them lose any fine points at the beginning of a play, unless the actors strain their voices unduly. In a front scene the flats immediately behind the actors serve as a sounding board for the voice, and reduce the volume of space to be filled by the speakers. The advantage gained in this way is balanced by the loss to the eye in losing the full-depth scene, wherefore this method of opening a play is not much in favor; but its use in the cases mentioned leads to a general canon as to the first act of a play, which also recommends itself to common sense:

VIII. Avoid fine points, and have plenty of action at the beginning of the first act.

This rule, however safe and sensible, is hampered by the necessities of the subject, to which everything must be subordinated. Let us see how the greatest masters of dramatic construction in modern times open their first acts. Of these Boucicault comes first, *facile princeps*. We will take the "Shaughraun" and "Flying Scud" for examples. Both open in a similar manner: in the first a young woman, in the second an old man, engaged in household work, singing away at nothing particular. A quiet picture not requiring close attention. To each, enter a disturber, somewhat disagreeable, arresting attention. A short squabble, then more characters coming on, one or more at a time, till the stage is pretty full, and no flagging of interest. The act does not drag. Compare this with Sardou's "Frou-Frou," "Fernande," and others. Sardou's first acts almost invariably drag, and the success does not come till afterward. One great difference is immediately perceptible. Sardou almost always brings on his people in pairs, and takes them off together, leaving the first act a succession of dialogues, with very little action. Now take "The Lady of Lyons," an old success, which nowhere drags. It opens with a picture, mother and daughter, doing nothing particular. Enter disagreeable Beauseant, who makes an offer and is rejected. A mild excitement at once arises, shut in by a front scene, short, lively, and spirited, where Glavis and Beauseant plot for revenge on Pauline. The scene ends in suspense, the actors having gone for Claude Melnotte, and the flats draw aside, revealing Melnotte's cottage and introducing the hero. By this time the audience is quiet and can take the fine points, so the third scene of the first act can be made exciting. There is thus no flagging of interest in either Bulwer or

Boucicault. One does the thing in three scenes, the other in a single scene, but both employ the same means, which are thus expressed:

IX. Open the first act with a quiet picture, and bring in the disturbing element at once. Having aroused attention, bring on all your characters, and end with an excitement. Avoid bringing on characters in pairs in this act.

The first act of a play is always surrounded with difficulties. The interest of the audience has to be aroused, and all the characters brought in. Every part of it must hang together, and the attention must be excited more and more as the act progresses. This rule applies to the whole play likewise, but in the first act it is especially necessary, because there are so many things to divert attention, and the object of the act is to catch it. After a certain period it must flag, and the object of the dramatist must be to close his act before that dreadful period. The office of the first act is to prepare for the second; therefore it resembles the front scene in one important principle—it should end in suspense, and make the audience eager for the second act. Ending as it should in a full scene, it has the advantage over the front scene that a tableau is possible, and should be used. This tableau must be natural, and must come, as all tableaux come, out of a climax, but the climax must not be complete. It must leave the audience in suspense, and give them something to talk about in the inter-act. It must not be too long delayed, or the act will drag. These and various other reasons have led to this further canon, generally observed:

X. The first act should be the shortest, and as soon as a partial climax is reached the curtain should come down. The tableau and action should indicate suspense and preparation.

This general rule indicates that the villain should be temporarily triumphant, if the play is to end in his discomfiture. If his first scheme fails in the first act, it is difficult to arouse interest in the nominally imperilled innocence which is left in danger. The structure becomes too artificial, and the dictum *ars est celare artem* has been violated. No rule is so safe in dramatic writing, as also in acting. The end is—*illusion*.

The rule of putting only suspensory and preparatory action in the first act is universally followed by Shakespeare and all other successful writers of plays, and is better settled than any other. The first act occupies the office of the first volume of a novel, explaining all the story. Very frequently, in the modern French drama especially, it assumes the form of a prologue, the action transpiring at an interval of several years, sometimes a whole generation, before the rest of the play. Only one instance of this character is found in Shakespeare, in the "Winter's Tale," where the action of the drama demands a prologue, but it is quite common in modern times, while another custom of Shakespeare's—that of dividing a historical play into two "parts"—has quite gone out of fashion. Its only modern example is that of Wagner's opera of the "Nibelungen Ring," which takes a week to get through. The Chinese and Japanese have a strong taste for this kind of play, but the practice has vanished from Anglo-Saxon civilization. It must be confessed that the employment of a prologue is rather a clumsy way of opening a play. It is too apt to be complete in itself, and to join clumsily to the rest of the drama. Besides this, it is hard to preserve the illusion that the small child who appears in the prologue has developed into the good-looking young person who is the heroine of the rest of the play. The "Sea of Ice" is a familiar instance of this sort of thing, where the same actress who personates the mother in the first act, and gets drown-

ed, blossoms into a girl of eighteen in the second act, supposed to be her own daughter, last seen as a small child. In "Winter's Tale" there is nothing of this. The supposed Perdita of Act I. is merely a rag baby, and mother and child reappear together thereafter. In cases where the interval between prologue and play is limited to a year or two, this objection does not apply; in fact such prologues are quite common and useful. The fanciful and magic prologue to the "Marble Heart" is a very happy instance of conquest of the difficulties inherent in long separated prologues. The wrench is so sudden from a Greek sculptor to a French sculptor, from Athenian dresses to Parisian, that the main interest of the play lies in the identification of the ancient characters in the new dress, and the very fanciful absurdity of the plot lends it an air of reality essentially dramatic. The end is illusion, and illusion it is.

There is little more clear and positive to be said about the first act. Study of the best models will reveal many points inherent in all, but no general rules so clear as those of brevity, action, and suspense. The practical limit of time is from fifteen to thirty minutes, the medium of twenty being common to mono-scenic acts, but on this no positive canon can be ascertained. It depends on the interest, and only this general rule is partially true, that no interest can carry an audience through a first act of forty-five minutes.

We next come to the middle acts of the play, and here again general rules are hard to find. The number of acts varies so much that nothing positive can be said except as regards fixed lengths of drama. Treating all between the first and last acts as a whole, the first certain rule that meets us is this truism:

XI. From the second to the last act the interest must be regularly increased, and each act must end in suspense, leading to the next.

Without an observance of this rule no play can ever be permanently successful as a general thing. There have been some poor plays with little interest, that have been bolstered up for a time by the force of a single character, portrayed by a peculiar actor, but in that case the play becomes a mere "star play," not amenable to the common rules, and useless out of the hands of the peculiar star who owns it. Of such are those multiform dramas, constantly varying, of which Mr. Sothorn makes Lord Dundreary and Sam the central figures. The actor found he had made a lucky hit in his character, and he hired out the work of altering the play to any sort of literary hacks, so that he himself is really the creator of the plays, and when he dies they will die. In the "American Cousin," as it was first played, the interest lay entirely in Asa Trenchard, and the drama was very skilfully constructed, with ascending interest, to develop the ideal Yankee. In that part Jefferson made his first public hit. As soon as he found that Dundreary had stolen the play from its hero, Jefferson was wise enough to drop the contest between high comedy and broad farce, in which the latter must conquer when they come together. By taking up the ideal Dutchman (or rather German, as he makes it) in Rip Van Winkle, he created a part of which no one can deprive him, but which will probably die with him. No one else has succeeded with it to the same degree, and "Rip Van Winkle" stands as a model of a successful star play, wherein all the interest hangs on a single character.

It is not the intention of this article to enter into the question of what constitutes the interest of such plays as "Rip Van Winkle." To do so would be to enter into a field where everything is uncertain, and where judgment is only an expression of individual liking. The main elements of the success appear to be humor and pathos, those twin brethren of genius whose identity and individuality are frequently so

inextricable from each other. Both are drawn in broad, simple lights and shadows, so that the simplest audience can take the points, while the most cultivated members of that audience are studying the delicate touches of the actor. The contrast between—but we must refrain from the digression, however tempting. We are examining the dramatic canons, and the only settled canons about which there is little doubt are those relating to construction, not to sources of interest. In the kingdom of invention genius is supreme, and amenable to no rules. Each writer must work out his own salvation.

Constructively it is obvious that the number of acts in a play must be regulated by the number of natural episodes in the action of its subject; and the perfection of its construction is tested by the liberties that can be taken with the acts and scenes. Of late years it has become the fashion to alter and remodel Shakespeare's and other old plays, by changing scenes and acts, cutting out and putting in. To an ardent worshipper of Shakespeare as read, these alterations frequently appear desecrations, but there is little question that they were and are improvements. The construction of many of Shakespeare's plays is decidedly faulty, and the nature of the improvements made by managers and actors is best illustrated when the original play unaltered is tried against the adaptation. The acting edition of "Richard III." is a familiar instance of this. Colley Cibber arranged it, he being a shrewd old actor and manager. His edition holds the stage to-day, and always succeeds, where the original "Richard" fails. In this matter of construction the chances are all in favor of the improvement of a work by a shrewd adapter. His attention is directed to only one thing, the successful presentation of the play. He is not an artist so much as a workman. He creates nothing, he only alters and improves. He may be perfectly incapable of creating an ideal character,

while yet he can make its language more compact, can concentrate its action. Such an adapter is a skilful gardener. He cannot create the fruit tree, but he can prune it, and stimulate it to the perfection of fruit-bearing.

The French stage has been a prolific nursery for these skilful workmen, and they have managed to extract splendid successes from their work. It is by comparing their English adaptations with a simple translation of the work that one best sees the improvement. For instance, there is the "Two Orphans," with a plot and incidents so repulsive in the original that its translation failed in London in spite of its weird power. Adapted and cleansed by a clever American author, it was the great success of last year in New York, and is now running a fresh career of success. Another instance that occurs is Sardou's "Fernande." It was altered and adapted in New York by Augustin Daly, and succeeded. Another version by Mr. Schönberg, then of Wallack's, a straight translation, failed to secure a hearing in Boston, and ended in a lawsuit. This was not for want of merit in the translation, which was excellent, but, as appears from a comparison of the two plays, simply because Daly had improved on Sardou. The alterations were small, but masterly, and showed that Daly understood his business. In Sardou's play there appears a certain character, a young count (I forget his name) who comes in at the beginning of the first act, the close of the last. In the last he has some very important business to do, but he appears nowhere else. Of himself he does not aid the plot, but his last action is indispensable. In the original play also appears the Spanish Commander, a mere sketch in the first act. Daly suppressed the Count altogether, gave his best business to the Commander, and brought the latter in all through the play. The result was one good character instead of two poor ones, and indicates a canon which can be confirmed by many

other instances. This canon shapes itself something like this:

XII. Concentrate the interest on few characters, and avoid numerous unimportant parts.

This canon rests on the necessities of a stock company, as those before rest on the nature of scenery and audiences. Every company has its leading man, leading lady, low comediana, old man and old woman, and those ordinary characters which all playgoers know by heart. If the play does not fit these, it will not succeed. The appreciation of this fact is one secret of the great success of Boucicault, Daly, and Lester Wallack as play writers. They know the exact capacity of their stages and companies from long experience, and write their plays to fit them. With even ordinary talents they would have a great advantage to start with over writers of greater genius, writing with vague ideas of what the manager wants. As managers they know exactly what they want, and what their companies can do. To a young writer the difficulties are all in the start, unless he be an actor, or so closely related to actors or managers as to be able to get behind the scenes at all times, and become familiar with scenery, traps, machinery, rehearsals, and all the details of the *business* of theatricals. In former times, especially two centuries ago, the task of writing a good acting play was far easier than now. Scenery was simple, access behind the scenes easier—there was not such a wall of separation as now exists between actors and audience in a first-class city theatre. Even in those days, however, the writing of plays was confined chiefly to actors, managers, and those men of fashion who were given to haunting the green

room. In the present day no amount of talent in a writer seems capable of overcoming the difficulties of technical construction of a drama. It is rare to find an author of acknowledged talent in other departments, especially in America, distinguished as a dramatist, and when one of them tries his hand at playwriting he fails, not from lack of good dialogue and literary finish, but solely from lack of knowledge of the business of the drama, the limitations of actors and scenery, and the technique of dramatic construction.

There is more hope to the American stage in the future in the production of such undeniably original if mechanically faulty plays as Bret Harte has given us in the "Two Men of Sandy Bar," than in the rapid carpentry and skilful patchwork of hosts of French adaptations, whether they run ten or five hundred nights. Our Hartes and our yet unknown writers daily coming to the front, with freshness in their hearts and brains in their heads, lack only technique and the custom of the stage, which no one can give them but the managers and actors, who shall welcome them as apprentices to learn the trade. That these latter will find it to their advantage in the end to encourage a cordial alliance between the men of the quill and the men of the sock and buskin, follows from a simple calculation. If men of confessedly small talent and low character, such as the host of lesser playwrights who furnish pabulum for the outlying theatres, can write fair acting plays, simply by using mechanical knowledge and stolen materials, it is probable that men of original talent, already experienced writers in other branches of literature, will end by producing much better and fresher work, when they are offered and have enjoyed the same technical advantages.

FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

AN EVENING PARTY AMONG THE COSSACKS OF THE DON.

SUNSET on the Lower Don; a dim waste of gray, unending steppe, looking vaster and drearier than ever under the fast falling shadows of night; a red gleam far away to the west, falling luridly across the darkening sky and the ghostly prairie; a dead, grim silence, broken only by the plash and welter of our laboring steamer, or the shrill cry of some passing bird; an immense, crushing loneliness—the solitude not of a region whence life has died out, but of one where it has never existed. Even my three comrades, hardened as they are to all such influences, appear somewhat impressed by the scene.

"Cheerful place, ain't it?" says Sinbad, the traveller; "and the whole of southern Russia is just the same style—multiply a billiard board by five million, and subtract the cushions!"

"I wonder what the population of this district can be," muses Allfact, the statistician, looking disconsolately at his unfilled note-book. "It's almost impossible to get any reliable information in these parts. But I should think one man to three square miles must be about the proportion."

"And not a feather of game in the whole shop!" growls Smoothbore, the sportsman, with an indignant glance at his pet double barrel. "It's as bad as that desert where the old sportsman committed suicide, leaving a letter beside him to the effect that he *must* be firing at something, and there being nothing else to shoot, he had shot himself!"

"I'll give you one entry for your note-book, Allfact, my boy," interrupted I; "there are *thirty-nine* sand banks between this and Rostoff, at the head of the estuary; and the upper stream is all banks together—no navigation at all!"

"I should think not, by Jove, with

that kind of thing going on!" says Smoothbore, pointing to a solitary horseman who is coolly riding across our bows with an aggravating grin, his dog following. Our outraged captain has barely time to hurl at him some pithy suggestions respecting his portion in a future life, which had better not be quoted, when there comes a tremendous bump, and we are aground once more!

Just at this moment two wild figures come dashing along the bank at full gallop, sitting so far forward as to be almost on the horse's neck—their hair tossing in the wind like a mane, their small black eyes gleaming savagely under the high sheepskin cap, their dark lean faces thrust forward like vultures scenting prey—shooting a sharp, hungry glance at us as they swoop by, in mute protest against the iron age which compels them to pass a party in distress without robbing it. These are the famous Cossacks of the Don, the best guerillas and the worst soldiers in the world; at once the laziest and most active of men—strangest of all the waifs stranded on the shore of modern civilization by the ebb of the middle ages—a nation of grown-up children, with all the virtues and all the vices of barbarism—simple, good-natured, thievish, pugnacious, hospitable, drunken savages.*

It takes us fully ten minutes to "poll off" again, and we have hardly done so when there comes a sound through the still air, like the moan of a distant sea; and athwart the last gleam of the sinking sun flits a cloud of wide-winged living things, shadowy, silent; unearthly, as a legion of ghosts. The wild fowl of the steppes are upon their annual migration, and for many min-

* The Cossack is often erroneously classed by untravelled writers with the native Russian, from whom he is as distinct as the Circassian or the Tartar.

utes the living mass sweeps over us unbroken, orderly, and even as an army in battle array—a resemblance increased by the exertions of an active leader, who keeps darting back from his post at the head of the column, and trimming the ranks like an officer on parade.

"I wonder how many birds there are in that column," says Allfact, instinctively feeling for his note-book, as if expecting some leading bird to volunteer the desired information.

"Just like their mean tricks," mutters Smoothbore savagely. "First the game won't show at all, and then they come so thick that no fellow would be such a cad as to fire at 'em."

Night comes on, and the foul-creeping mist begins to steam up from the low banks of greasy black mud, driving us perforce into the cabin, where we speedily fall asleep on the benches along the walls—for bed-places there are none. About midnight I begin to dream that I am a Christian martyr in the reign of Diocletian, "in the act" (as Paddy would say) of being burned alive; and I awake to find it all but true. The fact is, the steward, with a thoroughly Russian love of overheating, has put wood enough into the stove to roast an ox; and there is nothing for it but to bolt on deck again, where we remain for the rest of the night.

The panorama of the deck in the early morning forms an ethnological study hard to match, except perchance by the Yokohama packet steaming out of Frisco, or a "coolie boat" coming over from Demerara to Trinidad. Gaunt, aquiline Cossacks, and portly Germans, and bumfaced Tartars; red-capped, broad-visaged, phlegmatic Turks; slim, graceful Circassians, beautiful with all the sleek tiger-like beauty of their gladiator race; sallow, beetle-browed Russians, and black-robed, dark-eyed, melancholy Jews. We have *one* Persian on board—a lanky, hatchet-faced rogue, half buried under a huge black sheepskin cap not unlike a tarred beehive. He smokes

one half the day and sleeps the other half, and is only once betrayed into any show of emotion. This occurs at one of our halting places on the second day, when he comes on board again grinning and whooping like a madman, having succeeded (as I learn when his excitement subsides) in cheating a Cossack out of a halfpenny,

But the appearance of the Russian *mujiks* (peasants), and the manner in which they curl themselves up anywhere and anyhow, and sleep the sleep of the just with their heads in baskets and their feet in pools of dirty water, baffles all description. A painter would revel in the third-class deck about sunrise, when the miscellaneous hash of heads and limbs begins to animate itself, like a coil of snakes at the approach of spring—when mothers of families look anxiously about for the little waddling bundles of clothes that are already thrusting their round faces and beady black eyes into every place where they ought *not* to go; and when brawny peasants, taking their neighbor's elbow out of their mouth, and their knee out of their neighbor's stomach, make three or four rapid dips, like a drinking duck, to any village church that may be in sight, and then fall to with unfailing zest to the huge black loaf which seems to be their only baggage. The whole thing is like a scene in a fairy tale:

There was an old captain that lived in a "screw."
He had so many passengers he didn't know what
to do;

They'd got nary baggage but one loaf of bread.
They squatted round the funnel, and *that* was
their bed.

As we move southward, our surroundings alter very perceptibly. A genial warmth and a rich summer blue replace the cold gray sky of the north; the banks begin to rise higher, and to clothe themselves with thick patches of bush, and even trees, instead of the coarse prairie grass; while at every halting place the little wooden jetty is heaped with perfect mounds of splendid grapes, sold at three cents per pound, by men in shirtsleeves—phenomena which, to us who are fresh

from the furred wrappings and snow-blocked streets of Moscow, have a rather bewildering effect. But the most striking sight is (to our friend Allfact at least) the huge masses of coal which now fuel the steamer instead of the split logs of the Volga.

"You see Russia's richer than her neighbors think," remark I. "On the Don alone there are 16,000 square miles of the finest anthracite, which leaves only two per cent. of ashes in burning."

"Sixteen thousand square miles!" cries the statistician, whipping out his note-book. "Why on earth doesn't she use it, then, instead of destroying all that valuable timber?"

"Well, you see, the railways are not completed yet; but when they are I can promise you that Russia will cut out England altogether in supplying Constantinople and the Levant."

One by one the little villages slip by us: Alexandrook, the first sign of which is the glitter of its gilded church-tower; Nikolaievo, with its black marble monument to the late Crown Prince; Konstantirovskoë, the birthplace of Prince Potemkin, brightest and most worthless of Russian favorites, who "lived like an emperor and died like a dog." They are all very much of one pattern: substantial log-cabins, curiously painted, with little palisaded gardens in front, and red-shirted men sitting smoking at their doors, alternating with little wickerwork hovels daubed with mud, which look very much like hampers left behind by a monster picnic. Gangs of lean dogs (the pest of every Cossack village) are sniffing hungrily about, while scores of sturdy wenches, with berry-brown arms and feet, and sunburnt children clothed only in short pinafores lined with dirt, run to stare at the wonderful fire-breathing vessel as she comes gliding in.

The sun is just dipping below the horizon as we reach Semi-Karakorskaya, and anchor for the night as usual; for to navigate the Lower Don

in the dark is beyond the power of any pilot afloat. Here a Cossack official,* whose acquaintance we have made on board, proposes to us to land and be presented to the "Ataman," or chief of the tribe, with the certainty of seeing something worth looking at. The offer is joyfully accepted, and five minutes later we are scrambling up the steep, crumbling bank—in the course of which feet Allfact slips and rolls bodily down into the river.

"There's something for the note-book at last, old boy!" cries Smoothbore spitefully. "Write down that you notice a *great falling off* in this part of the country!"

To find one's way into a Cossack village at night is almost as hopeless as the proverbial hunt for a needle in a haystack. The whole country seems to consist of a series of carefully dug pitfalls, into which we tumble one over the other, like fish out of a net; and our final approach to the village is only to be guessed by the yells of the dogs, which come about us with such zeal as to necessitate some vigorous cudgelling, and a shower of trenchant Russian oaths, in which our leader, thanks to his official character, seems to be quite a proficient. At length a few lights, which appear to start from the very ground under our feet, announce that we are among houses—underground ones, it is true, but houses still. Then the first glimmer of the rising moon lights up a row of log-cabins on either side, and the abyss of half-dried mud between them; and at last, following our leader, we enter one of those immeasurable courtyards in which the Cossack heart delights, pass through a low doorway, ascend a creaking, ladder-like stair, and, entering a small room at the head of it, find ourselves in the presence of two men—one old and decrepit, the other in the prime of life. The younger is the Ataman himself; the elder is

* The "Army of the Don," though now an integral part of Russia, is still officered to a great extent by its own people.

his father, an old soldier of the first campaigns of Nicholas.

Seen by the dim light of the lamp that stands on the rough-hewn table, the "interior" is sufficiently picturesque: the heavy crossbeams of the roof, the skins that cover the walls, intermingled with weapons of every kind, from the long Cossack lance to the light carbine which is fast superseding it; the fresh complexions and Western costume of the English party, contrasting strangely enough with the commanding figure and dark, handsome face of our host, in his picturesque native dress and high boots; the long white beard and vacant, wondering eyes of the ancient soldier; the picture of the Ataman's patron saint in the corner, with its little oil light burning before it, and a pious cockroach making a laborious pilgrimage around its gilt frame; and, through the narrow, loophole-like window, a glimpse of the great waste outside, lit by fitful gleams of moonlight.

Hospitality has been a Cossack virtue since the day that Bogdan Khmelnitski gave meat from his own dish to the prisoners whom he was about to slaughter; and we have hardly time to exchange greetings with our new friends when we are set down to a plentiful meal of rye bread, the splendid grapes of the Don, and "nardek"—a rich syrup strained from the rind of the watermelon, not unlike molasses both in appearance and flavor.

The "bread and salt" (as the Russians technically call it) being despatched, my three comrades, with the native official as interpreter, fasten upon the Ataman, while I devote myself to the old soldier, and begin to question him on the Danubian campaign of 1826. It is a sight to see how the worn old face lights up, and how the sunken eyes flash at the sound of the familiar name; and he plunges at once into his story. Seldom is it given to any man to hear such a tale as that to which I listen for the next half hour, told by one of its chief actors. Weary struggles through miles

of hideous morass—men dropping from sheer exhaustion, with the wheels of the heavy artillery ploughing through their living flesh; vultures haunting the long march of death to tear the still quivering limbs of the fallen; soldiers, in the rage of hunger, feeding upon the corpses of their comrades—all the hideous details of that terrible campaign, told in a quiet, matter-of-course way, which makes them doubly horrible. My impromptu Xenophon is still in full swing when high above the clamor of tongues rises a sound from without, which nothing on earth can match save the war whoop of the Western Indian—the shrill, long-drawn "Hourra!" of the Cossack, which made many a veteran grenadier's stout heart grow chill within, as it came pealing over the endless snows of 1812. We rush headlong to the outer door, and this is what we see:

In the centre of the courtyard, under the full splendor of the moonlight, stand some twenty tall, sinewy figures, in the high sheepskin cap, wide trousers, and huge knee-high boots of the Cossack irregular. They salute the Ataman as he appears by drawing their long knives and waving them in the air, again uttering their shrill war cry; and then begin to move in a kind of measured dance, advancing and retreating by turns, to the sound of a low, dirge-like chant. Presently the music grows quicker, the motion faster and fiercer; the dancers dart to and fro through each other's ranks, brandishing their weapons, turning, leaping, striking right and left—acting in terribly lifelike pantomime the fury of a deadly battle. Seen in the heart of this great solitude, with the cold moon looking silently down upon it, this whirl of wild figures, and gleaming weapons, and dark, fierce faces, all eyes and teeth, has a very grim effect; and even Sinbad's seasoned nerves quiver slightly as the dancers at length join hands, and, whirling round like madmen, burst forth with the deep, stern chorus with which their ances-

tors swept the coasts of the Black Sea five hundred years ago:

Our horses have trodden the steep Kavkas (Caucasus);

Of the Krim (Crimea) we have taken our share;
And the way that we went is dabbled with blood,
To show that we have been there!

The volume of sound (stern and savage to the last degree, but yet full of a weird, unearthly melody) fills the whole air like the rush of a storm; and now, the Cossack blood being thoroughly heated, the play suddenly turns to earnest. The nearest dancer, a tall, handsome lad with a heavy black moustache, suddenly fells his next neighbor with a tremendous blow between the eyes, which Heenan himself might have applauded. The next moment the conqueror falls in his turn before a crushing right-hander from his *vis-à-vis*; and in an instant the whole band are at it hammer and tongs—apparently without “sides,” order, or object of any kind, except the mere pleasure of thrashing and being thrashed. There is little science among the combatants, who deliver their blows in a slashing, round-hand style that would agonize a professional “bruiser”; but every blow dealt by those brawny arms leaves its mark, and the whole company speedily look as if they had been taking part in an election.

“By Jove!” says Smoothbore, with considerable feeling; “it does one good to see a real good fight so far away from home!”

“You’d see plenty such in Central Russia,” answer I. “Two villages often turn out to fight, just as we’d turn out to play cricket.* They call it ‘Koolatchni boi.’”

* I remember one such battle near Moscow, in October, 1869, in which more than a thousand men took part.

But Sinbad, being a man of humane temper, thinks that the sport has gone far enough, and appeals to the Ataman to stop it. One word from the all-powerful chief suffices to part the combatants; and, a messenger being despatched for some corn-whiskey, they are speedily chinking glasses as merrily as if nothing had happened. I am standing unsuspectingly in their midst when suddenly the whole company rush upon me as one man, and I find myself lifted in their arms and tossed bodily into the air six times in succession, amid yells of applause, to which all the previous uproar is as nothing.* Next they pounce upon Allfact, who, in his thirst for new ideas, submits readily enough; but Sinbad and Smoothbore take to their heels at once, and are with difficulty pacified by our host and his venerable father, who are looking on from the doorway.

This closes the entertainment, for it is now nearly midnight, and we are to start again at sunrise. We take a cordial leave of our new friends, and depart, laden with bunches of grapes which are somewhat difficult to carry conveniently.

“I wonder why they tossed me up like that?” muses Allfact, as we grope our way down to the shore.

“Why?” answers Smoothbore. “Why, to take a *risée* out of you, to be sure.”

DAVID KER.

* This singular compliment (a universal one among the Cossacks) is probably a relic of the old custom of raising their “Kosbevol,” or head chief, on a shield when elected.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE WILLS OF THE TRIUMVIRATE.

"NOTHING so generally strikes the imagination and engages the affections of mankind," says Sir William Blackstone, "as the right of property." Sure it is, that society palpitates whenever a great estate passes to a new owner, disclosing its vastness in the act of transit. Perhaps for this fact we may find another reason in Blackstone, where he says: "There is no foundation in nature why the son should have the right to exclude his fellow creatures from a determinate spot of ground because his father had done so before him, or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel, when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world which of them should enjoy it after him." But since the law, to reward thrift and avoid strife, has established this artificial right of disposal, the disparities of fortune, on these signal occasions of transfer, always set us to pondering.

Vanderbilt, last of the three monstrous-ly rich men of New York who have died within three years, furnishes in his will the now tripled evidence of a new ambition in American Croesuses—an aim to keep their fortunes rolling and greatening for several generations in the exact paths where they were started. Supposing that Mr. Stewart's bequest to Judge Hilton was designed to purchase his entrance into the dry goods firm, we should have a common aim of the triumvirate, since each has put a chosen man into his shoes, as if with the hope to live on in this successor, like Mordecai in "Deronda." The master passion of acquisition is thus striving to outwit death. Astor and Vanderbilt found their second selves in favorite sons; childless Stewart could only take his confidential agent. Each conceivably died in the hope that a successor so carefully selected and endowed would in turn hand over the bulk of his gigantic wealth, in its original channel, to some steward chosen with equal care; so that ages hence the Astor fortune still in houses, the Stewart fortune

still in trade, the Vanderbilt fortune still in railways, might flourish under successive guardians, faithful to their tradition and training. The John Jacob, the Cornelius, the Alexander of the past has been blessed with the vision of his millions multiplying as he would have them multiply, and haply has dreamed of accomplishing by his own foresight an entail which he could not create under the laws.

If this be the new tendency that American life is called upon to face, it is at least not hard to account for. The thirst for posthumous fame which inflamed old heroes and poets rages still in days when greatness collects rents, sells dry goods, and corners stocks. And after all, what is there stranger in struggling to prolong after death one's imperious railroad sway, his landlord laws, his massive trade monopolies, than in slaving out one's childless old age in the hard rut of traffic, in order to turn five surplus millions into ten?

To Dives, after a life of accretion, the prospect of frittering his wealth into fragments must be painful. Heirs will waste what he toiled to win. That fortune which grew so great while he rolled it on turns out, after all, but a snow-ball, to be broken apart and trampled by careless spoilers when he is gone. There are, to be sure, hard-headed philosophers who contemplate coolly the dispersion of their hoard. I remember from boyhood that when somebody rallied Squire Anthony Briggs, of Milldale, on his veteran vigilance in money-getting, saying, "Your children will spend as fast as you have made it," stanch old Tony answered: "If they get as much pleasure from spending my money as I have in making it, they are welcome." But with prodigious fortunes like Astor's and Vanderbilt's, the instinct of accumulation which increases what is already preposterously great may struggle to keep it accumulating after death. When Bishop Timothy sonorously declares from the desk that we brought nothing into this world, neither may we carry anything out,

Cæsus in the pew below takes this as a very solemn warning to him—warning to secure betimes the utmost posthumous control of his money that the laws allow. Dombey's soul is not wrapt up in the miser's clutching love of money, but in the money-getting institution of Dombey & Son; and not only in the Dombey & Son of to-day, but the Dombey & Sons of centuries hence. To found a dry-goods dynasty, a line of railway kings, a house of landed Astors, its owner puts the bulk of his vast wealth into a single hand—in that *exegi monumentum* spirit common to bard and broker, soldier and salesman. *Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam*, the millionaire may then triumphantly say.

On the other hand, the Cornells and Licks of our day, wonderfully numerous, have made America renowned by their public uses of wealth, either in lifetime gift or testamentary bequest; and this devotion of private fortune to the common weal is fostered by the observed independence of each generation in pursuing its own mode of life without regard to the customs of ancestors.

But the testamentary aim of the richest trio that ever lived in America was to escape this national trait of beneficence; to substitute the perpetuity of one's business monopoly or family trade; to struggle against any serious division of the enormous fortune, even at the cost of preferences among equal children; to spare not one dollar out of fifty millions for the public; to heap the gigantic hoard, save what for other legatees propriety demands, on some "chip of the old block" or business "bird of a feather." This purpose also influenced their lives. "Magnificence is the decency of the rich," but little magnificence marked the lives of those three rich New Yorkers. Powerful, self-willed, all-conquering they were, but hardly magnificent. Unprecedented and incredible thing in America, neither Stewart nor Vanderbilt left one poor dollar of his fifty or sixty millions to any municipal or charitable purpose. Filled with his posthumous business plans, neither cared for New York as Girard cared for Philadelphia and Hopkins for Baltimore. True, each of the Gotham triumvirate endowed in life an institution of public beneficence—Astor his library, Vander-

bilt his college away in Tennessee, Stewart his hotel for women. It is further true that men who, like Vanderbilt and Stewart, give sure pay for many years to thousands of employees, are benefactors. But to do this, and then to leave besides some testamentary memorial to the city where one has heaped up his wealth, has hitherto been the aim of the rich men of America. Girard not only founded his orphan college, ornament and pride of Philadelphia, but left great sums to beautify and improve the city by removing wooden houses and widening thoroughfares. Stewart, scrupulously just in business dealings, deserves public gratitude as the apostle of "one price," and as the cash-selling reformer who protected prudent folk from the higher prices caused in trade by the allowances for bad debts; but, this apart, in the will of Stewart and the will of Stephen Girard, what a world-wide difference of public spirit! That one act of grace that might have tempered his forgetfulness toward New York—the gift of his picture gallery for public uses—even this act Stewart did not do. The contrast is startling between the bequests of an Astor, a Stewart, a Vanderbilt, and those of a Girard, a Peabody, and a Johns Hopkins.

THE DUEL AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

BARRING the two services, doctors used, I fancy, to be the great duellists among professional men. And still, ever and anon, some irascible Sawbones rushes to the ten-paced turf, where, though he be spectacled or pot-bellied, those disadvantages rarely calm his blood-letting rage. But editors are the modern magnates of the code; not because they thirst for gore, but only because the guild of M. Paul de Cassagnac is professionally liable to give offence, and hence to be dragged to the field of glory and to die with boots on. I once saw a statement that the famous fighting editor of the "Pays" had taken part in eighteen duels, "besides having a man to kill next month"; and he was greatly coveted by a Missouri paper that had been losing its writers in street encounters too rapidly for convenience.

The newspapers have emptied their vials of wrath or ridicule upon Mr. Bennett for his duel with young May; now

in horror over his resort to the measured ground, and anon in scorn at the bloodless result. Nevertheless, had Mr. Bennett failed to fight that duel, he and his newspaper would have been butts during his lifetime for the shafts of half the editorial archers of the land. A noble refusal to resent the public insult would have been misrepresented with ingenious malice, in the hope to disgrace him and ruin his property. In answer to "Herald" arguments on disputed questions, the unresented cowhiding of its owner would have been paraded by rival sheets. Rarely in business or political controversy would they have failed to taunt him with cowardice. Life would have been a burden to him; and if the consciousness of having refrained in that instance from breaking the laws of man and of God could have saved him from desperation, it would not have been for lack of the sneers of newspapers continually fomenting and reviving public contempt against him. Sometimes a man is goaded by such stings into a second duel, after having been able to resist fighting the first; or else he puts an end to a life which has been made unendurable through constant imputations. Let those who doubt what would have occurred recall the instantaneous newspaper sarcasms, after the street assault, on the question "whether a man is answerable for hereditary tendencies to receive a public cowhiding without resenting it." The satirist who eggs on a duel in that fashion feels justified afterward in invoking public contempt for the man that fights it.

What is the upshot of this comment? That duelling is ever commendable? Most emphatically no. Duelling, branded by the law, is also now so branded in public opinion that it would be waste of words to anathematize it. But what is suggested by the venom of some of the press writers is that they have never put themselves into the place of a man who, with the average sensitiveness to personal affront, and with thorough-going physical courage, had also a clear perception of the remorselessness of his journalistic rivals. From some of them he could expect no more mercy than from the red gentry of the plains. Let those who are sending their arrows into Mr. Bennett ask themselves whether they are wholly

sure that in his position, with his family history behind them, they would have done otherwise after the street assault. At any rate, neither duelling nor that cowardly substitute, shooting down an unprepared man who has done some wrong, will be driven out of fashion by bringing newspaper taunts of "showing the white feather" against those who fail to resort to such lawlessness.

THE INDUSTRY OF INTERVIEWERS.

It was a quarrel totally apart from newspaper affairs, as we all know, that carried the editor of the "Herald" to the field of honor at Marydell. Indeed, Mr. Bennett's conduct before and after the duel was so "unjournalistic" that the Philadelphia reporters are said to have sent him a letter, while he tarried in that city, protesting that a gentleman so well aware of the "usages of the profession" ought to submit to be interviewed. But the physician does not always swallow his own drugs. Mr. Bennett, on receiving the missive, remarked that it was "all right," and remained un interviewed, thus setting an awful example to the community.

A public attack by a man armed with a cowhide upon another not so armed is hardly a feat that excites admiration, while the affair at Marydell was in no sense such reparation for the previous insult as in common parlance to be thought "satisfaction." But one feature of the Bennett-May quarrel not unpleasant to read was the outwitting of the news-gatherers and their resulting desperation. "Had the duel taken place on the Canada border the parties to it could hardly have evaded our extensive arrangements to report it," said one journal after the affair, in a somewhat lugubrious and yet self-vindicating strain. The promptness of Mr. Bennett's movements, and his skill in throwing the reporters off the scent, lest the duel might be stopped, were hard blows to the newspapers. But theirs was no dishonorable defeat—it was one of the fraternity that beat them. Even the device of giving imaginary accounts of the battle in order to draw out the true one was unsuccessful until Mr. Bennett had sailed for Europe.

On the May side there was a trifling gain for the interviewers, but not much.

Dr. May, senior, seems to have been condemned to a copious acquaintance with journalists; for, though in knowing Mr. Bennett he had already perhaps known one too many of them, his house appears to have been overrun, after the Fifth avenue assault, with the fraternity, who, in the "strict discharge of professional duty," swarmed multitudinously upon him. At least, one morning the "Tribune" said:

The May mansion in West Nineteenth street was a sealed book to reporters yesterday, and the door was promptly shut in the face of those who were recognized as newspaper inquirers by the negro in charge. Dr. May has made no secret of his anger at the reports, too accurately drawn, of his appearance of anxiety and alarm when expecting bad news from his son, and will have nothing to say to representatives of the press.

Here, it will be observed, is a claim to something professional in the very aspect of the "newspaper inquirer" whereby the sable guardian of the portal may know him well enough to take the responsibility of slamming the door in his face. Again, we observe here a tribute to the interviewer's skill; for, prior to the duel, Dr. May, though politely presenting himself, could give no news; but his lynx-eyed visitors had gathered from the very attitude, tone, and look of their host the material for an item as picturesque as any tidings. So the besieged householder, as we have seen, took refuge in total eclipse, leaving only a "negro in charge" to determine the status of his callers.

Yet the most discerning negro in charge sometimes proves a weak barrier against invasion. The trained interviewer can take a protean shape, and introduce himself under disguise of the most sympathetic friendship or the most urgent business. Sometimes he is the picture of respectful woe, or anon it is he who has a favor to confer by bringing news of pressing importance. Close and private indeed must be that conference whose secrets he cannot worm out. He gave to the public the "family scene of astonishment at the opening of the Vanderbilt will" the very morning after the affair occurred. Should moral borings fail, he can resort to material ones, as when, a few months since, he cut a hole in a hotel floor, to apply his ear to, over

the room where a Congressional committee sat in secret session, being detected only by the unlucky plaster falling among the astonished statesmen below. He is the animal of the fable, who, having once "got in," cannot be got out until ready to go. In our war times some commanders looked upon him, coming to camp in never so fair a guise, with the misgivings of the hapless Trojan regarding the wooden horse; and it is said of Baron Von Werther that he "treats as an enemy all newspaper correspondents, even though they have the best personal introductions to him." Such fears of warriors and diplomats, who quail before no ordinary foes, are tributes to the interviewer's prowess.

It must go hard but he gets something from the sullenest and most refractory customer. We have seen his harvests at the May mansion, when baffled by real ignorance on the part of his victim; hence we may guess whether he is to be checked by a mere wilful purpose to conceal, or the whim to keep a matter private. At very worst, his own description of his rebuff will be humorous and piquant. Often do we have an entertaining half column beginning, "Our reporter waited upon," etc., and, after descriptions of household ornaments, personal dress, and so on, ending in this way:

Ques.—You say, then, that you can give me no information whatever?

Ans. (mappishly)—As I have already told you a dozen times, no information whatever.

Ques.—And that is positive and final?

Ans. (savagely)—Positive and final.

Here our reporter took his leave, wishing the gentleman a very good morning, to which politeness of our reporter the uncommunicative gentleman only distantly bowed.

But these defeats form a rare experience of the interviewer, who even then continues to pluck victory (that is to say, an item) out of their jaws. His ordinary career is a round of triumph which has made him a leading figure in the portrait gallery of modern society. I wonder that Mr. Daly does not introduce it at length into some of his comedies of American life. Drawn faithfully, and personated by Mr. James Lewis, the dramatized interviewer would be a wealth of pleasure.

PHILIP QUILLBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE FORCE OF CRYSTALLIZATION.

THE old story of a bombshell filled with water and left to burst by freezing, upon the plains of Abraham, near Quebec, may now be superseded as an illustration of the power of frost. The men at a Western dockyard were surprised to find one morning that the paddle-wheel of a steamer in the dry dock had fallen from the shaft, and was broken in two pieces. The hub of the wheel, about fifteen inches long, was slightly hollowed out at the centre to admit of its being slipped on without difficulty over any uneven portion of the shaft-end. This recess was full of water when the boat was placed in the dock, and the keying had been so close that the liquid—about a pailful—was exposed to the frost. As the water congealed under the sharp wintry atmosphere of the night it expanded and burst asunder the five-inch walls of iron, and the broken wheel fell with a crash.

FROZEN NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Two accidents, both fatal, have lately occurred from the use of nitro-glycerine for blasting. In one case some frozen cartridges were recklessly placed in the oven of a stove, while others were held up to the fire. That an explosion should take place under such circumstances is not surprising, and comment is unnecessary. The other explosion partook more clearly of the nature of an accident. A well digger, living near Sing Sing, had buried a can of nitro-glycerine in his garden for future use; and while digging it up, January 18, his pick struck the can, ignition followed, and he was blown to pieces. No doubt the can was frozen, thus proving anew that frozen nitro-glycerine is more dangerous to handle, though not so powerful in its effects, as in the liquid form. This is singular behavior and contrary to theory. In general terms, explosion may be defined as the result which takes place when a portion of the nitro-glycerine is raised to a given temperature. Now, to produce this temperature by the friction resulting

from the blow of a pick is manifestly more difficult with frozen than with tepid liquid. In the former case some of the heat produced would be absorbed by the liquefaction of the solid substance, and therefore there would be less available for producing the temperature of explosion. But, plain as this proposition is, there must be some unknown condition, for it has been frequently observed in practical work that nitro-glycerine is never so dangerous to handle as when frozen. This result, however, is directly opposed to the experiments of Beckerhinn, of Vienna, who lately experimented to decide this question. He placed a thin layer of nitro-glycerine on a Bessemer steel anvil, and a weight of about five pounds, having a small hardened steel face, was dropped upon it. The height to which it was necessary to raise this weight in order to produce explosion determined the comparative delicacy of the explosive. With tepid nitro-glycerine explosion took place when the weight dropped about 81 inches (0.78 metres), but with frozen liquid the fall had to be increased to about 85 inches (3.18 metre). Thus the experimental results are opposed to the acknowledged experience of practical work in the hands of common laborers. Mr. Beckerhinn found the density of the solid nitro-glycerine to be 1.785, that of the liquid 1.599, and the average melting heat to be 38.54 heat units. Thus the explosive shrinks about one-twelfth in crystallizing.

ENGLISH GREAT GUNS.

THE largest rifled cannon in the world is a 100-ton gun, made for the Italian government by Sir William Armstrong's firm. But the English government is preparing to outdo this, and already has the plans ready for a gun of 164 tons. It hesitates, in fact, between a weapon of this size and one of 200 tons, a mass of metal which its shops are now perfectly able to handle. The meaning of the term—200-ton gun—is simply this: a tube of iron and steel of that weight,

fifty feet long, having a calibre of 20 inches, and firing a shot of 3,500 or 4,000 pounds weight, with a charge of 800 pounds of powder! The human capacity for astonishment has grown perforce as the successive steps have been taken from the guns of ten and twenty tons to these weapons, which must remain huge whatever further advances are made. The character of warfare with them is best indicated by the fact that the 200-ton gun must be handled entirely by machinery. The advent of these unmanageable weapons is signalized by the invention of a hydraulic apparatus for working them. The vast shock of the recoil from the bursting of thirty-two kegs of powder—enough to throw down 1,200 tons of rock in mining—is taken up by a cylinder pierced with small holes. These holes are capped with valves, held down with a pressure of fifty tons to the square inch. When the force of the recoil exceeds this the water is forced out of the holes and the recoil thus taken up in work done. The breach of the piece is supported on a hydraulic ram, the elevation of which depresses the muzzle of the gun below the level of the deck, and brings it exactly in line with an iron tube carrying the sponge. This is run up to the base of the powder chamber, a deluge of water rushes from apertures in its head, and the bore is completely cleaned out and every spark of remaining fire extinguished. The rammer then retires, the sponge is taken off, and the powder hoisted by tackle to the muzzle, whence the rammer pushes it home, and then does the same for the shot. The shot and cartridge, weighing together about 1,850 pounds, are stored on little iron carriages, every charge in the magazine having its own carriage. The loading finished, the gun is raised, pointed, the port flies open, and the discharge immediately follows. What the result of the blow from such a projectile would be is not to be imagined. It is acknowledged, however, that in the struggle for mastery the gun has beaten defensive armor. No ship has been built to stand the shock of a 3,500 pound bolt moving at the velocity of 1,300 or 1,500 feet a second.

EAR TRUMPETS FOR PILOTS.

PROF. HENRY has turned his attention

to the discovery of means for increasing the distinctness of sound signals at sea. It is a very large hearing trumpet, projecting mouth foremost from the top of the pilot-house of a steamboat. But he soon found that a single hearing trumpet would not answer the purpose, for though it greatly augmented the perceptive power of the ear, it destroyed the capacity of that organ for distinguishing the direction of sound. For this purpose two ears are necessary. Prof. Henry then made use of two hearing trumpets, the axes of which are separated about 30 inches. An india-rubber tube proceeding from the axis of each is placed so as to terminate in the ear of the observer—one in each ear. With this instrument the audibility of the sound was very much increased, but as a means of determining the direction of the source of sound, it was apparently of little use. For this purpose the unaided ear is sufficient, provided the head is placed above all obstructions and away from reflections.

HOT WATER IN DRESSING ORES.

We have before alluded to the investigations made to ascertain the reason why clay settles more rapidly in solutions of some salts than in pure water, a fact which appears contrary to reason, since it might be inferred that the greater the specific gravity the more buoyant the fluid. But the fact is abundantly confirmed, and it is likely to find important application some day in the arts. The property which every substance has of sinking through a fluid of less density than its own forms the basis upon which nine-tenths of the gold and copper, and probably six-tenths of the silver produced in this country, is extracted from its ores. It is the foundation of the art of ore dressing, one of the most important parts of metallurgy. Anything which increases the rapidity and thoroughness of the process may have a fortunate application in this art. Mr. Ramsay, of the Glasgow university laboratory, thinks the property in question depends upon the varying absorption of heat by the different solutions. When water containing suspended clay is heated the rapidity of settling is proportional to the heat of the water. This mode of accelerating the movement of fine sedi-

ments in water is perhaps more easily applied than the solution of caustic soda or potash, or of common salt. Rittinger, by a mathematical discussion of the principles which control the downward movement of solid particles in an ascending stream of water, showed that the separation of light from heavy minerals is more complete with solutions of density greater than that of water than in water alone. He found a solution of 1.5 sp. gr. extremely favorable. If the addition of heat will increase the effect of such a solution, it may become possible to separate, by means of the continuous jig, minerals so near in specific gravity as barite and galena. This whole subject of ore dressing is one of the most important questions connected with the future of mineral industry in America. In the Mississippi valley everything connected with metallurgy, from the fuels to the finished metal, will one day be closely dependent on it.

OCEAN ECHOES.

PROF. HENRY communicated to the National Academy at Philadelphia his latest researches into the subject of sound, and among them an explanation of the echo observed on the water. This echo he had formerly been inclined to attribute to reflection from the crests of the waves. Tyndall holds that it is due to reflection from strata of air at different densities. Prof. Henry's present explanation is that this echo is produced by the reflection of the sound wave from the uniform surface of the water. The effect of the echo is produced by the fact that the original sound wave is interrupted. It has what the learned Professor calls *shadows*, produced by the intervention of some obstacle in its path. Sound is not propagated in parallel, but in diverging lines, and yet there are some cases where what may be called a "sound shadow" is produced. For instance, let a fog-signal be placed at or near water level on one side of an island that has a conical elevation. Then the signal will be heard distinctly by a vessel on the opposite side of the island at a distance of three miles. But when the vessel sails toward the island (the signal being on the opposite side), the sound will be entirely lost when the distance is reduced to a mile, and in any smaller

distance it is not recovered. In this case the station of the vessel at the shorter distance is in the "sound shadow." The termination of that shadow is the point at which the diverging beams of sound, passing over the crest of the island, bend down and reach the surface of the water. The formation of the sound echo may be explained by this extreme divergence of the sound waves, for it is rational to suppose that at a great distance from the source of sound some of the dispersed waves will reach the water surface at such an angle as to be reflected back to the hearer. This was well illustrated by an experiment made to test Tyndall's theory. A steam siren was pointed straight upward to the zenith, but no echo from the zenith was heard, though the presence of a cloud from which a few raindrops fell certified the presence of air strata of different densities. But, strange to say, an echo ~~was~~ heard from every part of the horizon, half of which was land and half water. The only explanation of this fact is that the sound waves projected upward were so dispersed as to reach the earth's surface at a certain distance, and at that point some of them had curled over and assumed a direction that caused their reflection back to the siren.

THE DELICACY OF CHEMISTS' BALANCES.

In making chemical balances for fine work the beam is made in the truss form to prevent the bending which takes place even under such small loads as an ounce or two. Prof. Mendeleef has a balance that will turn with one-thousandth of a grain, when each pan is loaded with 15,000 grains. This extreme sensibility is obtained by the use of micrometer scales and cross threads at the end of the beam, these being observed by means of a telescope. Of course one weighing with this complicated apparatus occupies a long time. In most balances the beam rests on steel knife edges; but a maker who has lately obtained celebrity makes his supports of pure rock crystal. The steel edges can be seen with the naked eye; the quartz edges cannot be seen even with a magnifying glass. One writer on this subject thinks that with these perfect crystal edges, with an inflexible gilder beam, a short beam giving quick vibrations, and a sensitiveness that can be in-

creased by screwing up the centre of gravity, there can hardly be a practical limit to the smallness of the weight that will turn the beam. The amount of motion may be very small, but if this can be observed, the limit of possible accuracy is very much extended.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF THE DEAD.

WHAT the population of European countries was a hundred years ago it would be hard to tell with accuracy; but the nations have doubled and trebled in strength within the century. Sanitary precautions have increased in importance, and the very noticeable movement in regard to social hygiene which now possesses English society is perhaps due in part to the obvious dangers to which thirty million human beings are subjected when living together on such a small area. The medical officer for Birkenhead has pointed out that it may be necessary for the government authorities to take more complete charge of the dead as a possible source of infection. He says that the intelligence of deaths from infectious diseases now furnished by local registry would be much more useful than it is as a means for limiting the spread of disease if the medical officer were vested with further powers in respect to the infected dead body. At present neither the medical officer nor any one else has any power to order the immediate removal of an infected body, and those in charge of it might do what they liked with it. He advocated the necessity of power being given to medical officers to order the immediate removal of the infected bodies to a public mortuary and their speedy burial.

MICROSCOPIC LIFE.

DR. LEIDY lately described to the Academy of Sciences in Philadelphia an encounter for life which he witnessed between two microscopic animalcules. The two creatures were respectively 1-625th and 1-300th of an inch in diameter. On the morning of August 27, from some mud adhering to the roots of sphagnum, obtained the day previously in a nearly dried-up marsh at Bristol, Pennsylvania, he obtained a drop of material for examination with the microscope. After a few moments he observed an amoeba verrucosa, nearly motionless,

empty of food, with a large central vesicle, and measuring 1-25th of a millimetre in diameter. Within a short distance of it, and moving directly toward it, was another and more active amoeba, regarding the species of which he was not positive. It was perhaps the one described by Dujardin as amoeba limax, by which name it may be called. As first noticed, this amoeba was one-eighth of a millimetre long, with a number of conical pseudopods projecting from the front border, which was one-sixteenth of a millimetre wide. The creature contained a number of spherical food spaces with sienna colored contents, a large diatom filled with endochrome, besides several clear food spaces, a posterior contractile vesicle, and the usual granular endosarc. The amoeba limax approached and came into contact with the motionless amoeba verrucosa. Moving to the right, it left a long finger-like pseudopod curved around its lower half, and then extended a similar one around the upper half until it met the first pseudopod. After a few moments the ends of the two projections actually became continuous, and the verrucosa was enclosed in the embrace of the amoeba limax. The latter assumed a perfectly circular outline, and after a while a uniformly smooth surface. It now moved away with its new capture, and after a short time what had been the head end contracted and became wrinkled and villous in appearance, while from what had been the tail end ten conical pseudopods projected. The amoeba verrucosa assumed an oval form, and the contractile vesicle became indistinct without collapsing. Moving on, the amoeba limax became more slug-like in shape. The amoeba verrucosa now appeared enclosed in a large oval, clear vacuole or space, was constricted so as to be gourd-shaped, and had lost all trace of its vesicle. Subsequently it was doubled upon itself, and at this point the amoeba limax discharged from one side of the tail end the siliceous case of the diatom, which now contained only a shrivelled cord of endochrome. Later the amoeba verrucosa was broken up into fine spherical granular balls, and these gradually became obscured and apparently diffused among the granular contents of the endosarc of the amoeba limax. The observations

from the time of the seizure of the amoeba verrucosa to its digestion or disappearance among the granular matter of the entosarc of its captor, occupied seven hours. From naked amoeba the shell-protected rhizopods were no doubt evolved, and it is a curious sight to observe them swallowed, home and all, to be digested out of their house. It was also interesting to observe the cannibal amoeba swallowing one of its own kind and appropriating its structure to its own use, just as we might do the contents of an egg. The amoeba verrucosa he describes as remarkable for its sluggish character, and in appearance reminds one of a little pile of epithelial scales or a fragment of dandruff from the head. It is oval or rounded, transparent, and more or less wrinkled, or marked with delicate, wavy lines.

THE SOURCES OF POTABLE WATER.

In the British Social Science meeting, Mr. Latham, a civil engineer of London, brought up the question of water supplies and endeavored to find rules for the guidance of water engineers in those apparently contradictory facts which the observation of recent years has produced so abundantly. It has been generally considered that water which has received the sewage of large populations must be unfit for domestic use; but careful investigation would show that when such polluting matter has been passed into a river, and exposed to the influence of light, vegetation, etc., it becomes innocuous. This is shown by the good health enjoyed by the inhabitants of London, which place receives its supply chiefly from the Thames and the Lea, both of which rivers receive a considerable amount of sewage pollution. The author instanced Wakefield, Doncaster, and Ely as towns that draw their supplies of water from sources into which sewage matter enters, and yet whose inhabitants are healthy. The cholera epidemic at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1853 was supposed to have been caused by the use of polluted Tyne water, and yet it was clearly ascertained that disease was much more rife among those persons who used local well water. These facts, which have often been quoted, were not favorably received by the audience, who greeted with laughter Mr. Latham's

assertion that water into which sewage matter has entered can be purified by a short exposure to the air. That statement may be too strong; but there is acknowledged truth in the author's main point. He considered it was clearly proved that water derived from underground sources, or from which light and air have been excluded, is impure, and consequently unfit for domestic use. Universal testimony showed that decaying matter easily found its way into underground sources of supply. Well water may become seriously contaminated by the slow steeping of noxious matters, and be less wholesome than the water of a running stream that receives much larger quantities of impurity.

THEORY OF THE RADIOMETER.

PROF. CROOKES has at length announced a theory in explanation of the movements exhibited by the remarkable "light mill" of his invention. He says: "The evidence afforded by the experiments is to my mind so strong as almost to amount to conviction, that the repulsion resulting from radiation is due to the action of thermometric heat between the surface of the moving body and the case of the instrument, through the intervention of the residual gas. This explanation of its action is in accordance with recent speculations as to the ultimate constitution of matter, and the dynamical theory of gases." The most refined means for exhausting the air from the glass bulb which contains the suspended vanes of the radiometer leave, and if they were to be carried to absolute mechanical perfection, would still leave a certain amount of gas in it. But Dr. Crookes has carried this attenuation so far that the number of gas molecules present can no longer be considered as practically infinite. Nor is the mean length of their paths between their collisions any longer very small compared to the size of the bulb. The latest use to which the radiometer has been put was to test the viscosity of gases at decreasing pressures. The glass bulb was furnished with a stopper lubricated with burnt rubber. This was fixed and carried a fine thread of glass which is almost perfectly elastic. To the end of this thread hung a thin oblong plate of pith to which a mirror was attached. The

glass stopper being fixed, and the bulb capable of rotation through a small angle, it is evident that when the bulb is rotated the pith ball will remain at rest except as it yields to the friction of the air moved by the bulb. It does move, swinging a certain distance and then back, like a pendulum. The amount of this movement is carefully observed by a telescope, and recorded for five successive beats. As the pith and glass fibre form a torsion pendulum, it is evident that these beats will gradually die down in consequence of the resistance of the air. By exhausting the air to various degrees of rarity, it was proved that Prof. Clerk Maxwell's theory, that the viscosity of a gas is independent of its density, is correct. The logarithmic decrement of the first five oscillations (that is, the decrease, oscillation by oscillation, of the logarithm of the arc through which the pith vane swings), was found to be nearly the same when the air was almost exhausted as when it was at its natural pressure, proving that its viscosity remained nearly equal for all pressures. Only in the exceptionally perfect vacuum referred to above did this logarithmic decrement sink to about one-twentieth of what it had commenced with. Repulsion of the vane by the action of light commences when this decrement is one-fourth of what it was before the exhaustion of air began. As the rarity of the air within the bulb increases the force of this repulsion begins to diminish, like the logarithmic decrement, and when the latter has sunk to one-twentieth the former has fallen off one-half. All these and other facts previously obtained prove that the action of light is not *direct*, but *indirect*; and Dr. Crookes has, after repeatedly refusing to consider hasty judgments, in consequence come to the conclusion stated above, that the rotation of the light mill is the result of heat. This decision accords with the opinion of other observers. The radiometer has already entered the field of industrial science, and is used to measure the duration of exposure of photographic plates. De Fonvielle has made with it a new determination of the sun's thermometric power. He made a spectroscope with a graduated screen, which permitted the amount of light that entered the apparatus to be graduated at

will. In the path of the beam he placed a radiometer, and by comparing its action in the graduated light ray, and in the light of a standard oil lamp, burning 49 grammes (11.8 ounces Troy) per hour, he found that at 4 o'clock, on June 4, 1876, the radiating force of the sun was equal to 14 lamps placed 35 centimetres (10 inches) from the radiometer.

TEMPERED GLASS IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE "tempered glass," which has made the name of M. de la Bastié, its discoverer, so well known, does not prove to be always manageable. It was to have the strength of metal, and not shiver with changes of temperature. But an English lady has found that it sometimes has precisely the contrary characteristics. She purchased twelve globes for gaslights, and they were made in the manufactory of M. de la Bastié himself. But one night, after the gas had been extinguished for exactly an hour, one of the globes burst with a report, and fell in pieces on the floor, leaving the bottom ring still on the burner. These pieces, which were of course found to be perfectly cold, were some two or three inches long and an inch or so wide. They continued for an hour or more splitting up and subdividing themselves into smaller and still smaller fragments, each split being accompanied by a slight report, until at length there was not a fragment larger than a hazel nut, and the greater part of the glass was in pieces of about the size of a pea, and of a crystalline form. In the morning it was found that the rim had fallen from the burner to the floor in atoms. In all these phenomena the behavior was that of unannealed glass, of which so many curious performances have been related.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

A MARINE and fresh-water aquarium has been opened in New York, and both from its intrinsic merits and as the first attempt to institute in this country a valuable mode of scientific amusement and instruction, it deserves mention. It does not equal in size or arrangements any of the celebrated places of the kind abroad. Still it contains tanks of considerable size, and in them some very interesting denizens. The shark, starfish, skate, sea-turtle, and other fishes

are represented by large individuals, and their habits can be watched at leisure. A small white whale was also at one time one of the attractions. Fish breeding is carried on in the establishment, which receives constant additions to its occupants by expeditions which are said to be especially planned for this purpose. In any case New York is an excellent point for an aquarium, and probably receives every year enough rare living fish at its great markets to maintain such an institution. The commencement now made is a worthy one, and it can easily become an important source of pleasure and usefulness. The system employed is that of constant circulation, the water being pumped from a reservoir to the several tanks. Pumps and pipes are made of hard rubber. A library, a naturalists' laboratory, equipped with tables, microscopes, etc., are either established or projected in the building.

THE CRUELTY OF HUNTING.

THE outcry against the practice of making surgical experiments upon living dogs, rabbits, and other animals has roused some vivisectionists to return to the subject of hunting. This is one of the principal themes of the philosophic philanthropist, whose opposition to the practice seems to be an outgrowth of the better acquaintance which man has made, through science, with the lower animals. He accomplishes his task very effectively by calculating the number of animals which are wounded but not recovered by English sportsmen every year. The official returns show that in 1873-'4 there were 132,086 holders of gun licenses, and 65,846 holders of licenses to kill game in the British dominions. In 1874-'5 the numbers were 144,278 and 68,079, showing that the disposition and ability to hunt are on the increase. As a basis for computation, the partridge season of 21 weeks is taken, and two days' hunting are allowed for each week; while three birds are supposed to be wounded and "lost" daily by each sportsman. This gives 126 birds wounded and left to suffer unknown torments by each one of the 68,079 holders of game licenses. The total is no less than 8,296,496 "lost" birds in 1873-'4, and 8,577,954 in 1874-'5. Then the holders of gun licenses have the right to shoot birds which are destructive to

crops, etc., and two lost birds each week in the year is calculated to be the average. This makes no less than 13,731,744 wounded birds in 1873-'4, and 15,004,918 in 1874-'5. The total is in round numbers *twenty million* birds injured each year! These estimates are made by "Nature," and they correctly represent the ground on which the modern opposition to the hunt as a cruel and unnecessary occupation is based. Of course the figures are not exact. The only effort made was to have them within bounds; and considering all the varieties of game pursued in England, and the extraordinary keenness of Englishmen for sport, this estimate is probably correct. Quite lately they have been confirmed by a noted hunter on the western plains, who says that in his case a day's sport was usually marked by the "loss" of two or three animals. As he is an uncommon shot, his experience cannot be more unfortunate than the average. Such calculations show us how enormous are the results when the whole human race engages in one action. At present, English society offers the contradictory spectacle of a large and increasing body of hunters who oppose vivisection on the ground of cruelty, and a small and increasing body of vivisectionists who oppose hunting also on the ground of cruelty.

THE GORILLA IN CONFINEMENT.

Great interest attaches to the career of the young gorilla now in the Berlin aquarium. Dr. Hermes described some of his peculiarities at a late meeting of the German Association of Naturalists and Physicians. He nods and claps his hands to visitors; wakes up like a man, and stretches himself. His keeper must always be beside him and eat with him. He eats what his keeper eats; they share dinner and supper. The keeper must remain by him till he goes to sleep, his sleep lasting eight hours. His easy life has increased his weight in a few months from thirty-one to thirty-seven pounds. For some weeks he had inflammation of the lungs, when his old friend Dr. Falkenstein was fetched, who treated him with quinine and Ems water, which made him better. When Dr. Hermes left the gorilla on the previous Sunday the latter showed the doctor his tongue, clapped his hands, and squeezed the hand of the

doctor as an indication, the latter believed, of his recovery. Apparently he means to support, by every means in his power, the effort at a hot-house development of the ape to the man. A large glass house has been built for him in connection with the palm house.

INSTRUCTION SHOPS IN BOSTON.

THE Boston Institute of Technology is somewhat noted for its boldness in making educational experiments; its efforts so far having been directed toward the introduction of practical trade instruction into an advanced school. Some years ago it endeavored to establish a model room for dressing ores and another for smelting them; but the success of this trial seems to be more than doubtful. Both of these pursuits are too extensive to be represented by one shop or by sample work. Nothing daunted by this failure, President Runkle has lately introduced a "filing shop" as the first step toward practical instruction in engineering work. This shop has about thirty work tables, each provided with a vise and tool drawers. Filing is one of the first things the young apprentices has to learn; and those who think that anybody can file who has hands may be surprised to learn that the filing of a hexagon bolt head is one of the tests for a Whitworth prize scholarship. The difficulty of making a flat surface is in that task combined with the necessity of having the faces of equal size and placed at equal angles to each other. The plan in the Boston institute is to have the student spend ten weeks in filing, and then the same length of time in each the forging shop and the turning shop. The two latter are not yet ready. These three steps form part of a two years' course in mechanical engineering, the tuition fee to which is \$125 yearly. The main objection to such schools is that engineers and practical men persist in refusing to accept such instruction as a substitute for actual work. The Boston institute is making praiseworthy efforts, but it seems to be adopting a system which has never been in favor just at a time when the smelting works and machine shops of the country appear willing to unite with the scientific schools in supplying students with real experience of work as a requirement for a diploma.

A new mode of compressing arteries is by the use of a hard pad having a prominent projection, which is pressed against the artery or vein by a strong elastic ring of rubber passed over the limb.

THE Harvard summer schools were so far successful that the last catalogue reports forty students in geology, twenty-five in chemistry, twenty-five in phenogamic botany, and six in cryptogamic botany.

A case in which the heart was severely wounded without causing immediate death lately occurred in England. The wound was made by a knife which passed between the third and fourth ribs, through the wall of the heart into the cavity of the left ventricle. The man lived sixty-four hours.

M. PELIGOT warns housekeepers against the advice so often given, to use borax for the preserving of meat. He finds that borax and the borates affect plaits very seriously, and doubts whether it can be innocuous to animals. French beans watered once with a solution of borax quickly withered and died.

A YOUNG American, Dr. James by name, was killed with his partner (a Swede) at Yule Island in September last, by the natives of New Guinea. They were hunting birds of paradise at the time. Dr. James left some valuable collections which have been described before the Linnæan Society of London.

IN extending the underground railway of London, the excavations disclosed Roman and other remains of considerable interest. Among the former there were found fragments of urns, specimens of pottery, and bronze coins. The most remarkable discovery was that of a thick stratum of bullock's horns, commencing about twenty feet below the surface, and extending to an unascertained distance beneath. Although the deposit was doubtless made many centuries ago, the horns had suffered so little by decay that they found a ready sale in the market. This road has carried in thirteen years 408,500,000 passengers. In 1868, the first year, the number was 9,500,000, which increased to 48,500,000 last year.

FOREIGN papers say that Mr. Floyd, the President of the board of trustees for the Lick donation, has come to an arrangement with M. Leverrier, the celebrated French astronomer, for the better execution of the instruments to be made for the Lick Observatory. The masses of glass required are to be made in Paris, at Feil's glass works, and the object-glasses very likely by an English optician.

Two distinguished men were officially superannuated last year: Profs. Milne-Edwards and Delafosse of the Paris Museum. The son of the former takes his place, and Descloiseaux succeeds to the chair of mineralogy. Professors Dove of Berlin and Wöhler of Göttingen have had their *jubiläum* or fiftieth anniversary of their doctorates. All these facts illustrate the conservative influence of student life.

THE Western mines of gold and silver have lately yielded some new and interesting minerals. Roscoelite is a vanadium mica from a gold mine at Granite creek, California. The vanadic acid varies from 20 to 23 per cent. Psittacinite is a vanadate of lead and copper, which occurs associated with gold, lead, and copper minerals at several mines in Silver Star district, Montana. It is considered to be a favorable indication, for when that is found the vein is said to become rich in gold. Coloradoite is a telluride of mercury, also a new mineral and quite rare.

DR. PIGEOTT proposes to replace the spider's web of telescopes by a star illuminated transit eye-piece. A sheet of glass, on which a thin film of silver is deposited, is placed in the focus of the eye lens; transparent lines are drawn on the film, instead of wires, and as the star passes across the lines it is seen to flash out brightly. The film of silver is made sufficiently thin to permit of the star being seen when it is between the lines, but it appears that the lines themselves are only visible, except in the case of very large stars, when the star disc is in transit across a line.

SINGULAR results of strains existing in the granite rocks through which the St. Gothard tunnel is passing are recorded. When the shots are fired at the end of the gallery they are sometimes succeeded at unequal intervals by other explosions at points where there is no drill hole and no powder. Workmen have been injured by these spontaneous explosions, which are to be explained only on the theory that there are strains in the rock; and when this tension is increased by the shock of a heavy explosion, the rock flies in pieces with noise. Similar effects have been noticed in other granites.

It is said that aniline colors are now used to color wines, and that enough of them is taken into the Bordeaux district of France to color one-third of its whole product. Hüsson gives the following method for detecting it: Take a small quantity of the wine and add a little ammonia, when the mixture turns a dirty green. Steep a thread of white woollen yarn in the liquor and allow a drop of vinegar to flow along it. If the color of the wine is natural, as the drop advances the original whiteness of the wool is restored; but if the wine has been sophisticated with magenta, the wool will take a rose color. This test is simple, easily tried, and effective.

AN inquiry into the results of systematic gymnastic exercises in a French military school shows that the strength is increased on the average 15 to 17 per cent., and is also equalized on both sides of the body. The capacity of the chest is increased at least 16 per cent. and the weight 5 to 7 per cent. Coincident with this increase is a decrease in the bulk of the body, showing that fat is changed to muscle. The improvement is confined to the first three months of the course unless the exercise is then moderated. If continued at too high a rate, weakness succeeds the increase of strength. It would be a good plan to place a dynamometer in every gymnasium as a measure of the changes which take place in the gymnast.

MOON MADNESS.

THE popular belief that the moon's rays will cause madness in any person who sleeps exposed to them has long been felt to be absurd, and yet it has appeared to have its source in undoubted facts. Some deleterious influence is experienced by those who rashly court alumber in full moonshine, and probably there is no superstition to which the well-to-do pay more attention. Windows are often carefully covered to keep the moonbeams from entering sleeping rooms. A gentleman living in India furnishes "Nature" with an explanation of this phenomenon which is at least plausible. He says: "It has often been observed that when the moon is full, or near its full time, there are rarely any clouds about; and if there be clouds before the full moon rises, they are soon dissipated; and therefore a perfectly clear sky, with a bright full moon, is frequently observed. A clear sky admits of rapid radiation of heat from the surface of the earth, and any person exposed to such radiation is sure to be chilled by rapid loss of heat. There is reason to believe that, under the circumstances, paralysis of one side of the face is sometimes likely to occur from chill, as one side of the face is more likely to be exposed to rapid radiation, and consequent loss of its heat. This chill is more likely to occur when the sky is perfectly clear. I have often slept in the open in India on a clear summer night, when there was no moon; and although the first part of the night may have been hot, yet toward two or three o'clock in the morning, the chill has been so great that I have often been awakened by an ache in my forehead, which I as often have counteracted by wrapping a handkerchief round my head, and drawing the blanket over my face. As the chill is likely to be greatest on a very clear night, and the clearest nights are likely to be those on which there is a bright moonshine, it is very possible that neuralgia, paralysis, or other similar injury, caused by sleeping in the open, has been attributed to the moon, when the proximate cause may really have been the *chill*, and the moon only a remote cause acting by dissipating the clouds and haze (if it do so), and leaving a perfectly clear sky for the play of radiation into space."

THE ARGUMENT AGAINST VACCINATION.

AN English physician opposes compulsory vaccination on the ground that it prevents further discovery, and compels medical science to halt at just that point, because it forbids experiment upon methods of prevention that may prove to be better. He says: "It stereotypes a particular stage of scientific knowledge, and bars further progress. If I remind you of the great improvement thought to have been made by the introduction of inoculation by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu at the end of the last century, and ask you to suppose that Parliament might then have passed an act to compel every one to be inoculated, you will, I think, see what is meant. This method was tried for some years with great *éclat*, but afterward it was found to spread the smallpox so much that an act of Parliament was passed to forbid its use. Vaccination, introduced by Dr. Jenner, has followed, and this was another step in advance. I was the first child in my father's family vaccinated seventy-one years ago, several elder brothers and sisters having been inoculated. Both methods answered in our cases. But for many years I have been satisfied that other diseases besides the modified smallpox (called cow-pox) are now introduced by the old vaccine, and have steadily refused to use it, seeking rather, at increased trouble and expense, new vaccine. And the question which comes forcibly to the front is this: May not some other preservative be discovered which shall be a further improvement? This question cannot be answered so long as vaccination is compelled by law. There are no persons upon whom experiments can be tried." So far as it goes, this is valid ground for criticising vaccination laws. But the proof that small-pox is more disastrous to the human race than the evils that vaccination brings with it is so strong that there is little likelihood society will subject itself to the attacks of the greater enemy in order to avoid the lesser. The evils of the old system of using vaccine taken from human beings for new inoculations are now no longer inevitable. Fresh vaccine direct from the calf, and called "Bovine," can be had everywhere. A large establishment for obtaining it is situated near New York.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

COLONEL DODGE'S "Plains of the Great West" is one of the most entertaining and important books of the kind we have met with. Whether he treats of the chase, the natural history of the wild animals found on our continent, or the Indians, he draws upon abundant resources of observation and experience. His description of the much talked of "plains" is new. He distinguishes three of these, the first lying next the mountains, the next known as the "High Plains," being to the eastward, and finally the broad surface of the lower plains. As the high plains are more fertile than either of the others (owing to diversities of soil), we have the singular effect of a country suddenly becoming more fertile as the interior of the continent is more deeply penetrated. Of other peculiarities exhibited in this region our author gives a vivid account, and it requires all our faith in his accuracy to have confidence in the following description of the famous Bad Lands, the scene of so much scientific search:

The ground is covered with fragments of the bones of animals and reptiles, and the man must indeed be insensible who can pass unmoved through these most magnificent burying-grounds of animals extinct before the advent of his race.

Almost everywhere throughout the whole length and breadth of the plains are found, in greater or less profusion, animal remains, fossils, shells, and petrifications. Bones are very numerous and in great variety, from the saurian and mastodon to the minutest reptile, ranging in point of time from the remotest ages to the present day.

His description of other features of this vast region is full of interest. The two remarkable belts of forest, called the cross timbers, stretching for a hundred miles through a trackless country, but not increasing their width beyond their normal eight to twelve miles; the extraordinary rivers, half sand, half water, the masses of which confound the Indian, usually so acute in the field; the sand streams, which repeat in that material the

puzzle of the cross timbers, and are even more inexplicable. While the desert does not narrow the cross timber belts, nor water widen them, the wind seems to have no effect on these sand streams, though the material that composes them is so light as to rise on every puff of air. Like the cross timbers, the sand streams pursue their way across the country, regarding neither wet nor dry, hill nor stream. Their origin lies in forces not yet known, and though they may seem to be the sport of existing conditions, they really maintain themselves indifferent to their surroundings. Things like these prove that Americans need not go to the Sahara for novel aspects of nature. Our author has a quick perception of what is striking in these scenes, and describes them in vigorous and pictorial language.

Colonel Dodge is one of the most noted hunters in our army, and his descriptions of the chase deserve to rank with those of Cumminge, Baker, and other great African sportsmen. It is true our country does not afford the hunter such a slaughter field as South Africa has been. A few animals have increased on our soil to such an extent as to afford at certain seasons opportunities for unlimited slaughter. But the past five years have seen such destruction of the last of these—the buffalo—that wholesale killing is no longer possible on any ground the white man is suffered to visit. Three years more will carry us to the end of the decade, and probably of the buffalo hunt as it has been in the past. About five years ago a change came over the pursuit of this animal. He began to be killed for his hide alone, and the results are almost incredible. Colonel Dodge shows that in three years no less than 4,878,780 buffalo were killed by whites and Indians. It is evidently impossible for any animal, bringing forth but one at a birth, to maintain its increase against such heedless destruction. The present winter has witnessed what is probably the last grand attack upon these animals, as they took refuge in the sheltering mountains of northwestern Texas from the

* "The Plains of the Great West and their Inhabitants." By (Lieutenant-Colonel) RICHARD IRVING DODGE. With an Introduction by William Blackmore. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

cold and snow-covered plains. Very soon the noblest prey of the sportsman on this continent will be one of his rarest prizes. Colonel Dodge does not lack the usual hunter's fund of anecdote. His own adventures are modestly told, and when "seven antelope and a fine dog" are bagged with one shot, the story is credited (with the Colonel's guarantee) to an anonymous "old hunter"! We have said that the plains do not rival the African field in quantity of game, but the dimensions of two separate "bags," shot in successive years, shows how great even in this country the rewards of the chase may be. In 1879 five gentlemen, of whom Colonel Dodge was one, bagged 1,263 head, and next year four shot 1,141 head on the same ground, and the author thinks "the whole world can be safely challenged to offer a greater variety of game."

But interesting as the chase is in our author's hands, the most important part of the book is that in which the Indians are described and discussed. To one who knows the unanimity of army opinion concerning the much debated Indian question in the West, it is almost unnecessary to say that Colonel Dodge wishes to see the tribes transferred to the sole control of the War Department, treaty-making stopped at once, discipline introduced, the vagabond whites eliminated from the tribes, and the never-ceasing stream of outrages stopped. These opinions, which the author shares with the Western community at large, are founded on a very intimate knowledge of the Indians, and while they are invaluable as the testimony of so competent an authority, they must yield in immediate interest to the very vivid picture which the author gives of Indian life and his estimate of Indian character. While what he says is not novel, and could hardly be novel after the many thousands of works on the same subject, his views are based on his own observation, and the facts are presented with so much force that we gain a new idea of the American savage. His essential moral characteristic is his love of cruelty. What the savage thinks about in the frequent and long continued seasons of idle solitude, it has long puzzled the ethnologist to discover. Colonel Dodge says that a large part of the Indian's brooding

thoughts are given to the invention of modes of inflicting pain when he has the opportunity to do so, and many of the camp fire discussions are upon suggestions for cruelty. When the captive is brought in his tortures are not inflicted in mere accordance with the momentary promptings of a brutal nature. They may have been invented years before in some far distant camp, in the profoundest peace, or may be copied from some noted example of successful cruelty. They may have grown by one suggestion added to another, among men whose knowledge of natural history includes a marvellous perception of what parts of the frame are most sensitive to pain. The Indian's cruelty is his pride. He glories in it by it among his people, and he who invents a new torture is a leader. Cruelty is a merit among these savages. It has rewards which make this passion one of the most noticeable elements in their system of morality. No other author has presented this aspect of Indian character with the clearness of Colonel Dodge. His frequent illustrations show that it is no temporary impulse, but a race characteristic carefully fostered by tradition and perhaps by religion. But what position does all this give the Indian among other races of men? Clearly he stands apart. The cannibal may dance around the living victims who are soon to appear upon his table, and the prisoner may be made to grace his conqueror's triumph, or the altar of his conqueror's god, at any cost of suffering to himself, but no other race, savage or civilized, has ever been shown to cultivate cruelty for its own sake as the American Indian does. It is not from fear, revenge, hate, or any other extraneous cause that he studies so fondly and long over the means of giving pain. Cruelty is a thing to be enjoyed for itself. The author has spoken with such plainness upon the position of captive women in the hands of Indians, that we fear his book will be objected to in just those quarters where its revelations are most likely to do good. There is one thing which we wish he had made clear—whether the brutality shown toward captive women is a practice which has grown among the Ojibwees since they were driven from their old home, or whether that has always been their mode of procedure. In some quarters this particular

brutality has been spoken of as the outgrowth of their sufferings at the hands of the whites.

Colonel Dodge's book shows a rare combination of acute observation, long experience, and the spirit of good fellowship. It is one of the best books of hunting we know of, the best book ever written about the plains, and its pictures and anecdotes of hunting life and Indian fighting are a faithful reproduction of the peculiar conditions to be found only on our great plains, with the anomalous relations of the civilized and barbarous races that haunt them. The publishers have illustrated it liberally. The Indian portraits are worthy of especial mention for the minute accuracy which makes them ethnological examples of unusual value.

THE zoölogical collections described in the fifth volume of Reports, Survey west of the Hundredth Meridian,* were all obtained in that zoölogical province known as the "Campestrian region," from the great plains which it includes. There the animal colors are pale and tend toward uniformity, corresponding to the low rainfall of from three to twenty inches per year. In this peculiarity, and also in comparison with the surrounding more humid regions, the district of country in which the Government surveys are now carried on sustains the general theory that coloration in animals is closely dependent on rainfall, a humid atmosphere serving to cloak the sun's rays and preserve the natural dyes (mostly organic) from bleaching out. Dr. Yarrow thinks that the entirely rainless parts of this vast Campestrian region may ultimately deserve recognition as a separate zoölogical province. The observations made as to the mimicry of color which some animals, especially reptiles, exert or suffer lead him to believe that "a law may yet be formulated in this respect which will equally apply to all classes of animals." This mimicry was especially noticed in serpents and lizards found near red sandstone deposits, the well-known little *Phrynosoma*, or horned toad, being greenish gray, nearly white, or deep red, as it was found on the plain, the alkali flat, or the sand-

stone soil. But however profound the change, the skin returned to its normal color within a day or two after removal from the determining locality. In regard to the rattlesnake, we have the welcome information that it is apparently decreasing in numbers, and the less agreeable fact that with other serpents, it principally frequents the neighborhood of settlements. The collections of all kinds made by the explorers prove to be unexpectedly perfect in spite of the rapidity with which they are forced to move, and losses by fire and railroad accident. The report upon these collections is drawn up with the care and thoroughness that are such creditable features of recent American official work. A copious bibliography and synonymy is attached to the descriptions of species. The allotment of reports is as follows: Geographical Distribution, Dr. H. C. Yarrow; Mammals, Dr. Elliott Coues and Dr. Yarrow; Birds, H. W. Henshaw; Batrachians and Reptiles, Dr. Yarrow; Fishes, Prof. E. D. Cope and Dr. Yarrow; Insects, E. T. Cresson, E. Norton, T. L. Mead, R. H. Stretch, C. R. Osten-Sacken, H. Ulke, R. P. Uhler, Cyrus Thomas, H. A. Hagen; Mollusca, Dr. Yarrow. These names show how carefully the head of the survey, Lieutenant Wheeler, has sought assistance in the important work of classification. But these are by no means all from whom he and his assistants acknowledge service. The list given in the preface numbers more than forty persons, and includes the best known specialists in this country. Forty-five plates, colored when necessary, accompany the text. In every respect the report is worthy the important survey from which it emanates.

THOUGH it is now quite common to find the life of two or even three continents mingled in one web of fiction, few writers make so close a subjective study of the immigrant's experiences as Mr. Boyesen has done in his "Tales from Two Hemispheres."* In fact he stands almost alone in this field, and for a good reason; he is a participant where others are onlookers. We are often told of the impression American ladies make on for-

* "Report upon Geographical and Geological Explorations and Surveys West of the Hundredth Meridian," in charge of First Lieutenant GEORGE M. WHEELER. Vol. V., Zoölogy.

* "Tales from Two Hemispheres." By HJALMAR HORTEN BOYESEN. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

eign gentlemen, but rarely receive an analysis of it or are offered even an attempt to analyze it. And yet this appears to be one of the most promising exhibitions of human feeling ever studied. The intercourse of the sexes, necessarily the subject of all romance, may obviously have its situations heightened in every way by the juxtaposition of two races, two diverse educations, and two opposite moral systems, conjointly with the customary incidents of love-making. Our author is fully alive to his opportunity, and, short as his tales are, they bristle with dramatic scenes, and have an element of the mythical and legendary in them, even when they are removed from such professedly mystical subjects as he has treated in "Asathor's Vengeance." Even in drawing-room scenes in New York the love-making is ideal and romantic instead of calculating or passionate, as the current novel commonly paints it. This mode of treatment implies that the tales are either pathetic or fanciful, and in Mr. Boyesen's hands they are all pathetic. He shows unusual power in this style of writing, and has the natural and quiet humor which it demands. But there is a rudeness in the construction and language of all of these stories which sometimes blinds the reader to the really delicate insight into human feeling displayed in them. The author writes like one who has the conception of what he wants to do, but not yet the full command of the means. But this is a fault that practice cures, and we trust Mr. Boyesen will continue his studies in this essentially novel and peculiarly promising field of literature.

—In "Captain Mago"* we have a kind of book which with proper attention may be made extremely interesting and valuable. It is an attempt to reconstruct the life of three thousand years ago, not merely among the Phœnicians, but in many other countries. Under the guise of an expedition sent by the King of Tyre to Tarshish for the purpose of collecting materials for the Jewish temple which King David was then planning, we are taken to Judæa, Egypt, Crete, Italy, Spain, France, England, and Africa. Such an expedition of course gives

the author an opportunity to present a panoramic view of the civilization in those countries thirty centuries ago. We cannot say that he has performed the task well. He dwells too much upon what he imagines to be the language and conversation of the ancients and too little on those material facts in their life which can be proved or plausibly imagined from the remains of it which we have gathered. Ancient habits are but very obscurely exhibited in the rude tools, the fragments of village houses, the necklace of the Man of Mentone, the whistles and other toys of the caves, the funereal fireplaces, and similar objects, but they are much more plainly discernible than are the peculiarities of speech which must have made up the bulk of daily conversation among our ancestors. A reconstruction of ancient life based on a good knowledge of these objects is likely to be more instructive and real than one that depends for its force on a fanciful conception of their *thowing* and *theeing*, their love-making, and what oaths they swore. In fact, real service could be done to "popular" science by a book that should exhibit our remote forefathers as we really know them, and not attempting to go beyond that point. Difficult as it will necessarily be to make such an undertaking successful, we have no doubt that it will one day be accomplished. "Captain Mago," though falling far short even of excellence in this field, is nevertheless an interesting and peculiar book.

—The defect of "Captain Mago" is that its author has endeavored to reconstruct from remains of a purely literary kind the life of a time which was antecedent to the most of our oldest literature. Another author, Mr. Mahaffy, has had great success in a similar field because he chose for reconstruction a society which has left literary monuments of a very varied character and great abundance. His "Social Life in Greece" and other works about the ancient Greeks were written before he ever saw that historic country, and yet he tells us in his last work,* written after a personal visit and stay of some time, that his former writings were sufficiently true to the Greece of to-day to deceive living Greeks into the belief that he had been

* "The Adventures of Captain Mago; or, A Phœnician Expedition B. C. 1000." By LEON CAMON. Translated by Ellen E. Frewer. Illustrated. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

* "Rambles and Studies in Greece." By J. P. MAHAFFY. Macmillan & Co.

intimately acquainted with their landscapes and familiar customs. Mr. Mahaffy's "Rambles" among modern Greeks are a very interesting finish to his idealizations of their ancestors. It is comforting to know that after all her spoliations the country is still so rich in remains of ancient art as to retain more fine and pure specimens of the best work than are to be found in all the rest of the world. Very little is done toward uncovering and nothing toward restoring these sculptures, for the Greeks are jealous of foreigners and unable or not sufficiently interested to do this themselves. They are willing to allow others to do the work, but Greece must have all the profit. Still, there the works lie, and may be recovered at some future day. We may even be comforted to think they are well covered with soil, for the present inhabitants of the country, with exquisite barbarity that their ancestors could not have practised, use the standing monuments of art as a mark for pistol practice! Another point in which they show a constitutional divergence from their forefathers is in the singular barrenness that has fallen upon their women. Once their land teemed with a native-born population. Now the household remains so long childless that it is very common to find the wife's mother a permanent member of the household, being retained for companionship! Even the mature family contains but few children, and this in the best agricultural parts of the country. While these differences exist the author is not at a loss to find strange resemblances. The yellow hair and fair complexion, the forms which are even now types of the same race that stood for the old statues, the language, and a multitude of other things prove that the old race continues in purity and that Greece is not now filled with a mere mixture of Turks, Albanians, and Slaves. Our author has a poor opinion of the Greek's capacity for government, and likens them to the Irish. He thinks that both these races are constitutionally incapable of government, and need subjugation by a foreigner. In this characteristic he finds a strong resemblance between the modern and the ancient Greek, for both have suffered personal jealousy to outweigh the strongest promptings of patriotism. Mr. Mahaffy

shows himself to be as able as an observer as he is as an historian.

—The peculiar character of De Quincey's work gives unusual opportunity for such a volume of selections as this, published under the untasteful name of "*Beauties*."* He had all the mental power required for sustained efforts in composition, though his plans for such works were always defeated by physical weakness. His productions, therefore, though incomplete, are not those of a literary trifler. His genius and methods seem to be especially suited to the tastes of the present day, for he excelled in the qualities that make the professional magazinist: great learning, research, and acuteness, combined with a humor that sports most waywardly through everything he wrote, a vivid fancy, a wonderful use of words, and a style which even in its faults exhibits the needs of periodical literature. He was, perhaps, more exactly fitted to serve the world in its chosen field of current publications than any other man who has written for it. Were he living now he would be acknowledged the prince of the nebulous gentlemen who occupy easy chairs, gather in contributors' clubs, and fill up "editors' baskets" with their effusions. We have additional respect for the somewhat chopped up productions of these gentlemen, after reading the numerous volumes that bear his name, for there we find how much of every sort of literary good they can contain. The editor of these selections is a lucky man, for his work has the merit, rare among such books, of being thoroughly good in itself. He has with excellent judgment given us somewhat of autobiography, somewhat of the rare and indescribable dream life of De Quincey, and somewhat of his tales, essays, and critiques. The character of his author's writings relieves these morsels from the air of incompleteness and decapitation which so often attaches to selections. What he has given us is not all of De Quincey, but each chapter is complete in itself. Selections usually repel us. We cannot join in the argument so often found in prefaces to such works, that the reading of them may lead to the reading of the author's whole

* "*Beauties Selected from the Writings of Thomas De Quincey*." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

works. On the contrary, we are of that class to whom the cutting up of a good author is apt to seem like vivisection—necessary, perhaps, but revolting. This book, however, does not leave such an impression. On laying it down we wonder why we are not constantly reading the great essayist, the precursor of the literary spirit of our own times, probably a better example than any now living of the many virtues demanded from the popular writer.

UNDER the editorship of Mr. John Austin Stevens we may look for a valuable and permanent publication in the "Magazine of American History, with Notes and Queries," of which A. S. Barnes & Co. are the publishers. The position of the editor as librarian of the New York Historical Society will, or at all events should, be an additional source of strength to the publication. Experience shows that literary undertakings which possess more merit than popularity can derive great advantages from the official countenance of societies pursuing allied subjects of investigation. Properly managed, the two modes of obtaining union in action can be made to help each other materially. This hint will perhaps be considered not amiss since the pamphlet, printed with the neatness characteristic of such works, which lies before us, is but a specimen and preliminary number, which is to be followed by monthly issues in quarto form, at \$5 yearly, if sufficient support is obtained. The editor says: "Each number will contain: I. An original article on some point of American history from a recognized and authoritative pen. II. A biographical sketch of some character of historic interest. III. Original documents, diaries, and letters. IV. Reprints of rare documents. V. Notes and queries in the well-known English form. VI. Reports of the proceedings of the New York Historical Society. VII. Notices of historical publications." He also promises to keep it free from sectional prejudices and "from personality and controversy in any form." He has ready for publication a large number of interesting old manuscripts contributed by historians and collectors, and it is to be hoped his attempt to establish a periodical for historical literature will be sustained.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "*Materialism and Theology.*" JAMES MARTEAU, LL. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 "Waverley Novels," Riverside Edition, "Heart of Midlothian." Hurd & Houghton.
The Same. "Bride of Lammermoor."
The Same. "The Monastery."
 "Footsteps of the Master." HARRIET E. STOWE. J. B. Ford & Co.
 "Functions of the Brain." Illustrated. D. FERMIER, M. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 "The Plains of the Great West." Illustrated. Lieutenant Colonel RICHARD I. DODGE. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 "The Sons of Godwin." A Tragedy. WILLIAM LEIGHTON, Jr. J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 "Personal Relations Between Librarian and Readers." SAM. S. GREEN. Chas. Hamilton, Worcester, Mass.
 "Special Report on Worcester Free Library." The same.
 "Tales from Two Hemispheres." H. H. BOYBURN. Jas. R. Osgood & Co.
 "The Problems of Problems." CLARK BRADEN. Chase & Hall, Cincinnati.
 "Archæology; or, The Science of Government." V. BLAKESLEE. A. Roman & Co.
 "Woman as a Musician." FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. Ed. Schubert & Co.
 "Vivisection." Copp Clark & Co., Toronto.
 "Cholera Facts of the Last Year." E. McCLELLAN, M. D. Richmond & Louisville Medical Journal office.
 "Art Journal." Photo-Engraving Co., New York.
 "History of the City of New York." Parts 5 to 10. Mrs. M. J. LANE. A. S. Barnes & Co.
 "The Magazine of American History." JNO. AUSTIN STEVENS, editor. A. S. Barnes & Co.
 "National Quarterly Review." D. A. GORTON, editor.
 "National Survey West of 100th Meridian." Vol. 5, Zoology. Dr. H. C. YARROW and others. Government Printing Office.
 "Catalogue Siamese Exhibit International Exhibition." J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 "Planetary Meteorology, Merrill's Almanac of." R. MAXWELL. E. Crampton, Rock Island.
 "Notes on Assaying." R. DE P. RICHETTE. Art Printing Establishment.
 "Mental Powers of Insects." A. S. PACKARD, Jr. Estes & Lauriat.
 "Requies of De Quincey." Hurd & Houghton.
 "The Convicts." B. AUERBACH. H. Holt & Co.
 "Philosophical Discussions." C. WRIGHT. H. Holt & Co.
 "The Sons of Godwin." W. LEIGHTON. J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 "Rambles and Studies in Greece." J. P. MAHAFFY. Macmillan & Co.
 "Mother and Daughter." F. S. VERDEN, M. D. J. B. Ford & Co.
 "Marie. A Story of Russian Love." MARIE H. DE ZIEGLINSKI. Jansen, McClurg & Co.
 "The Barton Experiment." By the author of "Helen's Babies." G. F. Putnam's Sons.

NEBULÆ.

— It would seem that we must return to the old fashion of strong boxes, old stockings, and cracked pipkins as the receptacles of our savings. As to savings banks and trust companies, and life insurance companies, the revelations of the last few months go to show that they do anything but save; that they are no longer to be trusted, and that they ensnare nothing but total loss to those who put their money into them. Ere long it will be said of a young man that he was poor but honest, although he had the misfortune to have a father who was a director in several important financial institutions. The state of affairs in this respect is frightful; and it frightens. The financial panic has been followed by a moral panic which is really as much more deplorable than its predecessor as moral causes are more radical in their operation and more enduring than those which are merely material. Confidence is gone. How it is to be restored is a problem far more perplexing than how to revive drooping trade. For that the real wealth of the country, never greater than it is now and constantly increasing, must bring about sooner or later. But if men of wealth and of fair reputation are no longer to be trusted, what is the use of saving, to put money into a box where it gains nothing and where thieves break through and steal? Robbery seems to be the fashion; on the one hand masked burglars with pistols at your heads and gags in the mouths of your wife and children, and on the other hypocritical, lying, false-swearing, thieving scoundrels who get your money under fair pretences, and because of your trust in their characters and good faith, and then waste it in speculations and in luxurious living. Of the two, the burglars seem to be rather the more respectable. It is said, on good authority, that the West India slaves of a past generation could be trusted to carry bags of gold from one part of the Spanish Main to another, and that they were constantly so trusted with entire impunity. They would kidnap, and on occasion stab or cut a throat; but if they were trusted, they would not break their faith. The honesty of the Turkish por-

ters is so well known that it has become almost proverbial. Does not the honesty of these pirates and pagans put to shame the Christians who with the professions and the faces of Pharisees "devour widows' houses"?

— FOR as to the business of life insurance, savings banks, and trust companies, it is somewhat more, or surely somewhat other, than mere business. And so those who practise it and profit by it profess that it is. A life insurance company is a grand combination philanthropic-financial corporation whose motto is, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt receive it again." But the truth of the matter turns out to be that if you cast your bread upon the waters, the chances are that you will see it devoured before your eyes by financial sharks. One case in point has come directly to our knowledge. A gentleman, a Government officer, who has a moderate salary, with little or no hope of acquiring property, insured his life twenty years or more ago in what was thought a good company. His premium was always promptly paid even in the flush times of the war and afterward, when the fixed salaries of public officers lost more than half their purchasing power. Within the last few months he has suddenly found that his policy is not worth the paper on which it is magnificently printed. But worse than this: within the last few years, as age has crept upon him, there has come with it a disease which is incurable although he may live for some time longer. Now, however, he cannot get his life insured at all; no company will take his life; (it is a rueful jest to say that the company in question *did* take his life); and he has the prospect before him of a widow left entirely without provision, although for nearly a quarter of a century he and she stinted themselves to provide against such a contingency. Meantime the officers of the company lived luxuriously, and used the money in their hands for speculation, and in living which if not riotous, was at least shameless and dishonest. And they were all men of repu-

tation, were selected for their positions because it was thought that men of their position and habits of life and outward bearing were incorruptible. Have they not devoured that prospective widow's house? If He who condemned the hypocritical Pharisees of old were on the earth now, would he not pronounce Woe upon them? And much would they care about His condemnation if they could get their commissions, and their pickings and stealings, and live in splendid houses, and be known as the managers of an institution that handled millions of dollars yearly, and whose offices were gorgeous with many-colored marbles, and gilding, and inlaid wood, and rich carpets!

AND like their predecessors in the devouring of widows' houses for a pretence, they make long prayers. They, we say; but of course we do not mean all; for there are honest officers of life insurance companies, and even sound companies; but the number of both is shown day after day to be less and less; and when we think that those that we hear about are only they which have reached the end of their tether in fraud, perjury, and swindling, the prospect before us is one of the most disheartening that could be presented to a reflecting people. For remember, these defaulting, false-swearing life insurance and savings bank officers are picked men, and that their dishonest practices are from their very nature deliberate, slow of execution, and that in fact they have gone on for years. It is no clutch of drowning men at financial straws that we have here; it is the regular "confidence game" played on an enormous scale by men who are regarded as the most respectable that can be found in the whole community. They are vestrymen, and deacons, and elders, and grave and reverend signors, and these men have deliberately used and abused the confidence not only of the community in general, but of their friends and acquaintance, to "convey" in Nym's phrase, to steal in plain English, money which was brought within their reach because of their pretended high principle and their philanthropic motives. For, we repeat, it must constantly be kept in mind as an aggravation of these wrongs, that life insurance companies and savings banks are essentially

and professedly benevolent institutions. They are, and they openly profess to be, chiefly for the benefit of widows and children. The man who takes to himself the money of a life insurance company or of a savings bank is not a mere thief and swindler; he robs the widow and the fatherless; he takes his place among those who are accursed of all men; and moreover, in all these cases he is a hypocrite of the deepest dye.

— In any case, however, there is reason for fearing that the business of life insurance has in the main long been rotten, even when it has not been deliberately corrupt. Professedly and originally a benevolent contrivance by which men of moderate incomes could year by year make provision for wives and children who might otherwise be left destitute, it was reasonable and right to expect that the business of life insurance would be conducted upon the most economical principles and in the simplest and most unpretending fashion; that there would have been only as much expenditure as was absolutely necessary for the proper conduct of the business; and that safety for the insured would have been the first if not the only ruling motive with the insurers. And such indeed was life insurance in the beginning. But by and by it was found that there was "money in it," and the sleek, snug hypocrites that prey upon society under the guise of philanthropy and religion began to swarm around it. Life insurance companies began to have a host of officers; they had "actuaries," whatever they may be, who, by whatever motives they were actuated, contrived and put forth statements which to the common mind were equally plausible and bewildering; they entered into bitter rivalry with each other in their philanthropic careers; they had agents who went abroad over the land in swarms, smooth-speaking, shameless creatures who would say anything, promise anything so long as they got their commissions; they published gorgeous pamphlets, tumid and splendid with self-praise, and filled with tabular statements that justified and illustrated the denying that there is nothing so untrustworthy as facts, except figures; they contrived the "mutual" plan, by which they made it appear to some men that they could insure their own lives—which is much like

a man's trying to hoist himself over a fence by the straps of his boots—and yet these mutual officers, benevolent creatures, were as eager to get business and as ready to pay large commissions as if, poor, simple-minded souls, they had expected to get rich by life insuring; and then they put up huge and enormously expensive buildings, more like palaces than any others known to our country. And all this came out of the pockets of those who are, with cruel mockery, called the insured. It is the old story: ten cents to the beneficiary and ninety cents to the agent through whose hands the money passes. Is it not plain, merely from the grand scale and the large pretence on which this life insurance business has been carried on of late years, that it is rotten? It is a scheme for making money. Now, making money is right enough; but when it is carried on under philanthropic and benevolent pretences its tendency must naturally be, as we have seen that it has been, to gross corruption and the most heartless fraud.

THE point of honor has been deemed of use
To teach good manners and to curb abuse.

So wrote Cowper in his "Conversation," nearly a century ago, when duelling was beginning to go out of fashion, even among men who did not look upon it from a religious point of view. There is no doubt that the passage which these lines introduces did much to bring the custom of settling personal quarrels by single combat into disrepute. Cowper, the moral poet *par excellence* of the English language, attained this eminence chiefly because he wrote, not like a fanatic, or a canting pietist, but like a Christian gentleman and a man of sense. A man of family, he thought and felt as a gentleman, and addressed himself to gentlemen; and indeed, in his day poetry, at least of the quality that he produced, had very few readers outside the pale of gentry. His view of duelling is the one which now prevails in most communities of English blood in all parts of the world. Germans and Frenchmen and the Latin races generally still fight upon personal provocation, and in our late slave States and among the rude and fierce men who guard and extend our western borders, "misunderstandings" are settled by the bullet or the knife, and if not on the spot, with the weapon

at hand, then in a regularly arranged duel in which the forms are entirely subordinate to the essentials of a bloody and vindictive contest. With these exceptions, however, duelling among the English-speaking people has come to be regarded as both folly and crime. Nothing could evince more strongly the change that has taken place in the moral sense of the world; for to resent an insult by a challenge to fight, and to accept such a challenge without a moment's hesitation, were once the highest duties of a gentleman. There was a reason for this; and without advocating or defending the practice of duelling, it may be questioned whether that reason has entirely disappeared.

—OUR readers need not fear that we are about to defend or to palliate the conduct of either of the parties to the recent affair which began in Fifth Avenue in New York and ended on the Maryland border; but the fact that that occurrence or series of occurrences has attracted the attention of the whole country, makes it a proper occasion of remark upon the questions involved in such encounters. And first we must set aside the Cowper view of the subject, not in its conclusion, but in its reasoning. For however Christian in sentiment and sound in its final judgment the passage in the "Conversation" may be, its author's position is not logically impregnable. For it rests upon the assumption embodied in the couplet—

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.

But if this be true, it follows that a man cannot be insulted, which is an absurdity; for men are insulted, as we all know—and we are happy if we do not know it by experience. Moreover, men are insulted more frequently where the "code of honor" does not prevail than where it does; for that code is of use; and if it does not teach good manners, it certainly does curb abuse. The question to be decided is whether in the teaching of manners and the curbing of abuse by the alternative and arbitrament of bloody combat we are not paying too high a price for what we gain. To consider the example which is the occasion of our remark. A man is met in the street by another with whom he has been upon terms of social intercourse, and is there publicly whipped. He faces

his assailant, resists, but is overcome because the assailant is the stronger and the more dexterous. What shall he do? Submit quietly? That may be Christian conduct; but whether it is good public policy, to say nothing more, may at least be questioned; for it would place the greater part of the community at the mercy of the strong brawling bullies. Two courses are open to a person so assailed—either to place the matter in the hands of the law, in a civil or a criminal suit, or to challenge the assailant. In most cases it may be admitted that the former course is the wiser and the better course. Where mere protection against personal injury is sought a police justice and a police officer are the effective as well as the lawful means. But there is something else to be considered. The mere personal injury may be slight, and there may be no fear of its repetition, and yet there is a wrong done that may rankle deeper than a wound. Personal indignity is something that most men of character and spirit feel more than bodily pain or than loss of money or of property. It is a sentimental grievance, and therefore one which the law cannot provide against or punish. It cannot be estimated in damages; none the less, therefore, but rather the more, does the man who suffers it take it to heart; none the less, therefore, but rather the more, do gentlemen set up barriers against it which, although invisible, and not even expressed, if indeed they are expressible in words, are more forbidding in their frown, more difficult of assault than the regular bulwarks of the law. It must be repeated that this wrong is not to be measured by the bodily injury or the bodily pain that is inflicted. Two men may be boxing or fencing, and one may severely injure the other; but no sense of wrong accompanies the injury, and that not because no injury was intended, but because no offence was meant; whereas the fling of a kid glove across the face, or a word, may inflict a wrong that if not atoned for or expiated, may rankle through a man's whole life. To attempt to set aside or to do away with this feeling is quite useless: as well attempt to set aside or to do away with human nature. It is this feeling that has been at the bottom of most duels since duels passed out of use as a mode of determining guilt or innocence, or of deciding

questions as to property, or position, or title. In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries duels were chiefly the remedy for wounded honor, as they are when they are rarely fought nowadays. True there was the duel fought between two gentlemen "to prevent the inconvenience of their both addressing the same lady"; but the duel for that reason pure and simple was always comparatively rare, as, owing to the infirmity of human nature, the agreement in opinion of the lady and the disagreement as to the disposition to be made of her were almost sure to take the form of a more reasonable if not more deadly cause of quarrel.

—BURR SOCIETY—that is, society in which Anglo-Saxon modes of thought and feeling prevail—says that no matter what the provocation, or how great the sense of wrong, the duel shall not be; it has been made a crime in some if not in most of such communities even to send a challenge. This is done on grounds of public policy and of morality, and not, as some persons seem to think, because killing in a duel is murder. Murder is more than a mere killing, and is in its essence entirely inconsistent with the fact that the person killed voluntarily placed himself, and generally with much trouble and at great inconvenience, in the way of his death. The duel is in fact a sort of *kari-kari*, or happy release, as our Japanese friends have well phrased it, but it is with the coöperation of a second party who voluntarily places himself in similar peril, the happy release being in both cases from the stigma of dishonor. This is shown very clearly by the distinction which is drawn in general estimation between the man who challenges because he has suffered an insult or an injury to his family honor, and one who does so from a feeling of revenge and with the intent to rid himself of a hated opponent, as for example in the case of Aaron Burr in his duel with Alexander Hamilton. That was more than half a century ago, when there were no such laws against duelling as now exist; but Burr, although he rid himself of his hated rival on what was called the field of honor, was from that day a degraded, detested, ruined man. If Hamilton had offered him a personal indignity, or had injured him in his family rela-

tions, the result of the due. would have added nothing to the weight of disrepute under which Burr was already suffering. The whole world recognizes this distinction, and there is hardly a man whose breeding and habits make him what is rightly called a gentleman in the full sense of the term, who, however his judgment may condemn the duellist who fights because of an insult or an injury to family honor, does not feel a certain sympathy with him. Notwithstanding the teachings of Christianity, and the example of its founder as to the patient suffering of indignity, notwithstanding the law, we all, or most of us, have the feeling that Barclay of Wry's battle-ried comrade had when he saw his old friend and heroic commander openly insulted by a throng of swashbucklers in the streets of Aberdeen, because he had become a Quaker, and which Whittier has expressed with such spirit in his poem on the subject, which is one of the few truly admirable ballads of modern days (although its author does not so class it), and which is, we are inclined to think, the most admirable of them all:

Woe's the day, he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity:
Wry's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city.

Speak the word, and master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiling through their midst, we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers.

— WHAT then is to be done? for the question is a serious one. We all feel that personal indignity is of all wrongs the hardest one to bear; we know that it is a wrong of a kind that cannot be redressed by law; and yet we restrain men from the only redress, "satisfaction," as it is called, that human ingenuity has been able to devise, and with which human nature, of the unregenerate sort, is satisfied. We cannot expect all men to behave like members of the Society of Friends. All men have not proved their courage and high spirit like Barclay of Wry, who

—stood
Ankle deep in Lützen's blood
With the great Gustavus.

We cannot compel all men to be Christians; and yet we would compel them by

law to bear insult as if they were Christians and great captains turned Quakers. We can do this, which thus far society has neglected to do: we can put a social ban upon the man who deliberately offers a personal indignity to another. This should be a social duty. Let it be understood, according to one of those silent social laws which are the most binding of all laws because the sheriff cannot enforce them, that the man who flourishes a horsewhip over another's head, or who uses his tongue as a scourge with like purpose, or who offers personal indignity of any kind, insults society as well as his victim, and is not to be pardoned until he has made the amend to the injured party, and there would soon be an end of provocation to duelling, except that which touches the family, and that cannot be done away with until men have so developed morally and intellectually that they see that a man's honor is not in the keeping of a woman, not in that of any other person than himself, not even his wife. Her conduct may indeed involve his dishonor, if he is what used to be called a wittol, but even then his dishonor is because of his own disgrace. Only then can we reconcile the making of a challenge a felony with the feeling that a man who has had a personal indignity put upon him has suffered the deepest wrong he could be called upon to bear, yet a wrong which society fails to right while it forbids him to seek the only reparation.

— THAT reparation is defined, if not prescribed, by the code of honor, as to which code there seems to be a very general misapprehension. The purpose of the code is this, that no gentleman shall offer a personal indignity to another except with the certainty of its being at the risk of his life. If society would provide a remedy or preventive that would operate like this risk, the code would soon pass absolutely out of practice and into oblivion. It is generally supposed that the code is a very bloodthirsty law, and that those who acknowledge it and act upon it are "sudden and quick in quarrel," lovers of fighting, revengeful and implacable, and that the code gives them the means of gratifying their murderous or combative propensities. No notion of it could be more erroneous; the misconception is like that which supposes mili-

tary men to be desirous of using arms on slight provocation; whereas the contrary is the case. No men are so reluctant to begin fighting as thoroughbred soldiers; for they know what it means and to what end it must be carried if it is once begun. The code has been reduced to writing, and by a "fire-eating" South Carolinian, so that we can see just how bloodthirsty it is. It provides first that if an insult be received in public it should not be resented or noticed there, out of respect to those present, except in case of a blow or the like, because this is insult to the company which did not originate with the person receiving it; that a challenge should never be sent in the first instance because "that precludes all negotiation," and that in the note asking explanation and reparation the writer should "cautiously avoid attributing to the adverse party any improper motive"; that the aggrieved party's second should manage the whole affair even before a challenge is sent, because he "is supposed to be cool and collected, and his friends' feelings are more or less irritated" ["more or less" here is excellent good as expressive of the state of mind of a man so aggrieved that he is ready to risk his life]; the second is to "use every effort to soothe and tranquillize his principal," not to "see things in the aggravated light in which he views them, but to extenuate the conduct of his adversary whenever he sees clearly an opportunity to do so"; to "endeavor to persuade him that there has been some misunderstanding in the matter," and to "check him if he uses opprobrious epithets toward his adversary"; "when an accommodation is tendered," the code says in a paragraph worthy of the most respectful consideration, "never require too much; and if the party offering the *amende honorable* wishes to give a reason for his conduct in the matter, do not, unless it is offensive to your friend, refuse to receive it. By doing so you heal the breach more effectively." Strangers may call upon you for your offices as second, "for strangers are entitled to redress for wrongs as well as others, and the rules of honor and of hospitality should protect them." The second of the party challenged is also told, "Use your utmost efforts to allay the excitement which your principal may labor under,"

to search diligently into the origin of the misunderstanding, "for gentlemen seldom insult each other unless they labor under some misapprehension or mistake," and if the matter be investigated in the right spirit, it is probable that "harmony will be restored." The other parts of the code refer to the arrangements for and the etiquette of the hostile meeting, of which we shall only notice the censure passed upon the seconds if after either party is hit the fight is allowed to go on. The last section implies, although it does not positively assert, that "every insult may be compromised" without a hostile meeting, and it is directly said that "the old opinion that a blow must require blood is of no force; blows may be compromised in many cases." We do by no means advocate the fighting of duels; but we must say that we cannot see in this code the bloodthirstiness and the quarrel-seeking generally attributed to it. On the contrary, all its instructions seem to tend toward peacemaking, the restoration of harmony, the restraining of even expressions of ill feeling. It does recognize as indisputable that an insult must be atoned for, and if necessary, at the risk of life. That necessity society can do away with by placing its ban upon the man who insults another.

— It is generally supposed that the "average American" beats the world in his love of big titles, and in his use of them; but the freed southern negro beats his white fellow citizen all hollow. We hear from Texas of one who is Head Centre of a Lodge—exactly of what sort we don't know, but we suppose that it must be a lodge in the wilderness or perhaps, in Solomon's phrase, a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. This cullud pusion will spend two months' wages to "report" at a grand junction "jamboree" of his "lodge." The titles of the officers of these associations are something wonderful. A negro office boy down there asked leave of absence for a day to attend a meeting. "Why," said his master, "Scip, I didn't know you belonged to a lodge." "Oh, yes, boss," replied Africanus, "Ise Supreme Grand King, an' Ise nowhar near de top nuth'er." Who shall say that the abolition of slavery was not worth all that it cost?

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THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS.

M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, the dramatic critic of the Paris "Temps," and the gentleman who, of the whole journalistic fraternity, holds the fortune of a play in the hollow of his hand, has been publishing during the last year a series of biographical notices of the chief actors and actresses of the first theatre in the world. "Comédiens et Comédiennes: la Comédie Française"—such is the title of this publication, which appears in monthly numbers of the Librairie des Bibliophiles, and is ornamented on each occasion with a very prettily etched portrait, by M. Gaucherel, of the artist to whom the number is devoted. By lovers of the stage in general, and of the Théâtre Français in particular, the series will be found most interesting; and I welcome the pretext for saying a few words about an institution which—if such language be not hyperbolic—I passionately admire. I must add that the portrait is incomplete, though for the present occasion it is more than sufficient. The list of M. Sarcey's biographies is not yet filled up; three or four, those of Mme. Favart and of MM. Febvre and Delaunay, are still wanting. Nine numbers, however, have appeared—the first being entitled "La Maison de Molière," and devoted to a general account of the great theatre; and the others treating of its principal *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires* in the following order:

Regnier,
Got,
Sophie Croizette,
Sarah Bernhardt,
Coquelin,
Madeleine Brohan,
Bressant,
Mme. Plessy.

(This order, by the way, is purely accidental; it is not that of age or of merit.) It is always entertaining to encounter M. Francisque Sarcey, and the reader who, during a Paris winter, has been in the habit, of a Sunday evening, of unfolding his "Temps" immediately after unfolding his napkin, and glancing down first of all to see what this sturdy *feuilletoniste* has found to his hand—such a reader will find him in great force in the pages before us. It is true that, though I myself confess to being such a reader, there are moments when I grow rather weary of M. Sarcey, who has in an eminent degree both the virtues and the defects which attach to the great French characteristic—the habit of taking terribly *au sérieux* anything that you may set about doing. Of this habit of abounding in one's own cause, of expatiating, elaborating, reiterating, refining, as if for the hour the fate of mankind were bound up with one's particular topic, M. Sarcey is a capital and at times an almost comical representative. He talks about the theatre once a week as if—honestly, between

himself and his reader—the theatre were the only thing in this frivolous world that is worth seriously talking about. He has a religious respect for his theme, and he holds that if a thing is to be done at all, it must be done in detail as well as in the gross.

It is to this serious way of taking the matter, to his thoroughly business-like and professional attitude, to his unwearied attention to detail, that the critic of the "Temps" owes his enviable influence and the weight of his words. Add to this that he is sternly incorruptible. He has his admirations, but they are honest and discriminating; and whom he loveth he very often chasteneth. He is not ashamed to commend Mlle. X., who has only had a curtesy to make, if her curtesy has been *the* curtesy of the situation; and he is not afraid to overhaul M. A., who has delivered the *tirade* of the play, if M. A. has failed to hit the mark. Of course his judgment is good; when I have had occasion to measure it, I have usually found it excellent. He has the scenic sense—the theatrical eye. He knows at a glance what will do, and what won't do. He is shrewd and sagacious and almost tiresomely in earnest, but this closes the list of his attractions. He is not witty—to speak of; and he is not graceful; he is heavy and common, and above all what is familiarly called "shoppy." He leans his elbows on his desk, and does up his weekly budget into a parcel the reverse of coquettish. You can fancy him a grocer retailing tapioca and hominy—full weight for the price; his style seems a sort of integument of brown paper. But the fact remains that if M. Sarcey praises a play, the play has a run; and that if M. Sarcey says it won't do, it does not do at all. If M. Sarcey devotes an encouraging line and a half to a young actress, mademoiselle is immediately *lancée*; she has a career. If he bestows a quiet "bravo" on an obscure comedian, the gentleman may forthwith renew his engagement. When you make and unmake fortunes

at this rate, what matters it whether you have a little elegance the more or the less?

Elegance is for M. Paul de St. Victor, who does the theatres in the "Moniteur," and who, though he writes a style only a trifle less pictorial than that of Théophile Gautier himself, has never, to the best of my belief, brought clouds or sunshine to any playhouse. I may add, to finish with M. Sarcey, that he contributes a daily political article—generally devoted to watching and showing up the "game" of the clerical party—to Edmond About's journal, the "*XIX^{ème} Siècle*"; that he gives a weekly *conférence* on current literature; that he "confers" also on those excellent Sunday morning performances now so common in the French theatres, during which examples of the classic repertory are presented, accompanied by a light lecture upon the history and character of the play. As the commentator on these occasions M. Sarcey is in great demand, and he officiates sometimes in small provincial towns. Lastly, frequent playgoers in Paris observe that the very slenderest novelty is sufficient to insure at a theatre the (very considerable) physical presence of the conscientious critic of the "Temps." If he were remarkable for nothing else, he would be remarkable for the fortitude with which he exposes himself to the pestiferous climate of the Parisian temples of the drama.

For these agreeable "notices" M. Sarcey appears to have mended his pen and to have given a fillip to his fancy. They are gracefully and often lightly turned; occasionally, even, the author grazes the epigrammatic. They deal, as is proper, with the artistic and not with the private physiognomy of the ladies and gentlemen whom they commemorate; and though they occasionally allude to what the French call "intimate" matters, they contain no satisfaction for the lovers of scandal. The Théâtre Français, in the face it presents to the world, is an austere and venerable establishment, and a friv-

alous tone about its affairs would be almost as much out of keeping as if applied to the Académie herself. M. Sarcey touches upon the organization of the theatre, and gives some account of the different phases through which it has passed during these latter years. Its chief functionary is a general administrator, or director, appointed by the State, which enjoys this right in virtue of the considerable subsidy which it pays to the house; a subsidy amounting, if I am not mistaken (M. Sarcey does not mention the sum), to 250,000 francs. The director, however, is not an absolute, but a constitutional ruler; for he shares his powers with the society itself, which has always had a large deliberative voice.

Whence, it may be asked, does the society derive its light and its inspiration? From the past, from precedent, from tradition—from the great unwritten body of laws which no one has in his keeping, but many in their memory, and all in their respect. The principles on which the Théâtre Français rests are a good deal like the common law of England—a vaguely and inconveniently registered mass of regulations which time and occasion have welded together, and from which the recurring occasion can usually manage to extract the rightful precedent. Napoleon I., who had a finger in every pie in his dominion, found time during his brief and disastrous occupation of Moscow to send down a decree remodelling and regulating the constitution of the theatre. This document has long been a dead letter, and the society abides by its older traditions. The *traditions* of the Comédie Française—that is the sovereign word, and that is the charm of the place—the charm that one never ceases to feel, however often one may sit beneath the classic, dusky dome. One feels this charm with peculiar intensity as a newly arrived foreigner. The Théâtre Français has had the good fortune to be able to allow its traditions to accumulate. They have been preserved, transmitted, respected, cherished, un-

til at last they form the very atmosphere, the vital air, of the establishment. A stranger feels their superior influence the first time he sees the great curtain go up; he feels that he is in a theatre which is not as other theatres are. It is not only better, it is different. It has a peculiar perfection—something consecrated, historical, academic. This impression is delicious, and he watches the performance in a sort of tranquil ecstasy.

Never has he seen anything so smooth and harmonious, so artistic and complete. He heard all his life of attention to detail, and now, for the first time, he sees something that deserves the name. He sees dramatic effort refined to a point with which the English stage is unacquainted. He sees that there are no limits to possible "finish," and that so trivial an act as taking a letter from a servant or placing one's hat on a chair may be made a suggestive and interesting incident. He sees these things and a great many more besides, but at first he does not analyze them; he gives himself up to sympathetic contemplation. He is in an ideal and exemplary world—a world that has managed to attain all the felicities that the world we live in misses. The people do the things that we should like to do; they are gifted as we should like to be; they have mastered the accomplishments that we have had to give up. The women are not all beautiful—decidedly not, indeed—but they are graceful, agreeable, sympathetic, lady-like; they have the best manners possible, and they are delightfully well dressed. They have charming musical voices, and they speak with irreproachable purity and sweetness; they walk with the most elegant grace, and when they sit it is a pleasure to see their attitudes. They go out and come in, they pass across the stage, they talk, and laugh, and cry, they deliver long *tirades* or remain statuesquely mute; they are tender or tragic, they are comic or conventional; and through it all you never observe an awkwardness,

a roughness, an accident, a crude spot, a false note.

As for the men, they are not handsome either; it must be confessed, indeed, that at the present hour manly beauty is but scantily represented at the Théâtre Français. Bressant, I believe, used to be thought handsome; but Bressant has retired, and among the gentlemen of the troupe I can think of no one but M. Mounet-Sully who may be positively commended for his fine person. But M. Mounet-Sully is, from the scenic point of view, an Adonis of the first magnitude. To be handsome, however, is for an actor one of the last necessities; and these gentlemen are mostly handsome enough. They look perfectly what they are intended to look, and in cases where it is proposed that they shall *seem* handsome, they usually succeed. They are as well mannered and as well dressed as their fairer comrades, and their voices are no less agreeable and effective. They represent gentlemen, and they produce the illusion. In this endeavor they deserve even greater credit than the actresses, for in modern comedy, of which the repertory of the Théâtre Français is largely composed, they have nothing in the way of costume to help to carry it off. Half a dozen ugly men, in the periodic coat and trousers and stovepipe hat, with blue chins and false moustaches, strutting before the footlights, and pretending to be interesting, romantic, pathetic, heroic, certainly play a perilous game. At every turn they suggest prosaic things, and their liabilities to awkwardness are increased a thousand fold. But the comedians of the Théâtre Français are never awkward, and when it is necessary they solve triumphantly the problem of being at once realistic to the eye and romantic to the imagination.

I am speaking always of one's first impression of them. There are spots on the sun, and you discover after a while that there are little irregularities at the Théâtre Français. But the acting is so incomparably better than

any that you have seen, that criticism for a long time is content to lie dormant. I shall never forget how at first I was under the charm. I liked the very incommodities of the place; I am not sure that I did not find a certain mystic salubrity in the bad ventilation. The Théâtre Français, it is known, gives you a good deal for your money. The performance, which rarely ends before midnight, and sometimes transgresses it, frequently begins by seven o'clock. The first hour or two is occupied by secondary performers; but not for the world at this time would I have missed the first rising of the curtain. No dinner could be too hastily swallowed to enable me to see, for instance, Mme. Nathalie in Octave Feuillet's charming little comedy of "Le Village." Mme. Nathalie was a plain, stout old woman, who did the mothers, and aunts, and elderly wives; I use the past tense because she retired from the stage a year ago, leaving a most conspicuous vacancy. She was an admirable actress, and a perfect mistress of laughter and tears. In "Le Village" she played an old provincial *bourgeoise* whose husband takes it into his head, one winter night, to start on the tour of Europe with a roving bachelor friend, who has dropped down on him at supper-time, after the lapse of years, and has gossiped him into momentary discontent with his fireside existence. My pleasure was in Mme. Nathalie's figure when she came in dressed to go out to vespers across the *place*. The two foolish old cronies are over their wine, talking of the beauty of the women on the Ionian coast; you hear the church bell in the distance. It was the quiet felicity of the old lady's dress that used to charm me; the Comédie Française was in every fold of it. She wore a large black silk mantilla, of a peculiar cut, which looked as if she had just taken it tenderly out of some old wardrobe where it lay folded in lavender, and a large dark bonnet, adorned with handsome black silk loops and bows. Her big pale face

had a softly frightened look, and in her hand she carried her neatly kept breviary. The extreme suggestiveness, and yet the taste and temperance of this costume, seemed to me inimitable; the bonnet alone, with its handsome, decent, virtuous bows, was worth coming to see. It expressed all the rest, and you saw the excellent, pious woman go pick her steps churchward among the puddles, while Jeanette, the cook, in a high white cap, marched before her in sabots, with a lantern.

Such matters are trifles, but they are representative trifles, and they are not the only ones that I remember. It used to please me, when I had squeezed into my stall—the stalls at the Français are extremely uncomfortable—to remember of how great a history the large, dim *salle* around me could boast: how many great things had happened there; how the air was thick with associations. Even if I had never seen Rachel, it was something of a consolation to think that those very footlights had illumined her finest moments, and that the echoes of her mighty voice were sleeping in that dingy dome. From this to musing upon the “traditions” of the place, of which I spoke just now, was of course but a step. How were they kept? by whom, and where? Who trims the undying lamp and guards the accumulated treasure? I never found out—by sitting in the stalls; and very soon I ceased to care to know. One may be very fond of the stage, and yet care little for the green room; just as one may be very fond of pictures and books, and yet be no frequenter of studios and authors’ dens. They might pass on the torch as they would behind the scenes; so long as, during my time, they didn’t let it drop, I made up my mind to be satisfied. And that one could depend upon their not letting it drop became a part of the customary comfort of Parisian life. It became certain that the “traditions” were not mere catchwords, but a most beneficent reality.

Going to the other Parisian theatres helps you to believe in them. Unless you are a voracious theatre-goer you give the others up; you find they don’t pay; the Français does for you all that they do and so much more besides. There are two possible exceptions—the Gymnase and the Palais Royal. The Gymnase, since the death of Mlle. Desclée, has been under a heavy cloud; but occasionally, when a month’s sunshine rests upon it, there is a savor of excellence in the performance. But you feel that you are still within the realm of accident; the delightful security of the Rue de Richelieu is wanting. The young lover is liable to be common, and the beautifully dressed heroine to have an unpleasant voice. The Palais Royal has always been in its way very perfect; but its way admits of great imperfection. The actresses are classically bad, though usually pretty, and the actors are much addicted to taking liberties. In broad comedy, nevertheless, two or three of the latter are not to be surpassed, and (counting out the women) there is usually something masterly in a Palais Royal performance. In its own line it has what is called style, and it therefore walks, at a distance, in the footsteps of the Français. The Odéon has never seemed to me in any degree a rival of the Théâtre Français, though it is a smaller copy of that establishment. It receives a subsidy from the State, and is obliged by its contract to play the classic repertory one night in the week. It is on these nights, listening to Molière or Marivaux, that you may best measure the superiority of the greater theatre. I have seen actors at the Odéon, in the classic repertory, imperfect in their texts; a monstrously insupposable case at the Comédie Française. The function of the Odéon is to operate as a *pépinière* or nursery for its elder—to try young talents, shape them, make them flexible, and then hand them over to the upper house. The more especial nursery of the Français, however, is the Conservatoire Dramatique, an institu-

tion dependent upon the State, through the Ministry of the Fine Arts, whose budget is charged with the remuneration of its professors. Pupils graduating from the Conservatoire with a prize have *ipso facto* the right to *débûter* at the Théâtre Français, which retains them or lets them go, according to its discretion. Most of the first subjects of the Français have done their two years' work at the Conservatoire, and M. Sarcey holds that an actor who has not had that fundamental training which is only to be acquired there, never obtains a complete mastery of his resources. Nevertheless some of the best actors of the day have owed nothing to the Conservatoire—Bressant, for instance, and Aimée Desclée, the latter of whom, indeed, never arrived at the Français. (Molière and Balzac were not of the Academy, and so Mlle. Desclée, the first actress after Rachel, died without acquiring the privilege which M. Sarcey says is the day-dream of all young theatrical women—that of printing on their visiting cards, after their name, *de la Comédie Française*.)

The Théâtre Français has, moreover, the right to do as Molière did—to claim its property wherever it finds it. It may stretch out its long arm and break the engagement of a promising actor at any of the other theatres; of course after a certain amount of notice given. So, last winter, it notified to the Gymnase its danger of appropriating Worms, the admirable *jeune premier*, who, returning from a long sojourn in Russia, and taking the town by surprise, had begun to retrieve the shrunken fortunes of that establishment.

On the whole, it may be said that the great talents find their way, sooner or later, to the Théâtre Français. This is of course not a rule that works unvaryingly, for there are a great many influences to interfere with it. Interest as well as merit—especially in the case of the actresses—weighs in the scale; and the ire that may exist in celestial minds has been known to man-

ifest itself in the councils of the Comédie. Moreover, a brilliant actress may prefer to reign supreme at one of the smaller theatres; at the Français, inevitably, she shares her dominion. The honor is less, but the comfort is greater.

Nevertheless, at the Français, in a general way, there is in each case a tolerably obvious artistic reason for membership; and if you see a clever actor remain outside for years, you may be pretty sure that, though private reasons count, there are artistic reasons as well. The first half dozen times I saw Mlle. Fargueil, who for years ruled the roost, as the vulgar saying is, at the Vaudeville, I wondered that so consummate and accomplished an actress should not have a place on the first French stage. But I presently grew wiser, and perceived that, clever as Mlle. Fargueil is, she is not for the Rue de Richelieu, but for the Boulevards; her peculiar, intensely Parisian intonation would sound out of place in the Maison de Molière. (Of course if Mlle. Fargueil has ever received overtures from the Français, my sagacity is at fault—I am looking through a millstone. But I suspect she has not.) Frédéric Lemaître, who died last winter, and who was a very great actor, had been tried at the Français and found wanting—for those particular conditions. But it may probably be said that if Frédéric was wanting, the theatre was too, in this case. Frédéric's great force was his extravagance, his fantasticality; and the stage of the Rue de Richelieu was a trifle too academic. I have even wondered whether Desclée, if she had lived, would have trod that stage by right, and whether it would have seemed her proper element. The negative is not impossible. It is very possible that in that classic atmosphere her great charm—her intensely *modern* quality, her supersubtle realism—would have appeared an anomaly. I can imagine even that her strange, touching, nervous voice would not have seemed the voice of the house. At the Français you must know how to acquit

yourself of a *tirade*; that has always been the touchstone of capacity. It would probably have proved Deacliée's stumbling-block, though she could utter speeches of six words as no one else surely has ever done. It is true that Mlle. Croizette, and in a certain sense Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, are rather weak at their *tirades*; but then old theatre-goers will tell you that these young ladies, in spite of a hundred attractions, have no business at the Français.

In the course of time the susceptible foreigner passes from that superstitious state of attention which I just now sketched to that greater enlightenment which enables him to understand such a judgment as this of the old theatre-goers. It is borne in upon him that, as the good Homer sometimes nods, the Théâtre Français sometimes lapses from its high standard. He makes various reflections. He thinks that Mlle. Favart rants. He thinks M. Mounet-Sully, in spite of his delicious voice, insupportable. He thinks that M. Parodi's five-act tragedy, "*Rome Vaincue*," presented in the early part of the present winter, was better done certainly than it would have been done upon any English stage, but by no means so much better done than might have been expected. (Here, if I had space, I would open a long parenthesis, in which I should aspire to demonstrate that the incontestable superiority of average French acting to English is by no means so strongly marked in tragedy as in comedy—is indeed sometimes not strongly marked at all. The reason of this is in a great measure, I think, that we have had Shakespeare to exercise ourselves upon, and that an inferior dramatic instinct exercised upon Shakespeare may become more flexible than a superior one exercised upon Corneille and Racine. When it comes to ranting—ranting even in a modified and comparatively reasonable sense—we do, I suspect, quite as well as the French, if not rather better.) Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his entertaining

little book upon "*Actors and the Art of Acting*," mentions M. Talbot, of the Français, as a surprisingly incompetent performer. My memory assents to his judgment at the same time that it proposes an amendment. This actor's special line is the buffeted, bemuddled, besotted old fathers, uncles, and guardians of classic comedy, and he plays them with his face much more than with his tongue. Nature has endowed him with a visage so admirably adapted, once for all, to his rôle, that he has only to sit in a chair, with his hands folded on his stomach, to look like a monument to bewildered senility. After that it doesn't matter what he says or how he says it.

The Comédie Française sometimes does weaker things than in keeping M. Talbot. Last autumn, for instance, it was really depressing to see Mlle. Dudley brought all the way from Brussels (and with not a little flourish either) to "*create*" the guilty vestal in "*Rome Vaincue*." As far as the interests of art are concerned, Mlle. Dudley had much better have remained in the Flemish capital, of whose language she is apparently a perfect mistress. It is hard, too, to forgive M. Perrin (M. Perrin is the present director of the Théâtre Français) for bringing out "*L'Ami Fritz*" of M. Erckmann-Chatrian. The two gentlemen who write under this name have a double claim to kindness. In the first place, they have produced some delightful little novels; every one knows and admires "*Le Conscrit de 1813*"; every one admires, indeed, the charming tale on which the play in question is founded. In the second place, they were, before the production of their piece, the objects of a scurrilous attack by the "*Figaro*" newspaper, which held the authors up to reprobation for having "*insulted the army*," and did its best to lay the train for a hostile manifestation on the first night. (It may be added that the good sense of the public outbalanced the impudence of the newspaper, and the play was simply advertised into success.) But neither

the novels nor the persecutions of M. Erckmann-Chatrian avail to render "L'Ami Fritz," in its would-be dramatic form, worthy of the first French stage. It is played as well as possible, and upholstered even better; but it is, according to the vulgar phrase, too "thin" for the locality. Upholstery has never played such a part at the Théâtre Français as during the reign of M. Perrin, who came into power, if I mistake not, after the late war. He proved very early that he was a radical, and he has introduced a hundred novelties. His administration, however, has been brilliant, and in his hands the Théâtre Français has made money. This it had rarely done before, and this, in the conservative view, is quite beneath its dignity. To the conservative view I should humbly incline. An institution so closely protected by a rich and powerful State ought to be able to cultivate art for art.

The first of M. Sarcey's biographies, to which I have been too long in coming, is devoted to Regnier, a veteran actor, who left the stage four or five years since, and who now fills the office of oracle to his younger comrades. It is the indispensable thing, says M. Sarcey, for a young aspirant to be able to say that he has had lessons of M. Regnier, or that M. Regnier has advised him, or that he has talked such and such a point over with M. Regnier. (His comrades always speak of him as M. Regnier—never as simple Regnier.) I have had the fortune to see him but once; it was the first time I ever went to the Théâtre Français. He played Don Annibal in Emile Augier's romantic comedy of "L'Aventurière," and I have not forgotten the exquisite humor of the performance. The part is that of a sort of seventeenth century Captain Costigan, only the Miss Fotheringay in the case is the gentleman's sister, and not his daughter. This lady is moreover an ambitious and designing person, who leads her threadbare braggart of a brother quite by the nose. She has

entrapped a worthy gentleman of Padua, of mature years, and he is on the eve of making her his wife, when his son, a clever young soldier, beguiles Don Annibal into supping with him, and makes him drink so deep that the prating adventurer at last lets the cat out of the bag, and confides to his companion that the fair Clorinda is not the virtuous gentlewoman she appears, but a poor strolling actress who has had a lover at every stage of her journey. The scene was played by Bressant and Regnier, and it has always remained in my mind as one of the most perfect things I have seen on the stage. The gradual action of the wine upon Don Annibal, the delicacy with which his deepening tipsiness was indicated, its intellectual rather than physical manifestation, and, in the midst of it, the fantastic conceit which made him think that he was winding his fellow drinker round his fingers—all this was exquisitely rendered. Drunkenness on the stage is usually both dreary and disgusting; and I can remember besides this but two really interesting pictures of intoxication (excepting always, indeed, the immortal tipsiness of Cassio in "Othello," which a clever actor can always make touching). One is the beautiful befuddlement of Rip Van Winkle, as Mr. Joseph Jefferson renders it, and the other (a memory of the Théâtre Français) the scene in the "Duc Job," in which Got succumbs to mild inebriation, and dozes in his chair just boozily enough for the young girl who loves him to make it out.

It is to this admirable Emile Got that M. Sarcey's second notice is devoted. Got is at the present hour unquestionably the first actor at the Théâtre Français, and I have personally no hesitation in accepting him as the first of living actors. His younger comrade, Coquelin, has, I think, as much talent and as much art; but the older man Got has the longer and fuller record, and may therefore be spoken of as the master *par excellence*. If I were obliged to rank the half dozen premiers sujets

of the last few years at the Théâtre Français in their absolute order of *talent* (thank Heaven, I am not so obliged!), I think I should make up some such little list as this: Got, Coquelin, Mme. Plessy, Sarah Bernhardt, Mlle. Favart, Delaunay. I confess that I have no sooner written it than I feel as if I ought to amend it, and wonder whether it is not a great folly to put Delaunay after Mlle. Favart. But this is idle.

As for Got, he is a singularly interesting actor. I have often wondered whether the best definition of him would not be to say that he is really a *philosophic* actor. He is an immense humorist, and his comicality is sometimes colossal; but his most striking quality is the one on which M. Sarcey dwells—his sobriety and profundity, his underlying element of manliness and melancholy, the impression he gives you of having a general conception of human life and of seeing the relativity, as one may say, of the character he represents. Of all the comic actors I have seen he is the least trivial—at the same time that for richness of detail his comicality is unsurpassed. His repertory is very large and various, but it may be divided into two equal halves—the parts that belong to reality and the parts that belong to fantasy. There is of course a vast deal of fantasy in his realistic parts and a vast deal of reality in his fantastic ones, but the general division is just; and at times, indeed, the two faces of his talent seem to have little in common. The Duc Job, to which I just now alluded, is one of the things he does most perfectly. The part, which is that of a young man, is a serious and tender one. It is amazing that the actor who plays it should also be able to carry off triumphantly the frantic buffoonery of Maître Pathelin, or should represent the Sganarelle of the “Médecin Malgré Lui” with such an unctuous breadth of humor. The two characters, perhaps, which have given me the liveliest idea of Got’s

power and fertility are the Maître Pathelin and the M. Poirier, who figures in the title to the comedy which Emile Augier and Jules Sandeau wrote together. M. Poirier, the retired shopkeeper who marries his daughter to a marquis and makes acquaintance with the inconveniences incidental to such a piece of luck, is perhaps the actor’s most elaborate creation; it is difficult to see how the portrayal of a type and an individual can have a larger sweep and a more minute completeness. The *bonhomme* Poirier, in Got’s hands, is really great; and half a dozen of the actor’s modern parts that I could mention are hardly less brilliant. But when I think of him I instinctively think first of some rôle in which he wears the cap and gown of the days in which humorous invention may fairly take the bit in its teeth. This is what Got lets it do in Maître Pathelin, and he leads the spectators’ exhilarated fancy a dance to which their aching sides on the morrow sufficiently testify.

The piece is a *réchauffé* of a medieval farce, which has the credit of being the first play not a “mystery” or a miracle piece in the records of the French drama. The plot is of the baldest and most primitive. It sets forth how a cunning lawyer undertook to purchase a dozen ells of cloth for nothing. In the first scene we see him in the market-place, bargaining and haggling with the draper, and then marching off with the roll of cloth, with the understanding that the shopman is to call at his house in the course of an hour for the money. In the next act we have Maître Pathelin at his fireside with his wife, to whom he relates his trick and its projected sequel, and who greets them with Homeric laughter. He gets into bed, and the innocent draper arrives. Then follows a scene of which the liveliest description must be ineffective. Pathelin pretends to be out of his head, to be overtaken by a mysterious malady which has made him delirious, not to know the draper from Adam,

never to have heard of the dozen ells of cloth, and to be altogether an impossible person to collect a debt from. To carry out this character he indulges in a series of indescribable antics, out-Bedlams Bedlam, frolics over the room dressed out in the bed-clothes and chanting the wildest gibberish, bewilders the poor draper to within an inch of his own sanity, and finally puts him utterly to rout. The spectacle could only be portentously flat or heroically successful, and in Got's hands this latter was its fortune. His Sganarelle, in the "Médecin Malgré Lui," and half a dozen of his characters from Molière besides—such a part, too, as his Tibia, in Alfred de Musset's charming bit of romanticism, the "Caprices de Marianne"—have a certain generic resemblance with his treatment of the figure I have sketched. In all of these the comicality is of the exuberant and tremendous order, and yet, in spite of its richness and flexibility, it suggests little connection with high animal spirits. It seems a matter of invention, of reflection and irony. You cannot imagine Got representing a fool pure and simple—or at least a passive and unsuspecting fool. There must always be an element of shrewdness and even of contempt; he must be the man who knows and judges—or at least who pretends. It is a compliment, I take it, to an actor, to say that he prompts you to wonder about his private personality; and an observant spectator of M. Got is at liberty to guess that he is both obstinate and proud.

In Coquelin there is perhaps greater spontaneity, and there is a not inferior mastery of his art. He is a wonderfully brilliant, elastic actor. He is but thirty-five years old, and yet his record is most glorious. He too has his "actual" and his classical repertory, and here also it is hard to choose. As the young *valet de comédie* in Molière, Regnard, and Marivaux, he is incomparable. I shall never forget the really infernal brilliancy of his Mascarille in "L'Etourdi." His vol-

ubility, his rapidity, his impudence and gayety, his ringing, penetrating voice, and the shrill trumpet-note of his laughter, make him the ideal of the classic serving-man of the classic young lover—half rascal and half good fellow. Coquelin has lately had two or three immense successes in the comedies of the day. His Duc de Sept-Monts, in the famous "Étrangère" of Alexandre Dumas, last winter, was the capital creation of the piece; and in the revival, this winter, of Augier's "Paul Forestier," his Adolphe de Beaubourg, the young man about town, consciously tainted with *commonness*, and trying to shake off the incubus, seemed, while one watched it and listened to it, the last word of delicately humorous art. Of Coquelin's eminence in the old comedies M. Sarcey speaks with a certain picturesque force: "No one is better cut out to represent those bold and magnificent rascals of the old repertory, with their boisterous gayety, their brilliant fancy, and their superb extravagance, who give to their buffoonery *je ne sais quoi d'épique*. In these parts one may say of Coquelin that he is incomparable. I prefer him to Got in such cases, and even to Regnier, his master. I never saw Monrose, and cannot speak of him. But good judges have assured me that there was much that was factitious in the manner of this eminent comedian, and that his vivacity was a trifle mechanical. There is nothing whatever of this in Coquelin's manner. The eye, the nose, and the voice—the voice above all—are his most powerful means of action. He launches his *tirades* all in one breath, with full lungs, without bothering too much over the shading of details, in large masses, and he possesses himself only the more strongly of the public, which has a great sense of *ensemble*. The words that must be detached, the words that must decisively 'tell,' glitter in this delivery with the sonorous ring of a brand-new louis d'or. Crispin, Scapin, Figaro, Mascarille have never

found a more valiant and joyous interpreter."

I should say that this was enough about the men at the Théâtre Français, if I did not remember that I have not spoken of Delaunay. But Delaunay has plenty of people to speak for him; he has, in especial, the more eloquent half of humanity—the ladies. I suppose that of all the actors of the Comédie Française he is the most universally appreciated and admired; he is the popular favorite. And he has certainly earned this distinction, for there was never a more amiable and sympathetic genius. He plays the young lovers of the past and the present, and he acquits himself of his difficult and delicate task with extraordinary grace and propriety. The danger I spoke of a while since—the danger, for the actor of a romantic and sentimental part, of being compromised by the coat and trousers, the hat and umbrella of the current year—are reduced by Delaunay to their minimum. He reconciles in a marvellous fashion the love-sick gallant of the ideal world with the "gentlemanly man" of to-day; and his passion is as far removed from rant as his propriety is from stiffness. He has been accused of late years of falling into a mannerism, and I think there is some truth in the charge. But the fault in Delaunay's situation is certainly venial. How can a man of fifty, to whom, as regards face and figure, Nature has been stingy, play an amorous swain of twenty without taking refuge in a mannerism? His mannerism is a legitimate device for diverting the spectator's attention from certain incongruities. Delaunay's juvenility, his ardor, his passion, his good taste and sense of fitness, have always an irresistible charm. As he has grown older he has increased his repertory by parts of greater weight and sobriety—he has played the husbands as well as the lovers. One of his most recent and brilliant "creations" of this kind is his Marquis de Presles in "Le Gendre de M. Poirier"—a piece of acting superb for

its lightness and *déinvolture*. It cannot be better praised than by saying it was worthy of Got's inimitable rendering of the part opposed to it. But I think I shall remember Delaunay best in the picturesque and romantic comedies—as the Duc de Richelieu in "Mlle. De Belle-Isle"; as the joyous, gallant, exuberant young hero, his plumes and love knots fluttering in the breath of his gushing improvisation, of Corneille's "Menteur"; or, most of all, as the melodious swains of those charmingly poetic, faintly, naturally Shakespearian little comedies of Alfred de Musset.

To speak of Delaunay ought to bring us properly to Mlle. Favart, who for so many years invariably represented the object of his tender invocations. Mlle. Favart at the present time rather lacks what the French call "actuality." She has made this winter an attempt to recover something of that large measure of it which she once possessed; but I doubt whether it has been completely successful. M. Sarcey has not yet put forth his notice of her; and when he does so it will be interesting to see how he treats her. She is not one of his high admirations. She is a great talent which has passed into eclipse. I call her a great talent, although I remember the words in which M. Sarcey somewhere speaks of her: "Mlle. Favart, who, to happy natural gifts, *soutenu par un travail acharné*, owed a distinguished place," etc. Her talent is great, but the impression that she gives of a *travail acharné* and of an insatiable ambition is perhaps even greater. For many years she reigned supreme, and I believe she is accused of not having always reigned generously. However that may be, there came a day when Mlles. Croizette and Sarah Bernhardt passed to the front, and the elder actress receded, if not into the background, at least into what painters call the middle distance. The private history of these events has, I believe, been rich in heart-burnings; but it is only with the public history that we

are concerned. Mlle. Favart has always seemed to be a powerful rather than an interesting actress; there is usually something mechanical and overdone in her manner. In some of her parts there is a kind of audible creaking of the machinery. If Delaunay is open to the reproach of having let a mannerism get the better of him, this accusation is much more fatally true of Mlle. Favart. On the other hand, she knows her trade as no one does—no one, at least, save Mme. Plessy. When she is bad she is extremely bad, and sometimes she is interruptedly bad for a whole evening. In the revival of Scribe's clever comedy of "Une Chaîne," this winter (which, by the way, though the cast included both Got and Coquelin, was the nearest approach to mediocrity I have ever seen at the Théâtre Français), Mlle. Favart was, to my sense, startlingly bad. The part had originally been played by Mme. Plessy; and I remember how M. Sarcey in his *feuilleton* treated its actual representative. "Mlle. Favart does Louise. Who does not recall the exquisite delicacy and temperance with which Mme. Plessy rendered that difficult scene in the second act?" etc. And nothing more. When, however, Mlle. Favart is at her best, she is prodigiously strong. She rises to great occasions. I doubt whether such parts as the desperate heroine of the "Supplice d'une Femme," or as Julie in Octave Feuillet's lugubrious drama of that name, could be more effectively played than she plays them. She can carry a great weight without flinching; she has what the French call her "authority"; and in declamation she sometimes unrolls her fine voice, as it were, in long harmonious waves and cadences, the sustained power of which her younger rivals must often envy her.

I am drawing to the close of these rather desultory observations without having spoken of the four ladies commemorated by M. Sarcey in the publication which lies before me; and I do not know that I can justify my tardi-

ness otherwise than by saying that writing and reading about artists of so extreme a personal brilliancy is poor work, and that the best the critic can do is to wish his reader may see them, from a quiet *fauteuil*, as speedily and as often as possible. Of Madeleine Brohan, indeed, there is little to say. She is a delightful person to listen to, and she is still delightful to look at in spite of that redundancy of contour which time has contributed to her charm. But she has never been ambitious, and her talent has had no particularly original quality. It is a long time since she created an important part; but in the old repertory her rich, dense voice, her charming smile, her mellow, tranquil gayety, always give extreme pleasure. To hear her sit and *talk*, simply, and laugh and play with her fan, along with Mme. Plessy, in Molière's "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes," is an entertainment to be remembered. For Mme. Plessy I should have to mend my pen and begin a new chapter; and for Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt no less a ceremony would suffice. I saw Mme. Plessy for the first time in Emile Augier's "Aventurière," when, as I mentioned, I first saw Regnier. This is considered by many persons her best part, and she certainly carries it off with a high hand; but I like her better in characters which afford more scope to her talents for comedy. These characters are very numerous, for her activity and versatility have been extraordinary. Her comedy of course is "high"; it is of the highest conceivable kind, and she has often been accused of being too mincing and too artificial. I should never make this charge, for, to me, Mme. Plessy's *minauderie*, her grand airs and her arch-refinements, have never been anything but the odorous swayings and queenly tossings of some splendid garden flower. Never had an actress grander manners. When Mme. Plessy represents a duchess, you have to make no allowance. Her limitations are on the side of the pathetic. If she is brilliant, she is cold; and I

cannot imagine her touching the source of tears. But she is in the highest degree accomplished; she gives an impression of intelligence and intellect which is produced by none of her companions—excepting always the extremely exceptional Sarah Bernhardt. Mme. Plessy's intellect has sometimes misled her—as, for instance, when it whispered to her, a few years since, that she could play Agrippine in Racine's "Britannicus," when that tragedy was presented for the *débuts* of Mounet-Sully. I was verdant enough to think her Agrippine very fine; but M. Sarcey reminds his readers of what he said of it the Monday after the first performance. "I will not say"—he quotes himself—"that Mme. Plessy is indifferent. With her intelligence, her natural gifts, her great situation, her immense authority over the public, one cannot be indifferent in anything. She is therefore not indifferently bad. She is bad to a point which cannot be expressed, and which would be afflicting for dramatic art if it were not that in this great shipwreck there rise to the surface a few floating fragments of the finest qualities that nature has ever bestowed upon an artist."

Mme. Plessy retired from the stage six months ago, and it may be said that the void produced by this event is irreparable. There is not only no prospect, but there is no hope of filling it up. The present conditions of artistic production are directly hostile to the formation of actresses as consummate and as complete as Mme. Plessy. One may not expect to see her like, any more than one may expect to

see a new manufacture of old lace and old brocade. She carried off with her something that the younger generation of actresses will consistently lack—a certain largeness of style and robustness of art. (These qualities are in a modified degree those of Mlle. Favart.) But if the younger actresses have the success of Mlles. Croizette and Sarah Bernhardt, will they greatly care whether they are not "robust"? These young ladies are children of a later and eminently contemporary type, according to which an actress undertakes not to interest, but to fascinate. They are charming—"awfully" charming; strange, eccentric, and imaginative. It would be needless to speak specifically of Mlle. Croizette; for although she has very great attractions, I think she may (by the cold impartiality of science) be classified as a secondary, a less inspired, and (to use the great word of the day) a more "brutal" Sarah Bernhardt. (Mlle. Croizette's "brutality" is her great card.) As for Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, she is simply, at present, in Paris, one of the great figures of the day. It is hard to imagine a more brilliant embodiment of feminine success. It is hard to imagine a young woman leading a more complete and multifold existence. The intellectual fermentation of a productive, creative (and most ambitious) artist, the splendors of a princess, the glories of a celebrity, and various other matters besides—these are a sufficiently interesting combination. But as an artist, as I have said, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt would almost deserve a chapter for herself.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BRIDGE.

THERE was one walk of which Minola Grey was especially fond, and which she loved to enjoy alone. It led by a particular track through Regent's Park, avoiding for the most part the frequented paths, and bringing her at one time to the summit of a little mound or knoll, from which she could look across broad fields where sheep were grazing, and through clumps of trees and over hedges, and from which, by a happy peculiarity, all sight of the beaten and dusty avenues of the park was shut out. The view from this little eminence was perhaps most beautiful on a moist and misty day. There the soft, loving, artistic breath of the rain-charged clouds breathed tenderly on the landscape, and effaced any of the harsher, or meaner, or in any way more prosaic details. There the gazer only saw a noble expanse of delicious green grass and darker hedgerows, and trees of dun and gray, and softly-mottled moss-grown trunks, and here and there a bed of flowers, and all under a silver-gray atmosphere that almost seemed to dissolve while the eye rested on it. When Minola had looked long enough on the scene opening below the mound, she then usually pursued her course by devious ways until she reached one of the bridges of the canal, and there she made another halting place. The scene from the canal-bridge, unlike that from the mound, looked best on a bright, breezy day, of quick changing lights and shadows. There the brown water of the canal sparkled and gladdened in the sun, and Minola, leaning over the little bridge, and fixing her eyes on the water as it rippled past the nearer bank, might enjoy, for the

hour, the full sensation of one who floats in a boat along a stream, and watches the trees and grasses of the shore. The place was quiet enough, and rich enough in trees and shrubs, and little reeds quivering out of the water, to seem, at least in Minola's pleased eyes, like a spot on the bank of the canal far in the country, while yet there was to her the peculiar and keen delight of knowing herself in London. Sometimes, too, a canal boat came gliding along, steered by a stalwart and sunburnt woman in a great straw bonnet, and the boat and the woman brought wild and delicious ideas of far-off country places, with woods and gipsies, and fresh, half savage, half poetic life. Minola extracted beautiful pictures and much poetry and romance from that little bridge over the discolored canal, creeping through the heart of London.

The population of London—even its idlers—usually move along in tracks and grooves. Where some go, others go; where few go, at last none go. It is wonderful what hours of almost absolute solitude Minola was able to enjoy in the midst of Regent's Park. Voices, indeed, constantly reached her: the cries and laughter of children, the shoutings of cricketers, the dulled clamor of the metropolis itself. These reached her as did the bleating of sheep and the tinkle of their bells, the barking of dogs, and occasionally the fierce, hoarse, thrilling growl or roar of some disturbed or impatient animal in the Zoölogical Gardens near at hand. But many and many a time Minola lounged for half an hour on her little knoll or on her chosen bridge, without seeing more of man or woman than of the lions in their cages on the other side of the enclosure. There was a particular

hour of the day, too, when the park in general was especially deserted, and it appears almost needless to say that this was the time selected usually by Miss Grey for her rambles. It was sometimes a curious, half sensuous pleasure for her thus alone, amid the murmur of the trees, to fancy herself, for the moment, back again within sight of the mausoleum at Keeton, where she had spent so many weary and solitary hours, and then, awaking, to rejoice anew in her freedom and in London.

It was a fortunate and kindly destiny which assigned to our heroine a poetess for a companion. Much as she loved occasional solitude, Minola loved still better the spirit of fidelity to the obligations of true *camaraderie*, and if Miss Blanchet had had any manner of work to do, from the mending of a stocking to the teaching of a school, in which Minola could possibly have assisted her, Minola would never have thought of leaving her to do the work alone. Or even if Miss Blanchet had work to do in which Minola could not have helped her, but to which her presence would be any manner of encouragement, Minola would have stayed with her, and never dreamed of play while her companion had to be at work. But we may safely appeal to all the poets of all time to say whether anybody ever desired companionship while engaged in the composition of poetry. Sappho herself could have well dispensed with the society of Phaon at such a moment. It is true that Corinne threw off some of her grandest effusions in full face of an admiring crowd, and recited them not only with Lord Nelvil, but at him. Corinne, however, was of the improvisatrice class, to which Mary Blanchet did not profess to belong; and we own, moreover, to a constant suspicion that Corinne must have sat up late for many previous nights getting her improvisations by heart. At all events Miss Blanchet was not Corinne, and required seclusion, and much thought, and comparison of rhymes,

and even looking out in dictionaries, in order to the composition of her poems. At the present time Minola was well aware that her friend had a new collection of poems on hand, and that the poems would be churned off with less difficulty if the author were occasionally left to herself for an hour or two. Therefore Minola was free to go into Regent's Park, with untroubled conscience and light heart. The woman who was not a poet revelled in the rustling branches and the sight of the soft grass, and was filled with glad visions and dreams by the flowing even of a poor, clouded, slow canal stream, and was rapt into the ideal at the sight of a reed growing in the water and shaken by the wind. The poetess remained at home in a dull room, and hammered out rhymes with the help of a dictionary.

But, to do Minola justice, she was not wholly given up, even in these free and lonely hours, to the sweet, innocent sensuousness that fills certain beings when amid trees and the sounds of flowing water. She had many scruples about the possible selfishness of her life, and wondered whether it was not wrong thus to live, and whether it was not through some fault of hers that no opportunity presented itself to her of doing any good for man or woman. She asked herself sometimes whether she had not been impatient and wilful in her dealings with the people at home. She still, when in a self-questioning and penitential mood, thought and spoke of Keeton as "home," and whether she had not done wrong in leaving the material enclosure of any place bearing even by tradition the name of home, for a life of freedom which some censors might have thought unwomanly. There are metaphysicians who hold that, although man of his nature has no intuitive knowledge, yet that the accumulated experience of generations supplies gradually for men, as they are born, a something which is like intuition to start with, and which they could not now start

clear of. So the experience or the traditions of generations form a sort of factitious and accumulated conscience for women independent of any abstract or eternal laws, and amounting in strength to something like intuition. Over this shadow they cannot leap. Minola, filled as she was with a peculiarly independent spirit, and driven by circumstances to consider its indulgence a right and even a duty, could not keep from the occasional torment of a doubt whether there must not be something wrong in the conduct of any woman who, under any circumstances, leaves voluntarily, and while she is yet under age, the home of her childhood, and takes up her abode among strangers, without guardians, mistress of herself, and in lodgings.

Perhaps some such ideas were in Minola's mind when she left Mary Blanchet, a few mornings after the meetings described in the last chapter, and set out for a pleasant lonely walk in Regent's Park. Perhaps it was the very pleasure of the walk, and the loneliness, now missed for some days, that made her dread being selfish, and sent her down into a drooping and penitent reaction. "This will never do," she kept thinking. "I ought to try to do something for somebody. I am growing to think only of myself—and I broke away from Keeton because I was getting morbid in thinking about myself."

It was in this remorseful condition of mind that she approached her favorite mound, longing for an hour of quiet delight there, and half ashamed of her longing. When she had nearly reached its height, she discerned that the fates had seemingly resolved to punish her for her love of solitariness, by decreeing that her chosen retreat should that day be occupied. There was a seat on which she usually sat, and now a man was there. That was bad enough, but she could in an ordinary case have passed on, and sought some other place. Now, however, she saw that that was denied to her; for

the intruder was Mr. Victor Heron, and at the sound of her footstep he looked round, recognized her, and was already coming toward her, with hat uplifted and courteous bow.

The very rapid moment of time between Minola's first seeing Mr. Heron and his recognizing her had enabled her quick eyes to perceive that when he thought himself alone he was anything but the genial and joyous personage he appeared in company. At first Miss Grey's attention was withdrawn from her own disappointment by the air of melancholy and even of utter despondency about the face and figure of the seated man. He sat leaning forward, his chin supported by one hand, his eyes fixed moodily on the ground. He seemed to have no manner of concern with air, or sky, or scene, and his dark-complexioned face gave the impression of one terribly at odds with fortune. Minola felt almost irresistibly drawn toward one who seemed unhappy. Her harmless misanthropy went out at a breath in the presence of any man who appeared to suffer.

But the change which came over Mr. Heron when he saw her can only be likened to that which would be made by the sudden illumination of a house that a second before was all dark, and seemingly tenantless. He came to meet her with sparkling eyes and delighted expression. Mr. Heron, it should perhaps be explained, considered himself so much older than Miss Grey, so entirely an experienced, mature, not to say outworn man, that he did not think of waiting to see whether Miss Grey was inclined to encourage a renewal of the acquaintance. He considered it his duty to be polite and friendly to the pretty girl he had met at Money's, and whom he assumed to be poor, and wanting in friends.

"How fortunate I am to meet you here to-day!" he said. "You remember me, I hope, Miss Grey? I haven't called you Miss Money this time. Come now—don't say you have forgotten me."

"I could not say I had forgotten you, for it would not be true, Mr. Heron."

"Thank you; that was very prettily said, and kindly."

"Was it? I really didn't mean it to be either pretty or kind—only the truth."

"I see, you go in for being downright, and saying only what you mean. I am very glad. So do I, and I am very much delighted to meet you here, Miss Grey. Come, you won't say as much for me?"

"I cannot say that I was glad to see anybody just here; this place is always deserted, except by me."

"You come here often, and you are sorry to have your retreat broken in upon? Don't hesitate to say so, Miss Grey, and I will promise not to come into this part of the park—or into any part of the park for that matter—any more. Why should I disturb you?"

He spoke with such earnestness and such evident sincerity that Minola began to feel ashamed of her previous ungraciousness.

"That would be rather hard upon you, and a little arrogant on my part," she said smiling. "The park isn't mine, and, if it were, I am sure I could not be selfish enough to wish to shut you out from any part of it. But I am in the habit of being a good deal alone; and I fear it makes me a little rude and selfish sometimes. I was thinking of that just as I came up here, and saw you."

"Then you saw me before I saw you?"

"Oh, yes."

"I am afraid you must have seen a very woe-begone personage."

"Yes; you seemed unhappy, I thought."

"There is something sympathetic about you, Miss Grey, for all your coldness and loneliness."

"Surely," said Miss Grey, "a woman without some feeling of sympathy would be hardly fit to live."

"You think so?" he asked quite earnestly and gravely. "So do I—so

do I indeed. Men have little time to sympathize with men—they are all too busy with their own affairs. What should we do but for the sympathy of women? Now tell me, why do you smile at that? I saw that you were trying not to laugh."

"I could not help smiling a little, it was so thoroughly masculine a sentiment."

"Was it? How is that now?" His direct way of propounding his questions rather amused and did not displease her. It was like the way of a rational man talking with another rational being—a style of conversation which has much attraction for some women.

"Well, because it looked upon women so honestly as creatures only formed to make men comfortable, by coming up and sympathizing with them when they are in a humor for sympathy, and then retiring out of the way into their corner again."

"I can assure you, Miss Grey, that never has been my idea—nothing of the kind, indeed. To tell the truth, I have not known much about the sympathy of women and all that. I have lived awfully out of the world, and I never had any sisters, and I hardly remember my mother. I know women chiefly in poems and romances, and I believe I generally adopt the goddess theory. In honest truth, most women do seem to me a sort of goddesses."

"You will not be long in England without unlearning that theory," Miss Grey said. "Our writers seem to have hardly any subject now but the faults and follies of women. One might sometimes think that woman was a newly-discovered creature that the world could never be done wondering at."

"Yes, yes; I read a good deal of that sort of thing out in the colonies. But I have retained the goddess theory, so far at least. Mrs. Money seems to me a sort of divinity. Miss Money is a born saint; she ought to go about with a gilt plate round her head. Miss Lucy Money seems like a little

angel of light. Are you smiling again? I do assure you these are my real feelings."

"I was not smiling at the idea, but only at the difference between it and the favorite ideas of most people at present, even of women about women."

"May I walk a little with you," Mr. Heron said, "or will you sit and rest here, if you are tired, and we will talk? Don't stand on formality and send me away, although I will go if you like, and not feel in the least offended. But if we might talk for a little, it would give me great pleasure. You said just now that you did not wish to be selfish. It will be very unselfish and very kind if you will let me talk to you a little. I felt very wretched when you came up—quite in a suicidal frame of mind."

"Oh, no! Pray don't speak in that way. You do not mean it I am sure."

"In one sense I do mean it—that is, it is quite true that I should not have thrown myself into the water or blown my brains out; that sort of thing seems to me like abandoning one's post without orders from headquarters. But I felt in the condition of mind when one can quite understand how such things are done, and would be glad if he were free to follow the example. For *me* that is a great change in itself," the young man added with some bitterness.

"What can I do for him?" Miss Grey asked herself mentally. "Nothing but to show him the view from the canal bridge. There is nothing else in my power."

"There is a very pretty view a short distance from this," she said; "a view from a bridge, and I am particularly fond of looking from bridges. Should you like to walk there?"

"I should like to walk anywhere with you," Victor Heron said, with a look of genuine gratefulness, which had not the faintest breath of compliment in it, and could only be accepted as frank truth.

Perhaps, if Miss Grey had been a

town-bred girl, she might have hesitated about setting out for a companionable walk in the park with a young man who was almost a stranger to her. But, as it was, she appeared to herself to have all the right of free action belonging to one in a place of which the public opinion can in no wise touch her. She acted in London as freely as one speaks with a friend in a foreign hotel room, where he knows that the company around are unable to understand what he is saying. In this particular instance, however, Minola hardly thought about the matter at all. There was something in Heron's open and emotional way which made people almost at the first meeting cease to regard him as a stranger. Perhaps, if Minola had thought over the matter, she might have cited in vindication of her course the valuable authority of Major Pendennis, who, when asked whether Laura might properly take walks in the Temple Gardens with Warrington, eagerly said, "Yes, yes, begged, of course, you go out with him. It's like the country, you know; everybody goes out with everybody in the Gardens; and there are beadies, you know, and that sort of thing. Everybody walks in the Temple Gardens." Regent's Park, one would think, ought to come under the same laws. There are beadies there, too, or guardian functionaries of some sort, although it may be owned that in their walk to and from the canal bridge Heron and Minola encountered none of them.

It is doubtful whether Heron at least would have noticed such a personage even had they come in their way, for he talked nearly all the time, except when he paused for an answer to some direct question, and he seldom took his eyes from Minola's face. He was not staring at her, or broadly admiring her; nor, indeed, was there anything in his manner to make it certain that he was admiring her at all, as man conventionally is understood to admire woman. But he had evidently put Miss Grey into the place of a sympathetic and trusted friend, and he

talked to her accordingly. She was amused and interested, and she now and then kept making little disparaging criticisms to herself, in order to sustain her place as the cool depreciator of man. But she was very happy for all that.

One characteristic peculiarity of this sudden and singular acquaintanceship ought to be mentioned. When people still read "Gil Blas" they would have remembered at once how the waiting-woman received delightedly the advances of Gil Blas, believing him to be a gentleman of fortune, and how Gil Blas paid great court to the waiting-woman, believing her to be a lady of rank. The pair of friends in Regent's Park were drawn together by exactly opposite impulses: each believed the other poor and unfriended. Minola was under the impression that she was giving her sympathy to a ruined and unhappy young man, who had failed in life almost at the very beginning, and was now friendless in stony-hearted London. Victor Heron was convinced that his companion was a poor orphan girl, who had been sent down by misfortune from a position of comfort, or even wealth, to earn her bread by some sort of intellectual labor, while she lived in a small back room in a depressed and mournful quarter of London.

He told her the story of his grievance; it may be that he even told her some parts of it more than once. It was a strange sensation to her, as she walked on the soft green turf, in the silver gray atmosphere, to hear this young man, who seemed to have lived so bold and strange a life, appealing to her for an opinion as to the course he ought to pursue to have his cause set right. The St. Xavier's Settlements do not geographically count for much, and politically they count for still less. But when Mr. Heron told of his having been administrator and commandant there; of his having made treaties with neighboring kings (she knew they were only black kings); of his having tried to put down slavery,

and to maintain what he persisted in believing to be the true honor of England; of war made on him, and war made by him in return—while she listened to all this, it is no wonder if our romantic girl from Duke's Keeton sometimes thought she was conversing with one of the heroes and master-spirits of the time. He made the whole story very clear to her, and she thoroughly understood it, although her imagination and her senses were sometimes disturbed by the tropic glare which seemed to come over the places and events he described. At last they actually came to be standing on the canal bridge, and neither looked at the view they had come to see.

"Now what do you advise?" Heron said, after having several times impressed some particular point on her. "I attach great importance to a woman's advice. You have instincts, and all that, which we haven't; at least so everybody says. Would you let this thing drop altogether, and try some other career, or would you fight it out?"

"I would fight it out," Minola said, looking up to him with sparkling eyes, "and I would never let it drop. I would make them do me justice."

"Just what I think; just what I came to England resolved to do. I hate the idea of giving in; but people here discourage me. Money discourages me. He says the Government will never do anything unless I make myself troublesome."

"Well, then, why not make yourself troublesome?"

"I have made myself troublesome in one sense," he said, with a vexed kind of laugh, "by haunting ante-chambers, and trying to force people to see me who don't want to see me. But I can't do any more of that kind of work; I am sick of it. I am ashamed of having tried it at all."

"Yes, I couldn't do that," Minola said gravely.

"Then," Heron said, with a little embarrassment, "a man—a very kind and well-meaning fellow, an old friend

of my father's—offered to introduce me to Lady Chertsey—a very clever woman, a queen of society, I am told, who gets all the world (of politics, I mean) into her drawing-room, and delights in being a sort of power, and all that. She could push a fellow, they say, wonderfully if she took any interest in him. But I couldn't do that, you know."

"No? Why not?"

"Well, I shouldn't care to be introduced to a lady's drawing-room with the secret purpose of trying to get her to do me a service. There seems something mean in that. Besides, I have a cause (at least, I think I have) which is too good to be served in that kind of way. If I can't get a hearing and justice from the Government of England and the people of England for the sake of right and for the claims I have, I will never try to get it through. Oh, well, perhaps, I ought not to say what I was going to say."

"Why not?" Minola asked again.

"I mean, perhaps I ought not to say it to you."

"I don't know really. Tell me what it is, and then I'll tell you whether you ought to say it."

He laughed. "Well, I was only going to say that I don't care to have my cause served by petticoat influence."

"I think you are quite right. If I were a man, I should think petticoat influence in such a matter contemptible. But why should you not like to say so?"

"Only because I was afraid you might think I meant to speak contemptuously of the influence and the advice of women. I don't mean anything of the kind. I have the highest opinion of the advice of women and their influence, as I have told you already; but I couldn't endure the idea of having a lady, who doesn't know or care anything about me and my claims, asked by somebody to say a word to some great man or some great man's wife, in order that I might get a hearing. I am sure you understand what I mean, Miss Grey."

"Oh, yes, I never should have misunderstood it; and I know that you are quite right. It would be a downright degradation."

"So I felt. Anyhow, I could not do it. Then there remains the making myself troublesome, as Money advises——"

"Yes, what is that?"

"Getting my case brought on again and again in the House of Commons, and having debates about it, and making the whole thing public, and so forcing the Government either to do me justice or to satisfy the country that justice has already been done," he said bitterly.

"That would seem to me a right thing to do," Miss Grey said; "but I know so little that I ought not to offer a word of advice."

"Oh, yes, I should trust to your feelings and instincts in such a case. Well, I don't like, somehow, being in the hands of politicians and party men, who might use me and my cause only as a means of annoying the Government—not really from any sense of right and justice. I don't know if I make myself quite understood; it is hard to expect a lady, especially a young lady, to understand these things."

"I think I can quite understand all that. We are not so stupid as you seem to suppose, Mr. Heron."

"Stupid? Didn't I tell you of my goddess theory?"

"Some of the goddesses were very stupid I always think. Venus was stupid."

"Well, well; anyhow you are not Venus."

"No, indeed."

"In that sense I mean. Then I do succeed in making myself understood?"

"Oh, yes!" She could see that he was looking disappointed at her interruption and her seeming levity, which was indeed only the result of a momentary impulse to keep up to herself her character as a scorner of men. "I think I understand quite clearly that

you fear to be made the mere instrument of politicians; and I think you are quite right. I did not think of that at first, but, now that you explain it, I am sure that you are right."

He nodded approvingly. "Then comes the question," he said, "what is to be done?"

Leaning against the bridge, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stood looking into her face, as if he were really waiting for her to solve the problem for him.

"That is entirely beyond me," she said. "I know nothing; I could not even guess at what ought to be done."

"No? Now here is my idea. Why not plead my cause myself?"

"Plead your cause yourself? Can that be done?"

"Yes; myself—in Parliament."

Minola's mind at once formed and framed a picture of a stately assembly, like a Roman Senate, or like the group of King Agrippa, Festus, Bernice, and the rest, and Mr. Heron pleading his cause like Cicero or Paul. The thing seemed hardly congruous. It did not seem to her to fall in with modern conditions at all. Her face became blank; she did not well know what to answer.

"Are people allowed to do such things now, in England?" she asked—"to plead causes before Parliament?"

An odd idea came up in her mind, that perhaps by the time this strange performance came to be enacted, Mr. Augustus Sheppard might be in Parliament, and Mr. Heron's enthusiastic eloquence would have to be addressed to him. She did not like the idea.

"You don't understand," Heron said. "You really don't this time. What I mean is to get into Parliament—be elected for some place, and then stand up and make my own fight for myself."

She kindled at the idea.

"Oh, yes, of course! How stupid I am not to see at once! That is a splendid idea; the very thing I should like to do if I were a man and in your place."

"You really think so?"

"Indeed I do. But then——" And she hesitated, for she feared that she had been only encouraging him to a wild dream. "Does it not cost a great deal of money to get into Parliament?"

"No; I think not; not always at least. I should look out for an opportunity. I have money enough—for me. I'm not a rich man, Miss Grey, but my father left me well enough off, as far as that goes; and you know that in a place like St. Xavier's one couldn't spend any money. There was no way of getting rid of it. No, my troubles are none of them money troubles. I only want to vindicate my past career, and so to have a career for the future. I ought to be doing something. I feel in an unhealthy state of mind while all this is pressing on me. You understand?"

"I can understand it," Miss Grey said, turning to leave the bridge, and bestowing one glance at the yellow, slow-moving water, and the reeds and the bushes, of which she and her companion had not spoken a word. "It is not good to have to think of oneself. But you are bound to vindicate yourself; that I am sure is your duty. Then you can think of other things—of the public and the country."

"He is rich," she thought, "and he is clever and earnest, in spite of his egotism. Of course he will have a career, and be successful. I thought that he was poor and broken down, and that I was doing him a kindness by showing sympathy with him."

They went away together, and Heron, delighted with her encouragement and her intelligence, unfolded splendid plans of what he was to do. But Minola somehow entered less cordially into them than she had done before, and Mr. Heron at last became ashamed of talking so much about himself.

"I hope we shall meet again," he said as she stopped significantly at one of the gates leading out of the park, to intimate that now their roads were separating. "I wish you would allow

me to call and see you. I do hope you won't think me odd, or that I am presuming on your kindness. I am a semi-barbarian, you know—have been so long out of civilization—and I haven't any idea of the ways of the polite world."

"Nor I," said Minola. "I have come from utter barbarism—from a country town."

"But I do hope we shall meet again, for you are so sympathetic and kind."

She bade him good day, and nodded with a friendly smile, but made no answer to the repeated expression of his hope, and she hastened away.

Heron could not endure walking alone just then. He hailed a hansom and disappeared.

"How vain men are!" Minola thought as she went her way. "How egotistical they all are!" Of course she assumed herself to have obtained a complete knowledge of all the characters of men. "How egotistic he is! Of course he tells his whole story to every woman he meets. Lucy Money no doubt has it by heart."

She did not remember for the moment that her own favorite hero was likewise somewhat egotistical and effusive, and that he was very apt to pour out the story of his wrongs into the ear of any sympathetic woman. But she was disappointed with herself and her friend just now, and was not in a mood to make perfectly reasonable comparisons.

CHAPTER VIII.

A "HELPER OF UNHAPPY MEN."

MRS. MONEY had one great object in life. At least, if it was not an object defined and set out before her, it was an instinct: it was to make people happy. She could not rest without trying to make people happy. The motherly instinct, which in other women is satisfied by rushing at babies wherever they are to be seen, and ministering to them, and fondling

them, and talking pigeon-English to them, exuberated in her so far as to set her trying to do the mother's part for all men and women who came within her range, even when their years far exceeded hers. There was one great advantage to herself personally in this: it kept her content in what had come to be her own sphere. One cannot go meddling in the affairs of duchesses and countesses, and Ministers of State, with whatever kindly desire of setting everything to rights and making them all happy. People of that class give themselves such haughty airs that they would rather remain unhappy in their own way than obtain felicity at the hand of some person of inferior station. So Mrs. Money believed; and perhaps one secret cause of her dislike to the aristocracy (along with the avowed conviction that the aristocratic system had somehow misprized and interfered with her husband) was the feeling that if she were among them, they would not allow her to do anything for them. She therefore maintained a circle of which she herself was the queen, and patroness, and Lady Bountiful. She busied herself about everybody's affairs, and was kind to everybody, without any feeling of delight in the mere work of patronizing, but out of a sheer pleasure in trying to make people happy. Naturally she made mistakes, and the general system of her social circle worked so as to occasion a continual change, a passing away of old friends and coming in of new. As young men rose in the world and became independent, as girls got married and came to consider themselves supreme in their own sphere, they tended to move away from Mrs. Money's influence. Even the grateful and the generous could not always avoid this. For beginners in any path of life she was the specially appointed helper and friend; and next to these she might be called the patron saint of failures. In her circle were young poets, painters, lawyers, novelists, preachers, ambitious men

looking out for seats in Parliament, or beginners in Parliament; also there were the gray old poets whom no one read; the painters who could not get their pictures exhibited or bought; the men who were in Parliament ten or twenty years ago, and got out and never could get in again; and the inventors who could not impress any government or capitalist with a sense of the value of their discoveries. No front-rank, successful person of any kind was usually to be found in Mrs. Money's rooms. Her guests were the youths who were putting their armor on for the battle, and the worn-out campaigners who had put it off defeated.

Naturally, when Minola Grey came in Mrs. Money's way, the sympathy and interest of the kindly lady were quickened to their keenest. This beautiful, motherless, fatherless, proud, lonely girl—not so old as her own Theresa, not older than her own Lucy—living by herself, or almost by herself, in gloomy lodgings in the heart of London—how could she fail to be an object of Mrs. Money's deep concern? Of course Mrs. Money must look into all her affairs, and find out whether she was poor; and in what sort of way she was living; and whether the people with whom she lodged were kind to her.

Mary Blanchet's pride of heart can hardly be described when an open carriage, with a pair of splendid grays, stopped at the door of the house in the no-thoroughfare street, and a footman got down and knocked; and it finally appeared that Mrs. Money, Miss Money, and Miss Lucy Money had called to see Miss Grey. Miss Grey, as it happened, was not at home, although the servant at first supposed that she was; and thus the three ladies were shown into Minola's sitting-room, and there almost instantly captured by Miss Blanchet. We say "almost" because there was an interval long enough for Lucy to dart about the room from point to point, taking up a book here, a piece of music there, an engraving, a photo-

graph, or a flower, and pronouncing everything delightful. The room was old-fashioned, spacious, and solid; very unlike the tiny apartments of the ordinary West End lodging; and, what with the flowers and the books, it really looked rather an attractive place to enthusiastic eyes. Miss Money kept her eyes on the ground for the most part, and professed to take little notice of the ordinary adornments of rooms; for Miss Money was a saint, and was furthermore engaged to a man not far from her father's years, who, having made a great deal of money at the Parliamentary bar, was now thinking of entering the Church, and had already set about the building of a temple of mediæval style, in the progress of which Miss Money naturally was deeply interested.

Miss Blanchet was in a flutter of excitement as she entered the sitting-room. As she was crossing its threshold she was considering whether she ought to present a copy of her poems to each of the three ladies or only to Mrs. Money; or whether she ought to tender the gift now or send it on by the post. The solemn eyes and imposing presence of Mrs. Money were almost alarming, and the trailing dresses and feathers of all the ladies sent a thrill of admiration and homage into the heart of the poetess—everything was so evidently put on regardless of expense. Little Mary had always been so poor and so stinted in the matter of wardrobe that she could not help admiring these splendidly dressed women. Mary, however, luckily remembered what was due to the dignity of poetic genius, and did not allow her homage to show itself too much in the form of trepidation. She instantly put on her best company manners, and spoke in the sweetly measured and genteel tone which she used to employ at Keeton, when she had occasion to interchange a word with the judges, or the sheriffs, or some eminent counsel.

"Minola will be home in a few moments—a very few," Miss Blanchet

said. "Indeed, I expect her every minute. I know she would be greatly disappointed if she did not see you."

"Oh, I am not going without seeing Nola!" said Lucy.

"I am Minola's friend," Mary explained with placid dignity. "I may introduce myself. My brother, I know, has already the honor of your acquaintance. I am Miss Blanchet."

"Mr. Herbert Blanchet's sister?" Mrs. Money said in melancholy tone, but with delighted eyes. "This is indeed an unexpected and a very great pleasure."

"Why, you don't mean to say you are Herbert Blanchet's sister?" Lucy exclaimed, seizing both the hands of the poetess. "He's the most delightful creature, and a true poet. Oh, yes, a man of genius!"

The eyes of Mary moistened with happiness and pride.

"Herbert Blanchet is my brother. He is much younger than I; I need hardly say that. I used to take care of him years ago, almost as if I were his mother. We were a long time separated; he has been so much abroad."

The faithful Mary would not for all the world have suggested that their long separation was due to any indifference on the part of her brother. Indeed, at the moment she was not thinking of anything of the kind, only of his genius, and his beauty, and his noble heart.

"He never told me he had a sister," Mrs. Money said, "or I should have been delighted to call on you long ago, Miss Blanchet. It is your brother's fault, not mine. I shall tell him so."

"He did not know that I was coming to London," Mary was quick to explain. "He thought I was still living in Keeton. I only came to London with Minola."

"Oh! You lived in Keeton then always, along with Miss Grey?"

"How delightful!" Lucy exclaimed, desisting from her occupation of opening books and turning over music; "for you can tell us all about Nola and her love story."

"Her love story?" Mrs. Money repeated, in tones of melancholy inquiry.

"Her love story!" Miss Blanchet murmured tremulously, and wondering who had betrayed Minola's secret.

"Oh, yes," said Lucy decisively. "I know there's some love story—something romantic and delightful. Do tell us, Miss Blanchet."

Even the saint-like Theresa now showed a mild and becoming interest.

"It's not exactly a love story," Miss Blanchet said with some hesitation, not well knowing what she ought to reveal and what to keep back. "At least it's no love affair on Minola's part. She never was in love—never. She detests all love-making—at least she thinks so," the poetess said with a gentle sigh. "But there was a gentleman who was very much in love with her."

"Oh, she must have had heaps of lovers!" interposed Lucy.

Miss Blanchet then told the story of Mr. Augustus Sheppard, and how he was rich and handsome—at least rather handsome, she said—and how he wanted to marry Minola; and her people very much wished that she would have him, and she would not; and how at last she hastened her flight to London to get rid of him. All this was full of delightful interest to Lucy, and still further quickened the kindly sympathy of Mrs. Money. Then Mary Blanchet went into a long story about the death of Minola's mother and the second marriage of Minola's father, and then the father's death and the stepmother's second marriage, and the discomfort of the home which fate had thus provided for Minola. She expatiated upon the happiness of the sheltered life Minola had had while her mother was living, and the change that came upon her afterward, until the only doubt Mrs. Money had ever entertained about Minola—a doubt as to the perfect propriety and judgment of her coming to live almost alone in London—vanished altogether, and she regarded our heroine as a girl who had

been driven from her home instead of having fled from it.

Mrs. Money delicately and cautiously approached the subject of Minola's means of subsistence. On this point no one could enlighten her better than Miss Blanchet, who knew to the sixpence the income and expenditure of her friend. Well, Minola was not badly off for a girl, Mrs. Money thought. A girl could live nicely and quietly, like a lady, but very quietly, on that. Besides, some rich man would be sure to fall in love with her.

"But she ought to have a great deal of money," the poetess eagerly explained, very proud of her leader's losses. "Her father was a rich man, quite a rich man, and he had quarrelled with her brother, and she ought to have all the money, only for that second marriage." Indeed, Miss Blanchet added the expression of her own profound conviction that there must have been some queer work—some concealment or something—about Mr. Grey's property, seeing that so little of it came to Minola.

"I'll get Mr. Money to look into all that," Mrs. Money said decisively. "He understands all about these things, and nothing could be hidden from him."

Miss Blanchet modestly intimated that she had confided her suspicions to her brother, and begged him to try and find out something.

"Oh, he never could understand anything about it!" Lucy said. "Poets never know about these things. It's just in papa's line. He'll find out. They can't baffle him. I know they have been cheating Nola—I know they have! I know there's a will hidden away somewhere, making her the rightful heir or whatever it is."

"About this gentleman—this lover. Is he a nice person?" Mrs. Money began.

"Mr. Augustus Sheppard?" Mary asked, mentioning his name for the first time in the conversation.

"Augustus Sheppard! Is that his name?" Lucy demanded eagerly.

"Why then, papa knows him! Indeed he does. I do declare papa knows everything!"

"Why do you think, dear, that he knows this gentleman?"

"Because I heard him asking Nola about Mr. Augustus Sheppard the other day, mamma, in our drawing-room."

"He couldn't have known this, I think," Miss Blanchet said.

"Oh, no, I suppose not; but he knows him, and he'll tell us all about him. Why wouldn't Nola have him, Miss Blanchet?"

"He is rather a formal sort of person, and heavy, and not the least in the world poetic or romantic; and Minola does not like him at all. She doesn't think his feelings are very deep; but there I am sure she is wrong," the poetess added emphatically. "She has never had occasion to make a study of human feelings as others have."

"You think he has deep feelings?" Mrs. Money asked, turning the full light of her melancholy eyes upon Mary, and with her whole soul already in the question.

"Oh, yes; I know he has. I know that he will persevere, and will try to make Minola marry him still. He is a man I should be afraid of if he were disappointed. I should indeed."

"Mamma, don't you think we had better have Nola to stay with us for a while?" Lucy asked. "Miss Blanchet could describe him, or get a photograph, and we could give orders that no such man was ever to be admitted if he should call and ask to see her. Some one should always go out with her, or she should only go in the carriage. I dread this man; I do indeed. Miss Blanchet is quite right, and she knows more than she says, I dare say. Such terrible things have happened, you know. I read in a paper the other day of a young man who fell in love with a girl—in the country it was, I think, or in Spain perhaps, or somewhere—and she would not marry him; and he hid himself with a

long dagger, and when she was going to church he stabbed her several times."

"I don't think Mr. Augustus Sheppard would be likely to do anything of that kind," Miss Blanchet said.

"He's a very respectable man, and a steady, grave sort of person."

"You never can tell," Lucy declared. "When those quiet men are in love and disappointed, they are dreadful! I've read a great many things just like that in books."

"Well, dear," Mrs. Money said, "we'll ask your papa. If he knows this gentleman—this person—he can tell us what sort of man he is. It doesn't seem that he is in London now."

"He may have come to-day," said Lucy.

Miss Theresa looked at her watch.

"Mamma dear, I don't think Miss Grey is coming in just yet, and it's growing late, and I have to attend the Ladies' Committee of the Saint Angluphus Association, at four."

"You go, mamma, with Theresa," Lucy exclaimed. "I'll wait; I must see Nola. I begin to be alarmed. It's very odd her staying out. I think something must really have happened. That man may have been in town, waiting somewhere. You go. When I have seen Nola, and am satisfied that she is safe, I can get home in the omnibus, or the underground, or the steamboat, or somehow. I'll find my way, you may be sure."

"My dear," her mother said, "you were never in an omnibus in your life."

"Papa goes in omnibuses, and he says he doesn't care whether other people do or not."

"But a lady, my dear——"

"Oh, I've seen them in the streets full of women! They don't object to ladies at all."

"But my dear young lady," Miss Blanchet pleaded, "there is not the slightest occasion for your staying. Mr. Sheppard isn't at all that kind of person. Minola is quite safe. She is often out much later than this, although I confess that I did expect her home much earlier to-day."

"I'll stay till Nola comes," the positive little Lucy declared, "unless Miss Blanchet turns me out; and there's an end of that. So, mamma dear, you and Tessy do as you please, and never mind me."

"When Minola does come——" Mary Blanchet began to say.

"When she does come?" Lucy interrupted in portentous accents. "Say if she does come, Miss Blanchet."

"When she does come, please don't say anything of Mr. Sheppard. Of course she would not like to think that we spoke about such a subject."

"Oh, of course, of course!" all the ladies chorused, with looks expressive of immense caution and discretion; and in true feminine fashion all honestly assuming that there could be nothing wrong in talking over anybody's supposed secrets so long as the person concerned did not know of the talk.

"I see Miss Grey," said the quiet Theresa suddenly. She had been looking out of the window to see if the carriage was near. As a professed saint she had naturally less interest in ordinary human creatures than her mother and sister had.

"Thank heaven!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Dear Lucy!" Theresa interposed in tones of mild remonstrance, as if she would suggest that not everybody had a right to make reference to heaven, and that heaven would probably resent any allusion to it by the unqualified.

"Well, I am thankful that she is coming all the same; but I wish you wouldn't call her Miss Grey, Tessy. It seems cold and unfriendly. Call her Nola, please."

Mary Blanchet went to the door and exchanged a brief word or two with Minola, in order that she might be prepared for her visitors. Minola came in, looking very handsome, with her color heightened by a quick walk home and the little excitement of her morning.

"How lovely you are looking, Nola, dear!" Lucy exclaimed, after the

first greetings were over. "You look as if you had been having an adventure."

"I have had a sort of adventure," Minola answered with a faint blush.

The one thought went through the minds of all her listeners at the same moment, and it shaped itself into a name—"Mr. Augustus Sheppard." All were silent and breathless.

"It was not much," Minola hastened to say. "Only I met Mr. Victor Heron in Regent's Park, and I have been walking with him."

Most of her listeners seemed relieved.

"I wish I had met him," Lucy blurted out. "He is very handsome, and I should like to have walked with him. Oh, what nonsense I am talking!" and she grew red, and jumped up and looked out of the window.

Then they all talked about something else, and the visit closed with a promise that Minola and Mary Blanchet would present themselves at one of Mrs. Money's little weekly receptions, out of season, which was to take place the following evening; and after which Mrs. Money hoped to decoy them into staying for the night. Mary Blanchet went to bed that night in an ecstasy of happiness, only disturbed now and then by a torturing doubt as to whether Mrs. Money would be equally willing to receive her if she had known that she had been the keeper of the court-house at Keeton; and whether she ought not to forewarn Mrs. Money of the fact; and whether she ought not, at least, to call Minola's attention to the question, and submit to her judgment.

CHAPTER IX.

IN SOCIETY.

MR. MONEY was not a very regular visitor at his wife's little receptions out of the season. In the season, and when they had larger and more formal gatherings, he showed himself as much as was fitting and regular; for many of the guests then were virtually his

guests, persons who desired especially to see him, and of whose topics he could talk. A good many foreign visitors were there usually—scientific men, and railway contractors, and engineers, and shipbuilders, from Germany, Italy, and Russia, and of course the United States, who looked upon Mr. Money as a person of great importance and distinction, and would not have cared anything about most of Mrs. Money's guests.

The foreigners were curiously right and wrong. Mr. Money was a person of importance and distinction. Every Londoner who knew anything knew his name, and knew that he was clever and distinguished. If a Russian stranger of rank were dining with a Cabinet minister, and were to express a wish to see and know Mr. Money, the minister would think the wish quite natural, and would take his friend down to the lobby of the House of Commons, and make him acquainted with Mr. Money. We have all been foreigners ourselves somewhere, and we know how our longing to see some celebrity, as we suppose, of the land we are visiting, some one whose name was familiar to us in England, has been occasionally checked and chilled by our finding that in the celebrity's own city no one seems to have heard of him. There are only too many celebrities of this kind which shine, like the moon, for those who are a long way off. But Mr. Money was a man of mark in London, as well as in St. Petersburg and New York. Therein the foreigners found themselves right. Yet Mr. Money's position was somewhat peculiar for all that, in a manner no stranger could well appreciate. The Cabinet minister did not ask Mr. Money to meet his friend at dinner; or, at all events, would never have been able to say to his friend, "Money? Oh, yes! Of course you ought to know him. He is coming to-morrow to dine with us. Won't you come and meet him?" The most the Cabinet minister would do would be to get up a little dinner party, suitably adjusted

for the express purpose of bringing his friend and Mr. Money together. It would be too much to say that Mr. Money was under a cloud. There rather seemed to be a sort of faint idea abroad that he ought to be, or some day would be, under a cloud, no one knew why.

No such considerations as these, however, would have affected the company who gathered round Mrs. Money in the out-of-season evenings, or could have been appreciated by them. They were, for the most part, entirely out of Mr. Money's line. He came among them irregularly and at intervals; and if he found there any man or woman he knew or was taken with, he talked to him or her a good deal, and perhaps, if it were a man, he carried him and one or two others off to his own study or smoking-room, where they discoursed at their ease. Sometimes Lucelet was sent to her papa, if he was not making his appearance in the drawing-room, to beg him to accomplish some such act of timely intervention. Somebody, perhaps, presented himself among Mrs. Money's guests who was rather too solid, or grave, or scientific, or political, to care for the general company, and to be of any social benefit to them; or some one, as we have said, in whose eyes Mr. Money would be a celebrity, and Mrs. Money's guests counted for nothing. Then Lucy went for her father, if he was in the house, and drew him forth. He was wonderfully genial with his womankind. They might disturb him at any moment and in any way they chose. He seemed to have as little idea of grumbling if they disturbed him as a Newfoundland dog would have of snapping at his master's children if they insisted on rousing him up from his doze in the sun.

Mr. Money talked very frankly of his daughters and their prospects sometimes.

"My girls are going to marry any one they like," he would often say; "the poorer the better, so far as I am concerned, so long as they like the

girls and the girls like them." As chance would have it, a rich man fell in love with Theresa, and she, in her quiet, sanctimonious way, loved him, and that was settled.

"Now, Lucelet, look out for yourself," Mr. Money would say to his blushing daughter. "If you fall in love with some fine young fellow, I don't care if he hasn't sixpence. Only be sure, Mrs. Lucelet, that you are in love with him, and that he is in love with you, and not with your expectations."

Lucelet generally smiled and saucily tossed her head, as one who should say that she considered herself a person quite qualified to make an impression without the help of any expectations.

"I sometimes wish the right man would come along, Lucelet," Mr. Money said one day, throwing his arm round his pretty daughter's shoulder, and drawing her to him.

"Papa! do you want to get rid of me so soon? I wonder at you. I know I don't want to get rid of you."

"No, no, dear; it isn't that. Never mind. Where's your mamma? Just run and ask her"—and Mr. Money started something else, and put an end to the conversation.

Mr. Money's ideas with regard to the future of his daughters did not fail to become known among his acquaintances in general, and would doubtless have drawn young men in goodly numbers around his home, even if Lucelet were far less pretty than she really was. But in any case Mrs. Money loved to be friendly to young people, and her less formal parties were largely attended, almost always, by the young. Miss Theresa's future husband did not come there often. He had known the family chiefly through Mr. Money and Parliament; and, coming once to dine with Mr. Money, he fell fairly in love with the dove-like eyes and saintly ways of Theresa. Theresa was therefore what her father would have called "out of the swim." She looked tolerantly

upon her mother's little gatherings of poets *en herbe*, artists who were great to their friends, patriots hunting for constituencies, orators who had not yet caught the speaker's eye, and persons who had tried success in all these various paths and failed. She looked on them tolerantly, but her soul was not in them; it floated above them in a purer atmosphere. It was now, indeed, floating among the spires of the church which her lover was to build.

One peculiarity seemed common to the guests whom Mrs. Money gathered around her. On any subject in which they felt the slightest interest they never felt the slightest doubt. The air they breathed was that of conviction; the language they talked was that of dogma. The men and women they knew were the greatest, most gifted, and most beautiful in the world; the men and women they did not know were nothing—were beneath contempt. Every one had what Lowell calls an "I-turn-the-crank-of-the-universe air." In that charmed circle every one was either a genius destined yet to move the world, or a genius too great for the dull, unworthy world to comprehend. It was a happy circle, where success or failure came to just the same.

All in a flutter of delight was Mary Blanchet when preparing to enter that magical circle. She was going at last to meet great men and brilliant women. Perhaps, some day, she might even come to be known among them—to shine among them. She could never be done embracing Minola for having brought her to the gate of that heaven. She spent all the day dressing herself and adjusting her hair; but as the hours went on she became almost wretched from nervousness. When it was nearly time for them to go she was quivering with agitation. They went in a brougham hired specially for the occasion, because, although Mrs. Money offered to send her carriage, and Mary would have liked it much, Minola would hear of nothing of the kind. Mary was engaged all

the way in the brougham in the proper adjustment of her gloves. At last they came to the place. Minola did the gentleman's part, and handed her agitated companion out. Mary Blanchet saw a strip of carpet on the pavement, an open door with servants in livery standing about, blazing lights, brightly dressed women going in, a glimpse of a room with a crowd of people, and then Minola and she found themselves somehow in a ladies' dressing-room.

"Minola, darling, don't go in without me. I am quite nervous—I should never venture to go in alone."

Minola did not intend to desert her palpitating little companion, who now indeed clung to her skirts and would not let her go had she been inclined. Miss Blanchet might have been a young beauty just about to make her *début* at a ball, so anxious was she about her appearance, about her dress, about her complexion; and at the same time she was so nervous that she could hardly compel her trembling fingers to give the finishing touches which she believed herself to need. Minola looked on wondering, puzzled, and half angry. The poetess was unmistakably a little, withered, yellowing old maid. She had not even the remains of good looks. No dressing or decoration possible to woman could make her anything but what she was, or deceive any one about her, or induce any one to feel interested in her. The handsome, stately girl who stood smiling near her was about to enter the drawing-room quite unconcerned as to her own appearance, and indeed not thinking about it; and the homely little old maid was quite distressed lest the company generally should not sufficiently admire her, or should find any fault with her dress.

"Come along, you silly poetess," said Minola at last, breaking into a laugh, and fairly drawing her companion away from the looking-glass. "What do you think anybody will care about you or me? We'll steal in unnoticed, and we'll be all right."

"It's the first time I ever was in London society, Minola, dear, and I'm quite nervous."

"It's the first time I ever was in London society, and I'm not a bit nervous. No one knows us, dear—and no one cares. So come along."

She fairly carried Mary Blanchet out of the dressing-room, along a corridor lined with seats, on which people who had been in the drawing-room and had come out, were chattering, and flirting, and lounging—and at last over the threshold of the drawing-room, and into the presence of the hostess. A few friendly words were got through, and Minola dragged her companion along through the crowd into the recess formed by a window where there were some unoccupied seats.

"Now, Mary, that's done. The plunge is made, dear! We are in society! Let us sit down here—and look at it."

"This," said Mary faintly—"this, at last, is society."

"I suppose it is, dear. At least it will do very well for you and me. We should never know any difference. Imagine all these people marquises and countesses, and what more can we want to make us happy? They may be marquises and countesses for all I know."

"I should think there must be some great poets, and authors, and artists, Minola. I am sure there must be. Oh, there is my brother!"

In effect Mr. Herbert Blanchet had already fixed his dark eyes on Minola, and was making his way up to her retreat, rather to Minola's distress. He addressed Minola at once with that undefinable manner of easy and kindly superiority which he always adopted toward women, and which, it must be owned, impressed some women a great deal. To his sister he held out, while hardly looking at her, an encouraging hand of recognition.

"Have you seen Delavar's picture?" he asked Minola.

"No. Who is Delavar?"

"Delavar? He was the greatest paint-

er of our time—at least of his school; for I don't admit that his school is the true one."

"Oh, is his picture here?"

"In the other room—yes. He painted it for Mr. Money—for Mrs. Money rather I should say—and it has just been sent home. Come with me and I will show it to you."

"And Mary?"

"We'll come back for Mary presently. The rooms are too full. We couldn't all get through. If you'll take my arm, Miss Grey!"

Minola rose and took his arm, and they made their way slowly through the room. They moved even more slowly than was necessary, for Herbert Blanchet was particularly anxious to show off his companion and himself to the fullest advantage. The moment Minola entered the room he saw that she was the handsomest girl there, and that her dressing was simple, graceful, and picturesque. He knew that before a quarter of an hour had passed everybody would be asking who she was, and he resolved to secure for himself the effect of being the first to parade her through the rooms. He was a singularly handsome man—as has been said before—almost oppressively handsome; and a certain wasted look about his eyes and cheeks added a new and striking effect to his appearance. He was dark, she was fair; he was a tall man, she was a rather tall girl; and if his face had a worn look, hers had an expression of something like habitual melancholy, which was not perhaps in keeping with her natural temperament, and which lent by force of contrast an additional charm to her eyes when they suddenly lit up at the opening of any manner of animated conversation. No combination could be more effective, Mr. Blanchet felt, than that of his appearance and hers; and then she was a new figure. So he passed slowly on with her, and he knew that most people looked at them as they passed. He took good care, too, that they should be engaged in earnest talk.

"I am delighted to have you all to myself for a moment, Miss Grey—to tell you that I know all about your goodness to Mary. That is why I would not bring her with us now. No—you must let me speak—I am not offering you my thanks. I know you would not care about that. But I must tell you that I know what you have done. I have no doubt that you are her sole support—poor Mary!"

"I am her friend, Mr. Blanchet—only that."

"Her only friend too. Her brother has not done much for her. To tell you the truth, Miss Grey, it isn't in his power now. You don't know the struggles of us, the unsuccessful men in literature, who yet have faith in ourselves. I am very poor. My utmost effort goes in keeping a decent dress-coat and buying a pair of gloves; I don't complain—I am not one bit deterred, and I only trouble you with this confession, because whatever I may have been in the past I had rather you knew me to be what I am—a wretched, penniless struggler—than believe that I left my sister to be a burden on your friendship."

"Mary is the only friend I have," said Minola. "It is not wonderful if I wish to keep her with me. And you will make a great success some time."

He shook his head.

"If one hadn't to grind at things for bare living, one might do something. I am not bad enough, or good enough; and that's the truth of it. I dare say if I were mean enough to hunt after some woman with money, I might have succeeded as well as others—but I couldn't do that."

"No, I am sure you could not."

"I am not mean enough for that. But I am not high-minded enough to accept any path, and be content with it and proud of it. Now I shan't bore you any more about myself. I wanted you to know this that you might not think too harshly of me. I know you felt some objection to me at first; you need not try politely to deny it."

"Oh, no; I don't want to deny it.

I prefer truth to politeness, a great deal. I did think you had neglected your sister; but really I was not surprised. I believe other men do the same thing."

"But now you see that I have some excuse?"

"I am glad to hear it, Mr. Blanchet."

"Glad to hear that I am so wretchedly poor, Miss Grey?" he said with a smile, and bending his eyes on her. "Glad to hear that your friend's brother is such a failure?"

"I would rather a thousand times hear that you were poor than that you were heartless. I don't call it a failure to be poor. I should call it a failure to be selfish and mean."

She spoke in a low tone, but very earnestly and eagerly, and she suddenly thought she was speaking too eagerly, and stopped.

"Well," he said, after a moment's pause, "here is the picture. We shall get to it presently, when these people move away."

They had entered, through a curtained door, a small room which was nearly filled with people standing before a picture, and admiringly criticising it. Minola, with all her real or fancied delight in noting the jealousies and weaknesses of men and women, could hear no words of detraction or even dispraise.

"Is the painter here?" she asked of her companion in a whisper.

"No; I haven't seen him. Perhaps he'll come in later on."

"Would you think it cheap cynicism if I were to ask why they all praise the picture—why they don't find any fault with it?"

"Oh, because they are all of the school, and they must support their creed. Our art is a creed to us. I don't admit that I am of Delavar's school any more; in fact, I look upon him as a heretic. He is going in for mere popularity; success has spoilt him. But to most of these people here he is still a divinity. They haven't found him out yet."

"Oh!"

This little exclamation broke from Minola as some people at length struggled their way outward, and allowed her to see the whole of the picture.

"What is it called?" she asked.

"Love stronger than death."

The scene was a graveyard, under a sickly yellow moon, rising in a livid and greenish sky. A little to the left of the spectator was seen a freshly-opened grave. In the foreground were two figures—one that of a dead girl, whom her lover had just haled from her coffin, wrapped as she was in her cerements of the tomb; the other that of the lover. He had propped the body against the broken hillock of the grave, and he was chanting a love-song to it which he accompanied on his lute. His face suggested the last stage of a galloping consumption, further enlivened by the fearsome light of insanity in his eyes. Some dreary bats flopped and lollopped through the air, and a few sympathetic toads came out to listen to the lay of the lover. The cypresses appeared as if they swayed and moaned to the music; and the rank weeds and grasses were mournfully tremulous around the sandalled feet of the forlorn musician.

Minola at first could not keep from shuddering. Then there followed a shocking inclination to laugh.

"What do you think of it?" Blanchet asked.

"Oh, I don't like it at all."

"No? It is trivial. Mere prettiness; just a striving after drawing-room popularity. No depth of feeling; no care for the realistic power of the scene. Pretty, pleasing—nothing more. Surface only; no depth."

"But it is hideous," Minola said.

"Hideous? Oh, no! Decay is loveliness; decay is the soul of really high art when you come to understand it. But there is no real decay there. That girl's face is pretty waxwork. There's no death there," and he turned half away in contempt. "That is what comes of being popular and a success. No; Delavay is done. I told him so."

"He is quite new to me," said Minola. "I never heard of him before."

"He's getting old now," Blanchet said. "He must be quite thirty. Let me see—oh, yes; fully that. He had better join the pre-Raphaelites now; or send to the Royal Academy; or hire a gallery and exhibit his pictures at a shilling a head. I fancy they would be quite a success."

Some of this conversation took place as they were making their way through the crowd with the intention of entering the drawing-room again. Minola was greatly amused, and in a manner interested. The whole thing was entirely new to her. As they passed into the corridor there were one or two vacant seats.

"Will you rest for a moment?" Blanchet said, motioning toward a seat.

"Hadn't we better go back for Mary?"

"We'll go back presently. She is very happy; she loves above all things observing a crowd."

Minola would have liked very much to observe the crowd herself and to have people pointed out to her. Blanchet, however, though he saluted several persons here and there, did not seem particularly interested in any of them. Minola sat down for a while to please him, and to show that she had no thought of giving herself airs merely because she was enabled to be kind to his sister.

Blanchet threw himself sidelong across his chair and leaned toward Minola's seat. He knew that people were looking at him and wondering who his companion was, and he felt very happy.

"I wish I might read some of my poems to you, Miss Grey," he said. "I should like to have your opinion, because I know it would be sincere."

"I should be delighted to hear them, but I don't think I should venture to give an opinion; my opinion would not be worth anything."

"When may I come and read one

or two to you and Mary? To-morrow afternoon?"

"Oh, yes; we are staying here to-night, but we shall be at home in the afternoon. Are these published poems? Pray, excuse me—I quite forgot; you don't publish. You don't care for fame—the fame that sets other people wild."

He smiled, and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"We don't care for the plaudits of the stupid crowd," he said; "that is quite true. We don't care for popularity, and to have our books lying on drawing-room tables, and kept by the booksellers bound in morocco ready to hand, to be given away as gift books to young ladies. But we should like the admiration of a chosen few. The truth is, that I don't publish my poems because I haven't the money. They would be a dead loss, of course, to any one who printed them; I am proud to say that. I would not have them printed at all if they couldn't be artistically and fitly brought out; and I haven't the money, and there's an end. But if I might read my poems to you, that would be something."

Minola began to be full of pity for the poor poet, between whom and possible fame there stood so hard and prosaic a barrier. She was touched by the proud humility of his confession of ambition and poverty. Three sudden questions flashed through her mind. "I wonder how much it would cost? and have I money enough? and would it be possible to get him to take it?"

Her color was positively heightening, and her breath becoming checked by the boldness of these thoughts, when suddenly there was a rushing and rustling of silken skirts, and Lucy

Money, disengaging herself from a man's arm, swooped upon her.

"You darlingest, dear Nola, where have you been all the night? I have been hunting for you everywhere! Oh—Mr. Blanchet! I haven't seen you before either. Have you two been wandering about together all the evening?"

Looking up, Minola saw that it was Mr. Victor Heron who had been with Lucy Money, and that he was now waiting with a smile of genial friendliness to be recognized by Miss Grey. It must be owned that Minola felt a little embarrassed, and would rather—though she could not possibly tell why—not have been found deep in confidential talk with Herbert Blanchet.

She gave Mr. Heron her hand, and told him—which was now the truth—that she was glad to see him.

"Hadn't we better go and find Mary?" Blanchet said, rising and glancing slightly at Heron. "She will be expecting us."

"No, please don't take Miss Grey away just yet," Victor said, addressing himself straightway, and with eyes of unutterable cordiality and good-fellowship, to the poet. "I haven't spoken a word to her yet; and I have to go away soon."

"I'll go with you to your sister, Mr. Blanchet," said Lucy, taking his arm forthwith. "I haven't seen her all the evening, and I want to talk to her very much."

So Lucy swept away on Mr. Blanchet's arm, looking very fair, and *petite*, and pretty, as she held a bundle of her draperies in one hand, and glanced back, smiling and nodding, out of sheer good-nature, at Minola.

Victor Heron sat down by Minola, and at once plunged into earnest talk.

TRIED AND TRUE.

YEAR after year we'll gather here,
And pass the night in merry cheer.
Through storm and war, o'er sea and land,
We'll come each year to Neckar's strand:
In war and storm, on land and sea,
To this our pledge we'll faithful be,
And each to all be true.

So sang three students one March night—
Without the storm wind blew,
Within were wine and warmth and light
And three hearts brave and true.

"To-morrow morn we all go hence,"
Said Wilhelm, speaking low.
"For Emil fights for Fatherland,
Franz o'er the sea doth go,

"And I in Berlin, with my books,
Will lead a scholar's life—
In toil, and war, and foreign land,
We thus begin the strife."

Three glasses then with Rhineland wine
Unto the brim were filled,
And to the sacred parting pledge
Each heart responsive thrilled.

Three years went by, and so the friends
Unto their faith were true,
And spent the night in merry song
And lived the past year through.

When came the fourth reunion night
Without the March wind blew,
Within were wine, and warmth, and light,
And one heart brave and true.

For Emil died for Fatherland,
And Franz went down at sea—
In war and storm, in life and death,
They said they'd faithful be:

And so Wilhelm three glasses filled.
Of one he kissed the edge;
Two shadow hands the others raised—
The friends had kept their pledge!

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

ABOUT CIGARETTES.

TEN or fifteen years ago we rarely saw cigarettes in this country, their use being confined to the few natives who had acquired the habit during a residence abroad, and to foreigners, French, Italian, and Cuban settlers, who followed the practices of their youth. So slight was the general demand that, excepting in the large cities, cigarettes were rarely found for sale. To-day there are probably few small towns in the thickly settled portions of the country where cigarettes are not readily obtained; while in the large cities the stores vie with each other in giving us varied assortments of leading brands. Indeed, recent statistics state that nearly thirty per cent. of the entire smoking tobacco consumed in the United States is in this form. Cigarettes are now imported from all portions of Europe, but principally from France. Several factories have of late years been started in our own country, but the cigarette *par excellence* is made in Havana. Nowhere else do we find capital so largely invested, labor so diversified, or such attention to details. There certainly you can take your choice—Honoradez, Havana, Astrea, Cherito, Henriquez, and dozens of others of lesser note.

The tobacco used in the making of the Havana cigarettes is bought from the cigar factors, but only from those who have the most assured reputation. It consists of the leaves left from the making of cigars. The necessity of securing the best grades of tobacco cannot be overestimated. The judgment of the cigarette smoker is formed solely from the sense of taste. He is totally unaffected by sight, which in the cigar enables a clever workman to so roll bad tobacco that we are predisposed in favor of an inferior article. While absolute inferiority is intolerable in either, mediocrity, in Cuba at all events, is much more readily tolerated in the cigar than in the cigarette.

The tobacco for the cigarette is not, as is generally supposed with us, raised on the plantations of the various leading cigar factors. "Bartegas," "Cobania," "Upman," or whatever be the name of our favorite brand, does not depend for its success upon any one plantation. The practice on the part of the leading houses is to send their purchasing agents into the tobacco district as soon as the crop begins to ripen. Sales are then and there arranged, immense sums sometimes being offered in advance, by way of retainer, for a specially likely plantation. The Vuelto Abago district is the favorite one, the planters there holding a position not unlike that occupied by the proprietors of the "Sea Island" plantations in days when "cotton was king." The ability to control the market so as to bring to their own manufactories the choicest tobacco is the main secret of the success of the larger houses, not, as is frequently supposed, any particular superiority in the workmen.

The principal cigarette factory is, as is well known, the factory of M. Susini, "La Honoradez," "Honoradez" signifying in Spanish, honesty, the motto of the house. It consists of a series of irregular buildings, covering an area in space about equal to that occupied by the usual Broadway block. On the upper floor of the principal building we find a lot of tobacco, which has just arrived, and is being prepared for inspection; the first requisite being to remove from it any leaves that are either dead or in any way injured. The tobacco lays loosely scattered over an immense wooden tray, which is kept continually moving, by means of machinery, from one end of a table to the other. Around this table are seated some twelve or fourteen Cuban workmen, all good judges of tobacco. Each one throws aside such leaves as he deems unfit for

use, while the slow but yet continual motion given to the tray brings each imperfection successively before the eyes of all. The next step is to free the tobacco from any particles of sand or earth that may adhere to it. This is done by moving the tray by machinery, until it is over a large bin, into which the tobacco is allowed to fall, being subjected in its passage to a powerful current of air induced by means of an immense fan, likewise worked by machinery. One step more, and a very simple one—that of drying—and the tobacco is ready for a change of form. The tobacco is dried by simply exposing it on the roof, for a few hours, to the heat of the sun. For cigarettes it can scarcely be too dry, or for cigars too damp. A Cuban would not think of smoking other than a damp cigar. In the factories one sees the workmen smoking cigars they have just rolled, and no native could understand why one should smoke dry cigars in which so much of the natural flavor has been lost.

Thus far the process has been entirely one of cleansing or of freeing from impurities. The next step is that of cutting the leaves into fine particles in order to adapt the tobacco for cigarettes. The scattered leaves are first collected and subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, from which they come out looking for all the world like a pile of snuff-colored brick. The moulded tobacco next goes to the cutting machine, falling from thence into a sieve, the meshes of which pass only such pieces as have been reduced to the proper size. The remainder is passed into a hopper, and thence goes for a second cutting. One step more, and the tobacco will be issued to the "rollers." Some half a dozen Chinese enter the room, each carrying with him a small vessel containing an aromatic liquid, with which the loose tobacco is carefully sprinkled. The preparation of this liquid is not known. It is doubtless the desire to keep it secret that leads to the preference of Chinese over native labor.

Before following the tobacco fur-

ther, let us look at the remaining portion of the cigarette, the wrapper. The original envelope for the tobacco was doubtless composed of leaves, the followers of Columbus carrying back to Spain accounts of the strange custom existing among the natives of San Salvador, the smoking of tobacco wrapped in the leaves of the palm, which was doubtless the primitive cigarette. In France to this day new straws are much used, but generally paper has become the popular envelope. This paper must be specially manufactured. Most of it comes from Barcelona, where the making of cigarette paper constitutes an important industry. All of that used at the "Honoradez" factory, after inspection, is carefully stamped with the name "Susini." By unrolling any of this brand of cigarettes this mark can be readily seen, and serves as the readiest means of detecting counterfeits. A portion of the paper is sprinkled with various preparations to give to it the flavor of tea, licorice, or such other taste as may suit certain consumers. This explains the variation in the color of the wrapper, which is sometimes straw-color, sometimes brown, but more usually white, the latter color distinguishing the paper which has not been artificially flavored. In the cutting machine the paper is rapidly converted into the proper size for envelopes, while another machine close at hand is turning out little bits of pasteboard for such of the cigarettes as are to be made with a mouthpiece.

Both tobacco and paper are now ready to be given out to the "rollers." Let us go down and watch them as they come pouring in. Both sexes and all ages have representations here. Each one awaits his turn, and then receives, after it has been carefully weighed, his or her allowance of tobacco, some five thousand papers, and a large wooden hoop. The hoop serves as a rude but very accurate gauge, its circumference being of such a size as to properly encompass five thousand cigarettes of such size as will contain the entire amount of tobacco

issued. A slight excess of both tobacco and paper, say sufficient to make forty or fifty cigarettes, is usually given, intended for the personal consumption of the employee. When their work is completed and returned to the factory, they receive in exchange therefor a small copper check payable on demand. So common are these checks in Havana that a few years since—possibly it may be so still—they were constantly given to one at the various stores, and were commonly received as current coin.

Physically the cigar and cigarette makers are a sorry lot. The continual odor of tobacco, their constant labor, with bodies bent over tables, calling into play no muscle, no exertion, indeed, whatever, excepting the exercise of their fingers—this cannot fail to have its effect. The cigarette makers are injured, too, by the inhalation of an almost invisible dust arising from the small particles of tobacco. The compensation received appears very small. Four or five cigarettes a minute is accounted good work, and even at this rate two days' steady labor is required to fill a hoop, for which they receive less than two dollars.

The larger number of cigarettes manufactured at Havana are made by machinery which is exceedingly ingenious, and has proved thoroughly successful. The cigarettes made by machinery are not only more tightly wrapped, but also manufactured at a much reduced cost. Each machine is capable of making thirty cigarettes per minute, 1,800 per hour, or 43,200 per day, thus replacing the labor of fourteen men, presuming them to be capable of working ten hours per day. For such persons as prefer making their own cigarettes, pressed packages of tobacco, with little paper books containing the envelopes, are sold. The tobacco is so neatly put up that were it not for the accompanying book, one would almost fancy it to be a package of the most delicate French chocolate. As illustration of the consumption of cigarettes it may be of interest to state that three million cigar-

ettes are made in the Honorable factory each year, while it is estimated that in their manufacture over six million dollars is annually expended in the city of Havana alone. The Cuban, indeed, is much more of a cigarette than a cigar smoker; the cigarette is his constant companion. Even after dinner the cigarette seems to be preferred. I remember once, at a very charming dinner party, being quite astonished—for it was shortly after my arrival in Havana—to find myself and the host the only cigar smokers. The rest of our number, some six or seven, all Cubans, took to their accustomed cigarette with a unanimity which has always led me to believe that my good host himself felt called upon by his sense of politeness to do violence to his own preference.

In connection with the manufacture of cigarettes, nothing strikes one with more astonishment than the many industries which form accessories to a factory. The printing and lithographic work, a large quantity of which is required for the paper bundles or tasteful pasteboard boxes in which the various packages are put up, is all done by the employees, and even a photograph gallery is at hand for such persons as may desire their own likeness to accompany each package. So cleverly is all this work executed, that until very recently the bank notes and lottery tickets, both of which are largely circulated, were here printed. Rather odd to our American ideas, it must be confessed, is the spectacle of bank notes and lottery tickets being printed side by side—that too in a cigarette factory.

Boxes of tin, of wood, of all shapes and sizes, as well as kegs for exportation to distant points, are made within these same walls, where moulders, machinists, blacksmiths, tinmen, printers, lithographers, engravers, painters, and carpenters are all furnished with work. Two hundred out of the twenty-five hundred employees are Chinese, and for them is provided a separate dormitory, kitchen, and even bathrooms.

THE HARD TIMES.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CHEAP LABOR?

"WANTED.—

Work for a thousand starving Immigrants!"

SUCH is our advertisement. *Cheap labor!* that is the boon our "society" seeks. We wish to "develop our resources"; and as rapidly as possible, for in that lies all blessedness—real "sweetness and light."

Has not this delightful gospel been preached to us from pulpit and forum now full fifty good years, and does any one doubt its divine origin? Yes; I fear there is now and then to be found one of those antiquated infidels who scorns our "cheap cotton" and holds fast to manhood; who sniffs at our great new factory and says, "Give me a man!"

It is some two years ago that one of these benighted men told me—I pity him—he told me he had been into our beautiful Berkshire county to enjoy the delicious air and the delightful mountains. He went to North Adams, which lies so calm and basks so peacefully in the embraces of its sheltering hills. He said that when the noonday bell clanged out, a living torrent of men and women, boys and girls, poured forth from one of the gorgeous temples which have been there raised for the worship of the new god. In that temple were created cheap shoes. He said these men and women, boys and girls, were haggard, old, squalid, dirty; they showed traces—so it seemed to his jaundiced eyes—of drink, hopelessness, lechery, and vileness. He asked who they were. He was told—and they said it with glee—

"That is our cheap labor!"

And where does it come from—from the homes of New England? Oh, no! From Ireland, from Germany, from Portugal, from China, from Canadian-Acadie, that pastoral spot of which poets sing!

"Vileness, filth, baseness!" he said. "My God, has Berkshire come to this!"

It was a very foolish thing to say, and his calling upon his antiquated God was not only foolish, but useless. His God is not the God now.

He took a ride through the winding roads and wooded hills of that delightful land. His driver proposed to take him round by the "Limestone brook" to show him the new factory.

"And what do they make there?"

"Why, didn't you know? They are grinding up the white limestone, and they send away tons and tons on't every day."

"And what is it used for?"

"Used for? It's used for mixin'. They make three grades: the sody grade, and the flour grade, and the sugar grade."

"The deuce they do!"—that was a foolish exclamation. "Do you mean that they use this to mix with flour and sugar?"

The man laughed pityingly. "Of course they do. It makes 'em healthier. Flour and sugar is healthier and goes further with a little of this 'ere limestone dust mixed in—you see. It's cheaper too. This stuff is sold for fifty cents a hundred, and flour, you know, costs six dollars a hundred. Don't you see?"

The benighted infidel did see, and he indulged in some internal ejaculations; but he fled from the simple and sincere hills of Berkshire, and sought a solace in the coarse vulgarity and vice of Boston.

But I am neglecting to say what our *society* proposes to do; and when I have told you *of course* we shall expect you to subscribe.

"The Cheap Labor Society" proposes to introduce from Africa and

China, in batches of one thousand each, as rapidly as possible, able-bodied men who will work cheap.

"To develop the resources" of the country is the end and aim of all honorable men. In other words, we want cheap men so that we may make cheap shoes, cheap hats, cheap mutton, and—cheap women.

We who are now here—we do not wish to work at all. Work is a curse. The Bible has said so, and every noble-minded man has said so, and the clergy has said so, and we know it is and must be so. But yet there are people existing in the depths of Africa and China who it is believed will work rather than starve; and these we propose to bring as rapidly as our means will permit.

We head our appeal, as you see, "Work wanted for a thousand starving men," because we know that we can get more work out of men who are just on the edge of starvation than from any other, and in that way we shall "develop our resources" most effectively and rapidly.

It is quite true that we already produce more cotton cloth and more boots and shoes than we can possibly sell; but we know—for have we not political economy to teach us?—that when we get them cheap enough, say to one-half their present starvation prices—every man, and every woman, and every child will wear two shirts, and two hats, and two pairs of shoes; and thus we shall have in a superior way that blessedness of which poets write—the making "two blades of grass grow where one grew before." Now, I ask any liberal-minded man if "two pairs of shoes in place of one" is not higher and nobler than two blades of grass? That goes without talking.

If work be indeed the curse of curses, why, let the sons of Ham (Africa) and the sons of Shem (Asia) do it; for it is well known they are accursed, and have been since the days of "good old Noah"; besides which, having colored skins, we know just how to mark

the helots; can import them as fast as needed; can put all labor upon them, and can thus keep our own Japhetic skins and hands clean and white.

Deferring to a not wholly extinct public opinion, which is now and then announced by some orator to some small schoolboys, in words like these, *Labore est honore*, and in the vernacular, "*Labor is honorable*," I am compelled to deny it clearly and distinctly. Almost all know it, but it may be best to say to those who do not:

If labor is honorable, why does every man refuse to hoe in his garden, to make his fire, to raise his food? Why does every woman refuse to cook her food, to make her clothes, to take care of her children? Why do every father and every mother take special pains to so bring up and educate their children that they can do no sort of hand work? Why is it that high schools, and academies, and colleges are held as the most majestic of blessings, except that they are intended to wholly unfit boys and girls for the *necessary work of life*?

Why is it that those who do no work are always called "upper classes," and those who do much work are called "the masses," unless it is so? Being so, let us agree to import "the masses" as rapidly as we can.

Permit me to here lay down another corner-stone: As cheapness is a boon, of course cheap labor is a boon; if labor, even at a dollar a day, is a blessing, it follows that labor at half a dollar a day is a greater blessing; and if we can only get it to a quarter of a dollar a day, will not mankind be four times as happy as when it is at a dollar a day? And then, oh blessed time! when we get it down to one cent a day shall we not be standing just in the portals of Paradise?

Let all men take heart, for we approach that time. I learned last summer, in the lovely State of Connecticut, that the Messrs. Sprague were hiring able-bodied men to work eleven hours a day, sometimes in water and mud, at rebuilding their great Baltic

dam, for eighty-three cents a day, and that thousands more were ready to rush in. I may recall to mind the dark ages, when ignorance prevailed, and men boasted of a land (if there was one) where

All the men were brave and all the women virtuous.

All of that kind! Then there could have been no cheap labor, and the boon which we now know to be the greatest vouchsafed to man could not be enjoyed. There have been times when strong, honest men and strong, honest (and permit me to say clean) women were thought to be the fruition of a perfect and Christian civilization—when cheap cotton was not thought to be the “one thing needful.”

The good King Henri of Navarre is said to have hoped for the day when in France the poorest peasant might have a fowl in his pot.

Besotted king! he did not know that in the good time coming, when we shall bring in our one to ten thousand cheap Chinese per week, the white man will be happy indeed who can get a pound of rice or potatoes in his pot. A fowl in his pot! Foolish king!

“Progress”—what a lovely word!—progress has shown all mankind what a glorious thing cheap labor is and must be. How great and happy are the people who preach and practise it! “Progress”—a beautiful word certainly, if we do really understand it. But I remember me of a man—a brewer—who rather late in life had fallen in love with the word “docile.” He thought it a beautiful word. One day his partner returned, having failed to collect a doubtful debt. My friend ceased it, but returned red in the face.

“Well,” said his partner, “have you got it?”

“Got it! The fellow won’t do a thing. He’s as *docile* as hell!”

Progress! Its meaning once was,

“Intellectual or moral advancement; improvement in knowledge or in virtue.”

Now it means *cheap cotton and cheap men and women*. To the enlightened

and prosperous English nation belongs the credit of this radical discovery.

To England too belongs the invention or creation of our new god. She—I am happy to say it—she invented and created the god we now worship. We call him

TRADE!

The first, last, and only commandment of our new god is,

“Buy cheap and sell dear.”

Whatever nation or man worships this god, and obeys this first and great commandment, is sure of blessedness; for that man or that nation will get more money than other men and other nations, as England has; and will be happy, *as she is!*

Swiftly and surely the belief and worship of the new god and the new gospel is spreading into all lands. Men *fancy* they still worship “the Trinity,” “Confucius,” “Zoroaster,” “Mohammed,” “Mumbo-jumbo.” It is wholly a fancy. Men still *say*, “I believe in God the Father,” etc. They still *say*, “Do to others as you would have them do to you,” is the first and great commandment. But what they *do* do, and wish to do, and mean to do, is,

“To buy cheap and sell dear.”

We need no missionaries to drive this gospel into heathen minds. It has the charming vitalizing power of going itself. The Chinese have received it, and have immediately taken the whole tea business out of the hands of Messrs. Russell & Co. and Jardine, Matheson & Co.; have quite put an extinguisher upon *their* money-making. Indeed, do we not know that *almost* every European, Chinese, and Indian merchant has failed, and the heathen Chinese sits in their seats.

How England came to invent this new gospel is known to many, though not to all. Let me briefly sketch the amazing creation:

A century ago the strength and power of England was based upon her yeomanry. They possessed much land; and upon the lovely rolling fields of that lovely country their stone farm-

houses and their small farms were the homes and habitations of millions. From this strong and hardy yeomanry were drawn the bowmen and the pikemen who made the armies of the Edwards and the Henrys invincible; from them came the "jolly tars" who seized victory for Drake and Nelson.

Then Liverpool was not, and Manchester was not, and *creation* did not pay tribute to England's god.

But a century ago Watt, the keen, canny Scotsman, discovered that *steam* was a giant, and could he but capture him and harness him into his machine, what work might he not do? He did capture him, and he did harness him to his machine; and now he works on, on, up, down, here, there, not ceasing by night and day, by summer and winter; he tires not, he rests not; for ever and for ever he toils on. He saws, he grinds, he spins, he weaves, he ploughs, he thrashes, he drags, he lifts. Such a giant he is!

One man with the steam machine now does the work which once was done by *ten, twenty, fifty!* He files, he cuts, he sews, he polishes, he brews, he bakes, he washes, he irons. Is all this nothing?

It is vast—it is a *revolution!* And no man yet sees the end.

Trade now was exaggerated beyond all former measure, and henceforth was to be the god of England and of the world. "Let us produce, let us buy cheap and sell dear, and so we shall be blessed." England had coal deep down in her bowels. Let her send her sons by thousands into the slime and darkness to dig it out. Let her make steam, and cheap cotton, and infinite iron, and let her make all mankind buy of her. "Let us," she cried, "demand free trade! for *we* can make cheap and sell dear, and none can rival us."

She did demand free trade. She demanded it in India by seizing a kingdom. She demanded it in China at the cannon's mouth. She got it.

She said to all peoples, "You may

make corn, and cotton, and wool for us, and we will make everything you want cheaper than you can make it for yourselves, and happy you will be. We will make all the ships, will bring your corn, and cotton, and wool to us, and we will carry all our lovely manufactures to you, to the uttermost ends of the earth—at *your* cost. We will take toll of you both ways; we will make fair profit on *your* cotton, and on *our* manufactures, and that will be just and even, and we shall both be happy."

And so it has gone on for a hundred years, and gold has poured into England's stomach, a flowing stream, until her eyes stick out with fatness; she has even sought Turkish bonds for investment, and has lent much money to the good Khedive of Egypt—which *she can't get back!*

Let us look at England for a moment, as she is to-day. She has built magnificent temples dedicated to her great god all over England: at Birmingham and Manchester, at Glasgow and Paisley; at Birkenhead and Liverpool, at Preston and Salford, at Leeds and Nottingham—and where not? England has become a great workshop in which the god of trade is ministered to.

Her land? Yes, it is beautiful, but her *yeoman have disappeared*—all have been drawn into the maw of the manufacturing monster. Forty millions of people now has England, and only some seven per cent. of them raise the food they eat. And how do the rest get their food? It is quite simple: by selling to other nations the things they make, and bringing back the food which other nations make.

It has been the boast of England that she had a larger population to the square mile—389 human bodies—than any other land except one, and more great cities than any other land but the "far Cathay"—if even she be an exception.

That "inspired idiot" Goldsmith once sang in his pretty, sentimental way,

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade ;
A breath can make them as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

"Bold peasantry," "stalwart yeomen," "hard-handed farmers"—what preposterous phrases these seem now when we have the immense advantages of "cheap labor" !

And we here in America—we too ? But of us, anon, anon.

Great factories, great halls, great shops, abound—abound and magnify that English land, so that a glamour has come over mankind, and moon-faced idiots in all lands have cried, "Behold the glory of England. Let us do likewise." Those great cities have glorified themselves and have glorified England, and who has cared to look deeper down into the mire ? Have we seen these men and women, childhood and age, reeking in squalor and vile with filth in the purlieus of every temple ? Have we looked into the slums of Liverpool and Glasgow, of Edinburgh and Newcastle, to see men and women, childhood and age, in all their divinity—or their damnation ? Is all lovely—is it indeed ? Is this "progress" ? Is it civilization ? Is it Christianity ? Of course it is, all three.

I have mentioned the word *revolution*—social revolution. What is it ? Is it at hand ? It is quite clear that this amazing power of steam and machinery is doing *something*. It is quite clear that every machine does the work of twenty men, and nineteen of these have got to seek other means of support—they and their wives and their little ones.

It is well known that every man out of work means four mouths bare of food. Who fills them ? The rates (taxes) of course, and in London, the last winter I was there, some six years ago, 80,000 paupers and beggars were receiving public aid. "The laws of trade" is to make things right. I think that is the name of the modern redeemer of men. If work is not

there and food is not there, man will flow at his own sweet will, like water seeking its level, until he finds his food and his work somewhere. But if man's "sweet will" decides not to flow, but to lie down and make his bed in your *pockets*, and feed on the contents in the shape of taxes—what is to come then ? Why, he must be depleted, or he will deplete *you*. How to deplete him is a most interesting question ? He does not deplete himself, for it is manifest to men that paupers in England and America get children as fast as they can ; and the clergy applaud and say, "Be fruitful and multiply." There is no continence among them—none anywhere except in wicked France.

In the "good time coming" in England, the pauper will lie down with the prince, and there will be peace while the pauper devours the prince ; or there will be pestilence, which is a sure depleter ; or the idle army may be used to deplete the mob. Who can say ?

"But there is no danger ! Of course not. Why croak ?"

What has been will be, under the benign influence of cheap labor and free trade—perhaps ! Let me go on with my pleasant tale—do not interrupt—I have the word—by and by you.

At this moment, to-day, this year of our Lord 1877, the merchant princes of London, the manufacturing barons of Manchester are at their wits' ends ; for people refuse to buy the products of their mills. Germany will not have them, and France will not, and America chooses to make her own ; and even India, ungrateful that she is, has gone to spinning her own cotton. Mills are being closed in England, furnaces are blown out, wages are reduced, and workmen are threatening to *strike*, or have struck, and are settling down for a comfortable winter upon the *rates*. All right ! England has "developed her resources," and trade is free. Let her sing hosannas, and cry, "Glory be to our god," for no such beautiful "pro-

gress" was ever seen on earth before.

What is to happen to the 800,000 or half million land-owners of England, if outside pig-headed peoples wilfully and maliciously refuse to buy the mill products of England and so to feed the 37,200,000 people of England who have no land upon which to raise their own food? What is to happen if some fine day the 37,200,000 take it into their foolish heads to say:

"We do not like to starve. We are many, you are few. We will take the land and raise our own food, and you can emigrate if you like, or you can stand out in the cold as we have done. We don't like it."

It is not quite easy to shoot those people; and if they choose to stay in England, it is not quite easy to *make* them emigrate—not even if the "laws of trade" tell them they really ought to go.

And besides, it is so easy for 100,000 paupers to emigrate—to take their wives and their children, their flocks and their herds, their camels and their asses, their beds and their tents, and go forth to seek the promised land—the land flowing with milk and honey. It is so simple, so pleasant, that one is lost in amazement that they do not go—that they wickedly persist in staying where they are paupers, and refuse to obey the law of "supply and demand."

Such conduct is quite unworthy of enlightened Britons who "never will be slaves."

It is too bad—it really is—and political economy ought to be preached at them severely. Why is it too that outside barbarians refuse to buy the divine productions of England? Some think we may do well to take a look at this part of the problem before we go on with our plans for introducing more cheap labor into our own happy land.

A century ago, as has been said, England discovered the wonderful way of applying the *steam giant* to the creation of manufactured goods, and for

three-quarters of the century she has had a practical monopoly; has turned the golden streams of the whole world to enrich herself; has preached free trade; has said, "Buy cheap and sell dear," and has set her god on a high throne. But slowly and haltingly other and stupider nations have caught the tricks of the new Cultus; have caught little steam giants, and have set them to work to turn their mills and grind their grists. Germany and the United States are two of these dull nations who have done a stroke of work in this way. France has really been too stupid to do much at it—has indeed gone back to a tariff after having tasted of the new gospel, and now obstinately refuses to live by it—*will* pay her debts, and will *not* enjoy unlimited pauperism.

Germany has, however, done well. She now makes woollens, cottons, lins, irons, steels, penknives, and Bibles quite as cheap as England, and, as some say (one of her own Centennial Commission), "cheaper and nastier." Now *her* traders are ubiquitous; they go, with the wandering Jew, the fascinating Englishman, the penetrating Yankee, into all heathen lands, carrying everywhere the new gospel of trade, and introducing to youthful minds the civilizing influences of lager beer and free lunches. Aided by the persuasive tones of the patient and soothing Yankee, they are doing wonders in teaching the value of time, by founding establishments for "stand-up drinks" in every lazy and luxurious land, by giving prizes to all who *smoke while they work*, thus making labor cheerful if not respectable. So patient and indefatigable has Germany been, that at Manchester in England, which may perhaps be termed the Delos of the new faith, I was told some five years ago that she had just taken the contract, had bought from Germany the iron beams and rafters for a new city building, and had put them up under the very noses of the worshippers who burn their sacred fires at Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

ton. And so, in the whirligig of time, Trade brings his pleasant revenges.

I was told also—the newspapers said it, and it must be true—that Mr. Mundella, an enterprising M. P., and a devout worshipper of the new god, who is a vast producer at Nottingham of stockings and hosiery of every sort—had found it best—well, absolutely necessary—in order to compete with the new disciples in Germany, to remove a part of his machines and machinery to Germany, and make his stockings there, in order that those ridiculous and cheap Germans should not quite put a stop to his trade. It was whispered about that French-made tools were being bought and brought into England for use there, and it was said openly that American saws, vises, and axes were playing the very deuce; and now, just after the triumphs of the “Centennial,” Englishmen are writing home that Yankee silks will also play another very deuce with them if they don’t get more and cheaper labor. I see too, by late letters from England, that they propose to cheapen iron by putting cheap Chinese labor into the iron works!

And yet in Germany they cry out that *they* have a panic, and that trade is dull, and people will persist in failing, and that other people won’t buy all they can make; they too are at their wits’ ends. There must be something wrong, the “doctrinaires” say, about the gases. Trade is not free enough, or labor is not cheap enough, or they have too much or too little paper money, or they don’t try woman suffrage. At any rate the new gospel is right—*must be right*, because if you obey the laws of trade and buy cheap and sell dear, you are sure to be happy.

And France—it is frightful to think of France. Steeped in stupidity and enveloped in Cimmerian fog, she resists the new gospel. She will not send her missionaries abroad over the world; she will not build great factories and temples; she will not take her whole people from their small farms, where they raise great surpluses of food, to

put them into the new temples; she does not even work her land with steam, nor does she hanker for the cheap (and nasty) things which England and Germany are so ready, willing, and anxious to pour into every household; indeed, will not have them at all. Oh, the economic condition of France makes the heart of the enlightened priest of the new gospel weep. France has taken no steps to introduce the cheap labor of Ireland or China, or even of Africa—right at her doors—into her own wretched country, and there is no sign that she will. What feeling but contempt can the sincere doctrinaire entertain for France?

It would be indeed strange—and yet it is not wholly impossible—that England and Germany and the United States, all of whom have for centuries been cursing work, and crying out against work, and doing all manner of things to get rid of work, and educating their best, and wisest not to do it—it would be indeed strange if some day they should be crying out, “Give us work, in God’s name.” Strange, but not wholly impossible.

We come back now to our own country—to the

Land of the free, and the home of the blest.

We are the child of England, and we revere, we love, we emulate her. We adopt her methods, we worship her god. We follow in her footsteps, and emulating her example, we send out missionaries to extend the gospel of trade; we love to buy cheap and sell dear; we love to scheme; we delight in speculation, for that is an intellectual operation. We have been taught for centuries that the mind is divine, the body devilish. We do well, therefore, to despise the devilish body and exalt the godlike soul. We do well to depress and belittle the hand, and to glorify and enlarge the head. We do well to say it, and to make men believe it if we can, that the “pen is mightier than the sword” or the plough. We do well to convert our boys and girls into exaggerated heads, even if they are useless, because

we thus exalt them toward gods. We do well to leave out of view all just balance between head and hand because that is common and vulgar. We do well to say that the man who *says* a good thing is greater than he who *does* a good thing, for the spiritual is divine, and the earthly is base!

Keeping in view the short time we have possessed this land, we may fairly arrogate to ourselves what England has long claimed for herself, great "progress." We have created more great cities, more luxurious habits, more free whiskey, more useless railroads, more brokers' boards, more wild-cat banks, more swindling mining companies, more political jobs, more precocious boys and more fast girls, more bankrupt men and more nervous women than any country known in history. Following the "example of our illustrious predecessor"—England—we have done one thing of which we are justly proud, and the full account of which, illustrated with pictures, our "Government" (as we facetiously call it) has published in some ten fine volumes. And what is the example we followed? It is this: England, having possessed herself of the vast kingdom of India, found a production there of opium very lucrative to her and very desirable to many of the Chinese, who enjoyed the smoking of the pleasing drug. England greatly desired to sell this drug to China, for it was all in the interest of trade. One fine day some Chinese emperor or mandarin took it into his meddling head to check or forbid the freedom of this trade: and then the virtue, the religious fervor of the devoted Briton was roused. Ninety-three thousand chests of good merchantable opium, worth many taels, was not a dogma to be trifled with, not even by the Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom. What! Should trade be impeded by this yellow Mantchu, this devotee of Confucius, this long-eyed heathen, because he had some sentimental notions about his people's morals or manners? Good

heavens! Could trade stand that? By no means. Persuasion must bring him to his senses if he had any. Persuasion was tried, and various iron arguments were used. They battered down Canton, they assaulted and took the cities of Amoy, Chusan, Ningpo, Woosung, Shanghai, Nanking; and thus the English missionaries kept on persuading until at last the heathen Chinese yielded: was persuaded to pay \$12,000,000, to open the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, Shanghai to trade; to welcome all future opium with open arms; to make the good Queen Victoria a present of the port of Hong Kong; and so on and on. Thus, under the persuasion of a fraternal war, "trade, civilization, and Christianity" made themselves safe in the high places of China; since which happiness has bourgeoned there if not in England!

Could our youthful but pious nation do better than follow this illustrious example? Certainly not. Something must be done. If China could thus be persuaded to trade by the English, poor little Japan might be persuaded to trade by the United States. We could but try. We did, and Perry sailed away, with his ships and his cannons, to try. The Japs were benighted, foolish, and weak. They declined, and said, "No, we don't want any of your trade. We make *all we want*, and don't care either for your religion, your opium, your whiskey, or your stovepipe hats."

"But," said the gallant Perry, "that is a wicked sentiment. The brotherhood of nations is the cornerstone of modern civilization. Trade is divine, and stovepipe hats mark the intellectual races. We are your brothers. God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. If you will not be our brothers, and trade, we shall be obliged to shoot. Don't want to, but must. One—two—three. Bang!"

Well, the Japs also yielded to these arguments, and thenceforth have been happy. Trade has prevailed. Rice

has gone up, and a good many Japs have gone to the ethereal spaces, overcome with hunger. Railways have been built, national debts have been created; the Mikado and Tycoon have fought, the Daimios have quarrelled, white men have been assassinated, beggary has begun, taxes press upon the people; and indeed all the signs which mark the high civilization of trade have appeared. "Progress," we are assured, is now certain, and Japan is "developing her resources." Bliss ensues. All of which is written down and printed in many volumes for all men to read. And "Perry's Expedition" can be read in beautiful volumes which cost you, we'll say, \$50 for the books and a million for the glorious expedition.

We make any sacrifices for the new religion, and are willing to waste the filthy lucre of gold to extend a divine idea.

We did it !

We opened their ports !

We extended the blessing of trade !

We have made the Japs into Yankees !

They are learning the benefits of cheap and nasty !

Glory be to the new god !

Massachusetts ! Massachusetts has held herself and has been held as the heart and the brain of New England. She has had (so she has believed) the heart to feel a moral principle and the head to accept a great thought. She has had brave-hearted men and clear-eyed women. Once—let us make a brief retrospect—she had "pilgrim fathers." She had what she and the world too thought a religion, which she believed in. She had a people of sound English stock, who in this clear New England air grew to hate squalor, vice, beggary, debt, and damnation. Once, fifty years ago, she had no great cities; her "Hub," Boston, in 1830 had but the poor population of 61,892, nearly all born on her soil, few of them dirty or beggared. Once, fifty years ago, all through Massachusetts were clean, decent, white-housed towns,

such as Worcester, and Springfield, and Northampton, and Concord, and Salem, and Newburyport, centres of small but most cultivated and earnest social life.

Then small farms were cultivated by families of New England birth, out of whom came able men and handsome women. Children lived with parents, and did not tyrannize them. Silk gowns were rare, and pianos unknown; "art" and "culture" had not become household words, but butter was made at home, and the mystery of bread was known to ladies. Few then had been to Paris, and few therefore knew how vulgar they were. But "where ignorance is bliss," etc. They got on, and did not know what poor creatures they were.

Every child was expected to learn the three R's at the little red school-house, and to *perfect* his education by taking hold of material nature with his hands, and learning what it was by mastering it. That was education. The parson knew a little Latin, and he was all. They thought this worked well. Lamentable indeed !

The man expected to marry a capable wife, and to bring up children; he expected to work on his land or in his shop, to dress decently in clothes which his wife had made, securing a reasonable support in this world by his own labor, not by *hocus-pocus*; he provided for his future salvation by imbibing the five points of Calvin through fifty-four sermons a year, with now and then a Thursday lecture to fill in the cracks. Thus he was sure of his food here and of salvation hereafter—through the merciful providence of God, and not his own righteousness. New England thus produced a breed of people unlike and they fancied not inferior to any that history tells of.

But it would not do. There was no progress—it was a lamentable condition of things. They had *not* got a population of 311.78 to the square mile, raked together from the four corners of creation, making the State the sixth in density of all in the world,

as she now boasts she has, and thus she had totally failed to secure the higher and better civilization.

They had not "developed their resources"; they had not built up splendid great cities; they had little knowledge of the delights of trade. Things could not get on so—that was not "progress." Here was water power running to waste all over Massachusetts; there were keen and able heads who believed they knew how to set these powers to work to grind their grists; it was quite ridiculous that these tumbling streams should not be turning millwheels and spinning cheap cotton. And then too not a railroad ran through Massachusetts—no transportation except in wagons. "Good God!" the pious people naturally exclaimed; "what misery, what a slow set!" Money—money was then loaned at only six per cent.! Things must be changed. They were changed. Mill after mill was built, among them the "*Atlantic*." Railway after railway was built, among them the "*Eastern*," and the stock was quickly paid up, and all went merry as a marriage bell. But some people own those stocks now, and do *not* find themselves happy!

What is the cure for these shrivelled dividends? Clearly, is it not, *to bring in cheap labor*? Let every man who has nothing and wants much, take shares in

"THE CHEAP LABOR SOCIETY."

Seeing what has been done for Massachusetts, it is easy to see what can be done. And what has been done? In fifty years she has built up Lowell, and Lawrence, and Worcester, and Holyoke, and many more great towns. She has increased Boston to a population of 341,919 souls—or bodies—in the year of grace 1875. She has "improved" things so, has made such progress, that Boston now spends yearly \$15,114,389.73 (auditor's report 1875-6), which means that out of every man, woman, and child of Bos-

ton was taken in 1875, for public expenses, the sum of *forty-four dollars*! The happiness resulting from this may be partly understood when I relate that this tax is some four hundred per cent. greater than the "effete aristocracies" of Europe have ever got out of their down-trodden serfs, or have even dared to try to get. One other charming effect of this style of self-government (?), as we please to call it, is, that it has driven out of Boston a set of bloated money getters, who fancy it is not pleasant to pay large taxes, so they go to Nahant, and Barnstable, and Concord for a few months, and rid Boston of themselves and—their taxes! Shrewd fellows those Boston Democrats! They know how to *govern* a city. So they do in New York. So they do in Cambridge.

But let us look at another of the evidences of true progress. Every man votes, you must know, whether he owns any property or not. Now, Mr. Daniel L. Harris has discovered, in his researches at Springfield, that of the voters there, *four* pay taxes and *five* do not; that is, four-ninths of the voters pay the taxes and five-ninths who pay none outvote the four who pay all. This is so generous on the part of the four that we ought to try to see what it is the four really are about. Applying the same ratio to Boston, we find that every tax-payer, every man of the four-ninth party, really paid to the yearly expenditures of the city of Boston, in the blessed year 1875-6, the neat little sum of three hundred and ninety-nine dollars, money of this realm.*

And yet the business men of Boston complain that they have made no money for three years, and that they can't make any. How absurd that is, when they can pay such taxes as these! And then think what they do in Boston for the intellect (as it is called). While they stupidly complain that they can't make any money, they spend

* Total polls of Boston, 85,343. Four-ninths of these will go into \$15,114,389—total expenditure of the year 1875-6—\$399 times.

on their common schools every year—over two millions of good dollars (2,015,380)—and they teach what—what don't they teach? I counted, I think, *thirty-six branches* as being taught in the Boston schools last year. "Art" and "culture," you know! And in those brutal old times of fifty years ago, they taught only the three R's. Unhappy and despicable! Did they not deserve it?

And then the generosity of these Boston merchants who can't, as they pretend, make anything. Look for a moment at that!

They paid in 1865 for the teaching of each one of those children those thirty-six branches, so necessary to salvation, the sum of \$21.16; in 1875 the sum of \$35.23. That is, they voluntarily and gladly paid somebody sixty-six per cent. more for their work in 1875 than in 1865, and all the while those merchants pretend they are making no money. Do they expect us to believe that?

If they want to make money, why not at once bring in more cheap labor? The Chinese are ready to come, and the negroes, even if Ireland can spare no more of her enlightened people. And then what a boon this class of people would be to our aspiring statesman. For the sum of two dollars they are entitled to vote, and then any man who feels a desire to be a governor or an M. C. can, by paying this paltry pittance, secure the votes of a grateful constituency. Is it not, therefore, our supreme duty to bring in this class of voters as rapidly as possible? We need *population* and we need *voters*. England has a population of 389 to the square mile and we in Massachusetts have only 211! Should we not hide our faces with shame while such an inferiority lasts?

There are people now who are getting up a scare about the wonderful growth of the Holy Catholic Church, claiming that that church demands of all its members (as it does) allegiance *first* to the Church, and then *second* to the government where its subjects

happen to be. I do not think much of this now that Antonelli is dead; but there may be something in it. I question whether Massachusetts can any longer put forth pretensions to being a Puritan or a Unitarian or religious State of any sort unless it be a Catholic one. Go with me to the U. S. census report of 1870:

The whole population of Massachusetts in 1870 was.....	1,457,361
Of these were born in foreign lands.....	353,319
Born of foreign parents in Massachusetts.....	623,311
	976,630

Thus, it seems, the population of Massachusetts is already foreign-born and of foreign parents, *over two-thirds*. What number of these foreign people are Roman Catholics, any other person can guess as well as I can. But it is quite certain that this blessing, such as it is, has reached us incidentally through our cheap labor; that is, it is a sort of superadded bliss, coming as an unexpected reward of unconscious virtue. In the words of Shakespeare, "We are twice blessed." We have got cheap labor and we have got the Catholic church crowning every hill and blooming in every valley.

At any rate it is quite certain that few if any of this class of the Massachusetts people are either Puritans, Unitarians, or Episcopalians; and some of them I strongly suspect are like the good sailor, neither Catholics nor Protestants, but "captains of the fore-top!" In Massachusetts, as I have said, there was in 1870 of this kind of population sixty-six per cent., and all have votes. In the whole United States there was forty-five per cent. of this sort, all of whom have votes. It is known also that New York, and Boston, and Lowell, and Fall River are intrinsically foreign cities. It is known that the majority of voters in those cities have no property which pays taxes; it is known that this class of voters are now well organized, and can and do vote and do elect such men as will *please them*—men who "will tickle me if I'll tickle you"—that is the sort of statesman we now welcome with effusion;

indeed, we seek no other. We mean to deplete all over-grown fortunes; we mean through the taxes to equalize things and make Saturday afternoons pleasant. I have not at hand, just this moment, the figures to tell what good was done in Boston last year to the class called "the poor." But I have them for Cambridge, a small city almost a part of Boston. In that small select and intellectual city the expenditures in direct aid of "the poor," not counting work which was *made* for them, was in dollars, \$80,000, and that does not count a large sum besides given in private charity. This help was given to some 5,400 persons; stating it simply, in the words of political economy, one person in seven or eight of that cultivated and select community was a pauper. Another feature of this new and peculiar social state is this: that the voters who have no property and pay no taxes do not enjoy the possibility of starving, nor do they look with favor upon advice which tells them to "Go West." Why should they go West? They do not know where to go—indeed, they have no money to go with—nor do they know that there would be any work for them there. They *choose* to stay where they are, and they will vote for people who will help them to stay; and they have five votes to the tax-payer's four, which significant little fact should not be lost sight of!

In our laudable desire for "progress," in our vital wish "to develop our resources," we have produced many results, some interesting ones, quite unexpected. We have got cheap labor and we have got cheap cotton cloth and cheap boots and shoes, and a good deal of all of them. The smart little city of Lowell was begun by the most capable and enterprising of Boston's "solid men"; it was begun upon a theory that men and women in New England ought to be clean, decent, and virtuous. In its beginning nearly all the operatives were of New England birth, descendants of Puritans who were used to decency, cleanliness, and

virtue. Then they lived and lodged in houses belonging to the mills, which were *regulated*—the men in their own boarding houses, the women in theirs. All were expected to be in their houses by or before a certain hour, say ten o'clock at night.

Then every young lady had a green silk parasol for Sunday's use, and she wrote poetry for the "Lowell Offering," if she felt the divine movement. At that early undeveloped time an English gentleman, one Anthony Trollope, visited the nascent city. He lamented the narrow-mindedness of the projectors, and predicted it would not work; that the little Lowell could never compete with such highly developed cities as Manchester and Preston, where they knew the magic of "cheap labor." In other words, Lowell could not be a great success.

That Arcadian simplicity worked for a while, but inevitably the magic of cheap labor made itself felt—it was potent—it came, it saw, it conquered. And now the best information I have convinces me that the squalor, filth, recklessness, and happiness are nearly or quite equal to what they are in the noble cities of Manchester and Glasgow in England. Should Mr. Trollope revisit those scenes of his youth, he would be as much delighted as any Englishman could permit himself to be with anything outside his "Merrie England" at the delectable advances made there.

He would find labor cheap and cotton cheap—as cheap as they are in his beloved Manchester. He would find, as in his beloved Manchester, that they made more than they could sell; which is the secret of cheapness. He would find that in that small elysium, in the year 1874, they made 185,000,000 yards of cotton cloth, which gospel of cotton they were then spreading abroad over all the earth, sending some of it to his beloved Manchester. He would learn also that there was invested there some \$20,000,000 of good money of the realm, a large proportion of which paid no dividends;

which also is an excellent method of securing cheapness. He would find all "narrow-minded regulations" quite done away with, and the full liberty of the subject enjoyed by all; that people staid "out nights" according to their own sweet wills; that men slept when they pleased and where they pleased, and with whom they pleased—women too for that matter; and that life was as free and pleasant as his good English heart could wish. He would find that the old-fashioned, narrow-minded New England stock had disappeared—not being cheap enough—and their places were fully supplied with a delightful conglomeration of gentlemen and ladies who had fled from poor Ireland, from the Azores, from Germany, from pastoral Acadie; and here and there he would note the pigtail of the frugal Chinese, the *avant courier* of a better time coming.

Thus he would find that Lowell, having rid herself of narrow-minded notions, having followed reverently in the footsteps of his illustrious Manchester, was a *success indeed*.

And *Lynn* too. She discovered thirty years ago the surprising swiftness of "teams," whereby six or eight men working in partnership, each one doing only one thing, say one a welt, and another a bottom, and another the eyelets, etc., could put a shoe through in one-eighth the time of the old "one-man" way. Millions of shoes were made, and shoes were cheap. Much money flowed in, and life was lovely at Lynn. But Paradise pales if too long continued. The sewing-machines came, and McKaye was a god—for the master. One man with his machine could do the work of twenty or forty men in the teams. Shoes were now amazingly cheap. The Crispins wept, the master laughed, and the making of shoes went merrily on. And what became of the Crispins? They struck! and then—they disappeared, vanished, went too "where the woodbine twineth." They too were not wanted. Let them get

themselves out of the way! the Chinese are coming!

They got much consolation from a certain set of preachers, who assured them it was all right—"Laws of trade, you know," "cheap shoes good for the masses," "water will find its level," "the masses in Africa will now be able to wear shoes," "the best government is no government," "all one great brotherhood," "every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

Paradise was just beyond their noses, and it lay just here: "When things get very cheap every man will only work three hours a day. All men can play the rest of the time, or they can cultivate their *minds*!" "Beautiful! Beautiful! Hosannah to the highest!" was what every disbanded Crispin ought to have said; but, foolish man as he was, he kept saying, "My *body* is hungry, and I have no work, and I will steal some food—or become a broker! You had better look out."

But luckily the Southern war came, and it made places for a good many men, and the "Government" (not us men and women)—the Government paid *the bills*, and so we were tided over. And now we have got the bills, and we have got cheap labor too! And we are as near to "no government" as any people ever was except wild Indians; and that we know—for the doctrinaires say so—is Paradise. If it is not that, what in Heaven's name is it?

There was once a notion that the men who had knowledge, and experience, and strength, should think for and act for those who had not; in short, that those who were strong should protect and care for the weak. The father in some countries—not all—yet does pursue this plan; he is head and master of his household, and is expected to know how to act and what to do better than his boys and girls.

We have exploded that idea. Under this "best government upon which the sun ever shone," we have made

discoveries. We find that children know what *they* want better than their fathers; that women are really stronger than men, have larger brains, more sense, more heart, and more purity; and that when women and children both vote (mistress Biddy too) the world will go right—for they—the pure, the honest—*will* “holler out gee!”

This old paternal or family government was a *despotism*, tempered with love, to be sure, but a despotism not to be tolerated in an enlightened age. Shovel it out, shovel it out!

It is a sad fact that children now, while wiser and purer than their fathers, are not physically quite so strong. But it is found that the pistol puts the holders upon a *perfect equality*, and that is the thing to be aimed at. The redress of the weak is therefore in the pistol, which I expect to see in every child's pocket soon. The tyrant man will then be degraded to his place. With women voting, and children holding pistols, men and fathers will be pulled down from the pedestal they have usurped so long.

We know that women have more virtue than men (?), and that children have more purity, and therefore, knowing well the “good, the true, and the beautiful,” they must and shall govern the land. They shall be tryannized no longer.

And so, as New England has cut into old England, and has set her own machinery and steam to work making many things cheaper than old England can make them, and bids fair to starve out some of her garrisons of workers, just in the same way have Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati, and Chicago taken it into their heads to set their machinery and steam to work; and now torrents of hats, and shoes, and woollens, and cottons, and clothing, and furniture, and stoves, and pots are pouring out of those nests of industry, so that even they are beginning to cry out, “Why don't you buy what we want to sell, and thus make us rich?”

If, then, we in New England refuse to buy—refuse to buy at profitable prices the productions of old England—what does England propose to do with her millions of non-food-producing workmen? She demands free trade; says we are fools for not opening our ports and accepting with effusion the blessings of cheap goods she would so willingly send us? She does not quite like to open *our* ports, as she did those of China, nor does she incline at present to carry into France the civilizing influences of her cheap looms at the point of the bayonet. *She* must answer the question, not I.

And in New England—if that “West,” with its fertile fields and its surplus food, will go to making cheap shoes and cheap cotton, and will not see how much happier she would be if she would only make corn and pork and swap them with New England for shoes and cotton—what will New England, what will Massachusetts do with her 507,084 workers who do not produce their own food? This is rather a vital question to those men and women who have no food. It is rather vital too to the capital invested in mills and machines in Lowell and elsewhere.

I come back now to my first proposition for the cure of the ills of life—*cheap labor*.

If trade be the true god, let us worship him; if to buy cheap and sell dear be the true gospel, let us extend that; if to convert men and women into tenders to machines be really the perfection of human nature, let us import the wild African and the heathen Chinese rapidly, largely, for nothing can be cheaper than they. Let us get ready our ships; let us open the ports of Dahomey, and Congo, and Canton, and Shanghai; let us exchange whiskey and tobacco for able-bodied men and women; let us fill this land with the black men and the copper men; let us perfect our civilization, for those men and those women can live cheap and work cheap; and if *white* men and *white* women do go to the wall—why should they not?

Gentle reader, you ask what is the *moral*?

I reply, Does not our civilization demand *cheap cotton* and not great *men and women*? Clearly it does.

Does it not demand free *pauper immigration*? Clearly it does.

Does it not demand cheap *Chinese immigration*? Clearly it does.

Does it not demand free *pauper* and free *Chinese voting*? Clearly it does.

Does it not demand that "Trade" shall be god, and the *laws of supply and demand* shall rule? Clearly it does.

Does it not call this "progress"? Clearly it does.

And is not all this leading us directly to—*Heaven* or to *Hell*? Clearly they are.

And you, gentle reader, can decide which.

CHARLES WYLLY ELLIOTT.S

THE TWO WORLDS.

TWO mighty silences, two worlds unseen
Over against each other lie:
For ever boundlessly apart have been,
For ever nigh.

In one is God Himself, and angels bright
Do congregate, and spirits fair;
And, lost in depths of mystic light,
Our Dead dwell there.

All things that cannot fade, nor fall, nor die,
Voices beloved, and precious things foregone,
Float up and up, and in that silence high,
With God grow one.

No barren silence, nay, but such as over
Lips that we love its spell may fling,
Where tender words like nested swallows hover,
Ere they take wing.

Sometimes from that far land there comes a breeze,
Soft airs surprise us on our way,
As dew-drops from above; then on our knees
We fall and pray.

And oft in some low crimson coast of cloud
We deem we see its far-off strand:
Our hearts, like shipwrecked sailors, cry aloud,
"The Land! the Land!"

And side by side that other world unknown,
Drenched in unbroken silence lies,
World of ourselves, where each one lives alone,
And lonely dies.

With our unuttered griefs, our joys untold,
Our multitudinous thoughts swift throng,
We dwell; one silence them and us doth fold
All our life long.

Out from those depths there comes a cry of pain.
Ah, pitifully, Lord, it calls,
"Behold the sorrows of our hearts!" and then—
A silence falls.

Nought but the narrow strip doth lie between
Of sounding surf that men call life;
Yet none can pass between those worlds unseen,
And end the strife.

Die down, die down, O thou tormented sea!
Suffer my silent world to fill
With voices from that land which cry to me,
"We love thee still."

In vain: I hear them not! but o'er my loss
Comes an apocalyptic voice,
"There shall be no more sea, and thou canst cross."
Rejoice! rejoice!

ELIOT HOPKINS.

SISTER ST. LUKE.

THEY found her over there. "This is more than I expected," said Carrington as they landed—"seven pairs of Spanish eyes at once."

"Three pairs," answered Keith, fastening the statement to fact and the boat to a rock in his calm way; "and one if not two of the pairs are Minorcan."

The two friends crossed the broad white beach toward the little stone house of the light-keeper, who sat in the doorway, having spent the morning watching their sail cross over from Pelican reef, tacking lazily east and west—an event of more than enough importance in his isolated life to have kept him there, gazing and contented, all day. Behind the broad shoulders of swarthy Pedro stood a little figure clothed in black; and as the man lifted himself lazily at last and came down to meet them, and his wife stepped briskly forward, they saw that the third person was a nun—a large-eyed, fragile little creature, promptly introduced by Melvyna, the keeper's wife, as "Sister St. Luke." For the keeper's wife, in spite of her black eyes, was not a Minorcan at all; not even a southerner. Melvyna Sawyer was born in Vermont, and, by one of the strange chances of this vast, many-raced, motley country of ours, she had travelled south as nurse, and a very good, energetic nurse too, albeit somewhat sharp-voiced, to a delicate young wife, who had died in the sunny land, as so many of them die; the sun, with all his good will and with all his shining, not being able to undo in three months the work of long years of the snows and the bleak east winds of New England.

The lady dead, and her poor thin frame sent northward again to lie in the hillside churchyard by the side of bleak Puritan ancestors, Melvyna looked about her. She hated the lazy

tropical land, and had packed her calf-skin trunk to go, when Pedro Gonsalvez surprised her by proposing matrimony. At least that is what she wrote to her Aunt Clemanthy, away up in Vermont; and although Pedro may not have used the words, he at least meant the fact, for they were married two weeks later by a justice of the peace, whom Melvyna's sharp eyes had unearthed, she of course deeming the padre of the little parish and one or two attendant priests as so much dust to be trampled energetically under her shoes, Protestant and number six and a half double-soled mediums. The justice of the peace, a good natured old gentleman who had forgotten that he held the office at all, since there was no demand for justice and the peace was never broken in the small lazy village, married them as well as he could in a surprised sort of a way, and instead of receiving a fee gave one, which Melvyna, however, promptly rescued from the bridegroom's willing hand, and returned with the remark that there was no "call for alms" (pronounced as if it rhymed with hams), and that two shilling, or mebbe three, she guessed, would be about right for the job. This sum she deposited on the table, and then took leave, walking off with a quick, enterprising step, followed by her acquiescent and admiring bridegroom. He had remained acquiescent and admiring ever since, and now, as light-house keeper on Pelican island, he admired and acquiesced more than ever; while Melvyna kept the house in order, cooked his dinners, and tended his light, which, although only third class, shone and glittered under her daily care in the old square tower which was founded by the Spaniards, heightened by the English, and now finished and owned by the United States, whose light-house

board said to each other every now and then that really they must put a first-class Fresnal on Pelican island and a good substantial tower instead of that old-fashioned beacon. They did so a year or two later; and a hideous barber's pole it remains to the present day. But when Carrington and Keith landed there the square tower still stood in its gray old age, at the very edge of the ocean, so that high tides swept the step of the keeper's house. It was originally a lookout where the Spanish soldier stood and fired his culverin when a vessel came in sight outside the reef; then the British occupied the land, added a story, and placed an iron grating on the top, where their coastguardsman lighted a fire of pitch-pine knots that flared up against the sky, with the tidings, "A sail! a sail!" Finally the United States came into possession, ran up a third story, and put in a revolving light, one flash for the land and two for the sea, a proportion unnecessarily generous now to the land, since nothing came in any more, and everything went by, the little harbor being of no importance since the indigo culture had failed. But ships still sailed by on their way to the Queen of the Antilles, and to the far Windward and Leeward islands, and the old light went on revolving, presumably for their benefit. The tower, gray and crumbling, and the keeper's house, were surrounded by a high stone wall with angles and loopholes—a small but regularly planned defensive fortification built by the Spaniards; and odd enough it looked there on that peaceful island, where there was nothing to defend. But it bore itself stoutly nevertheless, this ancient little fortress, and kept a sharp lookout still over the ocean for the damnable Huguénôt sail of two centuries before.

The sea had encroached greatly on Pelican island, and sooner or later it must sweep the keeper's house away; but now it was a not unpleasant sensation to hear the water wash

against the step—to sit at the narrow little windows and watch the sea roll up, roll up, nearer and nearer, coming all the way landless in long surges from the distant African coast only to never quite get at the foundations of that stubborn little dwelling, which held its own against them, and then triumphantly watched them roll back, roll back, departing inch by inch down the beach, until, behold! there was a magnificent parade-ground, broad enough for a thousand feet to tread—a floor more fresh and beautiful than the marble pavements of palaces. There were not a thousand feet to tread there, however; only six. For Melvyna had more than enough to do within the house, and Pedro never walked save across the island to the inlet once in two weeks or so, where he managed to row over to the village, and return with supplies, by taking two entire days for it, even Melvyna having given up the point, tacitly submitting to loitering she could not prevent, but recompensing herself by a general cleaning on those days of the entire premises, from the top of the lantern in the tower to the last step in front of the house.

You could not argue with Pedro. He only smiled back upon you as sweetly and as softly as molasses. Melvyna, endeavoring to urge him to energy, found herself in the position of an active ant wading through the downy recesses of a feather bed, which well represented his mind.

Pedro was six feet, two inches in height, and amiable as a dove. His wife sensibly accepted him as he was, and he had his two days in town—a very mild dissipation, however, since the Minorcans are too indolent to do anything more than smoke, lie in the sun, and eat salads heavily dressed in oil. They said, "The serene and august wife of our friend is well, we trust?" And, "The island—does it not remain lonely?" And then the salad was pressed upon him again. For they all considered Pedro a man of strange and varied experiences. Had

he not married a woman of wonder—of an energy unfathomable? And he lived with her alone in a light-house, on an island; alone, mind you, without a friend or relation near!

The six feet that walked over the beautiful beach of the southern ocean were those of Keith, Carrington, and Sister St. Luke.

"Now go, Miss Luke," Melvyna had said, waving her energetically away with the skimmer as she stood irresolute at the kitchen door. "'T will do you a power of good, and they're nice, quiet gentlemen who will see to you, and make things pleasant. Bless you, I know what they are. They ain't none of the miserable, good-for-nothing race about here! Your convent is fifty miles off, ain't it? And besides, you were brought over here half dead for me to cure up—now, warn't you?"

The Sister acknowledged that she was, and Melvyna went on.

"You see, things is different up north, and I understand 'em, but you don't. Now you jest go right along and hev a pleasant walk, and I'll hev a nice bowl of venison broth ready for you when you come back. Go right along now." The skimmer waved again, and the Sister went.

"Yes, she's taken the veil, and is a nun for good and all," explained Melvyna to her new guests the evening of their arrival, when the shy little Sister had retreated to her own room above. "They thought she was dying, and she was so long about it, and useless on their hands, that they sent her up here to the village for sea air, and to be red of her, I guess. 'T any rate, there she was in one of them crowded, dirty old houses, and so—I jest brought her over here. To tell the truth, gentlemen—the real bottom of it—my baby died last year—and—and Miss Luke she was so good I'll never forget it. I ain't a Catholic—fur from it; I hate 'em. But she seen us coming up from the boat with our little coffin, and she came out and brought flowers to lay on it, and fol-

lowed to the grave, feeble as she was; and she even put in her little black shawl, because the sand was wet—this miserable half-afloat land, you know—and I couldn't abear to see the coffin set down into it. And I said to myself then that I'd never hate a Catholic again, gentlemen. I don't love 'em yet, and don't know as I ever shall; but Miss Luke, she's different. Consumption? Well, I hardly know. She's a sight better than she was when she come. I'd like to make her well again, and, somehow, I can't help a-trying to, for I was a nurse by trade once. But then what's the use? She'll only hev to go back to that old convent!" And Melvyna clashed her pans together in her vexation. "Is she a good Catholic, do you say? Heavens and earth, yes! She's *that* religious—my! I couldn't begin to tell! She believes every word of all that rubbish those old nuns have told her. She thinks it's beautiful to be the bride of heaven; and, as far as that goes, I don't know but she's right: 't ain't much the other kind is wuth," pursued Melvyna, with fine contempt for mankind in general. "As to freedom, they've as good as shoved her off their hands, haven't they? And I guess I can do as I like any way on my own island. There wasn't any man about their old convent, as I can learn, and so Miss Luke, she hain't been taught to run away from 'em like most nuns. Of course, if they knew, they would be sending over here after her; but they don't know, and them priests in the village are too fat and lazy to earn their salt, let alone caring what has become of her. I guess, if they think of her at all, they think that she died, and that they buried her in their crowded, sunken old graveyard. They're so slow and sleepy that they forget half the time who they're burying! But Miss Luke, she ought to go out in the air, and she is so afraid of everything that it don't do her no good to go alone. I haven't got the time to go; and so, if you will let her walk along

the beach with you once in a while, it will do her a sight of good, and give her an appetite—although what I want her to have an appetite for I am sure I don't know; for if she gets well, of course she'll go back to the convent. Want to go? *That* she does. She loves the place, and feels lost and strange anywhere else. She was taken there when she was a baby, and it is all the home she has. *She* doesn't know they wanted to be red of her, and she wouldn't believe it if I was to tell her forty times. She loves them all dearly, and prays every day to go back there. Spanish? Yes, I suppose so; she don't know herself what she is exactly. She speaks English well though, don't she? Yes, Sister St. Luke is her name; and a heathenish name it is for a woman, in my opinion. I call her Miss Luke. Convert her? Couldn't any more convert her than you could convert a white gull, and make a land bird of him. It's his nature to ride on the water and be wet all the time. Towels couldn't dry him—not if you fetched a thousand!

"Our good hostess is a woman of discrimination, and sorely perplexed, therefore, over her *protégée*," said Keith, as the two young men sought their room, a loft under the peaked roof, which was to be their abode for some weeks, when they were not afloat. "As a nurse she feels a professional pride in curing, while as a Calvinist she would almost rather kill than cure, if her patient is to go back to the popish convent. But the little Sister looks very fragile. She will probably save trouble all round by fading away."

"She is about as faded now as a woman can be," answered Carrington.

The two friends, or rather companions, plunged into all the phases of the southern ocean with a broad, inhaling, expanding delight which only a superb natural or an exquisitely cultured physique can feel. George Carrington was a vigorous young Saxon, tall and broad to a remarkable degree,

feeling his life and strength in every vein and muscle. Each night he slept his eight hours dreamlessly, like a child, and each day he lived four hours in one, counting by the pallid hours of other men. Andrew Keith, on the other hand, represented the physique cultured and trained up to a high point by years of attention and care. He was a slight man, rather undersized, but his wiry strength was more than a match for Carrington's bulk, and his finely cut face, if you would but study it, stood out like a cameo by the side of a ruddy miniature painted in oils. The trouble is that but few people study cameos. He was older than his companion, and "One of those quiet fellows, you know," said the world. The two had never done or been anything remarkable in all their lives. Keith had a little money, and lived as he pleased, while Carrington, off now on a vacation, was junior member of a firm in which family influence had placed him. Both were city men.

"You absolutely do not know how to walk, *señora*," said Keith. "I will be doctor now, and you must obey me. Never mind the crabs, and never mind the jelly fish, but throw back your head and walk off briskly. Let the wind blow in your face, and try to stand more erect."

"You are doctor? They told me, could I but see one, well would I be," said the Sister. "At the convent we have only Sister Inez, with her small and old medicines."

"Yes, I think I may call myself doctor," answered Keith gravely. "What do you say, Carrington?"

"Knows no end, Miss, Miss—Miss Luke—I should say, Miss St. Luke. I am sure I do not know why I should stumble over it when St. John is a common enough name," answered Carrington, who generally did his thinking aloud.

"No end?" repeated the little Sister inquiringly. "But there is an end in this evil world to all things."

"Never mind what he says, *seño-*

ra," interrupted Keith, "but step out strongly and firmly, and throw back your head. There now, there are no crabs in sight, and the beach is hard as a floor. Try it with me: one, two; one, two."

So they treated her, partly as a child, partly as a gentle being of an inferior race. It was a new amusement, although rather a mild one, Carrington said, to instruct this unformed, timid mind, to open the blinded eyes, and train the ignorant ears to listen to the melodies of nature.

"Do you not hear? It is like the roll of a grand organ," said Keith as they sat on the doorstep one evening at sunset. The sky was dark; the wind had blown all day from the north to the south, and frightened the little Sister as she toiled at her lace work, made on a cushion in the Spanish fashion, her lips mechanically repeating prayers meanwhile; for never had they such winds at the inland convent, embowered in its orange trees. Now, as the deep, low roll of the waves sounded on the shore, Keith, who was listening to it with silent enjoyment, happened to look up and catch the pale, repressed nervousness of her face.

"Oh, not like an organ," she murmured. "This is a fearful sound; but an organ is sweet—soft and sweet. When Sister Teresa plays the evening hymn it is like the sighing of angels."

"But your organ is probably small, señora."

"We have not thought it small. It remains in our chapel, by the window of arches, and below we walk, at the hour of meditation, from the lime tree to the white rose bush, and back again, while the music sounds above. We have not thought it small, but large—yes, very large."

"Four feet long probably," said Carrington, who was smoking an evening pipe, now listening to the talk awhile, now watching the movements of two white heron who were promenading down the beach. "I saw the

one over in the village church. It was about as long as this step."

"Yea," said the Sister, surveying the step, "it is about as long as that. It is a very large organ."

"Walk with me down to the point," said Keith—"just once and back again."

The docile little Sister obeyed; she always did immediately whatever they told her to do.

"I want you to listen now; stand still and listen—listen to the sea," said Keith, when they had turned the point and stood alone on the shore. "Try to think only of the pure, deep, blue water, and count how regularly the sound rolls up in long, low chords, dying away and then growing louder, dying away and then growing louder, as regular as your own breath. Do you not hear it?"

"Yes," said the little Sister timidly.

"Keep time, then, with your hand, and let me see whether you catch the measure."

So the small brown hand, nerveless and slender, tried to mark and measure the roar of the great ocean surges, and at last succeeded, urged on by the alternate praises and rebukes of Keith, who watched with some interest a faint color rise in the pale, oval face, and an intent listening look come into the soft, unconscious eyes, as, for the first time, the mind caught the mighty rhythm of the sea. She listened, and listened, standing mute, with head slightly bent and parted lips.

"I want you to listen to it that way every day," said Keith, as he led the way back. "It has different voices: sometimes a fresh, joyous song, sometimes a faint, loving whisper; but always something. You will learn in time to love it, and then it will sing to you all day long."

"Not at the dear convent; there is no ocean there."

"You want to go back to the convent, I suppose?"

"Oh, could I go? Could I go?" said the Sister, not impatiently, but

with an intense yearning in her low voice. "Here, so lost, so strange am I, so wild is everything— But I must not murmur"; and she crossed her hands upon her breast and bowed her head.

The young men led a riotous life; they rioted with the ocean, with the winds, with the level island, with the sunshine and the racing clouds. They sailed over to the reef daily and plunged into the surf; they walked for miles along the beach, and ran races over its white floor; they hunted down the centre of the island, and brought back the little brown deer who lived in the low thicket on each side of the island's backbone. The island was twenty miles long, and a mile or two broad, with a central ridge of shell-formed rock about twenty feet in height, that seemed like an Appalachian chain on the level waste; below, in the little hollows on each side, spread a low tangled thicket, a few yards wide; and all the rest was barren sand, with moveable hills here and there—hills a few feet in height, blown up by the wind, and changed in a night. The only vegetation besides the thicket was a rope-like vine that crept over the sand, with few leaves far apart, and now and then a dull purple blossom, a solitary tenacious vine of the desert, satisfied with little, its growth slow, its life monotonous; yet try to tear it from the surface of the sand, where its barren length seems to lie loosely like an old brown rope thrown down at random, and behold, it resists you stubbornly. You find a mile or two of it on your hands, clinging and pulling as the strong ivy clings to a stone wall; a giant could not conquer it, this seemingly dull and half dead thing; and so you leave it there to creep on in its own way over the damp, shell-strewn waste. One day Carrington came home in great glory; he had found a salt marsh. "Something besides this sand, you know—a stretch of saw-grass away to the south, the very place for fat ducks.

And somebody has been there before us, too, for I saw the mast of a sail-boat some distance down, tipped up against the sky."

"That old boat is ours, I guess," said Melvyna. "She drifted down there one high tide, and Pedro he never would go for her. She was a mighty nice little boat, too, ef she *was* cranky."

Pedro smiled amiably back upon his spouse, and helped himself to another hemisphere of pie. He liked the pies, although she was obliged to make them, she said, of such outlandish things as figs, dried oranges, and pomegranates. "If you could only see a pumpkin, Pedro," she often remarked, shaking her head. Pedro shook his back in sympathy; but, in the mean time, found the pies very good as they were.

"Let us go down after the boat," said Carrington. "You have only that old tub over at the inlet. Pedro and you really need another boat" (Carrington always liked to imagine that he was a constant and profound help to the world at large). "Suppose anything should happen to the one you have." Pedro had not thought of that; he slowly put down his knife and fork to consider the subject.

"We will go this afternoon," said Keith, issuing his orders, "and you shall go with us, señora."

"And Pedro, too, to help you," said Melvyna. "I've always wanted that boat back, she was such a pretty little thing: one sail, you know, and decked over in front; you sat on the bottom. I'd like right well to go along myself; but I suppose I'd better stay at home and cook a nice supper for you."

Pedro thought so, decidedly.

When the February sun had stopped blazing down directly overhead, and a few white afternoon clouds had floated over from the east to shade his shining, so that man could bear it, the four started inland toward the backbone ridge, on whose summit there ran an old trail southward, made by

the fierce Creeks three centuries before. Right up into the dazzling light soared the great eagles—straight up, up to the sun; their unshrinking eyes fearlessly fixed full on his fiery ball.

"It would be grander if we did not know they had just stolen their dinners from the poor hungry fish-hawks over there on the inlet," said Carrington.

Sister St. Luke had learned to walk quite rapidly now. Her little black gown trailed lightly along the sand behind her, and she did her best to "step out boldly," as Keith directed; but it was not firmly, for she only succeeded in making a series of quick, uncertain little paces over the sand-like bird tracks. Once Keith had taken her back and made her look at her own uneven footsteps. "Look—no two the same distance apart," he said. The little Sister looked and was very much mortified. "Indeed, I *will* try with might to do better," she said. And she did try with might; they saw her counting noiselessly to herself as she walked, "One, two; one, two." But she had improved so much that Keith now devoted his energies to teaching her to throw back her head, and look about her. "Do you not see those soft banks of clouds piled up in the west?" he said, constantly directing her attention to objects above her. But this was a harder task, for the timid eyes had been trained from childhood to look down, and the head was habitually bent, like a pendant flower on its stem. Melvyna had deliberately laid hands upon the heavy veil and white band that formerly encircled the small face. "You cannot breathe in them," she said. But the Sister still wore a light veil over the short dark hair, which would curl in little rings upon her temples in spite of her efforts to prevent it; the cord and heavy beads and cross encircled her slight waist, while the wide sleeves of her nun's garb fell over her hands to the finger tips.

"How do you suppose she would look dressed like other women?" said

Carrington one day. The two men were drifting in their small yacht, lying at ease on the cushions, and smoking.

"Well," answered Keith slowly, "if she was well dressed—very well I mean, say in the French style—and if she had any spirit of her own, any vivacity, you might, with that dark face of hers and those eyes—you *might* call her piquant."

"Spirit? She has not the spirit of a fly," said Carrington, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and fumbling in an embroidered velvet pouch, one of many offerings at his shrine, for a fresh supply of the strong aromatic tobacco he affected, Keith meanwhile smoking nothing but the most delicate cigarettes. "The other day I heard a wild scream; and rushing down stairs I found her half fainting on the steps, all in a little heap. And what do you think it was? She had been sitting there, lost in a dream—mystic, I suppose, like St. Agnes—

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapor goes.
May my soul follow soon—

and that sort of thing."

"No," said Keith, "there is nothing mystical about the Luke maiden; she has never even dreamed of the ideal ecstasies of deeper minds. She says her little prayers simply, almost mechanically, so many every day, and dwells as it were content in the lowly valleys of religion."

"Well, whatever she was doing," continued Carrington, "a great sea crab had crawled up and taken hold of the toe of her little shoe. Grand tableau—crab and Luke maiden! And the crab had decidedly the better of it."

"She *is* absurdly timid," admitted Keith.

And absurdly timid she was now, when, having crossed the stretch of sand and wound in and out among the low hillocks, they came to the hollow where grew the dark green thicket, through which they must pass to reach the Appalachian range, the backbone

of the island, where the trail gave them an easier way than over the sands. Carrington went first and hacked out a path with his knife; Keith followed, and held back the branches; the whole distance was not more than twelve feet; but its recesses looked dark and shadowy to the little Sister, and she hesitated.

"Come," said Carrington; "we shall never reach the salt marsh at this rate."

"There is nothing dangerous here, señora," said Keith. "Look, you can see for yourself. And there are three of us to help you."

"Yes," said Pedro—"three of us." And he swung his broad bulk into the gap.

Still she hesitated.

"Of what are you afraid?" called out Carrington impatiently.

"I know not indeed," she answered, almost in tears over her own behavior, yet unable to stir. Keith came back, and saw that she was trembling—not violently, but in a subdued, helpless sort of a way which was pathetic in its very causelessness.

"Take her up, Pedro," he ordered; and before she could object, the good-natured giant had borne her in three strides through the dreaded region, and set her down safely upon the ridge. She followed them humbly now, along the safe path, trying to step firmly, and walk with her head up, as Keith had directed. Carrington had already forgotten her again, and even Keith was eagerly looking ahead for the first glimpse of green.

"There is something singularly fascinating in the stretch of a salt marsh," he said. "Its level has such a far sweep as you stand and gaze across it, and you have a dreamy feeling that there is no end to it. The stiff drenched grasses hold the salt which the tide brings in twice a day, and you inhale that fresh, strong, briny odor, the rank, salt, invigorating smell of the sea; the breeze that blows across has a tang to it like the snap of a whip lash across your face, bringing

the blood to the surface, and rousing you to a quicker pace."

"Ha!" said Carrington; "there it is. Don't you see the green? A little further on, you will see the mast of the boat."

"That is all that is wanted," said Keith. "A salt marsh is not complete without a boat tilted up aground somewhere, with its slender dark mast outlined against the sky. A boat sailing along in a commonplace way would blight the whole thing; what we want is an abandoned craft, aged and deserted, aground down the marsh with only its mast rising above the green."

"*Bien!* there it is," said Carrington; "and now the question is, how to get to it."

"You two giants will have to go alone," said Keith, finding a comfortable seat. "I see a mile or two of tall wading before us, and up to your shoulders is over my head. I went duck-shooting with that man last year, señora. 'Come on,' he cried—'splendid sport ahead, old fellow; come on.'"

"Is it deep?" I asked from behind. I was already up to my knees, and could not see bottom, the water was so dark.

"Oh no, not at all; just right," he answered, striding ahead. "Come on."

"I came; and went in up to my eyes."

But the señora did not smile.

"You know Carrington is taller than I am," explained Keith, amused by the novelty of seeing his own stories fall flat in dead failure.

"Is he?" said the Sister vaguely.

It was evident that she had not observed whether he was or not.

Carrington stopped short, and for an instant stared blankly at her. What every one noticed and admired all over the country wherever he went, this little silent creature had not even seen!

"He will never forgive you," said Keith laughing, as the two tall forms strode off into the marsh. Then, seeing that she did not comprehend in the least, he made a seat for her by

spreading his light coat on the Appalachian chain, and leaning back on his elbow, began talking to her about the marsh. "Breathe in the strong salt," he said, "and let your eyes rest on the green, reedy waste. Supposing you were painting a picture, now—does any one paint pictures at your convent?"

"Ah, yes," said the little nun, rousing to animation at once. "Sister St. James paints pictures the most beautiful on earth. She painted for us Santa Inez with her lamb, and Santa Rufina of Sevilla, with her palms and earthen vases."

"And has she not taught you to print also?"

"Me! Oh, no. I am only a Sister, young and of no gifts. Sister St. James is a great saint, and of age she has seventy years."

"Not requisites for painting, either of them, that I am aware," said Keith.

"However, if you were painting this marsh, do you not see how the mast of that boat makes the feature of the landscape the one human element; and yet, even that abandoned, merged as it were in the desolate wildness of the scene?"

The Sister looked over the green earnestly, as if trying to see all that he suggested. Keith talked on. He knew that he talked well, and he did not confuse her with more than one subject, but dwelt upon the marsh: stories of men who had been lost in them, of women who had floated down in boats and never returned; descriptions clear as etchings; studies of the monotone of hues before them—one subject pictured over and over again, as, wishing to instruct a child, he would have drawn with a chalk one letter of the alphabet a hundred times, until the wandering eyes had learned at last to recognize and know it. "Do you see nothing at all, feel nothing at all?" he said. "Tell me exactly."

Thus urged, the Sister replied that she thought she did feel the salt breeze a little.

"Then take off that shroud and en-

joy it," said Keith, extending his arm suddenly, and sweeping off the long veil by the corner that was nearest to him.

"Oh!" said the little Sister; "oh!" and distressfully she covered her head with her hands, as if trying to shield herself from the terrible light of day. But the veil had gone down into the thicket, whither she dared not follow. She stood irresolute.

"I will get it for you before the others come back," said Keith. "It is gone now, however, and what is more, you could not help it; so sit down, like a sensible creature, and enjoy the breeze."

The little nun sat down, and confusedly tried to be a sensible creature. Her head, with its short rings of dark hair, rose childlike from the black gown she wore, and the breeze swept freshly over her; but her eyes were full of tears, and her face so pleading in its pale, silent distress, that at length Keith went down and brought back the veil.

"See the cranes flying home," he said, as the long line dotted the red of the west. "They always seem to be flying right into the sunset, sensible birds."

The little Sister had heard that word twice now; evidently the cranes were more sensible than she. She sighed as she fastened on the veil; there were a great many hard things out in the world, then, she thought. At the dear convent it was not expected that one should be as a crane.

The other two came back at length, wet and triumphant, with their prize. They had stopped to bail it out, plug its cracks, mend the old sail after a fashion, and nothing would do but that the three should sail home in it; Pedro, for whom there was no room, returning by the way they had come. Carrington, having worked hard, was determined to carry out his plan; and said so.

"A fine plan to give us all a wetting," remarked Keith.

"You go down there and work an

hour or two yourself, and see how *you* like it," answered the other, with the irrelevance produced by aching muscles and perspiration dripping from every pore.

This conversation had taken place at the edge of the marsh where they had brought the boat up through one of the numerous channels.

"Very well," said Keith. "But mind you, not a word about danger before the Sister. I shall have hard enough work to persuade her to come with us as it is."

He went back to the ridge, and carelessly suggested returning home by water. "You will not have to go through the thicket then," he said.

Somewhat to his surprise, Sister St. Luke consented immediately, and followed without a word as he led the way. She was mortally afraid of the water, but, during his absence, she had been telling her beads, and thinking with contrition of two obstinacies in one day: that of the thicket and that of the veil; she could not, she would not have three. So, commending herself to all the saints, she embarked.

"Look here, Carrington, if ever you inveigle me into such danger again for a mere fool's fancy, I will show you what I think of it. You knew the condition of that boat, and I did not," said Keith sternly as the two men stood at last on the beach in front of the light-house. The Sister had gone within, glad to feel land underfoot once more. She had sat quietly in her place all the way, afraid of the water, of the wind, of everything, but entirely unconscious of the real danger that menaced them. For the little craft would not mind her helm; her mast slipped about erratically; the planking at the bow seemed about to give way altogether; and they were on a lee shore, with the tide coming in, and the surf beating roughly on the beach. They were both good sailors, but it had taken all they knew to bring the boat safely to the light-house.

"To tell the truth, I did not think she was so crippled," said Carrington. "She really is a good boat for her size."

"Very," said Keith sarcastically.

But the younger man clung to his opinion; and in order to verify it, he set himself to work repairing the little craft. You would have supposed his daily bread depended upon her being made seaworthy by the way he labored. She was made over from stem to stern: a new mast, a new sail; and, finally, scarlet and green paint were brought over from the village, and out she came as brilliant as a young paroquet. Then Carrington took to sailing in her. Proud of his handy work, he sailed up and down, over to the reef, and up the inlet, and even persuaded Melvyna to go with him once, accompanied by the meek little Sister.

"Why shouldn't you both learn how to manage her?" he said in his enthusiasm. "She's as easy to manage as a child——"

"And as easy to tip over," replied Melvyna, screwing up her lips tightly and shaking her head. "You don't catch me out in her again, sure as my name's Sawyer."

For Melvyna always remained a Sawyer in her own mind, in spite of her spouse's name; she could not, indeed, be anything else—*noblesse oblige*. But the Sister, obedient as usual, bent her eyes in turn upon the ropes, the mast, the sail, and the helm, while Carrington, waxing eloquent over his favorite science, delivered a lecture upon their uses and made her experiment a little to see if she comprehended. He used the simplest words for her benefit, words of one syllable, and unconsciously elevated his voice somewhat, as though that would make her understand better; her wits seemed to him always of the slowest. The Sister followed his directions and imitated his motions with painstaking minuteness. She did very well until a large porpoise rolled up his dark, glistening back close alongside, when, dropping the sail-rope with a scream,

she crouched down at Melvyna's feet and hid her face in her veil. Carrington from that day could get no more passengers for his parrot boat. But he sailed up and down alone in his little craft, and when that amusement palled he took the remainder of the scarlet and green paint and adorned the shells of various sea-crabs and other crawling things, so that the little Sister was met one afternoon by a whole procession of unearthly creatures, strangely variegated, proceeding gravely in single file down the beach from the pen where they had been confined. Keith pointed out to her, however, the probability of their being much admired in their own circles as long as the hues lasted, and she was comforted.

They strolled down the beach now every afternoon, sometimes two, sometimes three, sometimes four when Melvyna had no cooking to watch, no bread to bake; for she rejected with scorn the omnipresent hot biscuit of the South, and kept her household supplied with light loaves in spite of the difficulties of yeast. Sister St. Luke had learned to endure the crabs, but she still fled from the fiddlers when they strayed over from their towns in the marsh; she still went carefully around the great jelly fish sprawling on the beach, and regarded from a safe distance the beautiful blue Portuguese men-of-war, stranded unexpectedly on the dangerous shore, all their fair voyagings over. Keith collected for her the brilliant sea-weeds, little flecks of color on the white sand, and showed her their beauties; he made her notice all the varieties of shells, enormous conches for the tritons to blow, and beds of wee pink ovals and cornucopias, plates and cups for the little web-footed fairies. Once he came upon a sea bean.

"It has drifted over from one of the West Indian islands," he said, polishing it with his handkerchief—"one of the islands—let us say Miraprovos—a palmy tropical name, bringing up visions of a volcanic mountain, vast

cliffs, a tangled gorgeous forest, and the soft lapping wash of tropical seas. Is it not so, señora?"

But the señora had never heard of the West Indian islands. Being told, she replied, "As you say it, it is so. There is, then, much land in the world?"

"If you keep the sea bean for ever, good will come," said Keith, gravely presenting it; "but if after having once accepted it, you then lose it, evil will fall upon you."

The Sister received the amulet with believing reverence. "I will lay it up before the shrine of Our Lady," she said, carefully placing it in the little pocket over her heart, hidden among the folds of her gown, where she kept her most precious treasures—a bead of a rosary that had belonged to some saint who lived somewhere some time, a little faded prayer copied in the handwriting of a young nun who had died some years before and whom she had dearly loved, and a list of her own most vicious faults, to be read over and lamented daily; crying evils such as a perverse and insubordinate bearing, a heart froward and evil, gluttonous desires of the flesh, and a spirit of murderous rage. These were her own ideas of herself, written down at the convent. Had she not behaved herself perversely to the Sister Paula, with whom one should be always mild on account of the affliction which had sharpened her tongue? Had she not wrongfully coveted the cell of the novice Felipa, because it looked out upon the orange walk? Had she not gluttonously longed for more of the delectable marmalade made by the aged Sanchita? And worse than all, had she not, in a spirit of murderous rage, beat the yellow cat with a palm branch for carrying off the young doves, her especial charge? "Ah, my sins are great indeed," she sighed daily upon her knees, and smote her breast with tears.

Keith watched the sea bean go into the little heart-pocket almost with compunction. Many of these amulets

of the sea, gathered during his winter rambles, had he bestowed with formal warning of their magic powers, and many a fair hand had taken them, many a soft voice had promised to keep them "for ever." But he well knew they would be mislaid and forgotten in a day. The fair ones well knew it too, and each knew that the other knew, so no harm was done. But this sea bean, he thought, would have a different fate—laid up in some little nook before the shrine, a witness to the daily prayers of the simple-hearted little Sister. "I hope they may do it good," he thought vaguely. Then, reflecting that even the most depraved bean would not probably be much affected by the prayers, he laughed off the fancy, yet did not quite like to think, after all, that the prayers were of no use. Keith's religion, however, was in the primary rocks.

Far down the beach they came upon a wreck, an old and long hidden relic of the past. The low sand-bluff had caved away suddenly and left a clean new side, where, imbedded in the lower part, they saw a ponderous mast. "An old Spanish galleon," said Keith, stooping to examine the remains. "I know it by the curious bolts. They ran ashore here, broadside on, in one of those sudden tornadoes they have along this coast once in a while, I presume. Singular! This was my very place for lying in the sun and letting the blaze scorch me with its clear scintillant splendor. I never imagined I was lying on the bones of this old Spaniard."

"God rest the souls of the sailors," said the Sister, making the sign of the cross.

"They have been in—wherever they are, let us say, for about three centuries now," observed Keith, "and must be used to it, good or bad."

"Nay; but purgatory, señor."

"True. I had forgotten that," said Keith.

One morning there came up a dense, soft, southern-sea fog, "The kind you can cut with a knife," Carrington said.

It lasted for days, sweeping out to sea at night on the land breeze, and lying in a gray bank low down on the horizon, and then rolling in again in the morning enveloping the water and the island in a thick white cloud which was not mist and did not seem damp even, so freshly, softly salt was the feeling it gave to the faces that went abroad in it. Carrington and Keith, of course, must needs be out in it every moment of the time. They walked down the beach for miles in the fog, hearing the muffled sound of the near waves, but not seeing them. They sailed in the fog, not knowing whither they went, and they drifted out at sunset and watched the land breeze lift it, roll it up, and carry it out to sea, where distant ships on the horizon line, bound southward, and nearer ones, sailing northward with the Gulf stream, found themselves enveloped for the night and bothered by their old and baffling foe. They went over to the reef every morning, these two, and bathed in the fog, coming back by sense of feeling; as it were, and landing not infrequently a mile below or above the light-house; then what appetites they had for breakfast. And if it was not ready, they roamed about roaring like young lions. At least that is what Melvyna said one morning when Carrington had put his curly head into her kitchen door six times in the course of one half hour.

The Sister shrank from the sea fog; she had never seen one before, and she said it was like a great soft white creature that came in on wings, and brooded over the earth. "Yes, beautiful, perhaps," she said in reply to Keith, "but it is so strange—and—and—I know not how to say it—but it seems like a place for spirits to walk, and not of the mortal kind."

They were wandering down the beach, where Keith had lured her to listen to the sound of the hidden waves. At that moment Carrington loomed into view coming toward them. He seemed of giant size as he appeared, passed them, and disap-

peared again into the cloud behind, his voice sounding muffled as he greeted them. The Sister shrank nearer to her companion as the figure had suddenly made itself visible. "Do you know it is a wonder to me how you have ever managed to live, so far?" said Keith smiling.

"But it was not far," said the little nun. "Nothing was ever far at the dear convent, but everything was near, and not of strangeness to make one afraid; the garden wall was the end. There we go not outside, but our walk is always from the lime tree to the white rosebush and back again. Everything we know there—not roar of waves, not strong wind, not the thick, white air comes to give us fear, but all is still and at peace. At night I dream of the organ, and of the orange trees, and of the doves. I wake, and hear only the sound of the great water below."

"You will go back," said Keith.

He had begun to pity her lately, for her longing was deeper than he had supposed. It had its roots in her very being. He had studied her and found it so.

"She will die of pure homesickness if she stays here much longer," he said to Carrington. "What do you think of our writing down to that old convent and offering—of course unknown to her—to pay the little she costs them, if they will take her back?"

"All right," said Carrington. "Go ahead."

He was making a larger sail for his parquet boat. "If none of you will go out in her, I might as well have all the sport I can," he said.

"Sport to consist in being swamped?" Keith asked.

"By no means, croaker. Sport to consist in shooting over the water like a rocket; I sitting on the tilted edge, watching the waves, the winds, and the clouds, and hearing the water sing as we rush along."

Keith took counsel with no one else, not even with Melvyna, but presently he wrote his letter and carried it him-

self over to the village to mail. He did good deeds like that once in a while, "to help humanity," he said; they were tangible always, like the primary rocks.

At length one evening the fog rolled out to sea for good and all, at least as far as the shore was concerned. In the morning there stood the light-house, and the island, and the reef, just the same as ever. Someway they had almost expected to see them altered or melted a little.

"Let us go over to the reef, all of us, and spend the day," said Keith. "It will do us good to breathe the clear air, and feel the brilliant, dry, hot sunshine again."

"Hear the man!" said Melvyna laughing. "After trying to persuade us all those days that he liked that sticky fog too!"

"Mme. Gonsalvez, we like a lily; but is that any reason why we may not also like a rose?"

"Neither of 'em grows on this beach as I'm aware of," answered Melvyna dryly.

Then Carrington put in his voice, and carried the day. Women never resisted Carrington long, but yielded almost unconsciously to the influence of his height, and his strength, and his strong, hearty will. A subtler influence over them, however, would have waked resistance, and Carrington himself would have been conquered far sooner (and was conquered later) by one who remained unswayed by those mere outer influences, to which the crowd of fair ones, however, paid involuntary obeisance.

Pedro had gone to the village for his supplies and his two days of mild Minorcan dissipation, and Melvyna, beguiled and cajoled by the chaffing of the two young men, at last consented, and not only packed the lunch-basket with careful hand, but even donned for the occasion her "best bonnet," a structure trimmed in Vermont seven years before by the experienced hand of Miss Althy Spears, the village milliner, who had adorned it

with a durable green ribbon and a vigorous wreath of artificial flowers. Thus helmeted, Mme. Gonsalvez presided at the stern of the boat with great dignity. For they were in the safe well-appointed little yacht belonging to the two gentlemen, the daring paroquet having been left at home tied to the last of a low heap of rocks that jutted out into the water in front of the light-house, the only remains of the old stone dock built by the Spaniards long before. Sister St. Luke was with them of course, gentle and frightened as usual. Her breath came quickly as they neared the reef, and Carrington with a sure hand guided the little craft outside into the surf, and rounding a point, landed them safely in a miniature harbor he had noted there. Keith had counted the days, and felt sure that the answer from the convent would come soon. His offer—for he had made it his alone without Carrington's aid—had been munificent; there could be but one reply. The little Sister would soon go back to the lime tree, the white rosebush, the doves, the old organ that was "so large"—all the quiet routine of the life she loved so well; and they would see her small oval face and timid dark eyes no more for ever. So he took her for a last walk down the reef, while Melvyna made coffee, and Carrington, having noticed a dark line floating on the water, immediately went out in the boat, of course to see what it was.

The reef had its high backbone, like the island. Some day it would be the island with another reef outside, and the light-house beach would belong to the mainland. Down the stretch of sand toward the sea the pelicans stood in rows, toeing a mark, solemn and heavy, by the hundreds—a countless number—for the reef was their gathering place.

"They are holding a conclave," said Keith. "That old fellow has the floor. See him wag his head."

In and out among the pelicans, and paying no attention to them and their conclave, sped the sickle-bill curlews,

actively probing everywhere with their long, grotesque, sickle-shaped bills; and woe be to the burrowing things that came in their way. The red-beaked oyster bird flew by, and close down to the sea skimmed the razor-bill shear-water, with his head bent forward and his feet tilted up, just grazing the water with his open bill as he flew, and leaving a shining mark behind, as though he held a pencil in his mouth and was running a line. The lazy gulls, who had no work to do, and would not have done it if they had, rode at ease on the little wavelets close in shore. The Sister, being asked, confessed that she liked the lazy gulls best. Being pressed to say why, she thought it was because they were more like the white doves that sat on the old stone well-curb in the convent garden.

Keith had always maintained that he liked to talk to women. He said that the talk of any woman was more piquant than the conversation of the most brilliant men. There was only one obstacle: the absolute inability of the sex to be sincere, or to tell the truth, for ten consecutive minutes. To-day, however, as he wandered to and fro whither he would on the reef, he also wandered to and fro whither he would in the mind, and the absolutely truthful mind too, of a woman. Yet he found it dull! He sighed to himself, but was obliged to acknowledge that it was dull. The lime tree, the organ, the Sisters, the Sisters, the lime tree, the organ; it grew monotonous after a while. Yet he held his post, for the sake of the old theory, until the high voice of Melvyna called them back to the little fire on the beach and the white cloth spread with her best dainties. They saw Carrington sailing in with an excited air, and presently he brought the boat into the cove and dragged ashore his prize, towed behind—nothing less than a large shark, wounded, dead, after a struggle with some other marine monster, a sword fish probably. "A man-eater," announced the captor. "Look

at him, will you? Look at him, Miss Luke!"

But Miss Luke went far away, and would not look. In truth he was an ugly creature; even Melvyna kept at a safe distance. But the two men noted all his points; they measured him carefully; they turned him over, and discussed him generally in that closely confined and exhaustive way which marks the masculine mind. Set two women to discussing a shark, or even the most lovely little brook trout, if you please, and see how far off they will be in fifteen minutes!

But the lunch was tempting, and finally its discussion called them away even from that of the shark. And then they all sailed homeward over the green and blue water, while the white sand hills shone silvery before them, and then turned red in the sunset. That night the moon was at its full. Keith went out and strolled up and down on the beach. Carrington was playing fox-and-geese with Mme. Gonzalez on a board he had good-naturedly constructed for her entertainment when she confessed one day to a youthful fondness for that exciting game. Up stairs gleamed the little Sister's light. "Saying her prayers with her lips, but thinking all the time of that old convent," said the stroller to himself, half scornfully. And he said the truth.

The sea was still and radiant; hardly more than a ripple broke at his feet; the tide was out, and the broad beach silvery and fresh. "At home they are buried in snow," he thought, "and the wind is whistling around their double windows." And then he stretched himself on the sand, and lay looking upward into the deep blue of the night, bathed in the moonlight, and listening dreamily to the soft sound of the water as it returned slowly, slowly back from the African coast. He thought many thoughts, and deep ones too, for his mind was of a high order; and at last he was so far away on ideal heights that, coming home after midnight, it was no wonder

if, half unconsciously, he felt himself above the others; especially when he passed the little Sister's closed door, and thought, smiling not unkindly, how simple she was.

The next morning the two men went off in their boat again for the day, this time alone. There were still a few more questions to settle about that shark, and, to tell the truth, they both liked a good day of unencumbered sailing better than anything else.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Melvyna, happening to look out of the door, saw a cloud no bigger than a man's hand low down on the horizon line of the sea. Something made her stand and watch it for a few moments. Then, "Miss Luke! Miss Luke! Miss Luke! Miss Luke!" she called quickly. Down came the little Sister, startled at the cry, her lace work still in her hand.

"Look!" said Melvyna.

The Sister looked, and this is what she saw: a line white as milk coming toward them on the water, and behind it a blackness.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A tornader," said Melvyna with white lips. "I've only seen one, and then I was over in the town; but it's awful! We must run back to the thicket." Seizing her companion's arm, the strong Northern woman hurried her across the sand, through the belt of sand hills, and into the thicket, where they crouched on its far side close down under the protecting backbone. "The bushes will break the sand, and the ridge will keep us from being buried in it," she said. "I dursn't stay on the shore, for the water'll rise."

The words were hardly spoken before the tornado was upon them, and the air was filled with the flying sand, so that they could hardly breathe. Half choked, they beat with their hands before them to catch a breath. Then came a roar, and for an instant, distant as they were, they caught a glimpse of the crest of the great wave that followed the whirlwind. It seem-

ed to them mountains high, and ready to engulf the entire land. With a rushing sound it plunged over the keeper's house, broke against the lower story of the tower, hissed across the sand, swallowed the sand hills, and swept to their very feet, then sullenly receded with slow, angry muttering. A gale of wind came next, singularly enough from another direction, as if to restore the equipoise of the atmosphere. But the tornado had gone on inland, where there were trees to uproot, and houses to destroy, and much finer entertainment generally.

As soon as they could speak, "Where are the two out in the sail boat?" asked the Sister.

"God knows!" answered Melvyna.

"The last time I noticed their sail they were about a mile outside of the reef."

"I will go and see."

"Go and see! Are you crazy? You can never get through that water."

"The saints would help me, I think," said the little Sister.

She had risen, and now stood regarding the watery waste with the usual timid look in her gentle eyes. Then she stepped forward with her uncertain tread, and before the woman by her side comprehended her purpose she was gone, ankle-deep in the tide, knee-deep, and finally wading across the sand up to her waist in water toward the light-house. The great wave was no deeper, however, even there. She waded to the door of the tower, opened it with difficulty, climbed the stairway, and gained the light room, where the glass of the windows was all shattered, and the little chamber half full of the dead bodies of birds, swept along by the whirlwind and dashed against the tower, none of them falling to the ground or losing an inch of their level in the air as they sped onward, until they struck against some high object, which broke their mad and awful journey. Holding on by the shattered casement, Sister St. Luke gazed out to sea. The wind was blowing fiercely

and the waves were lashed to fury. The sky was inky black. The reef was under water, save one high knob of its backbone, and to that two dark objects were clinging. Further down she saw the wreck of the boat driving before the gale. Pedro was over in the village; the tide was coming in over the high sea, and night was approaching. She walked quickly down the rough stone stairs, stepped into the water again, and waded across where the paroquet boat had been driven against the wall of the house, baled it out with one of Melvyna's pans, and then, climbing in from the window of the sitting-room, she hoisted the sail, and in a moment was out on the dark sea.

Melvyna had ascended to the top of the ridge, and when the sail came into view beyond the house she fell down on her knees and began to pray aloud: "Oh, Lord, save her; save the lamb! She don't know what's she is doing, Lord. She's as simple as a baby. Oh, save her, out on that roaring sea! Good Lord, good Lord, deliver her!" Fragments of prayers she had heard in her prayer-meeting days came confusedly back into her mind, and she repeated them all again and again, wringing her hands as she saw the little craft tilt far over under its all too large sail, so that several times, in the hollows of the waves, she thought it was gone. The wind was blowing hard but steadily, and in a direction that carried the boat straight toward the reef; no tacks were necessary, no change of course; the black-robed little figure simply held the sail rope, and the paroquet drove on. The two clinging to the rock, bruised, exhausted, with the waves rising and falling around them, did not see the boat until it was close upon them.

"By the great heavens!" said Keith.

His face was pallid and rigid, and there was a ghastly cut across his forehead, the work of the sharp-edged rock. The next moment he was on board, brought the boat round just in

time, and helped in Carrington, whose right arm was injured.

"You have saved our lives, señora," he said abruptly.

"By Jove, yes," said Carrington. "We could not have stood it long, and night was coming." Then they gave all their attention to the hazardous start.

Sister St. Luke remained unconscious of the fact that she had done anything remarkable. Her black gown was spoiled, which was a pity, and she knew of a balm which was easily compounded and which would heal their bruises. Did they think Melvyna had come back to the house yet? And did they know that all her dishes were broken—yes, even the cups with the red flowers on the border? Then she grew timorous again, and hid her face from the sight of the waves.

Keith said not a word, but sailed the boat, and it was a wild and dangerous voyage they made, tacking up and down in the gayly painted little craft, that seemed like a toy on that angry water. Once Carrington took the little Sister's hand in his, and pressed his lips fervently upon it. She had never had her hand kissed before, and looked at him, then at the place, with a vague surprise, which soon faded, however, into the old fear of the wind. It was night when at last they reached the light-house; but during the last two tacks they had a light from the window to guide them; and when nearly in they saw the lantern shining out from the shattered windows of the tower in a fitful, surprised sort of a way, for Melvyna had returned, and with the true spirit of a Yankee, had immediately gone to work at the ruins.

The only sign of emotion she gave was to Keith. "I saw it all," she said. "That child went right out after you, in that terrible wind, as natural and as quiet as if she was only going across the room. And she so timid a fly could frighten her! Mark my words, Mr. Keith, the good Lord helped her to do it! And I'll go to

that new mission chapel over in the town every Sunday after this, as sure's my name is Sawyer!" She ceased abruptly, and going into her kitchen, slammed the door behind her. Emotion with Melvyna took the form of roughness.

Sister St. Luke went joyfully back to her convent the next day, for Pedro, when he returned, brought the letter, written, as Keith had directed, in the style of an affectionate invitation. The little nun wept for happiness when she read it. "You see how they love me—love me as I love them," she repeated with innocent triumph again and again.

"It is all we can do," said Keith. "She could not be happy anywhere else, and with the money behind her she will not be neglected. Besides, I really believe they do love her. The sending here up her was probably the result of some outside dictation."

Carrington, however, was dissatisfied. "A pretty return we make for our saved lives," he said. "I hate ingratitude." For Carrington was half disposed now to fall in love with his preserver.

But Keith stood firm.

"Addio," said the little Sister, as Pedro's boat received her. Her face had lighted so with joy and glad anticipation that they hardly knew her. "I wish you could to the convent go with me," she said earnestly to the two young men. "I am sure you would like it." Then, as the boat turned the point, "I am sure you would like it," she called back, crossing her hands on her breast. "It is very heavenly there—very heavenly."

That was the last they saw of her.

Carrington sent down the next winter from New York a large silver crucifix, superbly embossed and ornamented. It was placed on the high altar of the convent, and much admired and revered by all the nuns. Sister St. Luke admired it too. She spoke of the island occasionally, but she did not tell the story of the rescue. She never thought of it. There-

fore, in the matter of the crucifix, the belief was that a special grace had touched the young man's heart. And prayers were ordered for him. Sister St. Luke tended her doves, and at the hour of meditation paced to and fro between the lime tree and the bush of white roses. When she was thirty years old her cup was full, for then she was permitted to take lessons and play a little upon the old organ.

Melvyna went every Sunday to the bare, struggling little Presbyterian mission over in the town, and she remains to this day a Sawyer.

But Keith remembered. He bares his head silently in reverence to all womanhood, and curbs his cynicism as best he can, for the sake of the little Sister—the sweet little Sister St. Luke.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CLEOPATRA'S SOLILOQUY.

WHAT care I for the tempest? What care I for the rain?
 If it beat upon my bosom, would it cool its burning pain—
 This pain that ne'er has left me since on his heart I lay,
 And sobbed my grief at parting as I'd sob my soul away?
 O Antony! Antony! Antony! when in thy circling arms
 Shall I sacrifice to Eros my glorious woman's charms,
 And burn life's sweetest incense before his sacred shrine
 With the living fire that flashes from thine eyes into mine?
 O when shall I feel thy kisses rain down upon my face,
 As, a queen of love and beauty, I lie in thine embrace,
 Melting—melting—melting, as a woman only can
 When she's a willing captive in the conquering arms of man,
 As he towers a god above her, and to yield is not defeat,
 For love can own no victor if love with love shall meet?
 I still have regal splendor, I still have queenly power,
 And—more than all—unfaded is woman's glorious dower.
 But what care I for pleasure? what's beauty to me now,
 Since Love no longer places his crown upon my brow?
 I have tasted its elixir, its fire has through me flashed,
 But when the wine glowed brightest from my eager lip 'twas dashed.
 And I would give all Egypt but once to feel the bliss
 Which thrills through all my being where'er I meet his kiss.
 The tempest wildly rages, my hair is wet with rain,
 But it does not still my longing, or cool my burning pain.
 For Nature's storms are nothing to the raging of my soul
 When it burns with jealous frenzy beyond a queen's control.
 I fear not pale Octavia—that haughty Roman dame—
 My lion of the desert—my Antony can tame.
 I fear no Persian beauty, I fear no Grecian maid:
 The world holds not the woman of whom I am afraid.
 But I'm jealous of the rapture I tasted in his kiss,
 And I would not that another should share with me that bliss.

No joy would I deny him, let him cull it where he will,
So, mistress of his bosom is Cleopatra still;
So that he feels for ever, when he Love's nectar sips,
'T was sweeter—sweeter—sweeter when tasted on my lips;
So that all other kisses, since he has drawn in mine,
Shall be unto my loved as "water after wine."
Awhile let Cæsar fancy Octavia's pallid charms
Can hold Rome's proudest consul a captive in her arms.
Her cold embrace but brightens the memory of mine,
And for my warm caresses he in her arms shall pine.
'T was not for love he sought her, but for her princely dower;
She brought him Cæsar's friendship, she brought him kingly power.
I should have bid him take her, had he my counsel sought.
I've but to smile upon him, and all her charms are nought;
For I would scorn to hold him by but a single hair,
Save his own longing for me when I'm no longer there;
And I will show you, Roman, that for one kiss from me
Wife—fame—and even honor to him shall nothing be !

Throw wide the window, Isis—fling perfumes o'er me now,
And bind the Lotus blossoms again upon my brow.
The rain has ceased its weeping, the driving storm is past,
And calm are Nature's pulses that lately beat so fast.
Gone is my jealous frenzy, and Eros reigns serene,
The only god e'er worshipped by Egypt's haughty queen.
With Antony—my loved—I'll kneel before his shrine
Till the loves of Mars and Venus are nought to his and mine;
And down through coming ages, in every land and tongue,
With them shall Cleopatra and Antony be sung.
Burn Sandal-wood and Cassia, let the vapor round me wreath,
And mingle with the incense the Lotus blossoms breathe.
Let India's spicy odors and Persia's perfumes rare
Be wafted on the pinions of Egypt's fragrant air.
With the sighing of the night breeze, the river's rippling flow,
Let me hear the notes of music in cadence soft and low.
Draw round my couch its curtains: I'd bathe my soul in sleep;
I feel its gentle languor upon me slowly creep.
O let me cheat my senses with dreams of future bliss,
In fancy feel his presence, in fancy taste his kiss,
In fancy nestle closely against his throbbing heart,
And throw my arms around him, no more—no more to part.
Hush ! hush ! his spirit's pinions are rustling in my ears:
He comes upon the tempest to calm my jealous fears;
He comes upon the tempest in answer to my call.
Wife—fame—and even honor—for me he leaves them all;
And royally I'll welcome my lover to my side.
I have won him—I have won him from Cæsar and his bride.

MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

THE DRAMATIC CANONS.

II.

IN our late inquiry* into the secrets of dramatic success, our researches were principally directed toward the ascertainment of such general and technical rules as might recommend themselves for the treatment of all dramas, whatever the nature of their subject, tragic, comic, or melodramatic. The limits of space unavoidable in a magazine article prevented anything more than a fragmentary treatment of that part of the subject, indicating the general line of argument that seemed to be the soundest in the light of the present day, and presenting for consideration twelve technical rules, more or less general, which we shall here summarize for the sake of convenience, to make clear what follows:

I. The subject of a play should be capable of full treatment in fifteen scenes at most.

II. It should be acted without the aid of narrative.

III. It should have a connected plot, one event depending on the other.

IV. The interest should hinge on a single action or episode.

V. Furniture and set-pieces should be kept out of front scenes if possible.

VI. The best dialogue should be put in front scenes.

VII. They should end in suspense to be relieved by the full scenes.

VIII. Fine points should be avoided in opening a play.

IX. Act I. should open with a quiet picture, to be disturbed by the bad element, the other characters successively coming in, the excitement increasing.

X. Act I. should end in a partial climax of suspense.

XI. Each act should lead to the other, the interest increasing.

* "The Galaxy" for March, 1877.

XII. The interest should be concentrated on few characters.

The reasons for some of these arbitrary rules will appear plain to even a cursory observer. The others will recommend themselves, I think, after an examination of the models cited in the article itself, to which the reader is referred. It must not be supposed, however, even by the lay reader, that a subject so extensive can be exhausted in so short an essay. Old actors and dramatists, in the light of their own experience, may even doubt whether a theme so abstruse and difficult can be treated at all, save by one of lifelong experience, and may be inclined to sneer at the presumption of any person who attempts to write on methods of attaining dramatic success before having attained it himself by a grandly popular drama. It seems to the present writer, however, that the inquiry is open to all, and if conducted on the inductive method, with plays of acknowledged popularity for a basis, may result in the settlement of some points around which he, in common with other hitherto unsuccessful dramatists, has been groping for years.

In closing the first part of our inquiry, we remarked on the fact that the interest of a successful play increases gradually from act to act, and that it is usually concentrated on a few people. The next question that presents itself in our treatment of the play as a whole is as to the best method of attaining this increase of interest from act to act, and how it is done in successful plays. The suggestion in rule X. seems to be the one most generally used by old dramatists for this purpose—that is, the employment of the partial climax as a means of exciting suspense. It may be said to be one of the most dif-

scult points in dramatic construction to decide when to bring the curtain down at the end of a play; and the fall of the drop at the end of each act offers nearly equal difficulties. Is there any guide to a solution of this question in the handling of well-known plays? If there is, let us endeavor to find it.

The first thing to be remarked is that we cannot apply to Shakespeare for the information. The experience of nearly three centuries in the acting of Shakespeare's plays has resulted in making the acting editions very different from the original plays in arrangement, in the suppression of whole scenes and acts, the substitution of others, the amalgamation of plays, the taking of all sorts of liberties with the action. Only in one thing do they remain at all times faithful to the original author, in the preservation, for the most part, of his language. Familiar instances will occur in the "Merchant of Venice," where the play is now always closed with the trial scene; a few sentences between Bassanio and Portia, clumsily tacked on, being regarded as preferable to the original closing in a final act of light comedy. The amalgamation, in the acting edition of "Richard III.," of parts of "Henry V." and "Henry VI.," and the suppression of the historical ending after Richard's death, were changes made by Colley Cibber, which have stood the test of time, and have made the play a traditional success whenever well acted. In each case experience showed that the following up of a scene of tragic intensity by either comedy or narrative made the scene drag. In other words, it was an *anti-climax*.

It is noticeable, by the by, that these instances of clumsy construction and consequent alteration occur most frequently in Shakespeare's historic dramas, where he was fettered by familiar facts, and thought less of the play than of the chronicle. Such plays of his as deal with popular legend or stories, already polished by

tradition into poetic justice, and moulded by instinct into a dramatic form, have suffered much less in the adaptation; some, such as "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," hardly needing alteration. While I do not suppose that in these or any other play Shakespeare consciously worked on any philosophic principle of construction, previously thought out, it is evident that his artistic instinct, left to itself, prevented his making any serious mistakes in technique, a matter which has advanced considerably since his day. I believe that, had Shakespeare lived to-day, he would have written much more perfectly constructed acting plays, while at the same time his vast knowledge, or rather lightning appreciation of the various phases of human nature, would have been just as great. When he wrote, the English drama was in its infancy, but three centuries of actors, managers, scene painters, and carpenters have made great advances in technical experience since those days; and no genius, however great in the essentials of painting the passions, can to-day attain success if ignorant of the technical secrets of managing scenes. We have noticed the changes made in "Richard" and the "Merchant of Venice," to avoid the anti-climax. Let us take a modern stock play, the "Lady of Lyons," to illustrate the opposite of dramatic construction. The first act ends with Claude scornfully rejected by Pauline, burning for revenge, offered a chance, ready to grasp it. Down goes the drop. The second act closes with his revenge almost completed, his remorse beginning. He is *going* to be married—not married yet. Down goes the drop. Third act—he is married, and his remorse has come. He has deceived a loving woman, and resolves to atone by giving her up. Down goes the drop on his resolve, still unaccomplished. Fourth act—he expiates his crime and sees a chance to regain happiness after a long, weary probation. Again the drop falls on a *suspense*.

The question is—Will he stand the test, and will Pauline be faithful? The fifth act opens in gloom, and closes with the reward of virtue and punishment of vice. The reader will mark in each case how the acts end in suspense, and how, as soon as the suspense is clearly indicated, down comes the drop. This was Bulwer's first successful play, and we shall come to it again in looking at the inner secrets that guide the motives of a drama. The good construction of the "Lady of Lyons" and the faulty original construction of the "Merchant of Venice" must not blind us to the fact that Shylock was the work of a lofty genius, Claude merely the polished production of a man of talent and erudition. From the preface to "The Caxtons," and other sources, we know that Bulwer was fond of ascertaining rules and principles, and that he always did good work when once he had found them out. Shakespeare as clearly worked from pure instinct, and defied almost all rules, except to hold "the mirror up to nature." Could we only join to-day the brains of old William and the research and learning of old "Lytton," what a drama might we have at last! But lest we further wander away from our theme, it is time to propose the canon which the reader must by this time have anticipated as self-evident:

XIII. Avoid anti-climax. When you have reached suspense bring down the drop or close the scene. When the last climax has come bring down the curtain.

Before passing to the more particular secrets of handling scenes in a dramatic success, one other general point remains to be treated, which is the respective merits of Greek and Gothic dramatic construction, as developed, in modern times, into the French and English methods. The distinction is broad and simple. The French write all their plays, or almost all, in single-scene acts, and never employ front

scenes in a regular play; the English of the old school use front scenes, and multiply the divisions of an act into as many as five in some instances. Each method has its strong and weak points. The French method is apt to become stiff and formal, the English to fritter away the action of the drama into a mass of subordinate pictures. On the other hand, the French method gives a degree of realism to each act in a drama to which it cannot pretend where the scenes are shifted. Each act becomes a living picture, revealed by the rising of the curtain and closed by its fall. As long as it lasts it is perfect, and every year of advance in the mechanical part of theatricals increases the resources of the stage in the direction of realism. In interiors particularly the advance has become very great, since the general introduction of box scenes, with a regular ceiling and walls, simulating the appearance of a room with complete fidelity. Such a scene is barely practicable and always clumsy if set in sight of the audience, and its removal is hardly possible, save as hidden by the curtain. Open-air scenes may be enriched with all sorts of heavy set-pieces, when acts are composed of one scene, which must be dispensed with if the scenes are numerous, or their removal will entail such a noise as seriously to disturb the illusion. The removal of scenes, moreover, always disturbs, more or less, the action of a drama, and unless that action be very complex, requiring several sets of characters, to be introduced in different places simultaneously, is unwise.

On the other hand, the breaking up of acts into three or more scenes offers one great advantage, that of variety, and prevents many a play from dragging. If there are two sets of characters in a play, the virtuous and the wicked, it is a very good device to keep them apart, acting simultaneously in different scenes, during the action of a play, to be brought together only at the climax; and such a method has been employed by the best artists,

with a gain in interest that could not have been obtained with the single-scene act for a basis.

The greatest masters of dramatic construction that have made their appearance in the present century are probably Bulwer Lytton and Dion Boucicault; and each has left good examples of treatment in both schools. Bulwer, in the "Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu," both romantic plays, with the regular villanous element, has used the front scene to advantage wherever he found it necessary. In "Money," on the other hand, a scientific comedy of the very first order, the five pictures succeed each other with no disturbance but that of the curtain. The plot of "Money," be it observed, is quite simple, the characters few, the intention that of the old Greek comedy—a satire on manners.

Boucicault, in his latest success—the "Shaughraun"—and in his other Irish dramas, notably the "Colleen Bawn," uses three and even five scenes in an act, with perfect freedom, while in others, almost as successful in their day, such as "Jessie Brown," "Octoroon," the French form seemed to him to be preferable. Some principle must have guided him in this distinction, as it did Bulwer, and the same elements probably decided both to tell one story in one way, the other in another. It is observable that both treat a romantic and complicated story, with numerous characters and considerable of the villanous element, in numerous scenes, whereas a realistic picture of actual manners, such as "Money," "Octoroon," "Jessie Brown," falls naturally into few scenes. The climax of each of these last mentioned plays, be it observed, is produced by the operation of general causes, the laws of society in "Money" and "Octoroon," the operation of a historical fact in "Jessie Brown," while in the romantic plays the climax depends on the action of the characters, determined by accidental circumstances, irrespective of general laws. The respective rank of "Money" and

the "Lady of Lyons" in the lapse of years can hardly, I think, be doubted. The first will hold its own with the "School for Scandal," when the "Lady of Lyons" is forgotten, along with "The Duenna." The recent success of Augustin Daly in adapting the "School for Scandal" to mono-scenic acts shows how readily that form lends itself to the exigencies of legitimate comedy. The single fault of that adaptation is that the first act drags, just as Sardou's first acts always drag, but the audience forgets that as the story progresses. The result of our ramble through the instances mentioned seems to be this canon:

XIV. Mono-scenic acts are best for high comedy, realistic and society dramas; multi-scenic acts succeed best with romantic and complicated plots.

We have now explored, with more or less success, some of the general and broad principles that underlie dramatic construction taken as a whole, without regard to particular forms and instances. It would seem that a brief excursion into the domain of particulars may not be out of place, partly as a recreation, partly to test the accuracy of our past conclusions. Let us take, for instance, the greatest popular successes of late years, and try to find wherein lies their secret, following these by an inquiry into the cause why some stock plays hold the boards while others are dead. What is the secret of the "Black Crook"? Of Boucicault's Irish dramas? Of Bulwer's renowned trio, "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," "Money"? Of "School for Scandal" and "Rivals"? Of "Richard III.," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Lear," "Hamlet," and the Shakespeare comedies? I put out of the question now such plays as the "Dundreary" drama, depending as those do on a different element of success, apart from the drama itself, to which we shall come before we finish.

First, what is the secret of the

"Black Crook"! No other drama ever had such a run in the United States, in spite of all sorts of abuse, in spite of numerous literary faults, and it has always succeeded wherever it has been properly put on the stage. What is its secret? The stereotyped answer of the disappointed dramatist and carping newspaper critic used to be "legs"; but that answer will not do now. There have been plenty of "leg" dramas put on since that day, and as far as the display of feminine anatomy is concerned, the "Black Crook" was a paragon of prudery compared with many of its followers; yet they only ran a few weeks, while the "Black Crook" ran nearly three years, all over the Union, with hardly a serious break. It was not the dancing, for we have had better since, as far as gymnastics are concerned; it was not the dresses and scenery, for both have been excelled since that day; it was not the beauty of the tableaux, for they also have been excelled; it was something in the drama itself, quite different from its predecessors and followers. The "Black Crook" was a strong, exaggerated melodrama, with plenty of the weird element in the incantation scene, relieved by the broadest of broad farce in the person of the magician's comic slave. It was full of *variety*. There was a little of everything, and nothing very long at one time. When it first came out I remember very young gentlemen making learned criticisms on the powerful acting of the man who played the "Black Crook" himself. The same class also raved about the "terrible" incantation scene, which was worked up till the passion was torn to tatters. But I feel convinced that the incantation scene, the dances, the novelty of ladies in tights, would have failed to make the "Black Crook" a success but for the broad humor and farce of that comic slave and the old house-keeper and steward. That humor was so simple, so like the well remembered ringmaster and clown of our childhood, that we all laughed at it, wise

as well as foolish. I remember well during the second run of the venerable Herzog and his slave, talking to a very acute and learned gentleman—a man of the world too—who actually had never seen the "Black Crook" till the previous evening, and he was convulsed with laughter every time he recalled the figure of the man who shouts, "I want to go home!" That figure remained with him out of all the play, in his memory, as something irresistibly comic, just as the weird and uncanny elements remained with the minds of smaller calibre. For the children who saw it, I will venture to say that the parts which pleased them most were the parts which made the success of the play, the obtrusion of broad farce in one place, the beauty of the grotto scene and really poetical dancing of Bonfanti in another. Strange that of all the dancers, many more agile and supple, no one should ever have replaced Bonfanti, or even come near her in the "Black Crook." She gave the play what it lacked, poetical beauty and grace, and thus completed the secret of its success, which was—*variety*. Its rivals and followers tried to beat up the narrow channel that leads to public favor, in one or two long tacks, and ended by running aground, while the "Black Crook" kept hands at the braces all the time, and "went about" as often as the water showed a symptom of shoaling.

The same secret of *variety* accounts for the great success of Boucicault's Irish dramas as compared with those of other dramatists, and even with his own plays on other subjects. The regular old-fashioned Irish drama had interest only to an Irishman. It dealt with rebellions of half a century and more gone by, stamped out, and in which few took interest outside of Ireland. A certain element, that of traditional abuse of the traditional Briton, who was supposed to be always wandering over the United States with his pockets full of *Borritish gold*, trying to corrupt patriotic Americans and regain King George's colo-

nies, gave a certain interest to the Irish drama in America for the half century before the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument, but that faded out as time obliterated early jealousies. Then came Boucicault and did a wonderful thing, taking hackneyed and ridiculous Fenianism and making out of it one of the greatest successes of modern times, that bids fair to remain a stock play for years—the “Shaughraun.” In “Arrah-na-Pogue” he took the old thin story of the Irish patriot of '98, and achieved an equal success, while in the “Colleen Bawn” he made a tremendous hit with even poorer materials. The secret of the success of all three plays is found in *variety*, produced by contrasting the broad unctuous humor and sharp wit of the Irish peasant, familiar to the English-speaking world, with the quiet delicacy and refinement of the Irish upper classes, by using a few strong melodramatic situations, but nothing very long, the pathos always relieved by humor before it drags. The whole play—any of the three—rattles off without a hitch. In the last and most perfect, the “Shaughraun,” a very happy hit is made with the *comic* villain, a new creation in the drama, though as old in the pantomime as Clown and Pantaloon.

If variety be the leading element of success in the “Black Crook” and the Irish dramas of Boucicault, wherein lies that of Bulwer's trio of stock plays by which he will be remembered? The first of his successes was the “Lady of Lyons,” and we have already seen how skilful is the mechanical construction of this play, leading the suspense from act to act; but that will not account for the whole of the interest. A saying of Boucicault as to this play gives us also a key to the whole three Bulwer plays, for we find the same element pervading them all—the central idea of two, and only slightly modified in the third. Boucicault has remarked that the interest of the “Lady of Lyons” really depends on the fact that the completion of Claude's

marriage is delayed from the second to the end of the fifth act; and a little reflection will show this to be the case. The whole interest of the play before the close of the second act turns on whether Claude will obtain his lady-love; the interest thereafter on his resistance to the temptations that draw him toward Pauline against honor. Look at “Richelieu,” and the same element intensified pervades it. Adrian de Mauprat marries Julie at the close of the first act, only to be separated from her all the rest of the play till the climax. Richelieu himself, as far as the main action of the play is concerned, is secondary to Adrian, the end of all plays being “to make two lovers happy.” In “Money” nearly the same motive runs through the play. In the first act Evelyn finds that Clara loves him, and all real obstacle to their marriage is removed by his sudden accession to fortune; yet all the rest of the play sees them kept apart by the most flimsy obstacles, just to tantalize the audience, and make them wonder if those two fools will ever come together. The means are very simple, and yet quite powerful enough, as much so as the first part of “Romeo and Juliet,” where, by the by, almost all the interest dies out after the balcony scene. The main secret of Bulwer then reveals itself, like that of flirtation, to reside in the *art of tantalization*.

We next come to Sheridan, the man who wrote the best comedy in the English language, “School for Scandal.” The secret of that play and the “Rivals” has been thought by some to consist in the dialogue, but dialogue alone never made a play run before a mixed audience. The worst dialogue in the “Black Crook”—and God knows it was bad enough—could not kill that play any more than the finest dialogue could make Tennyson's “Queen Mary” into a real play, or galvanize it into a semblance of interest before an audience. Sheridan has more than witty dialogue. His situations are always capital, and his characters are without exception real

living beings, only very slightly caricatured. To be sure they are rather too sharp and clever as a class, for we seldom or never meet in society such a perfect galaxy of smart, keen-witted people, Mrs. Malaprop not excepted; but the secret of Sheridan lies below dialogue and character. It lies, I think, in the natural sympathy felt by all mixed audiences in favor of youth and high spirits, through all their pranks, as exemplified in Captain Absolute, Charles Surface, Lydia Languish, and Lady Teazle, against respectability, honest or the reverse, embodied in Sir Anthony Absolute, Sir Peter Teazle, and Joseph Surface. It is the protest of honest animal spirits against conventionality, ending in the reconciliation of the rebels to society. Some people talk of the bad moral of the "School for Scandal," never thinking that it is identical in spirit with that of the parable of the Prodigal Son. A broad feeling of charity and toleration for honest error, with a grimly sarcastic treatment of all shams, pervade Sheridan's work just as they do those of all the great satirists, whether novelists or dramatists. Goldsmith, Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, all run in the same track when they once get started, and we must confess that they have pretty high authority for their kindness toward the returning prodigal and their sneers at his eminently respectable brother, Joseph Surface, Esq.

This secret of Sheridan in the "School for Scandal" is the main element of only one modern drama that I now remember—"Rip Van Winkle"—but it is quite common in the "old comedies," as they are called. These old comedies generally make their appearance at least once in two years at such theatres as Wallack's and Daly's of New York and the Arch Street at Philadelphia. I forget the name of the Boston "legitimate" place. When well acted they always "take," and there are so many stage traditions of how to act them that they are seldom badly done. The forgive-

ness of repentant prodigals, it will be remembered, forms the basis of most of them, an element which has gradually disappeared from the modern drama in deference to the increasing Philistine element, represented by the Y. M. C. A. and the T. A. B.

Ascending from the modern English drama to its parents in the Elizabethan era, we encounter the only dramatist of those times whose works still hold the stage, and ask what is the secret of "Richard III.," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Lear," "Hamlet," and the Shakespeare comedies. The first general answer that most people will give is—the genius of Shakespeare; his power of drawing character, his wonderful language, his mastery of human passion. All these, it seems to me, are true, but it is to the last element that the success of Shakespeare's plays *on the stage* is mainly due. No other dramatist, French, English, or German, with the single exception of Goethe in "Faust," has succeeded in making men and women, under the influence of tremendous passion, talk and act so *truly*, so *realistically*. We notice this on the stage when we see "Richard III." well acted. The man becomes a real live man, a great scamp no doubt, but an able scamp, so able that he actually excites our sympathy, when a really good actor plays him. The main power of Shakespeare's tragedies to-day, and their superiority to the tragedies of any other dramatist, lies in their *realism*. Where a modern dramatist like Boucicault confines his realistic treatment to matters with which most of us are familiar, Shakespeare flies at any game, no matter how high, and impresses us with the presence of *real* men and women, whether they be kings and queens or only common folk. This seems to be Shakespeare's one secret which makes his plays hold the stage to-day in spite of faulty construction, in spite of all the modern advances in stage management. Modern dramas are realistic, but they deal with common emotions, cramped by

the restraints of an artificial state of society, where all our feelings are more or less artificial. Shakespeare takes human nature untrammelled, and paints it as it is, unshackled by the commonplace laws of modern society. Compare his pathos with modern pathos, and see the difference. The staple element of modern pathos is the contrast between poverty and riches, hunger and fulness, cold and warmth. The greatest pathos of Shakespeare, in "Lear," comes out not in the storm scene, but in the meeting of Lear and Cordelia amid luxury and comfort. The old king hurls curses and contempt at the mere physical discomforts of the tempest; they serve to divert his thoughts from the far greater torture of his mind; but when his conscience makes him crave pardon of his own child, then indeed the limit of human pathos is reached. There is nothing artificial there. Lear might be any old man as well as a king, and the situation would be just as terrible in its justice of atonement. It is *truth*.

That *realism* is the whole secret of Shakespeare's success as a dramatist, is made more evident by the fact that he avows it himself in "Hamlet," as the mainspring of dramatic success, in the celebrated "advice to the players." This being the only passage on record in which Shakespeare lays down his principles of art, has always been held as of great value, and has probably done more to improve the English stage than most people imagine. It has been always available as a canon to which to refer unnatural ranters, and to prevent the robustious school from tearing a passion to tatters. It sobered down Forrest in his old age into a model Othello, and constitutes the secret that has placed Lester Wallack and Joseph Jefferson at the head of their respective lines of light comedy. I think, however, it has hardly been recognized fully enough as the principle on which Shakespeare worked, for here at least he does seem to have held to a rigidly defined and artificial principle of action. This was to

take a given passion and treat it with the utmost realism from every point of view, making that the *motive* of a play, being otherwise careless of construction.

This principle appears very clearly in "Lear," the most artificial in construction of all Shakespeare's tragedies. His theme was *filial ingratitude*, and hardly a scene in the whole drama turns aside from that theme. It appears in the two plots about Lear and Gloucester, both having exactly the same lines of actors, the last obviously a reflex of the first. It is perhaps the only play of Shakespeare in which the *moral* obtrudes itself forcibly all through the action, as plainly as in the stories of an old-fashioned primer, and I cannot help thinking that if the whole story of Edgar and Edmund had been left out, the play would have gained in unity and nature.

In "Richard III." ambition is the ruling passion, treated in the same realistic fashion, conjoined with the extreme sensitiveness of personal deformity to strictures on itself. In "Macbeth" ambition pure and simple is treated from every point, first in man, then in woman; afterward remorse is dissected with equal skill. The ruling passion in "Hamlet" is somewhat more difficult to analyze than the rest, but I think that the renowned soliloquy of "To be or not to be" discloses it more clearly than any other part of the play. It is *fear*. Fear appears in Hamlet all through the play, from the first ghost scene to the death of Ophelia—an excessive caution, a hesitation, a timidity, a want of resolution, mental more than physical, which lasts till he returns from his travels and is stung into manliness over poor Ophelia's grave. Then at last he does what he ought to have done at first, but for his lack of good, honest pluck—gets savage and breaks things, and so works poetical justice.

If the tragedies of Shakespeare reveal their principal secret to be the realistic treatment of master passions, what shall we say to such comedies as

"Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," and such? It is very difficult to define in what consists their success, apart from the beauty of their love stories, their dainty language, their charming feminine characters, and a cloud of accessories, none of which can properly be called the main secret. The first two, I think, owe their beauty principally to the dissection of that passion of love which forms the motive of "Romeo and Juliet." The author treats us to nothing but love scenes and scenes in mockery of love, and yet we never tire of them. In "Much Ado About Nothing," to be sure, there is an artificial plot of villany to hinder the love-making, but after all it is Benedick and Beatrice, making fun of love and getting caught in its toils, that make the charm of the piece, and the same device, minute analysis of love, makes "Twelfth Night" what it is. When we come to look below the surface we find, in the comedies as in the tragedies of Shakespeare, that the realistic treatment of some ruling passion forms the ultimate secret on which he works.

To sum up in the aphoristic form the secrets affecting the motives of the greatest dramatic successes of the English stage, we can, I think, partially agree on one more canon:

XV. Variety, suspense, satire, and realistic analysis of human passion are the secrets, so far discovered, of lasting dramatic successes.

The subject of dramatic success, however, has one more very important branch, still to be considered. As an artist cannot work without colors and brushes, so a dramatist cannot work without actors. Good actors cannot permanently lift a bad play out of the mud, but bad actors can murder the best drama ever written, and even the best actor cannot make a hit if his part does not fit him and his physical appearance. I remember once a ludi-

crous instance of this, with Boucicault's "Flying Scud," which I happened to see in Buffalo. Nat Gosling, the venerable jockey, was there played by a man weighing at least a hundred and eighty pounds, in the dress of an old farmer; and the absurdity was so glaring that the whole play fell as dead as ditchwater, though by no means badly played. The same play in New York was first fitted exactly with Young for its Nat Gosling—a little, dried-up, weazen-faced man, who identified himself so perfectly with the character that the piece became quite a *success*. It is a very common superstition among actors that a good actor can act anything, and can "make up" to look like anything, and no doubt this is partially, but only partially, true. There are actors, with flat, commonplace faces, figures of medium size, voices of no particular character, who, by dint of a little paint and pomatum, some false hair, some padding, and considerable study, can adapt themselves to play almost any character after a fashion; but it is a significant fact that such men are not to be found among the leaders of their profession, but only in the second rank. *Great actors* take a line and stick to it, one that exactly suits their individuality, and such find their mark. If they leave it, they deteriorate, if they stick to it, they become identified with it, and no one can rival them in their specialty. They become *real* "stars." Jefferson found in Rip Van Winkle his *fit*, and has been wise enough never to leave it. Sothern did the same in Lord Dundreary. Lester Wallack has his own recognized line, the *blasé* man of the world, which he never leaves, save to his misfortune. Edwin Booth keeps his face, figure, and voice the same in all his characters, and people crowd to see him. Why? Because he has a delicately handsome face and figure, a melodious voice, and a clear, intellectual conception of every part. They go to see Booth, not Bertuccio, or Brutus, or Othello, and it is noticeable

that his Hamlet is one of his most successful pieces, because in it he is less disguised than anywhere else. The greatest success Barrett ever made was in Cassius, because the part fitted him, and no one has ever come near him in that part, where his face and figure appeared as nature made them. Any one who has ever seen Charles Fisher act Triplet in "Masks and Faces" must have realized the same sense of entire completeness and fitness which attended Barrett's Cassius, Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle, Lester Wallack's Elliott Gray, Sothorn's Dundreary, Harry Placide's Monsieur Tourbillon, Booth's Iago and Richard III., Mrs. Scott-Siddons's Viola, Fanny Davenport's Georgette in "Fernande," Mary Gannon's "Little Treasure," Maggie Mitchell's "Fanchon" and "Little Barefoot."

In all these undoubted successes, old and new, with the sole exception of Sothorn's Dundreary, the actors and actresses appeared and appear undisguised, talk in a natural voice, and fit their characters like a glove, face, figure, and all. This essential of fitness between character and physique is sometimes ignored by managers, with disastrous effects, while its observance has made a success of many a play, bolstered up by the influence of a single character. T. P. Cooke's Long Tom Coffin in the "Pilot" was such an instance of phenomenal success attained by the physique of one actor, carrying a rubbishy play through. Charlotte Cushman's Meg Merrilies was another such instance, the mere power of face, figure, and voice making a triumph, spite of poor play, and even spite of unmitigated and unnatural rant on the part of the actress. I have mentioned one instance in my own observation of the consequences of putting actors into ill fitting parts, in "Flying Scud." If the reader can imagine Lester Wallack in Rip Van Winkle, Jefferson in Elliott Gray or Hugh Chalcote, Barrett in Dundreary, Sothorn in Cassius, Booth as Monsieur Tourbillon or Solon Shingle, Owens as

Iago, he will have the salient points of our argument in strong light. The best example of a well fitted play I ever saw was Lester Wallack's "Veteran," as first acted, with James W. Wallack for Colonel Delmar, Mrs. Hoey for Amina, Mary Gannon for the other young woman, Mrs. Vernon for Mrs. MacShake. Every part, down to the very slaves, was perfectly fitted, and nothing has since come near it in completeness except Boucicault's plays, written at different times for the same theatre, "Jessie Brown" and the "Shaughraun." The full consideration of all these facts, and especially a retrospect of the relative rank of versatile actors and of specialists, has led to the following further aphorism:

XVI. If the actors fit the play, expect success; if they do not, disaster.

The consideration of actors as affecting the success of a play brings us to the last branch of the whole subject affected by the dramatic canons, which is *the qualifications required by the dramatist* to secure success. When we have considered them we shall have finished our task—the completion of an essay to arouse thought in others. When we consider the literary construction of such plays as "Black Crook," "Buffalo Bill," as well as the hosts of nameless dramas that are constantly making their appearance at minor and first-class theatres, their flat dialogue and general insipidity when merely read, not acted, we begin to realize that genius or even talent in the author are not the first requisite. He may lack both and still succeed. He must, however, have one thing, or he might as well keep out of the box office altogether, for his plays will be there pigeon-holed for good if he possesses it not. This something is *stage experience*. He may be an actor, no matter how bad, a scene painter, a carpenter, a musician, but he must have been about a theatre in some capacity, no matter how humble, to see how things work. One week be-

hind the curtain is worth a year in front. The mere acquaintance with the ways of managers and actors is worth a good deal of time, but the familiarity with the working of a piece is the main thing. The most successful American comedy that has yet appeared was written by a walking lady who never would have made an actress if she had staid on the stage forty years, but who utilized her experience to some purpose on quitting the stage. The most successful money-making sensational piece of late years was written by a scene painter, and the poorest actors frequently write very good pieces, while good actors who possess talent for scribbling, almost always do well as playwrights. Only one fault do they all exhibit, without any exception, so far as my experience has run: they are all utterly oblivious of the meaning of the eighth commandment, and seem to regard plagiarism not as theft, but as a favor to the author whose literary property they steal. This is the worst that can be said about actor-authors, and to the rule there are no exceptions that ever I heard of. Actor-authors are unmitigated pirates of the most utterly unscrupulous sort, who crib whole chapters out of novels, word for word, without shame or acknowledgment, and write successful plays by filching other men's ideas, making a patchwork. Perhaps the most shameless of the whole raft of these actor-authors is Lester Wallack, whose two plays, the "Veteran" and "Rose-dale," are marvels of patchwork of this sort. In the first all the Arab characters and several scenes, language and all, are taken straight out of Captain James Grant's nearly forgotten novel of the "Queen's Own," and in the second most of the plot and the most successful comic scene of the play come bodily from Colonel Hamley's "Lady Lee's Widowhood," another military novel. The provoking part of all this thieving in Wallack is, that other parts of his plays show that the man has talent enough

to write, if he were not too lazy to work; but this preference of theft to labor is so common among actor-authors that nothing will ever check it but an extension of the copyright law in the interests of justice; for moral sense in the direction of the eighth commandment seems to be utterly unknown among them. The truth of the old adage about "hawks pikeing out hawks' een" is, however, curiously exemplified in the scruples which the same men display as managers toward appropriating a play, no matter how much of a piracy in itself, without payment to the playwright, unless he be a Frenchman, when the case at once becomes altered. Novelists and foreign dramatists having no legal rights, actor-authors appear to think they have also no moral rights entitled to respect. This is the one stain on the character of actor-authors from which not one of them is free, or ever has been free, no matter what his time and nation. From Shakespeare to Brougham, from Molière to Boucicault, the lustre of all their talents has been dimmed by this one dirty vice of filching the product of other men's brains; and the only dramatists free from the reproach have been those who have come to the boards from outside, like Bulwer and Sheridan. I do not here mean to include avowed translations like "Pizarro" and the "Stranger," nor avowed dramatizations of novels like Boucicault's "Heart of Mid Lothian." Such things are not thefts, any more than the use of history for the basis of a novel; they are open to all. But the unavowed stealing of unknown French plays, the surreptitious filching of chapters from forgotten novels, no more becomes right after quoting Shakespeare and Molière as exemplars, than cowardice and treason become noble because St. Peter sneaked out of Caiaphas's petty sessions once on a time.

Spite of this degrading meanness, however, there is no doubt that actor-authors have so far written the greatest number of good plays that hold

the stage, in consequence of just one thing, their *experience*, which reveals itself as the first quality necessary in the dramatist. After experience of the stage, the next qualification that meets us in such dramatists as Shakespeare, Dumas, Lope de Vega, and Boucicault, is their marvellous fecundity of invention, implying an amount of information on various subjects simply amazing. Nothing comes amiss to them, and they seem to have a smattering of every science, to have skimmed the private history of the whole world. Variety of information comes next after stage experience. A man may be a great fool on most subjects, and yet write a fair acting play from stage experience alone, if he fitches enough, but if he have plenty of general information, he will be able to double the value of his play, while some plays have been made quite successful by the use of nothing but stage experience and some special line of information, by men who could not have written an original story to save their necks.

Last of the qualifications for dramatic success come *ideas*, and the possession of ideas implies also genius or at least talent, without which, after all, the really successful dramatist cannot work and leave enduring work behind him. All the ephemeral successes of the stage lack this one element, the one thing that cannot be taught, but must be born in a man. With genius, with real talent, everything is at last possible to a writer ambitious of stage success. Like Bulwer, he may make failure after failure, before he gets the *entrées* to theatrical life, but once there he will get past the portal and command success at last. Experience and information will be acquired with more or less labor, but he will get them at last, and then will be content to add his voice to the last canon of theatrical conditions to success:

XVII. Stage experience, varied information, and talent, are the *sins quâ non* of the dramatist who hopes for success.

FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

SAINT LAMBERT'S COAL.

WILD hordes had sacked the minster: scattered
Upon the broken pavement, lay
The crash of blazon'd windows, shattered
By barbarous knights in wanton fray,
Who wrought the wreck and went
their way.

Across pale, pictur'd faces, gashes
Showed where their godless blades had
thrust

Profane defiance; and with ashes
Strewn was the altar, and encrust
Was chalice, pyx, and urn with rust.

No lamp shed forth its sacred glimmer,
No incense breathed its hallowed fume;
And as the ruddied eve grew dimmer,
Shadows as ghostly as the tomb
Wrapped choir and nave and aisle in
gloom.

Anon athwart the murk came stealing
Far floatings of a haunted hymn,
Up-borne in gusto from floor to ceiling,
As faintly a procession dim
Out of the darkness seemed to swim.

Onward it wended—nor did falter,
Till from their midmost, one cried—
“Who

Bethought him of the quenched altar?
Alas! how guide the service through?
Would God might light the lampanew!”

“Amen!” came through the silence
drifting:

And from the train, therewith, out stole
A little acolyte, who, lifting
His surplice hem, displayed a coal
That glowed, yet left the garment whole.

“*Christus illuminator!*” kneeling,
The astounded Bishop cried. “From
whom

Can light else come? Thyself revealing,
Flash forth that faith to chase our
gloom,

Which burns and yet doth not consume!

“Such faith is thine, O Lambert! Kindle
Therest the altar-lamp, and let
Its lustre, henceforth, never dwindle!”
He took the coal, the light reset,
And there, they tell, 'tis burning yet.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ENGLISH TRAITS.

ONE of the earliest records of modern history in regard to the race which peopled the old England and the New refers to its beauty. Most of us have heard the story: how three young captives, brought from an almost unknown island on the verge of civilization, and indeed at the western limit of the then known world, were exposed for sale in Rome, and how Gregory the Great, not yet Pope, seeing them, was struck by their beauty and asked what they were, and being told, *Angli* (English), replied "*Non Angli, sed angeli*" (not Angles, but angels); which was a tolerable pun for a future Pope and saint. This was twelve hundred years ago; and since that time the English race has enjoyed the reputation (subject to some carping criticism, due to the self-love of other peoples) of being the handsomest in the world. It is well deserved; indeed, if it were not, it would long ago have been jealously extinguished. Not improbably, however, the impression made upon Gregory was greatly due to the fair complexion, blue eyes, and golden brown hair of the English captives, which, indeed, are mentioned in the story. For southern Europe is peopled with dark-skinned, dark-haired races; and the superior beauty of the blonde type was recognized by the painters, who always, from the earliest days, represented angels as of that type. The Devil was painted black so much as a matter of course that his pictured appearance gave rise to a well-known proverb; ordinary mortals were represented as more or less dark; celestial people were white and golden-haired; whence the epithet "divinely fair." When therefore the good Gregory saw the fair, blue-eyed English youths, his comparison was at once suggested, and his pun was almost made to his hand. And I am inclined to believe that it is

of much later origin, although he ought to have made it; just as Sidney Smith ought to have said to Landseer, when he asked the Reverend wit to sit for his portrait, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do the thing?" and as the innkeeper ought to have said to Mr. Seward that he was not Governor of New York, but "Thurlow Weed, by thunder?" but did not. In each of these cases, however, and in all such, a significant fact is at the bottom of the story, which otherwise would have no reason for its being.

It is hardly true, however, that other races do not produce individuals approaching as nearly to an ideal standard of beauty as any that are seen among the English. These are found, as we all know, among the various Latin races, the Celts and the Slaves, and even, as Mr. Julian Hawthorne himself would hardly venture to deny, among the Teutons, the very Saxons themselves. Who has not seen French women and French men, Italians, Spaniards, Russians, Poles, Irish, and even Germans of both sexes, distinguished by striking and captivating personal beauty both of face and figure? But the average beauty of the English race appears to be in a marked degree above that of all others. Among a thousand men and women of that race there will not only be found more "beauties" than among the same number of other races, but the majority will be handsomer, "finer," more symmetrically formed, better featured, with clearer skins, and a more dignified bearing and presence than the majority of any other European race with which they may be compared.

A notion was for some time in vogue that this English distinction did not obtain in America, but that the race had degenerated here. It was a mere notion, having its origin in a prejudiced perversion of isolated facts;

in the desire of book-writing travellers to find something strange, and also derogatory, with which to spice their pages; and in a craving, which amounts to a mild insanity, among European people, and particularly among all classes of the British nation, to lay hold of some distinctive "American" quality, whether physiological, literary, political, or other, and label it, and file it away, and pigeon-hole it for reference by way of distinguishing "Americans" from themselves.

The notion, I venture to say, was essentially absurd. That a race of men should materially change its physical traits in the course of two centuries, under whatever conditions of climate or other external influence, is inconsistent with all that we know upon that subject. The very pyramids protest against it by their pictured records. According to the history of mankind, as it is thus far known to us, such a change could not take place within such a period, unless to external influences of great modifying power there were added such an intermingling of races as has not yet taken place here more than in England itself, although plainly it is to come in future generations. Up to thirty years ago the intermarriage of Yankees—by which name, for lack of another, I designate people of English blood born in this country—with Irish and Germans was so rare as practically, in regard to this question, not to exist; and at that period there was not in England itself a more purely English people than that of New England.

This notion of English degeneracy in "America" has, however, been rapidly dying out in Europe, and even in England during the last ten or fifteen years. The change has been brought about partly by the events of our civil war; for the blindest prejudice saw that that war was not fought by a physically degenerate people; and partly by the increase of knowledge obtained, not from carping travellers writing books to please a carping pub-

lic, but from personal observation. This I know, not by inference, but from Englishmen and others who have been here, and who have not written books. The belief, formerly prevalent, that "American" women had in their youth pretty doll faces, but at no period of life womanly beauty of figure, is passing away before a knowledge of the truth, and I have heard it scouted here by Englishmen, who, pointing to the charming evidence to the contrary before their eyes, have expressed surprise that the travelling book-writers, who had given them their previous notions on the subject, could have so misrepresented the truth. A colonel in the British army, who had been all over the world, and with whom I was in New England during the war, at a time when a large number of our volunteers were home on furlough, expressed constantly his surprise at the "fine men" he saw going about in uniform, the equals of whom he said that he had never seen as a whole in any army; although he did not hesitate to express his dislike of their uniform, or his disgust at the slouchy, slovenly way in which they carried themselves. I was ready to believe what he said; for I had then just seen the Coldstreams in Montreal; and I had before seen the Spanish regular troops in Cuba, who, even the regiment of the Queen, were so small that they looked to me like toy soldiers to be kept in a box; and a very bad box they soon got into. During my recent visit to England, after I had been in London a week or two, having previously visited other places, a London friend who had twice visited "the States," said to me, "Well, I suppose you've been looking at the people here and comparing them with those you've left at home?" "Yea, of course." "Do you find much difference in them really?" "No; very little; almost none." "You're right—quite right. There may be a little more fulness of figure and a little more ruddiness; but it's been greatly exaggerated—greatly." One reason for this exaggeration

I learned from the remarks of two English friends to me in this country. Some years ago I took one, a gentleman who had travelled a good deal, and who held an important position in the Queen's household—and a very outspoken man he was—to a "private view," at which for a wonder there was not a miscellaneous throng, but just enough people to fill the rooms pleasantly. As we sat together after a tour, looking at the company, I asked him to tell me the difference between the people he saw there and those he would see on a like occasion at the Royal Academy. He sat looking around him in silence for so long a time that I thought he was going to pass my question unnoticed, when he said, "I can see no difference; none at all; except that there would not be quite so many pretty women there, and that there would be more stout old people." The other, a lady, who also did not hesitate in her criticisms, remarked that the chief difference in appearance between people of the same condition here and in England was that here she "didn't see any fat old men." *She* said nothing about fat old women; not, however, that she herself was either fat or old.

There is this difference among old people; although even this has been exaggerated; and it is this which gives a certain color of truth to the notion I have referred to. English men and women do not always grow stout and red-faced as they grow old; but after they have passed middle age more of them do tend to rubicundity and to protuberant rotundity of figure than people of the same age do in "America." The cause, I am quite sure, is simply—beer. Both the color and the rotundity come to a large proportion of the Americans who live in England and drink English beer, in English allowance; which, it need hardly be said, could not be the case if there had been any essential change in the type of the race. But among men under forty and women under thirty, the differ-

ence either in complexion or figure is almost inappreciable.

As to the women, there are at least as many in England who are spare and angular of figure as here, and of those who have not passed thirty I think rather more. The London "Spectator" said some years ago, in discussing the Banting diet, I believe, that "scragginess was more common in England among women than stoutness"; and it is remarkable that the French caricatures of Englishwomen always represent them as thin, bony, and sharp-featured. In this of course there is a little malice; but it shows the impression left upon the French people by their near neighbors. I cannot do better here than to offer my readers, in the following passage, a share in one of my letters written home; it has at least the advantage of recording on the spot impressions received by me after careful examination under the most favorable circumstances. I was writing about the beauty of the parks:

"It is amazing to see the great space of this little island that these English folk have reserved for air, and health, and beauty; and it is for all, the poorest and meanest as well as the richest and noblest; there are no privileged classes in this. As to the effect upon their health, I suppose it must be something, but it shows for very little. G—— [a gentleman who is very strong upon the subject of degeneracy, which I have always doubted] will laugh and say that it was a foregone conclusion with me, but to set aside my inference he will be obliged to take the position that there is nothing so misleading as facts, except figures. I have now seen many hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen of all classes. I have placed myself in positions to examine them closely. At the great Birmingham musical festival my seat gave me full view of the house, chorus and all. The vast hall was filled with people of the middle and upper middle

classes, and at one end with members of the highest aristocracy, who occupied seats roped off from the rest, and called 'the President's seats'—the President being the Marquis of Hertford. At the end of the performance, both evening and morning, I hastened to a place where a great part of the audience would pass close before me. At Westminster Abbey I stood again and again at the principal door and watched the congregation as they came out; I have done the same in swarming railway stations; I have walked through country villages and cathedral towns; I know the human physiognomy of all quarters of London pretty well; I have seen the Guards and the heavy dragoons, and I say without any hesitation that thus far I find that the men and the women are generally smaller and less robust than ours, and above all that the women are on the whole sparer and less blooming than ours. The men are ruddier on the whole; that is, there are more ruddy men here; but the number of men without color in their cheeks seems to be nearly the same as with us. The apparent inconsistency of what I have said is due to the fact that the ruddy men and women here are generally so very red that they produce a great impression of redness, an impression that lasts and remains salient in the memory. A delicately graduated and healthy bloom is not very common. And so the fat women are so very fat that they seem to take up a great part of the island. But the little London 'gent,' with whom Leech has made us so familiar, you meet everywhere in the great city. Sunday before last, loitering in the cloisters of Westminster, I stopped to look at a tablet in the wall. There were three of these men before me, and the number soon increased to seven. I looked over *the hats*—round felt hats—of the whole seven without raising my chin. I remember that like Rosalind I am 'more than common tall,' but I never did anything like that at home. At the Horse Guards

they put their finest men as sentinels, mounted, on each side of the gate. Well, they are fine fellows, and would be very uncomfortable chaps to meet, except in a friendly way; a detachment of them riding up St. James's street the other morning, with their cuirasses like mirrors, and the coats of their big black horses almost as bright, was a spectacle which it seemed to me could not be surpassed for its union of military splendor and the promise of bitter business in a fight; but Maine, or Vermont, or Connecticut, or Kentucky can turn out whole regiments of bigger and stronger men. Colonel M——, whom I met in Canada, said the same to me when he thought he was talking to an Englishman. I wonder that he ever forgave me the things he said to me during his brief self-deception; for they were true. But he was a good fellow and bore no malice. Nevertheless, you sometimes meet here a very fine man, or a big, blooming beauty, and in either case the impression is stronger and more memorable than in a like case it is apt to be with us; chiefly, I think, because of their dress and 'set up,' which in such cases—as in that of the Guards and Dragoons—is apt to be very pronounced."

I will add here, in passing, that this English "set up," particularly in the case of almost all Englishmen of any pretensions, is distinctive, and is in a great measure the cause of the impression of superior good looks and strength on their side. It appears in a marked degree in all military persons, rank and file as well as officers, and in the police force, the men of which are on the whole inferior in stature and bulk to ours—leaving the big Broadway squad, most of them Yankees, out of the question—and yet it is far superior in appearance to ours, owing to the "set up" of the men, and the way in which they carry themselves. I observed that although the upper classes contained a fair proportion, although no notable excess, of large and well-formed men and wo-

men, the burly men and the big-bodied, heavy-limbed women were generally of the lower and the lower middle class. This made me wonder where all the pretty housemaids and shop girls came from; for the prettiest faces, the most delicately blooming complexions, and the finest figures that I saw in England were among them. In a letter written from the Rose Inn at Canterbury, a cosy comfortable old hostelry, I find the following passage, which is to the purpose:

"I ate my bacon and eggs this morning in the coffee room, where at another table were three queer Englishwomen, yet nice looking—apparently a mother and two daughters. The elder daughter was, I will not say a lathy girl, but very slim not only in the waist, but above and below it. The mother and the younger were plump and rosy, absurdly alike, and with that cocked-up nose which is one of the very few distinctive peculiarities of figure that you see here, but even this very rarely; and their black hair was curled in tight curls all over their heads. I was struck by this, because curling hair is comparatively rare here, and I had expected to find it common. It was cut just like a man's, and plainly so because it would have been impossible to dress it if it were allowed to grow long in woman fashion. They were very jolly and pleasant, chaffing each other in low, soft voices, and breaking out in rich, sweet laughter. They looked just like boys masquerading in women's clothes; for the eldest was quite young looking and may have been an elder sister. The youngest, who was some seventeen or eighteen years old, looked very fair and blooming across the room, but when I came close to her, which I had an opportunity of doing, I found that her color, both white and red, was coarse, which is very often the case here when there is color. In the mother, or eldest sister, this coarseness was apparent even at a distance. But see, Lady —— and her daughters, although pretty and elegant, had

no tinge of color in their cheeks, and they were all as thin as rails, and the girls' hair, as well as their mother's, was as straight as fiddle strings. I came here expecting to see golden curls in plentiful crops, or at least not uncommonly. But it seems to me that I haven't seen a dozen curly-haired children since I have been in the country; and I have seen them—the children—by tens of thousands, and examined them closely, making memorandums of my observation. Nor have the ladies of this family (I am now at ——), Lady —— and Mrs. ——, any more bloom than this paper, and they are both as thin as Lady —— and her daughters; Mrs. —— painfully so. The men, belonging of course to another family, are stout, well-built fellows enough, but the two other guests are as lean as greyhounds. I went to a little dinner party the other evening, and the carriage sent to the station for me (for they think nothing here of asking you fifteen or twenty miles to dinner even when you are not expected to stay over night) took also a Major General Sir —— . I was told that he would join me, and I expected to see a portly, ruddy man of inches, with sweeping whiskers and moustache. I found a short, slender, meek-looking, pale-faced man; but his bearing was very military; he was a charming companion and the pink of courtesy. We entered the drawing-room together of course; but notwithstanding his rank, he waved me in before him, and my plain Mistership was announced before his titles. I have seen no men here at all equal in face or figure to General Hooker, General Hancock, General Augur, or General Terry, to say nothing of General Scott, who was something out of the common even with us. And Burnside, and McDowell, and Grant, and McClellan are all stouter men than you are apt to find here. The biggest men that I have seen were from the north, Yorkshire and Northumberland. Those of the south, particularly in Kent, are the shortest; al-

though, as a Kent man said to me, they are generally 'stocky.' **

A New England man now living in England, who made his house very delightful to me, first by the presence of himself and his family, and next by the kindest and most considerate hospitality, is an ever present rebuke of the stoutest sort to the British notion of the physical degeneracy of the English race in "America." He, a Yankee of the old Puritan emigration, is five feet ten and a half inches high, is forty-eight inches, four good feet, in girth around the chest, weighs two

* Mr. Jennings, late editor of the New York "Times," now London correspondent of the "World," in a recent letter describing the opening of Parliament by the Queen in person, on which occasion the House of Lords was filled with peers and peeresses, writes thus with regard to the beauty of the women and the presence and figures of the men :

"On this occasion the ladies overflowed the House. Early as it still was, the floor was covered with them—large blocks of the benches were occupied, and the galleries were crowded. All these ladies were in evening toilets, the peeresses wearing coronets of diamonds—most of them being fairly ablaze with diamonds on head and neck. If the daylight was not very favorable to the shoulders or complexions of some of these noble dames, the gorgeousness of their costumes and the glitter of their precious stones served to divert attention from the defects of nature or the ravages of time. . . . Not many of these ladies in the House were very pretty, although here and there was a face such as makes one stop short and hold one's breath, and wonder at the divine perfection of nature's handiwork when she is at her best. . . . As for the old bald-headed gentlemen, some of them very short and stumpy, they looked painfully like a collection of 'senators' in some opera bouffe. One of them in particular, with four ermine bars on his cloak, denoting his high rank, was exactly like the funny-looking dummy Englishman which the French delight to exhibit in their farces. He had very little hair left to boast of, and that little was very red, and his face was round and red also, and he was altogether so comic a little man that one could not look at him without a smile. I could not find out who he was till the royal procession entered, when he suddenly reappeared in great pomp and state, standing on the throne by the side of her Majesty's chair and carrying the 'Cap of Maintenance.' Then I knew that he was the Marquis of Winchester—fourteenth of that ilk—John Paulet by name, and the Premier Marquis of England. So much for appearances."

Mr. Jennings, it should be remembered, is an Englishman; but he lived eight or ten years in New York; and I may be pardoned for saying that he carried away a constant reminder of "American" beauty, and a standard of comparison which would be likely to make him fastidious.

hundred pounds, and yet has not the least appearance of portliness, rather the contrary. He is the only man I ever met whose friendly grip was rather more than I liked to bear. I spoke to his wife about his strength and his figure, and she told me that when he went to get his life insured here the surgeons said that they very rarely saw such a powerful, finely formed, and perfectly healthy man as he is, and never any finer or healthier. That would be impossible. And as he is so was his father. Were they exceptions? Only of a sort that constantly occur among real Yankees—"Americans" whose families have been in the country for generations, and who are the only proper examples of the influence of the climate and the social conditions of the country.

I have, perhaps, said too much upon this subject of the comparative physical condition of the race in the two countries; but I have been led to do so because of the very great inconsistency I found between the facts and the common notion as to stout Englishmen and lean "Americans," blooming, buxom Englishwomen and pale, slender "American" women—a notion which one writer has repeated, parrot-like, after the other, until even we ourselves have accepted it without question. Like many other notions which no one disputes, it is false. But the world has gone on accepting it and assuming it to be true until it has so taken possession of the general mind that if in a room full of English people only one man were found ruddy and burly, and only one woman blooming and well rounded (and this or something very like it I have seen more than once), they would be picked out and spoken of as English-looking, to the disregard of all the others. The exceptions would be taken as examples of the rule; and this even by the English themselves, so swayed are we by tradition and authority, even in such an everyday matter. Nay, even I myself, skeptical and carping, was thus misled. The steamer, going out, was filled

chiefly with English people. Two of my fellow passengers I selected in my mind as notably and typically English, not only in person, but in bearing. They proved to be, one a Massachusetts Yankee and the other a Western man; but both had from association contracted English habits of dress and of manner. Two Englishwomen, however, attracted my particular attention. One was, I think, the very largest human female I ever saw outside of a caravan. She was a fearful manifestation of the enormous development of solid flesh which the British fair sometimes attain. As she stood by her husband she was the taller from the ear upward. She weighed about twenty stone. I think that a plumb line dropped from the front of her corsage would have reached the deck without touching her skirts. Her tread was hippopotamic. And yet she showed traces of beauty, and not improbably had been a fine fair girl; and even at the present time she managed to effect a very palpable waist. I mused wonderingly upon the process by which she did this; but still more upon that sad gradual enormification by which she passed from a tall blooming beauty into her present tremendous proportions. The other was exactly the reverse. She could hardly be called ill looking in the face, but her pale, blank, unfeatured countenance reminded one instantly of a sheep. She was a washed-out, and although young, a faded creature, with no more shoulders or hips than my forefinger. And yet she was a perfect English type, and so like some of John Leech's women that I could not look at her without internal laughter. Her husband—for even such women by some mysterious process known to themselves will get husbands—was like unto her in face, in feature, and in expression; and yet he was so strikingly, so aggressively British in look and in manner that I heard some Yankees on board say that they would like to kick him. And I somewhat shared their prejudice; of which before we landed I learned

to be ashamed; for I found him a very intelligent, well-informed, pleasant man, reserved in his manners, and although firm in his opinions, which were strongly British, very respectful of other men's, and very careful of giving offence. His union of firmness and courtesy seemed to me worthy of admiration; and if he did wish to kick any of the Yankees on board, for which in one or two cases I could have forgiven him, I am sure that he never let the desire manifest itself in their presence.

Another prevalent notion, which is reciprocal between the people of the two countries, is mistaken according to my observation. It is generally believed, or at least very often said in "America," that the men in England are very much handsomer than the women; and conversely it is commonly believed in England, or said, that the women in "America" are handsomer than the men. An absurd and truly preposterous notion, as will be seen upon a moment's reflection. For the women in both countries are the mothers of both the men and the women; and the men are the fathers of both the men and the women; and as some of the women are of their fathers' types and some of the men of their mothers', the imputed difference of the two in personal beauty could not be brought about. It is physiologically impossible that the women of a race should be handsomer than the men, and *vice versa*.

It is nevertheless true that the men in England are on the whole more attractive to the eye than the women, and that the women in "America" are generally much more attractive than the men. The cause of this is a fact very distinctive of the social surface of the two countries. I have spoken of the "set up" and the bearing of the men in England. It is very remarkable, and is far superior to anything of the kind that is found even among the most cultivated people in this country, except in comparatively rare individual cases. But in England

it is common; it is the rule. There, from the middle classes up, a slovenly man is a rare exception. There men are almost universally neat and tidy, and they carry themselves with a conscious self-respect. They do not slouch. They do not go about, even in the morning, with coats unbuttoned, skirts flying, and their hands in their overcoat pockets. They dress soberly, quietly, with manly simplicity, but almost always in good taste, and with notable neatness. They are manly looking men, with an air of conscious manhood. Moreover, in England the man is still recognized as the superior. England has been called the purgatory of horses and the paradise of women. But that saying came from the continent of Europe, where women, except in the very highest and most cultivated classes, are not treated with that tenderness and consideration for their weakness and their womanly functions which I am inclined to think is somewhat peculiar to the English race. I should call England the paradise of men; for there the world is made for them; and women are happy in making it so. An Englishman who is the head of a family is not only master of his house, but of the whole household. His will is recognized as the law of that household. No one thinks of disputing it. It is not deemed unreasonable that in the house which he provides and keeps up his comfort and his convenience should be first considered, or that, as he is responsible for his household both to the law and to society, authority should go with responsibility. And yet—perhaps for this very reason—wives there have the household affairs more absolutely in their hands than they have here. A man whose absolute authority is acknowledged, prac-

tically as well as theoretically, is very ready to make concessions and to rid himself of what at any time he may assume. Real monarchs, like the Czars or like the Tudors, are careless of the protection of royal etiquette. The consciousness of this acknowledged or rather unquestioned superiority shows itself in the men's faces, and in their bearing, simple and unpretending as their manner is. Besides all this, men in England (I am leaving out of consideration the lower classes) show the effect of cultivation, of breeding, of discipline. Even in the middle classes they are well informed, and, what is of more importance to the present question, they have been taught to behave themselves respectfully to others. They do so behave; they feel that they ought to do so and that they must. There are two gods worshipped in England, and one is propriety; and a very good god he is, when he is not made a Juggernaut. The result of all this is a very different man in appearance from him who generally pervades "America." The latter may be, and generally is, as handsome physically as the former; he may be, and generally is, as good morally; but the one generally shows for all that he is and perhaps for more, and the other does not, and frequently does for less. And yet again; among such men in England another sort who, for example, say "hadn't oughter," and "have came," and who spit upon the floor, are not generally found mingling. They are kept in social pens by themselves. And thus in judging of English society they are left out.

A comparative estimate of Englishwomen is too serious and far too complicated a subject to be treated except in an article by itself.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

A DEAD VASHTI.

Do we indeed desire the dead should still be near us, at our side ?

“ I DO not know how it is with others,” said the spirit, looking away from the Sunday child to the red and spectral moon that was arising from the tossing ocean into a mass of heavy, broken clouds; “for since my death I have been alone; but when I left my human form I left few of the affections, the passions of life, and thus death has made but little change in me. I cannot believe, however, that all the dead carry as much of their old life into the new as I have, for few can be cursed as I have been with a granted prayer. What my life in the world of spirits might have been I cannot tell you; but I know that all I have suffered comes from my folly, my wickedness in praying for my own will! But my life upon earth had been so complete, so happy, it seemed as if I might be justified in thinking that it ought to give me the same bliss if it was made eternal. My love for Philip was so pure and true that it seemed as fit that it should govern me in one life as in the other! Other women, I suppose, have loved their husbands as well; but few would have had the temerity to stake their eternal happiness on human fidelity as I did! But my love was a part of my being, and I thought no more of its extent or duration than of the density of the air I breathed. It was never put to the test of neglect or misunderstanding, and was never subject to question. Looking back now, it seems impossible that I ever lived without Philip; for all my days before I knew him are but fragments of a half-forgotten time. Of his love I had no doubt. It satisfied me. And we were not only lovers, but also comrades. I was but an amateur where he was a master, but I followed him attentively, eagerly. I like to remember those days, when we wandered like children through the

woods, when we climbed, sketched, laughed, and sang together, and I often wonder if any mortals are as happy now. At home we had our hours of work, of merry talk, and happy plans. We had the excitements of the exhibition days, the pleasures of social life, and then we had also my dear little girl, our Nellie! Sometimes I fancy that such happiness cannot die; that if our words and actions perpetuate themselves, such vivid experiences cannot fade away, and that I may some time find it all passed into an eternal form! But these are dreams; for every thing has changed, and I know that nothing can be eternal that is not based upon truth, upon faithfulness.

“You can understand, although you are so young, and are just learning how love transfigures everything, that my life with my husband was so complete that we did not dream of any change; we did not comprehend that we could ever be parted. I have heard women say that they have trembled when they were very happy, knowing that there must be an end to their joy; but I had no such fears. Still it came to me, and in a horrible shape.

“I knew that I was very ill, and that Philip was anxious and wretched, but I never thought that I might die. My fierce pain gave me no hint of death, and so it came almost without warning. I would not believe that I must go away, and that this brief illness meant death was incredible, preposterous! I shrank from thinking of it; I cried out that I would not die; I would not leave Philip! I begged my physicians for life; I entreated Heaven to spare me; I almost broke my husband's heart by my wild cries for life. It was a bitter struggle! I prayed for annihilation—for anything but the knowledge that we were sepa-

rated. Do not think that I forgot Nellie, or that I did not grieve to part with her; but other mothers have loved their children for the father's sake, and I could have surrendered anything to have kept him. I could trust her to a Higher love, but for us there was nothing but daily, hourly union.

"The night before I died—for who can thrust away the inevitable!—I lay close in Philip's arms as he knelt by my bedside. I was almost helpless, but I clung body and soul to him. It was poor comfort to tell each other that this was but a temporary separation; that we had yet an eternity in which to live together. Eternity was indefinite and far away, while our parting, his lonely life, my waiting hours, were so near. I cannot forget how he wept as he held me close, closer to him, and how his courage failed as he realized how fast my hour of departure was hastening to us! I do not now know how it was that we did not die together that night! We talked of it, and it seemed so easy and natural that we thought we could not help it; but the daylight came, and we were still alive, clinging to each other.

"But this night of agony did more than death alone could have done, for it shaped my future. Out of our frantic grief there came a prayer that has fixed me here, and which has taught me of what love is made! Together that night we besought Heaven to give me no other happiness than that I had known in life, but to let me linger near my home, and be with my husband until he died. I cried out that any other existence would be hell to me; and with desperate hands we beat against the doors of prayer, and pleaded for power to choose our own future.

"The next night I died. All day I had laid on my bed passive and quiet. My grief had worn me out, and I could not have spoken had I wished. Philip sat by me holding my hand, but he too was silent. I felt vaguely that mine was the easier task; that living could be harder than dying; but I had

no words with which to comfort or strengthen him. I could faintly smile when he would bend his head, and kiss my nerveless hand, and I wondered if he knew how much I liked to lie quietly and look at him. Yet I did not care for it all! I remember the watchful indifference with which I regarded my physician's face, and followed the motions of the nurse about the room. I remember my sister's tears, and how little Nellie sat by me on the bed with her doll, until she fell asleep on my pillow. I remember how the hours measured themselves away, how the sunshine deepened and faded, how the night came, and all grew dim and silent. An absolute hush rested upon the earth. The fire blazed, but it had ceased its crackling; the watchers moved noiselessly about the room, the street had become quiet, and everything seemed awaiting some coming, some solemn change. As Philip leaned over me, and I saw his lips move, but heard no sound, I fancied that perhaps my hearing had gone from me, but I cared nothing for it! Then the fire grew dim, the room seemed full of shadows, the lights faded away, and my eyes became heavy, but I did not care to shut them, or to brush away the film that covered them. My breath gained substance, and began to push its way through my lungs, my throat seemed closing, and then suddenly everything changed!

"It is not to my purpose, even were I allowed, to tell you anything of the conditions of my present life, or to explain to you how I can reveal myself to you, and why it was that Philip could never see me. All that I am to tell you is connected with this earth.

"After the first surprise was over I turned to Philip, who was kneeling by the bed. He could not believe that I was dead, but called vehemently on me to look at him. I remember the joy with which I sprang to his side, and putting my arms around, tried to turn his head away from the dead body to my living, happy face! But it was all in vain, in vain! He was

deaf, he was blind to me ! Our prayer, our compact was as nothing : he knew only the dead wife ! I was as indifferent to the body as to a shadow on the wall ; but to be clinging to him unrecognized, unfelt, terrified me, shocked me ! I cannot dwell on this, but after all was over, and the body carried away, he was still ignorant of my presence. I followed his aimless steps through the house ; I stood by his chair as he sat idly at his easel ; I watched with him through the long nights, but he never suspected that I was there ! How often when he has called me have I answered, and when he has prayed for one glimpse of me have I clung to him, but had no sign from him to tell me that he even blindly guessed that our prayer might have been granted ! I have put my arms around him ; my head has lain upon his shoulder ; I have passionately called upon him, but still been as empty air ! Yet it comforted me to be with him, and I could not doubt that some time he would come to know of my presence. It was impossible, I thought, for him to dwell in such an atmosphere of love and always be unconscious of it. Why, we thought only of each other, we longed only for each other, and so he must at last come to know how near I was, and then, I thought with joy, waiting would lose its pain !

"I could laugh as I now think of this fond and foolish fancy—of my trust in time, in a man's intuition ! Why, I did not even know that men do not nurse grief as we do ; and I was surprised by Philip's resolute bravery in turning to work, and trying to forget in study all he had lost in love. But do not think it was easy for him ! I was much too intimately connected with his art not to be always suggested by it ; and my dumb and unknown presence awakened none of the old inspiration of our talks, our mutual sympathy and interest. Sometimes his desire for me became so intense that I felt that my time for recognition had surely come, and I have knelt,

clinging to him, waiting for that blessed smile of knowledge, but all in vain !

"Time, however, smoothes all griefs for mortals, and soon life began to run tranquilly in the house. Nellie was happy in my sister's care, and Philip became absorbed in work. The old sparkle and gayety was gone, but youth and vigor were left, so they lived pleasantly enough, and I wandered through the rooms lonely, but not forlorn. I could not be miserable, for I was ever with them. And I could not but be happy in seeing how tenderly I was remembered, how constantly I was thought of by them all. Nothing was changed, for even my work-basket kept its place in Philip's room, and some of my ribbons were still tumbled in with his collars ! Thus some years passed away. Nellie grew tall and pretty, and Philip became graver, more studious, and was as famous as he was popular. I do not believe that he ever thought of making any change in his life, of filling my place in his home or heart. I never dreamed it was possible ! But ignorance is a poor safeguard, and at last the time came when the shadow began to lift from off his life, to deepen over mine. I do not know how to tell you more ; the thought of speaking of it almost strikes me dumb ; but I must, I must ! I am compelled to do it ! And it all came of a picture—a picture of youth and beauty ; and she—Esther—came to sit for it ! You need not expect me to tell you much of her, for some things are impossible ; but she had been as a schoolgirl a pet of mine. She was the daughter of a friend, and she was pretty ; she was rich ; she was good and loving : what else could any mortal ask for ! These quiet hours in the studio were pleasant to both of them, and one day Philip broke the silence of years and spoke of me to her. She was glad to talk of me, for she had been fond of me ; and she told him of what I had said to her ; she brought him a little drawing I had made of Nellie for her. They

spoke of me lovingly and gently, but I stood off and wrung my hands in anguish. The most cruel silence would have been better than these confidences which brought them so close together.

"But what a wonderful picture he painted! How fair, how lovely she looked upon the canvas, and how happy she was when the painting was praised! She danced for joy when she first saw it in its frame; but I—I who knew so well what a success it was—I did not rejoice! I did not look at the picture, but instead I watched the soft and tender smile with which Philip regarded her! Need I tell you more?" she said in a husky voice, standing up and clenching her hands. "Must I repeat the history of these days as though it was a story I was telling you! Have I not suffered penance enough in witnessing a grief I could not comfort, a resignation that I could not share, and a happiness that has made me desperate; but must I also put it all into words? But there was one trial spared me. I did not have to witness the growth of this new love, for I rarely saw them together during the days of courtship. She did not come often to the house after the picture was finished, and so I escaped this much. Yet I knew when they saw each other, and he was no laggard wooer. I never followed him or her, for I could not leave the home where we had lived; but in thought I was never parted from him. How often have I paced the floor in lonely agony, waiting for his return from her house. I have crouched in the corner, fearing, yet eager to see him enter with the new happiness in his eye, the new elasticity in his step. I saw him grow brighter and gayer; and as he whistled or sang at his work I have fled away in helpless agony. Yet he had not forgotten me; and in the midst of the new life that was thrilling through him I was still dear to him. I cannot pretend to understand a man's love, nor to tell you how faithfulness to an old affection, and desire for one

that is new, can dwell in the same heart. He thought of me tenderly. I was a part of a past too dear to be forgotten; but I did not belong to the present. He had lived without me, and I was no longer necessary to him, but this younger love was very near and real to him.

"At last he brought her home, and with many smiles and happy glances he led Nellie to her new mother. It seemed very proper to the people who filled the house that her grace and youth should mate with his dignity and reputation, and that they should love each other; but none of them saw, few thought of the disembodied wife who was still chained to his side by links he had helped to forge, and who, standing unsuspected in their midst, cursed—not the bride nor her husband—but her own immorality.

"Yet as I watched the merriment with a most bitter scorn of my suffering, and a fancy how Philip might well paint a love dancing on a coffin for his next picture, I yet felt glad to know that I had not been the one who was false to that dreadful night of vows and prayers. If he had died, I would have been faithful. My need of love would have been as great; I might have longed for protection, for even bread; but I would have had no other husband. I was glad, for it is well to be faithful. A new love may bring new sweetness and content, but constancy has its own sweet rewards, and the widowed heart would seek no strange hand if it did but know what remains to those who are true.

"This was years ago as you count time; but until to-night I have lingered around my home—my old home that was changed and beautified for another mistress. I have nothing to tell you of their life, that does not seem to men to be pleasant. They have been prosperous. They have known many joys and few sorrows. They have travelled. He is famous and he is also rich. Is that not enough? And Nellie, too, has been content. Esther has not allowed the child to miss me; and although

other children claim equal love from her father, they have never robbed her. Is not this best? your questioning eyes ask me. Perhaps it is. I have often taken my jealous heart to task; and remembering how solitary Philip's home would have been, how much he has gained in these new loves, I have tried to say it *was* the best. But he was not bound to me only for life—for my life. Our love reached out toward the other world and swore eternal fidelity, and I—I have not been freed from him.

"But this is not all. I might reconcile myself to this and be content. I love Philip so truly that I think I could sacrifice my dearest, most selfish wishes to him, and be satisfied to see him prosperous and happy. But whether it is a keener sight that I possess, whether it is a natural change that comes to all who submit to the influence of the world, I know not; but Philip is not the same artist—he is not the same man; but this, I think, no one knows; that his pictures have changed is clear to all. Once he worked for the sake of the best; now he works for 'success'; and Esther rates his paintings at the price they bring. But had I lived even this might have been. Yet this is not all. The sting, the bitterness of my bereavement is in my knowledge that we are parted for ever. If Philip had not grown so far away from me in the years in which he has not known me, I could expect some happy reunion with him; but this man will need me no more in Heaven than he now does upon earth. If I could now return to him and take Esther's place by his side, I would jar upon him, displease him. He might love me, but there would be little affinity between us. And I—have I not changed? has not my ignorance turned to bitterness, my

confidence to disbelief? But it seems to me that a little sunshine would bring back all that was sweet or good in me—yet I cannot tell. But this I know: in the future the soul of this man will lay no claim to mine. We get nothing without its price, and Philip has paid for a second love by the loss of all he once thought dearest. Still it may be best, it may be right.

"As for myself, some change is coming to me. It must be so, or I would not be here to-night. You know what perhaps is to occur; you know how long I was to linger; but of this I cannot speak. If I shall never see him again, do you think I can talk of it?

"But, child, it fills me with wonder as I think that the spirit world in which I have so long dwelt, of which I know nothing, is now, perhaps, to be revealed to me. I have no fear of it. I believe that when I enter Paradise—and I cannot believe that its doors are for ever closed against me—that in some way the lost love of my husband, the mislaid affection of my child, will be made up to me. Heaven defrauds us of nothing; and as we are created to love and be loved, is it not true that there must be compensation somewhere if it is torn from us, or denied to us?

"But be that as it may," she said, looking down upon her companion with sad and tender eyes. "You are a woman, and I have a charge to give you. I warn you, child, that your love to Heaven cannot be too strong; your love for man too true; but while you give to man the sweetness and comfort of your life, you must look to Heaven alone for faithfulness."

When the girl looked up again, the morning star shone over the sea, a fresh wind blew out of the yellowing sky, but she was alone upon the sands.

LOUISE STOCKTON.

ON BEING BORN AWAY FROM HOME.

READING, the other day, in Mr. Stigand's interesting "Life of Heine," about the young poet's discontent in Germany, about his long desire to quit that country and to live in France, and of his final hegira to Paris, it occurred to me that he might be described, not too fancifully, as having been born away from home. How many have had the same fortune, whether for good or ill. But the happier class is the contrasting one, that of persons who have never suffered from the stress of the migrating instinct; and surely it is a fortunate thing to be born in one's own place, as Lamb was born in London, to grow in the fit soil, to lose no time in striking root. Lamb was the happiest of men in this respect. A true child of the city, he held that London was a better place to be born in than any part of the country. "A garden," he writes to Wordsworth, "was the primitive prison, till man, with Promethean boldness and felicity, luckily sinned himself out of it." For *garden* if we read *farm* in this passage, we have, perhaps, a statement of the feeling which prompts our own country people, and more and more with successive years, to leave the country and come to the city—to crowd the towns and desert the fields. Lamb says again—and one almost trembles to see him thus defying the "poet of nature" to his face—"Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't much care if I never see a mountain in my life. . . . I do not envy you. I should pity you did I not know that the mind will make friends with anything." But Wordsworth, the Laker, was quite as clearly born at home as Lamb, the Londoner; and, as we know, he came back to his native hills after no long wanderings, not to quit them again. It is because Lamb hardly wandered at all that he seems

so truly autochthonous, so peculiarly a child of the soil. He struck deep root into the intellectual alluvium of London, and until he was fifty years old he suffered nothing from transplantation except when he changed his lodgings or paid his somewhat reluctant visits to friends in the country; and when, at fifty, he ventured away from London, it was no further than to the margin of the city of Paradise—to Enfield, Edmonton—the latter a place which he calls "a little teasing image of a town," where "the country folks do not look like country folks," and where "the very blackguards are degenerate." It was only in London that Lamb's spirit really nourished itself and grew.

And why is it in old countries that the mind seems to strike its most vigorous fibres into the soil, to draw up its most potent juices, bringing to blossom such flowers as Wordsworth's "Poems of Childhood," such pansies as Elia's thoughts? Lamb suggests country images; even though he was of the city, his essays have an outdoor freshness and tenderness. They take us into the open fields, and show us the soft counterchange of shadows and sunlight, bright spaces and pursuing swarths of shade. And where did he learn the longing homesickness of a child for the country? "How I would wake weeping," Elia says, "and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne, in Wiltshire!" Whether in country or city, surely it is in old lands that one gets the fullest home feeling, the complete benefits of soil, and atmosphere, and acquaintance with the various geniuses of the place. Would that we had been Londoners, we say, to know the ancient streets, or Parisians for the sake of the great libraries and of Notre Dame!

That, however, is but a melancholy

utinam; there has been no lack of fortunate migrations among people who have been born far away from their fitting homes, and who have found their way thither in course of time. So the "rising young men" of our own colonial days returned to England to make their career; and sometimes we may trace the features of their childhood's "environment" in their developed genius. Our painters, for whom the new country was not yet a quite satisfactory place, displayed perhaps the strongest homing tendency. Copley, West, and Stuart, for instance, all American born, had to seek an older home of art. West returned in youth to England, and Copley in early manhood; there they made their careers, there they lived and died; while Stuart, after passing fifteen years in Europe, came back to settle in America. But none of these artists quite severed himself from his native country. American themes served each of them for some of his best known works: as in Stuart's famous "Washington," West's "Death of General Wolfe," and Copley's first historical picture, so called, the "Youth Rescued from a Shark."^{*}

There, too, was Copley's son, born, like his father, in New England. In 1774 he was taken to London, where he too made his career, a distinguished one; for the Boston boy lived to become Baron Lyndhurst and Lord Chancellor. But as the eminent nobleman to be, at the time of his emigration, was but two years old, it is difficult to point out any traits of distinctively American statesmanship in his career.

And that other American nobleman, Count Rumford, of whom Mr. Ellis has recently written the first good biography—his was a notable case of birth away from home. It is a little odd to think of the famous Count Rumford, Franklin's compeer in genius, and born but a few miles from Franklin's birthplace, as plain Benjamin Thompson of North Woburn,

^{*} Now, I believe, in the Boston Athenæum.

Massachusetts. His parents were plain New England people, but he was ambitious, and had a handsome person; he had, too, what his neighbors might have called "uppish" ways; for he pretended to peculiar knowledge, and was always making strange researches and experiments; in short, I fear that he was not quite enough of a democrat to suit his neighbors. There was a distinction about him that they did not like; he was too original in his character and tastes; and consequently he was a marked man in that community. His fortunes seemed well enough, I presume, when, at twenty, he quitted school-teaching to marry a rich widow, thirteen years older than himself, Sarah Rolfe of Concord, New Hampshire; appearing on the wedding day, it is noted, in a splendid scarlet suit, to the astonishment and scandal of the young man's friends. But that was in 1772, and his troubles were not far ahead. At the outbreak of the colonial quarrel he was accused of being a Tory, and charged with disloyalty to the American cause. He protested his innocence in vain. He was arrested, tried—and acquitted; for nothing could be proven against him. Indeed, there was nothing to prove; it was his character that was the real cause of offence to the good people of Concord. They were not tolerant of superiority; and there must have been an intolerable superiority in young Thompson's personal beauty, in his manners, in his passion for study and scientific experiment. In spite of his acquittal, he remained *un homme suspect*; and finally the Concord mob visited his house to take their will of him; but he had fled, never to return. Had he not been forewarned, I fear there would never have been any Count Rumford. The patriots of Concord might not have put him to death, but one does not easily make noblemen of persons who have been tarred and feathered. It is better to admit a tradesman now and then, or even a dentist, to the ranks of the nobility, as it has happened to some of our

countrymen more recently. Very luckily, then, young Thompson escaped the tar and feathers; at twenty-two he left family, home, and estate, and fled from the Concord mob, never to return. His property was confiscated, and in August, 1775, after having suffered imprisonment as a Tory, he decided to quit the country. One would think that he had sufficient reasons. He wrote thus to his father-in-law: "I am determined," he says, "to seek for that *peace* and *protection* in foreign lands, and among strangers, which is deny'd me in my native country. I cannot any longer bear the insults that are daily offered me. I cannot bear to be looked upon and treated as the *Achan* of society." Thompson showed a true instinct for the opportunity in choosing this course. He entered the British service, and thenceforward, says Mr. Ellis, "the rustic youth became the companion of gentlemen of wealth and culture, of scientific philosophers, of the nobility, and of princes." Perhaps it gives a wrong impression to speak of him as a "rustic youth"; for besides a winning address, we are told that he had "a noble and imposing figure," and that he was a natural courtier; so that the familiar story of his rapid promotion is not surprising. Under-Secretary of State at twenty-eight, he was knighted by George III. at thirty; and eight years later, by the pleasure of the King of Bavaria, Benjamin Thompson, of Woburn, Massachusetts, was transformed into Count Rumford, having already taken rank as a European celebrity. But he did not forget his early home and friends, and it is pleasant to find him deriving his title from the name given to Concord by the early settlers—a name, by the way, that these patriots misspelled from *Romford*, the village near London whence some of them came.

Sir Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, never saw America or Sarah Rolfe again. He never saw his only daughter, born after his flight from Concord, until, at the age of

twenty, she too left the forests of New England to meet him in London. From the Continent she wrote those interesting letters which his biographer has made accessible, the record of a singular experience—that of a bright-but untrained New England girl introduced, without the least preparation, to courtly European life. She relates her blunders and misadventures very frankly; how she filled her father with consternation by making her best courtesy to a housekeeper; how she ordered costly goods without inquiring the prices; how—but I see that this *naïve* young woman is likely to lead us from our subject, for Miss Thompson evidently went away from home when she left New England.

As for her father, he lived to marry a second widow, the brilliant and distinguished woman who had been the wife of Lavoisier. We cannot say that Count Rumford's good fortune kept to him in the matter of this second marriage. It was an unhappy one; it reminds us of Dr. Johnson's genial remark that second marriages are made to illustrate "the triumph of hope over experience." My lord and my lady did not suit each other; they quarrelled in the midst of their splendor, and in ways not always the most decorous. Poor Benjamin Thompson! I fancy that after Madame had "poured hot water" on the choicest flowers in your garden, you wished that you were taking your ease in Concord again, the Revolution being now safely ended, and no further question of tar and feathers being likely to arise!

Alexander Hamilton was another eminent American who migrated in search of a home; but seeking, not quitting, our dear country. Born of English parentage in another British colony, the West Indies, he spent his boyhood cursing the fate which had doomed him, apparently, to what he called the "grovelling condition of a clerk" in the North Caribbee islands. He longed to escape from trade; boy-like, he longed for a war, for the opportunity of distinction in affairs,

Nor did he have to wait until age, or even until maturity, for verification of the saying of his contemporary, Goethe, about the final fulfilment of the desires of youth. What Hamilton desired in boyhood came to him promptly, almost as by the rubbing of the lamp. We all know the story: how at fifteen he found his way to New Jersey, whence extricating himself he went to Columbia college; and how, while he was there, the Revolutionary war broke out, making the lad drop his books at once to accept his appointment as a major of artillery; and how naturally his career flowed from that initial point. And in our own times Thackeray was another product of a British colony, having been born in Calcutta, and spending the first seven years of his childhood there. I will not venture to say that I trace much colonial influence in his writings. He may have been a true Indian at heart, but his novels are certainly those of a club-man and a Londoner; and none of his essays disclose very much of the Hindoo. Sainte-Claire Deville, again, one of the truest of Frenchmen, was born, like Hamilton, in the Antilles.

But how many have there been who never found a real home, though they sought it painfully and with tears! Byron, the predestinate wanderer, and Rousseau, who never found rest, who complained that his birth was but the beginning of his misfortunes, *le premier de mes malheurs*—these are types of the less fortunate class. But we need not multiply examples; it is the old story of wandering and homelessness. How often is the homing effort made in vain! One would fancy the air filled with piloting spirits that endeavor to find ways of escape for the languishing body, spirits constantly coming and going between the rock of exile and the far distant home. Sometimes the effort succeeds, as we have seen; and sometimes it fails; the spirit wastes itself in vain endeavor, passes away like the unnoticed melting of a cloud. To spirits thus aspiring, thus fail-

ing, life is indeed what old Desportes calls it, a bitter and thorny blossom, *une fleur épineuse et poignante*. For what is the loss of opportunity but the loss of the soul? and the conscious loss of opportunity may go on for a lifetime, a protracted martyrdom. Take the case of any intelligent exile, some wanderer in the Macerian desert, some refined person unluckily born in Patagonia, who rejects the Patagonian ideals, who no longer craves the moist succulent of limpets gathered at the lowest tide: in our own comfort and satisfaction cannot we extend a little compassion to him? Not that I have the least prejudice against Patagonia; but we need some name for the better concentration of our sympathy. The intelligent but discontented Patagonian, then, who rejects the Patagonian ideals, whose thoughts are not the thoughts of Patagonia, whose ways are not Patagonian ways, he to whom even the most successful popular career in Patagonia would seem a humiliation, because it would associate him with the Patagonian character, and so compromise him before the extra-Patagonian world—his, I say, is not a happy case. His exile must end like other banishments for life—either in escape or in death. For while he lives he must do without spiritual light and heat, without the intellectual climate that he needs.

Do you call this a morbid state of mind in the Patagonian? Well, it may be that he should imitate the repose, the serenity of the limpet; it may be his duty to rest contented with the beach at low tide, with the estate to which he was born; and yet I say that his feeling is not devoid of a certain distinction; it may be, indeed, very blamable, but it is a feeling that is no trait of ignoble natures.

And there is, too, a sanative quality in that feeling. His critical attitude may help the exile to keep before him higher standards, whether in thought or in conduct, whether in his "Hellenizing" or his "Hebraizing" tendencies, as Mr. Arnold calls them, than

he might entertain were he living comfortably at the very centre. His privations may thus be more effective than the maceration of the recluse in keeping him in sympathy with culture, with the best things of the mind; and surely that is some compensation for living in Patagonia! There is still another: there is a fortunate exemption for such exiles—fortunate we may safely call it, though it is but a negative beatitude—the exemption from envy. That is worth not a little. In Paris, in London, in Pekin, how many provocatives to envy beset even the philosopher! For in those cities he must see many undeniably superior persons about him—persons superior to himself not only in fortune, but in ability! There, in attainment of all sorts, he meets his rivals; and if he is a real philosopher, he will remember Creon's caution—"not to get the idea fixed in your head that what you say and nothing else is right."* Still, philosopher or not, he will be likely to envy some of the desirable things that he sees; and the fault is perhaps excusable: at any rate an occasional touch of the claw, an *affleurement* now and then of the passion, need not surprise us, even when we do not excuse it, in London or Pekin. But in the Patagonian civilization, however important it may be to the progress of the world, what does such a man find to envy? Surely the higher provocatives to that weakness are not abundant. Hereditary wealth, ancient family dignities, culture, scholarship, imposing genius—these do not surround him, these do not confront him with his inferiority as they do, let us say, in this country. It is we, then, who are the unhappy ones in this respect; but we can understand, at least, the weakness of brethren who may be a little shaken by the contemplation of all the desirable things in which the richer civilizations abound.

Yes, the careers which we may ob-

* Μὴ γὰρ ἐν ἡδονῇ μόνον ἐν παντὶ φέρεται,
ὅς τις σὺ, κοῦδεν ἄλλο, τοῦτ' ὁρθῶς εἴπειν.

—*Antigone*.

serve from day to day may certainly prove stumbling blocks to some of us. The thriving politician or contractor, for instance, Dives in his barouche, the blooming members of literary cliques, the fashionable clergymen and poets, chorusing gently to feminine audiences, who listen intent, perhaps even "weeping in a rapturous sense of art," as Heine tells us the women of his day wept when they heard the sweet voices of the *evirates* singing of passion, of

Liebes fehen,
Von Lieb' und Liebeserguss—

how admirable are all these characters! These, indeed, are careers to move any but the steadfast mind.

And yet, even in Philistia, it is not every one that will yearn after successes like these. In Philistia, far from the promised land, the exile may yet contemplate without desire all these desirable things, envying neither them nor their possessors. He may even indulge in a saving scorn of them, a scorn of the main achievements, the popular men of the Philistine community; bathing himself in irony as a tonic against the spiritual malaria. Such a man I once knew, a man of Askelon. He lived in that rich city as a recluse, and according to any standard recognized in Askelon, he was not rich. On this text he would sometimes quote delightful old Rutebeuf:

Je ne sai par ou je coumance,
Tant ai de matyère abondance
Por parler de ma povreté.

Yet this man was not without his pleasures. One of them, I remember, came from his interest in the study of architecture. For Askelon was a finely built city; and he used to walk much in the streets of it, gazing upon the fronts of the costly houses, all patterned, as I understood, after the purest Greek orders. He used to walk around admiring, and making me admire. But this man had a wonderful eye, a visual gift which must have been, I think, much the same thing as the second sight or clairvoyance of which we read; for upon the fronts of these fine houses he saw more

than what the delicate taste, the cunning hand of the builder had placed there. I have heard him say that he was "a Sunday's child," referring to some superstition not current in that community—and he certainly made out writing upon those walls and doors which I, for one, could never see, though I have no doubt that it was really there. But they were legends which would have startled the residents could they have been audibly published in the streets of Askelon. "What inscriptions upon these door plates!" he would sometimes remark, walking down the Pentodon, the most fashionable street in the place: "Let me read you a few that I discern in this neighborhood"; and as we passed slowly before the Greek houses he pronounced, one by one, these remarkable words, reading them off, as it seemed, from the lintels of the very finest edifices. I cannot give all of them, but these, if I remember, were some: Charlatan, Tartufe, Peculator, Sharper, Parthis mendacior; and when we came to one of the corner houses, or "palaces," as they called them in Askelon, he said: "One of our furtive men lives there—one of our men of three letters. We have as many of them here in Askelon as ever existed in Plautus's time, and they are quite as able now as they then were to live in fine houses to which they have not quite the most honest claim in the world." While he spoke the man of three letters came out and ran down the marble staircase, smiling, and offering, I thought, to salute my friend as he stepped into his chariot; but my friend, though he had clear sight for the palace, did not see the owner.

But you were surely too severe, poor friend of mine. There were just men even in Askelon—upright, religious, and intelligent, full of good works. What if this clever conveyancer had appropriated to himself enough to buy him a fine house? Was it not in the very air of Askelon that he should do such a thing—that

he, like others, should at any rate establish himself comfortably? and will not some honest man than himself live after him in the fine house? Come now, confess, I used to say, that you yourself, in his place, might not have done much better: confess, at least, that when you were a boy you put your fingers into the sugar-bowl when you should have kept them out, when you well knew that you ought to keep them out! And then my friend would confess the pressure of the "environment," the power of the "Zeit-Geist," as we have learned to call it since then. Poor man! That was long ago; and things have changed greatly in Askelon of latter years. They tell me that everybody there has now grown honest, and that nobody goes around any more reading invisible writing on the houses. And all the fine buildings are still standing, it appears; though the journals of that city remark that some of the Grecian architecture has peeled off from the fronts of the houses in the Pentodon, having been insecurely fastened on, it seems, at first. And how my poor friend used to criticise those very palaces in his dry, technical way! One thing in particular that he said I remember by the antithesis, the turn of it; he used to say that the architects of Askelon were never certain whether to construct ornament or to ornament construction.

Well, he is gone now; he will never blame Askelon again, or run down Gath. He died in Philistia. Perhaps he served his purpose there, but I am sure he would have done more if he had been a little less Quixotic in his notions.

But let us not grow tristful again. How many a happy escape, as we said, has been made from Philistia; how many a clear spirit has made its way out of the darkness to a true honor. If many who have had the higher endowments have perished in the shadow, princes dying behind the iron mask, yet not all have failed; some have broken away to a career.

Of two such in particular let us conclude by speaking—Winckelmann and Heine. Both were Prussians, and each one migrated from the north into a southern country, a fugitive from “the power of the night, the press of the storm.” Each waited long before his opportunity came; each learned that the “tardiest of the immortals are the boon Hours.” But each found his opportunity; and by what an instinctive escape! For Winckelmann it was his first journey out of Prussia, when, in 1755, he set his face toward Rome; still it was a homing flight like that of a carrier pigeon; for in Rome he found his appointed place, and there he spent in congenial work the remaining years of his life. Yet he could say, in the bitterness of his spirit, on reaching Rome, “I have come into the world and into Italy too late.” Nor may we contradict that bitter cry, even in view of Winckelmann’s great critical achievement; we have to ask, Might it not have been greater still, had he not been thus *serus studiorum*, as Horace phrases it—thus unluckily belated in his culture?

All the traits of these migrations of men of genius are interesting, and we may dwell for a moment, though at the risk of some digression, upon Winckelmann’s disappointment on his arrival in the city of his desire. It was a pathetic disappointment, but one of a kind not infrequent with sensitive minds. Long detained by poverty in the north, it was not until the age of thirty-eight that he reached Italy; and when at last he arrived in Rome, the longed-for city wore a strange look for him—had an aspect for which he was not prepared. It was there that his emotion broke out as we have seen. We can understand his disappointment if we bear in mind the cruel treatment to which our fancies are commonly subjected at the hands of the fact. How swiftly, how silently, like the irrevocable sequence of images in a dissolving view, our premonitions vanish under the light of the reality! The actual Rome, the

living man, the painting, the landscape which we travel far to see—these dispel at once the preconception; a glance, and the dream is gone, however long domesticated in the mind, however brightly glowing but now in the imagination. Fact is a careless bedfellow, and overlays the tender child Fancy; and even when nature contrives the change less rudely, we can hardly resign our poor, familiar fancies without regret. But sometimes, happily, we can do what Winckelmann did not do; we can retain the old fancies and compare them with the experience. Let me give a personal instance: I remember framing the distinctest image of the lakes of Killarney from my childhood readings in Peter Parley’s veritable histories. There was the cool spring, shaded with bushes, and pouring out abundant waters; and there was the blessed Saint Patrick, standing by the rocky edge of the spring, clasping down the stout lid of an iron-bound chest upon the last of the unhappy serpents of Erin, and saying, “Be aisy, darlints!” just before casting the box into the depths of the lake. It was a pleasant scene, a clear imaginative microcosm; never was a distincter picture in my mind than that of this fancied Killarney. The real Killarney I saw many years after reading those histories of Peter Parley, yet that first vivid picture did not vanish at the sight; the fancied lake held its place against the reality; nay, even at this day, I can call up the two pictures at will, the imagined and the real, and compare the two—the scene of my early fancies with the humorous Celtic saint standing beside the spring and snapping down the lid of his box upon the tail of the last snake, on the one hand, and the broader landscape of reality, in which there were no saints, but many Patricks.

But Winckelmann, if he did not find the visionary Rome, soon became reconciled to the real one. The city put on the homelike look for him, and it was not long before it became profoundly endeared to him. It was with

the authentic pang of homesickness that he left it, finally, to make that northward journey from which he was never to return.

How different was Heine's first experience of his newly-found home, Paris! For that other migrating spirit there was no such initiatory disappointment. For Heine his adopted city was from the first a spiritual home, a true city of refuge, an island of the blessed. For years, lingering in his cold city of the north, *verdammtes Hamburg*, as he called it, he had longed in vain to escape; and to what vivid expressions of his suffering he gives utterance! In one place he compares himself to the white swans at the public garden, whose wings were broken on the approach of winter that they should not fly away to the south:

"The waiter at the Pavillon declared that they were comfortable there, and that the cold was healthy for them. But that is not true. It is not good for one to be imprisoned hopelessly in a cold pool, and there to be frozen up; to have one's wings broken so that one can no longer fly forth to the fair South, where the beautiful flowers are, and the golden sunlight, and the blue mountain lakes. Alas! to me once was Fate not much kinder."

While still pent up in Hamburg he had written thus to a friend: "I am no German, as you well know. . . . There are but three civilized people—the French, the Chinese, and the Persian. . . . Ah, how I yearn for Ispahan! Alas! I, poor fellow, am far from its lovely minarets and odoriferous gardens! Ah, it is a terrible fate for a Persian poet that he must wear himself out in your base, rugged German tongue. . . . O Firdusi! O Ischami! O Saadi! how miserable is your brother!"

As Goethe is said to have thought of doing when he was in love with "Lili," Heine at this time thought of retiring to the United States, "a land which I loved before I knew it,"

as he wrote from Heligoland in 1830. How he knew it does not appear, but he decided against us; he calls this country a "frightful dungeon of freedom, where the invisible chains gall still more painfully than the visible ones at home, and where . . . the mob exercises its coarse dominion!" Meanwhile, as he tells us somewhere, "In Hamburg it was my only consolation to think that I was better than other people."

Heine reached Paris in his thirty-first year; and never was the city better appreciated and enjoyed than by this young wanderer during the earlier time of his residence there. Everything in it pleased him: the intellectual life, the interest in ideas, not less than the gayety and charm. But he found much pleasure in the courtesy of Parisian manners. Parisian manners were then, as even now, distinguishable from Prussian by the careful observer. "Sweet pineapple odors of politeness!" he says, "how beneficially didst thou console my sick spirit, which had swallowed down in Germany so much tobacco vapor! . . . Like the melodies of Rossini did the pretty phrases of apology of a Frenchman sound in my ear, who had gently pushed me in the street on the day of my arrival. I was almost frightened at such sweet politeness—I who had been accustomed to boorish German knocks in the ribs without any apology at all." If any one jostled Heine roughly in the street, and made no apology, he would say, "I knew that that man was one of my countrymen."*

But Paris is somewhat more than a city of pleasure; it is a city of opportunity. To many Americans it is a stumbling-block, to many Englishmen foolishness; but Heine was one of the true children of Paris, though wandering at first far from the centre, and he found fitting work there. They were busy as well as joyous years, those that he first spent in that bright capital. O

* I quote from the translations in Stigand's "Life."

Paris, city of opportunity, how many other of thy children are still wandering far from the centre ! Some of them live upon the sierras of Patagonia, some in the stonier streets of Askalon, some inhabit caves in the deserts of Maceria. Living an anchorite's life in German villages, in Pacific colonies, on Cape Cod or Kerguelen's Land, the delicate French spirit wastes itself away. And yet some of these exiles have found their way to that centre of blithe intellectual activity.

Heine was such a one; he spent in Paris the most productive and happy period of his life, the bright interval between his cloudy morning and the shadows that were to gather around him before their time; and how he glowed in the warmth and light of the capital ! And while he carried his pleasures to excess, yet he did not go pleasuring like the vulgar. In a valid sense his very extravagances had an intelligible principle in them; one might say that he dissipated himself upon ethical grounds. Yet his were the reasons of a poetic, not of an analytic thinker. The popular religion, he said, has dishonored the flesh; let us restore it to honor. To restore joyousness to modern life, something of the antique innocence to pleasure, to make it reputable as well as delightful, to readjust the conscience of a community which looked upon pleasure as essentially wrong, and yet pursued it, so thinking, at the expense of its conscience, to relieve pleasure somewhat from the ban, to augment, in a word, the permitted happiness of life—that was Heine's aim; that was what he understood by his favorite doctrine of restoring the flesh to honor—*la réhabilitation de la chair*.

Do you call that an easy creed, a comfortable practice ? I will not deny it, but do not let us lose the distinction, the trait by which Heine's doctrine was discriminated from that of some other easy-going apostles. Heine was intellectually sincere; he had a genuine purpose; he did not go to Paris, for instance, as some of our mis-

sionaries have gone of late years to Florence and Madrid, with commissions to labor among the "nominal Christians," as they call the Catholic residents of those comfortable capitals, to convert them to the true Christianity of American Protestantism. No; Heine had too much directness, too much intellectual verity for a situation of that sort: his mistakes were honest mistakes, and he paid an honest penalty for them.

And surely the reinstatement of the flesh, the restoration of the body to honor and to perfection, is, as I have said elsewhere, an admirable purpose. It is only through the wise reinstatement of the flesh, if I am not mistaken, that the condition of men is likely to be much bettered; for it grows clearer every year that educating will not accomplish this, or medicine, or penalties, or perhaps even preaching. But Heine was no theorist in these matters: he was poet before all, and he was too absolutely, too completely a poet for the justest thought, or for his own good. Heine's nature lacked that tonic bent toward accurate knowledge, toward dispassionate observation and thought, which was the salvation, for instance, of Goethe, and which has been the salvation of all great natures who have sought to excel in character as well as in art. The spring of clear, untroubled intelligence did not flow for Heine, the stream which should flow upon the homestead of every poet, the *fons Baudusis splendidior vitro*. In those invigorating waters he seldom refreshed his spirit as the greatest poets have done—in meditation, in discipline, in dispassionate inquiry. These are the spiritual antiseptics that are needful at least for the more carnal poetic temperaments. Am I using fanciful metaphors ? I mean that the poet who may undertake to put forth a new gospel of conduct, must first think long and strictly. But Heine did not think strictly, and his critical theory of life need not detain us. Heine thought of pleasure, for instance, as Mr. Ruskin thinks of

work, that it is a thing to be had for the asking; the fact being in any state of society yet established inexorably the reverse—namely, that neither work nor pleasure is commonly to be had on demand.

But it was a part of the new creed that enjoyment was to be had for the asking, and the *propaganda* already existed. "There was a little society of devotees, if I may call them so—Michel Chevalier, Olinde, Enfantin, and others—who were zealously preaching the rehabilitation of the flesh"; and Heine devoted himself with assiduity to the pleasing cultus—with all the more assiduity, we may fairly suppose, as being a stranger in Paris. I fear that his labors were in the main of a carnal and unscientific sort; certainly they never won him any reputation for religious zeal. Nor was Paris the field before all others where laborers of this sort were needed. In Paris, indeed, the doctrine and practice of pleasure had been attended to, with no lack of zeal, for at least three centuries before the time of Heine's arrival there. Would that Heine had taken up his creed with somewhat more of reserve; that he had been content with a less many-sided experience of pleasure! For he surfeited himself somewhat with this experience; he knew its dangers perfectly well, but what ardent young man is deterred by knowing the danger? We bite at the hook just the same, as M. Renan says: *L'hameçon est évident, et néanmoins on y a mordu, on y mordra toujours*. And with all his love of delicacy, with all his distinction of spirit, he also relished harsh things. Sharp aliments, rank flavors, draining ecstasies that mingle the last drop of pleasure with pain and faintness, seemed necessary to complete the round of this man's life—of Heine the singer, Heine the man of all his time in whom the delicate blossoms of poetry were most fragrant. No poet could better deal than he with the exquisite joyances of the heart and soul; and he well knew that this bloom does not gather upon the fruit of coarse experience. He knew

that the most delicate vintage is yielded to the gentle pressure. But with this he was not content. He crushed the grape harshly; he made it yield up its harsher juices; the flavors of rind and seed are expressed in the wine of his life, and mingle with the cup that he pours out.

And his life was spent as wine is poured upon the ground. Heine ended where the ascetics began, in pain, privation, mortification of the flesh; and it was a mortification that had not even the consolation of being the sufferer's own choice, for it was involuntary. Better for him would it have been had he gone out to dwell in the wilderness, as St. Jerome left the Paris of his day, and retired into the desert of Chalcis. For a strange penalty was to be his—one of which the joyous apostle of pleasure could hardly have dreamed before the blow fell. A paralytic touch converted the man of pleasure into a man of pain, his bed a living tomb. No more for ever, for Heine, was there to be any reinstatement of the flesh.

This dark closing period of Heine's life has a fascination about it; it holds the attention like the background of a Rembrandt etching, with its dimly-seen forms that appear to stir in the gloom, ghostly, half-alive; such a contrast there is between his gloomy close and the bright projection of his earlier career. Shall we call his life a failure as regards himself, his personal success and happiness? Upon that point we may not pronounce too confidently. He would have chosen it had the choice been offered him with full knowledge of the alternatives; he would have preferred it to any commonplace existence. There will always be those who hold that such careers as Byron's or Heine's, such fitful careers, with their fierce tempests, their ecstatic sunshine, their "awful brevity," are preferable to any serenely life, however long; and least of all may we pity Heine. With what scorn would he look down upon our pity!

Heine's life has a peculiar value for

the student of modern life, in that it has what we may call an exemplary interest. For Heine made that costly sacrificial experiment of which the old examples never suffice us; the experiment which each new generation requires anew, in which nature in her wasteful way insists on consuming the finest geniuses. As Byron had attempted just before him, so Heine attempted to think and to live without reserves, to compass the round of sentiment and sensation, to touch the entire range of experience. Like Byron, he could not pass through the fire; he fell, the flame licked him up. And yet, far more truly than many a martyr, Byron and Heine gave their lives for us. Not, indeed, in the professed spirit of the martyr, not purposing the sacrifice, but for that very reason making it the more significant. They experimented lavishly, daringly with life, and in their poems they give us real life as no other poets since have done. They are real passion, real thought, the ruddy drops of the sad heart. Heine's "Book of Songs" is his own body and blood. One feels of it what Whitman says of his "Leaves of Grass": "This is no book; who touches this touches a man."

And Heine and Byron, in giving their lives for us, did what the greatest

poets and the strongest men have seldom done. Though they have always suffered, yet for us these have rather toiled than suffered. Dante, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Goethe—what exalted, what demiurgic creations have they bequeathed to us, what power to move, what beauty to ponder with unapproachable longing! But these creations have an awing beauty; they keep an unattainable distance and height. When we consider the lives of these greatest spirits, we find them walking apart in the fastnesses of the hills, pursuing arduous ways where few or none may bear them company. Their paths gain upward upon the heights; they gain so far and high that the tinge of that mountain remoteness falls upon them—an airy distance, a deterring shadow; and if ever their voices seem to say, "Follow us," they have not pointed out the way.

But though Byron and Heine were thus rapt up into the mountain in visions, their daily walk and life were in the world; its dust and soilure cling to them, we see them wavering and going astray. Their very wanderings bring them nearer to us, who sojourn; their desire, their aspiration, their failures make the wiser use of opportunity possible to any of us who may have been born away from home.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

THE HOME OF MY HEART.

NOT here in the populous town,
In the playhouse or mart,
Not here in the ways gray and brown,
But afar on the green-swelling down,
Is the home of my heart.

There the hillside slopes down to a dell
Whence a streamlet has start;
There are woods and sweet grass on the swell,
And the south winds and west know it well:
'T is the home of my heart.

There's a cottage o'ershadowed by leaves
Growing fairer than art,
Where under the low sloping eaves
No false hand the swallow bereaves:
'T is the home of my heart.

And there as you gaze down the lee,
Where the trees stand apart,
Over grassland and woodland may be
You will catch the faint gleam of the sea
From the home of my heart.

And there in the rapturous spring,
When the morning rays dart
O'er the plain, and the morning birds sing,
You may see the most beautiful thing
In the home of my heart;

For there at the casement above,
Where the rosebushes part,
Will blush the fair face of my love:
Ah, yes! it is this that will prove
'T is the home of my heart.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

THE SOUTH, HER CONDITION AND NEEDS.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, shortly before his death, said that what he had seen and heard in public life had left upon his mind a prevailing impression of gloom and grief. What impressed the mind of the English statesman so painfully in reference to his own country must be felt correspondingly by Americans who contemplate the South; for its present condition awakens the anxious solicitude of every thoughtful patriot. A brief mention of some of the evils that afflict her may help toward the ascertainment and application of adequate remedies. Let it be premised that this discussion proceeds in no degree from disloyalty to the Government, nor from unwillingness to accept the legitimate consequences of the war.

Between the North and the South there lingers much estrangement. One serious cause of irritation at the South, which seems irremediable, is the distrust with which those who sustained the Confederate States are regarded by a large number of Northern people. Our motives are habitually misrepresented, our purposes misunderstood, our actions perverted, our character maligned. On our conduct have been placed constructions which seem to spring from direct hate or malice. By representative men Southern States are spoken of as outside the Union; and "a solid South" has been the party appeal most efficacious for arousing sectional and vindictive passion. Every Southern citizen who followed his convictions, and affiliated with the 1,640,000 Democrats of the North, is suspected of disloyalty or treason. No protestations of men or parties, no avowals of governors or legislatures, are accepted as sincere unless accompanied by a support of the Republican party. Party platforms, the support of an Abolitionist like Mr. Greeley, organic laws, are regarded as deceptive because the shibboleth of disloy-

alty and patriotism is "Republicanism." These persistent efforts to brand us as inferiors, to make us unequals as citizens, to coerce the support of an administration and a party, are based upon our unfitness, morally or intellectually, to decide for ourselves what is best for the country's welfare and perpetuity. We are loyal, and patriotic, and honest only when we sing pæns to the Administration and its favorites. Practically the war has been prolonged, and this policy of disunion alienates, embitters, and prohibits the growth of fraternal sentiments. To prevent a complete and durable reconciliation seems the settled policy of a large party. This proscription and ostracism have helped to create a hopelessness as to the future. A nightmare paralyzes our energies.

The South, if conquered, and honestly accepting the results of the war, needed encouragement and material help instead of discriminating injuries. Her condition was deplorable. All wars are destructive of property and production. To the South the war between the States was exhausting to the utmost degree. Its destructiveness is not computable by figures. The numerical inferiority of the army made it necessary to put into the effective military force every available boy and man; and these were thus withdrawn from productive labor. Much of the labor that remained was applied, not to the production of wealth, but to such manufactures as were needful only in war. For four dreadful years, like the *triste noche* described by Prescott, with ports closed, and under the imperious necessity of evoking and utilizing every possible war-like agency, this cessation of wealth-producing industry, this drain upon material resources, this decimation of our best men, this waste of capital and exhaustion of the country from the

Rio Grande to the Chesapeake bay, continued remorselessly. Superadd the emancipation of 4,000,000 slaves, the sudden extinction of \$1,600,000,000 of property, the disorganization of the labor system, the upheaval of society, the "stupendous innovation" upon habits, modes of thought, allegiance, amounting almost to a change of civilization, and it will be easy to see that the South started upon her new career with nothing but genial climate, fertile soil, and brave hearts. Absence of capital, of concentrated wealth, made it necessary to begin *de novo*. Slavery and profitability of crops had prevented diversity of pursuits. Agriculture, applied to a few products, was almost our sole occupation. Former habits had disinclined to mechanical pursuits or manual labor, and our towns, since 1865, have been crowded with young men, who have sought in clerkships, agencies, and professions the means of support. These employments, if furnishing remunerative wages, are not wealth-producing, add nothing to capital, and have aggravated the general impoverishment.

These evils have been intensified by vicious legislation and bad government. Federal legislation has been much in the interest of stock-jobbers, speculators, monopolists, so that "corners" have been fostered, and labor has paid heavy and depressing tribute to fatten greedy cormorants. The present system of banking violates the established principles of currency, and is in utter contradiction to what, for a decade, by consent of all parties and financiers, was the policy of the Government. Bad as the system is inherently by injurious legislation, its benefits are secured to a favored class, and by combination with other corporations, notably railroad companies, the business of the country is largely in the control of a few monopolists, who rule and grow rich in spite of the laws of political economy. Promissory notes, printed with pictures on fine paper, have been substituted for the money of the Constitution, and our

young people are growing up with the notion that this rag currency is a legitimate measure of value and a legal solvent of debts.

So marked has been this class legislation in the interest of capital, that a Senator of the United States, Mr. Wallace of Pennsylvania, says, "From the beginning of the present Administration down to the adjournment of Congress in August, 1876, every financial statute has had but one purpose, and that purpose to increase the value of the bonded indebtedness of the Government." Statistics show how insecure is business, on what vicious principles it is transacted, and how rapidly property is concentrating in the hands of a few. In 1874 there were 5,880 failures for a total of \$155,000,000, and in 1875 the failures increased to 7,749, aggregating a loss of \$201,000,000. In both North and South there has been a frightful increase of indebtedness by towns and cities, counties and States—thirty-eight States owe an aggregate of \$382,000,000—so that taxpayers groan in purse and spirit, and are deeply concerned to find a way of honest payment.

Taxation has been and is a potent instrument of wrong and corruption. To pay the national debt increased taxation was, of course, necessary and proper, but taxation should have been adjusted to the rights of honest creditors and the lessened pecuniary ability of taxpayers. The Federal and local taxes of the last eleven years, according to high authority, amount to not less than \$7,500,000,000. Never in modern times was revenue collected in such a complicated and ruinous manner. Mr. Curtis tells us one-fourth of the revenue is lost in the collection. If the collection and expenditure of revenue be the tests for determining the wisdom of a government, then ours is not "the best the world ever saw."

Extravagant expenditure is closely connected with enormous revenues. Economy of administration is a lost art. Federal expenditure in 1860, exclusive of payment of public debt,

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was \$1.94 per head. In 1870 it was \$3.52 per head, and in 1875 \$8.88. The \$4,500,000,000 of Federal taxes* of the last eleven years have not been exclusively appropriated to reduction of debt and defraying necessary expenditures. Officials have been needlessly multiplied, jobs have been created, speculation is common, and millions have been squandered on contracts made with hungry partisans. Such an exhaustion of national resources is governmental robbery. In the purer days it was a political maxim that no more money was to be taken from the people than was necessary for the constitutional and economical wants of the Government. Large revenues and large expenditures are mutually recreative. Mr. Calhoun, the most sagacious and philosophical statesman of this century, said, in 1839, "I am disposed to regard it as a political maxim in free States, that an impoverished treasury, once in a generation at least, is almost indispensable to the preservation of their institutions and liberty." All experience shows that excessive revenue and large expenditures increase the patronage of the government and corrupt public and private morals. Some palliation may be found in the fact that wars are demoralizing, necessitate much assumption of power, and that our conflict was gigantic; but after all due allowances the corruptions in America must find a parallel in that period of English history when the sovereign was the pensioner of a foreign potentate. The centennial anniversary of our republic finds a record so scandalous that all honest men blush, and the Fourth of July eulogists have to make the humiliating confession of much of vice and shame in our national life, of a decline from the for-

mer high standard of political and moral purity, and of the blister of corruption in high places, upon Executive and judiciary, upon laws, and on the acts of prominent officials. (See speeches of Dr. Storrs and Hon. C. F. Adams.)

As cause and consequence of oppressive taxes, and wasteful and corrupt extravagance, I may instance the centripetal tendencies of the Federal Government. The patriot must deprecate the rapid strides toward consolidation. Our government was designed as a government of clearly-defined limitations upon power. It is now practically absolute. In its complex character, a division of powers mutually exclusive betwixt Federal and State governments, "divisibility of sovereignty," as some phrase it, was contemplated. Now the States are provinces dependent on, submissive to, the central head, just as the Colonies were looked upon, prior to our independence, as a species of feudatories for the benefit of the mother country. By popular vote, by elastic constructions or palpable violations of the Constitution, by unprecedented assumptions, our Federal system has been revolutionized. It is the height of absurdity to talk of the restrictions of a written Constitution, when a dominant majority interprets finally that instrument, and there are no remedies to protect against invasion or encroachment.* It is a mere glittering generality to boast of a constitutional republic, if a President can violate the organic law with impunity, or if Congress is restrained in its assumptions only by its own sense of justice. Much recent executive, legislative, and judicial action has tended to absorb State rights and prerogatives. Mr. Boutwell's proposition to remand a State to territorial pupillage would be but the legal enactment and the logical sequence of what has had the enthusiastic approval of a large number

* This is somewhat in excess of the actual amount, which is, however, quite large enough, \$3,809,722,735; viz., customs, \$1,973,559,621; internal revenue, \$1,836,135,813; direct tax, \$9,947,831. It is well to remember, too, that the expenditures of the Government have decreased one-half in this period; viz., from \$520,809,417, in 1866, to \$258,409,797 in 1876. Of this decrease, thirty-three millions is in the interest on the public debt.—ED. GALAXY.

* Not only that government is tyrannical which is tyrannically administered, but all governments are tyrannical which have not in their constitution a sufficient security against arbitrary power. —*Burgh's Pol. Dispute.*, 373.

of citizens. Encroachments have been so numerous and violent, submission has been so tame, that governors are coolly set aside on the demand of a petty marshal, and legislatures on the bidding of Mr. Jones. Once States were supposed to have the right of eminent domain; to have exclusive control of education, of litigation among its own citizens; to determine the elective franchise; to regulate the relations of parent and child, husband and wife, guardian and ward; but that was in the purer days of the republic, when States were not mere counties, but political communities, with a large residuum of undelegated powers. The earlier amendments to the Constitution imposed checks and limitations upon the general Government, because of the watchful jealousy on the part of the States of their sovereignty and independence. Following the tendency to centralize, to despotize, the late amendments are in the direction of consolidation, and take away from the States what was once universally regarded as their *exclusive* prerogative in reference to the elective franchise. Now, under amendments and "*appropriate* legislation for carrying them into effect," the *national* Government can control voting, make a registration of voters, and very soon, if there be no arrest of tyranny, the ballot box will be under the guardianship of Presidential appointees. Federal election laws thus degrade States into petty municipalities and subvert liberty.

Passing from these grievances, applicable to the whole Union, I approach what is to my apprehension the most unmatchable outrage ever inflicted by a civilized people. Some acts, like the partition of Poland, stand out on the pages of history as disgraceful national crimes; but most of them shade into minor offences compared with the crime-breeding, race-endangering, liberty-imperiling savagery of conferring the right of suffrage upon the negroes *en masse*. In other countries liberty has been not so much a creation as a growth. In

conservative England, suffrage has been slowly, temperately enlarged, always preserving restrictions so as not to commit the destinies of the kingdom to an ignorant mob. Giving the elective franchise to the suddenly emancipated negroes, placing the government of States in the hands of such a class, wholly unprepared by education or experience, if not such a repeating crime, would be a farce for the ages. Every person of the least intelligence knows that generally the voting of the negroes is a mere sham. He votes as a machine. He is the tool of the demagogue, the pawn of a political party. That men with no intelligent understanding of rights and duties, unable to read, untrained in political affairs, wholly ignorant of the commonest matters pertaining to government, superstitious, credulous, victims of impostors, paying no capitation tax, should decide upon grave questions of organic or statute law, upon the financial or foreign policy of the country, should control counties, cities, States, is an offence that will stink in the nostrils of coming centuries. What has occurred since the Presidential election is demonstration that both parties at the North regard unlimited negro suffrage as subversive of the principle of reliance upon moral worth and clear intelligence. The presence of the military in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana, the hurrying to and fro of partisans, the secret conclaves and cabalistic telegrams, the jealous superintendence of the counting of votes, the criminalities and recriminations in reference to fraud and intimidation, are the legitimate results of the attempt to sustain a party by such extreme medicine. Our novel experiment of free government cannot endure many more such tests. Prof. Huxley, speaking to Americans during his late visit, said: "You and your descendants have to ascertain whether the great mass of people will hold together under the forms of a republic and the despotic reality of universal suffrage; whether centralization will get the

better without the actual or disguised monarchy; whether shifting corruption is better than a permanent bureaucracy." It need not take long to work out the problem if the ballot box is to be controlled by ignorance. Sometimes we are lectured to be grateful to the North for its magnanimity toward the South. Legislation does not sustain the self-eulogy. It is alleged that mercy was shown to "rebels and traitors." Passing over the *petitio principii* in the phraseology, a thousand times better it would have been to have hung President, and Cabinet, and every Congressman, and every general, than to have fastened upon us this incurable cancer, eating up the life-blood of the Union.

In the South, the administration of government in some instances has been marked by oppressive tyranny and open corruption. Incompetent and dishonest men have been appointed to positions, and with full knowledge of their wrong doings have been retained to accomplish party ends. This injustice and tyranny have demoralized somewhat our own people. Tyranny always corrupts. A lower standard of morality is first tolerated, and then becomes popular. Lax motives of honor are taking the place of chivalrous integrity. Payment of honest debts is evaded. Grinding poverty has made some unduly covetous of riches. Enormous taxation, selfish and immoral legislation, have partially undermined the foundations of private virtue. The ease and frequency with which the rewards of honest toil are filched away give insecurity to property and take away much of the stimulus to diligent toil. Some have sunk into despair, while others, with more of unsubdued energy, are willing for almost anything to turn up which gives promise or possibility of change.

The South in seeking relief need not delude herself by reliance upon any *party* to reform evils and restore prosperity. Some difficulties are independent of party action, or even political policy, and have their origin in more general causes. A portion of

the commercial and financial troubles is probably due to some "wider misadjustment of labor and capital" than can be rectified by one country, and requires broad and sound statesmanship. The Republican party is held together, in part, by the "cohesive power of public plunder," or compacted into unity by distrust or hatred of the South. The Democratic party, as unsound as its antagonist on the vital questions of tariff, currency, finances, and the character of the General Government, has practised the fatal maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils," and, in special localities, has been implicated in corruption. The history of parties in England and the United States shows that any party long in power will become corrupt. To rely upon any party, or the wisdom or sense of justice of any government, for protection of property or guaranty of civil or religious liberty, is to lean upon a broken reed; for rights never enforce themselves, and are soon gone unless sustained by more potent means than the justice or honor of those in power. A President is impotent of himself, soon passes into private life, and is at best but a man.

Alike futile is the notion, sometimes finding audible expression, that an arbitrary government or a monarchy would bring relief. Our fathers, in throwing off a kingly government and setting up a constitutional republic, acted in the full light thrown on popular rights by all preceding history. They did not live in prehistoric or barbaric times, but acted with rare wisdom and patriotism. More sagacious men never planned a government, and blindly and suicidally would we act to prefer or accept a monarchy. The centuries of the past are eloquent with wisdom and plethoric with instructive examples on this subject. God has never given any exclusive rights to special families, and all historical records confirm, with the Scriptures, the folly of choosing a king. How often in such governments is public policy dependent on royal

whims, on palace intrigues, on the taste or caprice of the boudoir ! Monarchy has been the rule of violence ; inequality and centralization are of its essence. The rebellion in England and the French revolution were the long-delayed protests of outraged peoples against ruinous taxation and hurtful tyranny and cankerous corruption. When the disgraceful crimes by men in high places were exposed last year European journals made themselves merry over the corruptions which they alleged were the legitimate outgrowths of democratic institutions. In the first place, our Government is not a democracy, and never was intended to be. Secondly, monarchies are not in a condition to cast the first stone. Italy, Spain, Austria, Russia, and France have had corruption enough to make them blush. As England is held up for our copying, and is less censurable than the others, I cite a few instances from her history. May, in "Constitutional History of England," Vol. I., p. 299, says: "Our Parliamentary history has been tainted with this disgrace of vulgar bribes for political support from the reign of Charles II. far into that of George III." For shamefulness of public life Charles II. stands without a rival. He was a pensioner of the King of France, and applied to his own privy purse large sums of money which had been appropriated by Parliament for carrying on the war. The equipoise designed to be secured in the National Legislature by the House of Commons was defeated because the House was at once dependent and corrupt. Borough nominations, places, pensions, contracts, shares in loans and lotteries, and even pecuniary bribes, secured the ascendancy of Crown and Lords in the councils and government of the State. Sunderland, Secretary of State under James II., stipulated to receive 25,000 crowns from the King of France for services to be rendered. Walpole's and Pelham's administrations were notorious for the very audacity of their corruptions. In the reign

of Anne Parliamentary corruption was extensive and unblushing. Sir John Trevor, the Speaker, accepted a bribe and did the dirty work of bribing other members. In the reign of George I., during his first Parliament, 271 members held offices, pensions, and sinecures ; in the first of George II., 257. In 1776 Lord Chatham accused the ministers of "servility, incapacity, corruption." Macaulay says Lord North's administration was supported by vile and corrupt means, and the King, George III., was not only cognizant of Parliamentary bribery, but advised it and contributed money to it. Although there has been much improvement in the character and purity of the public men, yet as late as 1829 the pension list was above £750,000.

The principle of a representative constitutional republic is right. Much of the evil which afflicts us is the result of a departure from our original system ; is an accident rather than essential, and is certainly not to be cured by a monarchical government.

In suggesting some remedies or palliatives for present ills it is not needful to startle by novelties. Truth is generally commonplace, honesty always. A return to justice and right, frugality and economy, as applicable to the body politic and to individual life, a recurrence to fundamental principles, are of prime importance.

As a people we must, if possible, preserve what remains of the Constitution and of the federative system. Sober, honest purpose can reform some abuses. Imperious necessity will compel the North to take effective steps for restoring the violated purity of the Government. If present tendencies are not arrested, liberty will be sacrificed. As the tendency of every government is to excess, a constitution is more or less perfect according as it is full of limitations of authority. The grant and the distribution of public functions should be accompanied with safeguards. Our Federal Constitution cautiously delegates to

various public functionaries certain powers of government, defines and limits the powers thus delegated, and reserves to the people of the States their sovereignty over all things not delegated. Our organic law thus seeks to restrain the Government within narrow and prescribed limits, to guard weaker and dissimilar interests against inequality, to interpose efficient checks, to prevent the stronger from oppressing the weaker. Ours is a government under a written compact, and *in its purity the best ever devised*. The war between the States is much misunderstood. It was a gigantic conflict of *political* ideas, a controversy, not for or between dynasties, but on the nature and character and power of the Federal Government. Three things were settled by the war:

1. Emancipation and citizenship of the negroes.

2. The surrender of any claim of resort to secession in case of dispute as to powers of the Government, or as a remedy for violated compact.

3. The recognition of such a person as a citizen of the United States, independent of citizenship in a State.

Besides these, nothing else of a political character was settled, and the second was determined only by the stern arbitrament of war. The right of search was, however, similarly adjusted, and the treaty of peace effected at Ghent, on December 24, 1814, contains no allusion to the *casus belli*. There are few, if any, who do not rejoice at the accomplishment of the first. The mode of emancipation was not such as we would have chosen; but as the problem baffled the wisdom of all the statesmen of the past, we may as well be grateful that African slavery no longer exists to perplex and confound patriots and Christians. The opinions of the framers of the Constitution were reversed on these three subjects by the war. All else remains intact, or can be put *in statu quo ante bellum*. The Constitution was not abolished. No vital principle of the Federal system, State interposition excepted, was destroyed. "The

invasions of the Constitution have resulted from administrative abuses," says Governor Jenkins, "and not from structural changes in the government. This distinction should be kept constantly in view. In a complex government like our own let it never be conceded that a power once usurped is thenceforth a power transferred, nor that a right once suppressed is for that cause a right extinguished, nor that a Constitution a thousand times violated becomes a Constitution abolished." The war did not decide that the powers of the Federal Government were indefinite and unlimited. That is subsequent usurpation. The war did not decide that State lines were to be obliterated, State flags torn down, State governments reduced to municipalities, and the elements of civil authority fused into one conglomerate and centralized mass. Whatever may be the fate or the construction of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, they cannot mean the concentration of all power at Washington and the complete control of the States by the general Government. Our Constitution-makers could not have contemplated political irresponsibility; that the minority should be at the mercy of the majority; and that the residuary mass of undelegated powers was to be swallowed up by the delegated. The fathers felt that no body of men could be safely entrusted with unrestrained authority, and they knew that "all restrictions on authority unsustained by an equal antagonist power must for ever prove wholly inefficient in practice." That a mere party majority can rule as they please, is hateful despotism. A majority, unhindered by any rule but their discretion, is anything but free government; for human nature cannot endure unlimited power, and bodies of men are not more discreet in their tyranny than individual tyrants. The distinction between the granting and the executing, the Constitution-making and the law-making power, is to be reaffirmed. The general Government and the States have separate and distinct

objects and peculiar interests—"the States, acting separately, representing and protecting the local and peculiar interests, and acting jointly, through one general government, representing and protecting the interests of the whole; and thus perfecting, by an admirable but simple arrangement, the great principle of representation and responsibility, without which no government can be free or just."—*VI. Calhoun*, 66.

We need civil service reform in the United States, States, and cities, reducing the number, increasing the competency and responsibility of officeholders, and abolishing the pestiferous maxim that to the victors in a party contest belong of right the offices of the country. We need rigid economy, public and private, civic purity, honest administration. To take a citizen's money, except for the just and economical administration of affairs, is governmental robbery. Economy is not possible in Federal, or State, or municipal governments, with high taxes. Men will steal. The Bible says that the love of money is the root of all evil. Handling large sums of the people's money is a temptation before which many have yielded. "Economy and accountability are virtues without which free and popular governments cannot long endure."

Closely allied is the good old homely virtue of honesty. Under the temptation of loss of property, men have sought to accumulate by any methods and get back to ante-secession pecuniary condition. Public corruption has been contagious. Men contract debts loosely and improvidently, and wipe out easily by bankrupt laws. Tweedism has fastened itself upon elections. False registration, ballot-box stuffing, the machinery and appliances for fraud, are not the exclusive practice of one section or party. "Cheating never thrives." It is as true in politics as in religion that there is no good in sin. It is essentially and always evil. Party is a great tyrant at best, and the caucus system enslaves men, and few have the courage to disobey

its edicts and encounter its vengeance; but when party to the terrible enginery of a caucus, controlled by the vulgar and the vicious, adds fraud and bribery, woe be to our republic and to our civilization!

An indispensable factor to the product of the South's upbuilding is the introduction of a more healthful public opinion as a positive element in politics. It ought to be an ever-present and a permanent force in elections and the choice of candidates. Any thing like union of church and State, or the prescribing of a Christian profession as a test for office, is not to be thought of, except to resist the first hint at such a possibility; but such opposition should not prevent moral and Christian men from demanding honesty in officials, fairness and openness in party machinery, and common decency and morality in candidates. In cities, political preferment and success in nominating caucuses are largely the result of party machinery by "pot-house politicians," by grog shops and gambling saloons, and by men not conspicuous for virtue or intelligence. So foul is the atmosphere of party politics, to such dishonoring and degrading practices are applicants for office often reduced, so necessary is it to spend money corruptly and to pension the *claqueurs* and intriguers and wire-pullers, that the virtuous and patriotic are often disgusted, and many Christians are unwilling to peril spiritual health and life by contact with such impurities. The complications and "trimming" expediences often deter the pure and refined from political associations, and those who control American politics are quite content to dispense with the presence, except at the ballot-box, of those who ought to give tone and direction to public opinion. Moral character, sobriety, decency, chastity, are not the elements of availability in the selection of candidates. Drunkards, profligates, connivers at fraud, plotters, are apparently as acceptable for nomination and election as those whose intelligence and virtues should commend them to

public approval. Macaulay has a sentiment which ought to be printed on satin and hung up in every house to be memorized by every voter: "The practice of begging for votes is absurd, pernicious, and altogether at variance with the true principles of representative government. The suffrage of an elector ought not to be asked, or to be given, as a personal favor. It is as much for the interests of constituents to choose well as it can be for the interest of a candidate to be chosen. . . . A man who surrenders his vote to caresses and supplications forgets his duty as much as if he sold it for a bank-note. I hope to see the day when an Englishman (an American) will think it as great an affront to be courted and fawned upon in his capacity of elector as in his capacity of jurymen."

Not lightly fall

Beyond recall

The written scrolls a breath can float :

The crowning fact,

The kingliest act

Of freedom is the freeman's vote.

The too common practice in all portions of the Union honors vice and gives scant encouragement to noblest qualities. If a community bestow its rewards and honors on inferior or vicious men, higher qualities will decay and perish or seek other fields. If honors and rewards be allotted to the noble and the good, the demand will develop intelligence and nobility. In America there is lamentably a plentiful lack of great men. Whatever may be the demand, the supply is inadequate. Woe to the country, said Metternich, whose condition and institutions no longer produce great men to manage its affairs. The country needs men of earnest convictions and noble aims, "to whom power is not a possession to be grasped, but a trust to be fulfilled." A nation can have no purer wealth than the stainless honor of its public men. The philosophic Macintosh enunciated almost a maxim when he said, "There can be no scheme or measure as beneficial to the State as the mere existence of men who would

not do a base act for any public advantage." By some, politics seems to be regarded as a game in which the sharpest are to win. Federal, State, or municipal government can never be safely committed to any party or men as the result of fraud or connivance at fraud.

Since the Federal Government dispensed with a period of probation as preparatory to suffrage, and refused to leave the whole question of suffrage to the States where it properly belongs, the presence of the negroes becomes to the South fearfully ominous of peril. Giving the right to vote to the ignorant and incapable is only a part of the evils associated with the inhabitaney of such a multitude of citizens of a different and inferior race. Such is the climate of the South, the fertility of soil, the ease of bare subsistence, that little labor and but scant clothing and shelter are needed by the negroes, with their thriftlessness, and without taste or desire for any large measure of artificial comforts, and with few incentives to patient industry. Their presence will prevent any early or large immigration of Europeans. The removal of the negroes is an obvious suggestion, but the policy pursued toward the Indians, undesirable, as coinhabitants, but as capable as negroes of free government, seems impracticable from want of territory for colonization and because of the large number of the negroes. This displacement at present may be impossible, and would certainly be tedious and expensive. Close contact of the two races becomes a necessity of this coöccupancy of territory. The Southern white people should cultivate kindest feelings and make wise and strenuous efforts for the improvement of their former slaves. Already the whites bear the expense of educating the blacks. In the last six years the expenditure in Virginia for "colored schools" has amounted to near \$1,668,000, and it would be safe to say that one and a half millions of this sum were paid by white citizens. So also

we take care of their blind, and deaf, and dumb, and idiotic, pay for the trial and safe-keeping of their criminals, and bear the burdens of government. Impartial justice should be administered without reference to race, color, or previous condition; freedom and the right to hold and inherit property should be guaranteed; protection against all violence or wrong should be afforded; but there should be formed no party nor other affiliations which may tend to efface the line of social separation, or ignore the predestined distinction of color. The attempt in Africa to Europeanize the negro and ignore his idiosyncrasies as a race has utterly failed. The races here should be kept from abnormal admixture. Rigid laws, springing from and enforced by an inflexible public opinion, should prevent intermarriage. Miscegenation will degrade the Caucasian. Red and white deteriorate, *a fortiori*, white and black. The fusion would lower the white race in the scale of civilization, of moral and mental power, and would reproduce the ignorance, superstition, priestcraft, and chronic revolutions of Mexico with her mongrel population.

A felt want of the South is the restoration of old-fashioned love of country. A sore need is to feel in our souls, as a passion, that this is *our* country; that *we* have part and lot in it; and to be deeply interested in its welfare and perpetuity. To keep alive animosities is unchristian. Brooke found it impossible to frame an indictment against a whole people. It ought to be equally hard to involve a whole party, or geographical section, in

sweeping accusations of injustice, and tyranny, and fraud. Strong as is the provocation at times to bitterness and hatred, the South should not cherish resentment, but rather seek that which makes for peace and reconciliation. It is better, as far as possible, to obliterate unpleasant memories, to practise toleration and forgiveness, to cultivate a genuine patriotism, ardent love for this ancient birth land of the free. It is easy by cheap rhetoric to open wounds afresh and inflame hostility; but every true son and daughter of the South should strive not to transmit a legacy of hate, nor make our land a Poland or an Ireland. The noble ambition ought rather to be to lift up the South and the United States to the level of its privileges, and in the future to harmonize the ideal and the actual. The South needs the development of her material resources, the diversification of industry, the construction of permanent highways, the power of machinery in its manifold applications, sounder notions of labor, rigid economy and responsibility in all offices. The whole country should encourage universal education in universities, colleges, academies, and public schools; elevate the tone of a free press; preserve an able and independent judiciary; insist upon juster and more enlarged ideas of official duty; maintain the principles of constitutional liberty and absolute freedom of religion, and above all, a spirit of subordination to the divine law, and a reverent acknowledgment of Him in whose hands are the destinies of nations.

J. L. M. CURRY.

DRIFT-WOOD.

TALK ABOUT NOVELS.

If the St. Louis preacher who lately tilted against novels chose judiciously his points of attack, he presumably won a victory. His own Sunday-school library is very likely filled with wishy-washy fiction for bright young minds that might be harvesting works worth remembering, whether of romance or history. The prudent Quakers of Germantown rejoice in a free library without a novel, and a librarian who never read one. Indiscriminate novel reading is as sorry a tippie as addiction to newspapers, which also, in fact, are largely works of the imagination. Besides, the moral of even a goody-good story may be ingeniously twisted by perverse readers. The other day a lad was indicted in England for breaking into the Rev. Mr. Sherratt's schoolroom, where he stole some books and cake, trudging off with them in a wheelbarrow at midnight. He was an old pupil, the son of respectable parents; in his pocket was a book entitled "Industry Without Honesty," and his ambition was to become a *Chevalier d'Industrie* of the sort he had been reading about. It is said that Dumas's story, "Monsieur Fromentin," so spread the rage for lottery gambling that the author in great grief bought up and burned every copy he could lay hands on. For generations English youth have turned footpads or thieves, in emulation of Sir Richard Turpin, Lord John Sheppard, and other knights of the road whose careers are set forth in the shining pages of biographical romance. French youngsters have a like exemplar in Louis Cartouche. Two San Francisco lads are now in jail for trying to rob a stage-coach, in Claude Duval style—luckless little victims, knocked down by the passengers in a way not recorded in the novels that had ruined them. Lads are for ever running away to sea in imitation of some Jack Halyard or Ben the Bo's'n; and surely we know that urchins of all ages and sizes are picked up on their way west to "fight Injuns," thanks to their dogs'-eared dime novels narrating the prowess

of Buffalo Bills and Texas Jacks. Boyish sympathy goes out toward the Paul Cliffords, the Arams of romance. I remember, as if it were of yesterday, the sad fate of Red Rover, and how the overwrought little reader, when he came to the hero's death, put by the book that he could not finish, and walked about in the twilight of a Saturday whose hours had slipped unnoticed away, inconsolable with sympathy and grief.

But the preacher need not rest his case on "Mike Martin," or "Rinaldo Rinaldini," or "The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main," or any of the predatory heroes embalmed in story for the improvement of youth, since he has also the field of poisonous French romance to complain of, with its imitations in our tongue. In short, he can indict in a lump the bad books of fiction, and against the good he may charge that they exhaust our tears and passion on imaginary distresses.

Still, nothing would then have been said of novels which could not be said in a degree of the newspapers, the drama, the law, the pulpit itself. We must not judge them by their worst fruits. "Pamela" was praised from the pulpits of its day, although, to be sure, it would hardly now be given to young women. I well remember, when prowling about the homestead bookcase, coming upon Rowland Hill's "Village Dialogues." Their characters were fictitious, the distresses imaginary; still I presume the St. Louis preacher would not object to "Socinianism Unmasked," the "Evils of Seduction," and the "Awful Death of Alderman Greedy." Everybody sees how fiction is a weapon of philanthropy. Christ himself taught by parables. Clergymen resort to romance to achieve what the sermon cannot do, and men of science to achieve what the essay cannot do. Religious newspapers publish serial novels. The anti-slavery, temperance, prison reform, and poor law agitations owe immeasurably to novels. Daniel Webster said of Dickens that he had done more to ameliorate the condition of the British

poor than all the statesmen that ever sat in Parliament. And this present wonderful movement of the Jews to recover Palestine—what does it not owe to a novel?

A noble influence, too, comes from some novels that do not aim to be *doctrinaires* or proselyting. A story of Thackeray is a tonic to the scorn of base action; a story of Charles Kingsley is a trumpet call to Christian duty; a story of George Eliot is an inspiration to high thought and honorable living. Some of her sisterhood are probably capable of uneasily disliking George Eliot because she has a depth of intelligence quite beyond their plummet, which the world admires; but I should think that most women would be proud of the strength and vast influence of one who, in succeeding to the royal line of feminine novelists, has carried its triumphs far beyond anything achieved by Miss Burney, Jane Austin, Miss Porter, Miss Martineau, Charlotte Brontë, and Georges Sand.

We lay aside some authors with a sense of fulness that will not let the attention be immediately distracted to other persons and things. The greatest books put the mind at once into a fruitful state, as if it had received seed of instantly bearing power. Less great books may still give us the desire to imitate their heroes or follow their maxims. Only dead books neither beget new thoughts nor incite by examples. As the characters of children are partly moulded from their surroundings, so the imaginary friends of fiction are mental associates for good or ill. We take heart and hope from the novelist's scenes, or are so wrought upon by his personages that these phantoms move us more than most real men and women. If all we know of Adam Bede is what we read of him, pray what more do we know of Czar Peter? Instead of lamenting the fascination of the story-wright, let us rather plead for its noble use, saying of him, as a great and generous brother writer said of Dickens: "What a place it is to hold in the affections of men! What an awful responsibility hanging over a writer! What man holding such a place, and knowing that his words go forth to vast congregations of mankind—to grown folks, to their children, and perhaps to their children's children—but must think of his calling

with a solemn and humble heart! May love and truth guide such a man always!"

Most of us have known an era in life when we looked down on novels like Miss Muloch's, with their gentle refrain: "He was so handsome, how could she help loving him? She was so beautiful, what could he do but adore her?" Better worth reading were stories of frontier trails, knightly tournaments, chases of smuggler and corvette—those stimulating feasts that we swallowed rather too hastily for health, and which, I grant the St. Louis preacher, formed so rich a mixture that nightmare sometimes followed a *pâté* of adventure and murder on which we had too bountifully supped.

Yet who would willingly forget the terror of that moment when Crusoe discovers the footprints on the lonely shore? I fancy many a lad has borne testimony to the genius of De Foe by popping his curly pate beneath the bed clothes at that awful juncture, in as great fright as if he himself had just seen the track in the sand. Or perhaps, living by the seaside, he has rowed his wherry to some neighboring bunch of rocks, to take possession of it, Crusoe fashion, bribing some less enthusiastic companion to act the rôle of Friday, until, unworthy of his faithful prototype, the extemporized Friday sulks and throws off his allegiance. I lately heard that Crusoe's isle was now tenanted by industrious German colonists, who had planted and stocked it, not like Robinson, but under all agricultural advantages, and that Juan Fernandez was a regular entrepot for whale ships. Think of it! Yankee tars revictual where the lonely mariner saw cannibals feasting! But it is only Selkirk's domain that is thus invaded; Crusoe's right there is none to dispute; safe in the keeping of genius, his monarchy can no more be annexed by filibuster or colonist than the magic isle of Prospero.

Musing on popular novels, one is struck by the changes of fashion in fiction. Who now reads "Clarissa," which Dr. Johnson pronounced the first book of the world for knowledge of the human heart; which D'Alembert styled unapproachably greater than any romance ever written in any language; for which Diderot predicted an immortality as illustrious as that of Homer? Who reads "Cecilia," which Burke sat up all night

to read? The romances over which our great grandmothers simpered and sighed are to our age intolerable bores. Reade, not Richardson, is the man for our money; Miss Braddon, not Miss Burney, is the rage at the circulating libraries. Whither are gone those stories that a few years ago could not be printed fast enough—"The Lamplighter," "Hot Corn," and the rest of that brood? They are hidden under dust in the alcoves, or have been carted off to the pulp mill. Could mind of man have fancied an oblivion so swift for those favorites of the public? Could mortal ken have foretold its present fate for the "Wide, Wide World"?—a story now quite dropped out of sight, but once the town's rage, and whose heroine I remember as a sort of inexhaustible human watering cart with the tear tap always turned on.

What has become, too, of those learned novels, patterned after Bulwer—extracts from Lemprière in dialogue form, sandwiched with layers of low life? "Surely, my dear niece, you remember what Athenæus quotes on this subject from the Leontium of Hermesianax of Colophon, the friend of Philotas?" "Perfectly, aunt, and methinks mention is also made of the same elegiac poem in Pausanias, and again in Antoninus Liberalis, the latter saying," etc. Where, I say, are the novels in that vein, with their charming mixture of murder, mythology, and metaphysics? They have their run, strut their brief hour, and give way to some "Madcap Violet" or "Helen's Babies." Never fear a lack of fresh novels. If the lads lose Mayne Reid, they find Jules Verne. The secret is an open one: the novel is the best paid branch of literature—always excepting Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets. Times have changed since "Evelina" was sold for £20.

Perhaps of all novelists Victor Hugo receives the largest earnings for a single work. One of his clerical enemies, Mgr. de Ségur, has bitterly attacked him for his gains—"£100,000 for 'Les Misérables' alone," said the critic in angry extravagance. But Hugo's admirers will not grudge his gains.

The English have put a premium on prolix novels by giving them a regulation length of just three volumes, to be sold for a guinea and a half. This droll

uniformity has much less basis of reason than the old custom of writing tragedies and comedies just five acts long; for there is sense in making a play last out an evening. Trouble to writer and weariness to reader must come of spinning a novel against space, overlaying a plot with trivial incidents, and stuffing a story with padding, merely to reach a standard of length both arbitrary and absurd. Yet prodigious was the patience of our novel-reading ancestry prior to Fielding. The "Grand Cyrus" was issued in ten volumes, "Clarissa Harlowe" in eight, and sometimes an heroic romance reached twelve. Jules Janin puts Richardson on Shakespeare's level, and modern French readers appreciate "Clarissa" more than English—but they get it abridged. Mr. Dallas, following Janin, has abridged the famous novel with care for English readers, too, and a more recent editor likewise aims to evade its monotony by striking out "tediously unnecessary passages and unimportant details," though old-fashioned readers may still like to take "Clarissa" in all its prolixity. As to the romances that preceded it, they seem to our age duller than any ever written—"huge folios of inanity," said Sir Walter, "over which our ancestors yawned themselves to sleep." I warrant their descendants never yawned over "Guy Mannering."

Still, modern novels as a class are more apt to be voluble than prolix. Story-writers like Trollope, Mrs. Edwards, and McCarthy amaze us at the ductility which the English tongue assumes for them. They seem less to compose than to *reel off* their pages. To Trollope's free-and-easy flow is there any stop? None, surely, through mental exhaustion. His bright loquacity and productiveness remind one of that bewitched salt mill in the story of Nicholas, which ground on for ever, without effort or wearying, until it had salted the whole sea.

PRIMOGENITURE AND PUBLIC BEQUESTS.

SOMETHING was said, in a former "Driftwood" essay, regarding the frequent dedications of private fortunes, in America, to public uses. We see a philanthropic millionaire stripping himself, even in hale life, of all his wealth save a slender annuity and the portions reserved

for his heirs and legatees; or we see the bulk of a great fortune given to charities in a testamentary bequest.

Certainly Americans, though often overreaching in making a fortune, are proverbially lavish in distributing it. New England, the home of 'cuteness in trade, is extraordinary for the number and extent of its charitable bequests. Americans may do things that an Englishman will not in getting the best of a bargain, but quite as quickly as the average Englishman, they give the whole fruits of the sharp trade to some sufferer. Unscrupulous in a contest of wits, they yet have bowels of compassion beyond many other nations, are perhaps the least cruel of all, and have made American private endowments of educational and charitable institutions famous the world over.

But can we put all the credit of these endowments to the score of national character? Is not some part traceable simply to the abolition of the old privileges and customs of primogeniture? I fancy that were it American usage to pass the bulk of great estates to a succession of eldest sons or to the nearest heir, we should see fewer great bequests to the public. "The heir" would ever be an overshadowing figure in the rich man's plans; whereas now, if kith and kin be well provided for, no one finds it strange that the bulk of an estate like Mr. Peabody's or Mr. Lick's or Mr. Cornell's should go to public education and charity.

Our English-speaking race, as we all know, has ever had a thirst for posthumous power; so bent were our ancestors on tying up their estates in perpetuity that when the law came in to forbid it many were the devices to prolong the grasp. Privileges of primogeniture are still jealously guarded in England, for the sake of accumulating family honors and wealth. Even in America older brothers sometimes oddly think themselves sole managers of the parental estate—a fancy due, perhaps, to the influence of our English derivation. We see its traces where even an estimable oldest brother, as self-appointed head of the family, deals with the inherited estate as if it were all his own: prescribes the household expenses, "invests" the portions of others as may seem good unto him, loses

them in his speculations without qualm of conscience, or doles out from his gains to his younger brothers and sisters with the air of a munificent prince giving bounties. Paterfamilias was eminently just in taking him into the historic firm on a third share, but it would be preposterous to do the same by brother Tom. Let Tom and Harry, after a few years' longer probation of clerkship than Primus needed, be generously taken in; but let them divide a third of the partnership between them. Primogeniture, I repeat, still leaves its curious traces with us in these unpleasant delusions of the oldest male child; but the abolition of its ancient privileges, and the habit of distributing fortunes and opportunities share and share alike among equal heirs or legatees, have accustomed many rich men besides childless millionaires to sparing a generous portion for charities and colleges. This view is strengthened by observing that the famous dedications of private fortunes to public uses are made by men who have earned their wealth, not inherited it. Inherited wealth is more likely to be transmitted to its owner's heirs than broken up for public benefactions. And so, in fine, we may trace a part of our national celebrity for public bequests to the lack of primogenital laws and of any social system of retaining the bulk of family wealth in a line of eldest sons.

We are sometimes unjust toward men of prodigious wealth who disappoint public expectation by bequeathing nothing for public purposes. The American who keeps fifty millions intact in his family only does what is customary in other lands, and what may be done without reproach. If he break no law, a man may do what he will with his own—although, to be sure, so may his countrymen talk as they will of what he does; and they will hardly lump in a common eulogy the public benefactors and those who devise none of their prodigious wealth to the public weal. For these latter the one or two of their fellow men who have become millionaires by their wills may properly raise memorial churches, and stained windows, and chimes of bells; but such wills have earned no means of public gratitude.

PHILIP QUILLBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

PHOTOGRAPHING FROM THE RETINA.

ONE of the first fruits of the daguerreotypic art was the suggestion that unknown murderers could be detected by photographing the last image left on the retina of the murdered person's eye. The idea that this could be done seems to have taken strong hold of many imaginations, and we believe this suggestion is repeated to the police authorities of New York on the occurrence of every noticeable and mysterious murder. That such a detective task will ever be accomplished by photography is extremely doubtful, on account of the length of time that usually passes before the discovery of a murder. But science has now advanced so far that the image on the retina *has been fixed and photographed*. This has been done by Prof. Kühne of Heidelberg, but not with human subjects, as decapitation is one necessary part of the process. Prof. Kühne placed a rabbit four and a half feet from a closed window, in the shutter of which was an opening twelve inches square. The animal's head was first covered by a black cloth for five minutes and then exposed for three minutes. The head was then instantly cut off, and one eye taken out in a room illuminated by yellow light. The eyeball was opened and instantly plunged into a five per cent. solution of alum. This occupied two minutes, and the other eye, still remaining in the head, was then exposed at the window just as the first had been. It was then taken out and placed in the alum solution like its fellow. The next morning the two retinas were carefully isolated, separated from the optic nerve, and turned. On a beautiful rose red ground a sharp image, somewhat more than one millimetre (one-twenty-fifth inch) square was found. The image on the first retina—that which was exposed during life—was somewhat reddish and not so sharply defined as that on the other.

This fixture of the last impression on the living retina is by no means an accidental discovery, but is the final step in

a laborious series of delicate researches. Nor is it the triumph of one man alone, the preliminary work having been performed by two distinguished physiologists. Prof. Boll of Rome discovered that the external layer of the retina in all living animals has a purple color, which is destroyed by light. During life the color is perpetually restored by darkness, but after death, Boll thought, it disappeared entirely. Prof. Kühne followed up this wonderful discovery and confirmed it in general, while correcting some of Boll's conclusions. He first ascertained that death does not necessarily destroy the color, since a retina that is not exposed to white light, but is kept in a room lighted by a yellow sodium flame, retains this "vision purple" for twenty-four or twenty-eight hours, even though incipient decomposition may have set in. It is destroyed at the temperature of boiling water or by immersion in alcohol, glacial acetic acid, and strong solution of soda, but in strong ammonia, saturated solution of common salt, or glycerine, it remains undiminished for twenty-four hours. On testing the effect of different colored lights upon this "vision purple," he found that the most refrangible rays change it most, while red has hardly more effect than yellow light. The color is not so delicate as Boll supposed. A few moments' exposure to daylight does not bleach the retina. This requires exposure for a considerable time to direct sunlight. The source of the color was found to be the inner surface of the choroid upon which the retina lies. If a portion of the retina is disengaged from the choroid and raised up, it bleaches, though the remainder, still attached portion, retains its color. If the raised flap is carefully replaced upon the choroid, it regains its purple hue. This restoration is believed to be a function of the living choroid, and probably of the retinal epithelium, though it is independent of the black pigment which this epithelium contains. This vision purple is the latest discovery in optical physiology, and it cannot fail

to be a most important one. How far it will alter the received views upon the subject of changes in the strength of vision, which are now attributed to alterations in the distance of the crystalline lens, cannot be foretold. But it may be found possible to stimulate by drugs the restorative action of the choroid, and thus by gaining increased "definition," improve weak sight. As to the detection of murderers by photographing the last retinal picture from their victims' eyes, while these discoveries do not leave this an impossibility, they do not much improve the probability of its ever being done. Very often the sight of the assassin is not the last which comes within the victim's vision. Too long a time also usually elapses before discovery. These and similar difficulties must prevent the utilization of these discoveries in this direction, even if they should prove to be in themselves all that is hoped. The retinal picture has not yet been photographed, but it seems probable, from the above recounted experiments, that it can be.

ACTION OF ORGANIC ACIDS ON MINERALS.

DR. H. C. BOLTON of the New York School of Mines has made the interesting discovery that minerals may be decomposed by boiling with organic acids, just as they are by treatment with the strong mineral acids. He has tried the action of such acids as citric, tartaric, oxalic, acetic, malic, and other acids, on finely powdered carbonates, silicates, sulphides, and other classes of mineral. All the carbonates examined (fourteen in number) dissolved with effervescence, sulphides were decomposed with evolution of sulphuretted hydrogen, and silicates with formation of gelatinous silica. This important discovery will greatly add to the resources of the mineralogist, who is compelled to do much of his work in the field. Hitherto he has been debarred from using the mineral acids (the action of which sometimes forms a decisive test) by the impossibility of carrying them in the pocket or wallet without danger. The organic acids are solid, and can be conveniently stowed away. Their action, however, is not so decided as that of the mineral acids, but this is not always a defect, but offers additional

means of determination. For example, all the specimens of bornite and pyrrhotite examined yielded sulphuretted hydrogen with tartaric, citric, and oxalic acids, but chalcopyrite and pyrite do not. On the other hand, the use of the organic acids may give rise in some cases to the formation of nitric acid, which in its nascent condition will afford a very powerful agent of decomposition. Thus all the sulphides examined (seventeen), with the exception of molybdenite and cinnabar, were quickly attacked by citric or tartaric acid, to which a little potassium nitrate had been added. Potassium chlorate produces a similar though slower action. These examples are sufficient to show that Dr. Bolton has found a promising field of inquiry, and, singular to say, considering the attention which the action of organic acids has received, it is a field believed to be entirely new. He is continuing his researches.

SCIENTIFIC ORCHESTRATION.

PROF. MAYER has turned his valuable researches in acoustical science to æsthetic uses, and criticises the present mode of arranging orchestras, the defects of which he proves by experiment. He took an old silver watch, beating four times a second, and caused it to gain thirty seconds per hour, so that every two minutes its tick coincided with the tick of an ordinary spring balance American clock, also making four beats the second. The latter was placed several feet, and the watch two feet, from the ear. In this position the ticks of the watch were lost for *nine seconds*, about the time of coincidence. The tick of the watch disappeared, "with a sharp *chirp*, like a cricket's, and reappears with a sound like that made by a boy's marble falling upon others in his pocket." This experiment shows most effectively that one sonorous impression may overcome and obliterate another, but to do so it must be more intense and of lower pitch. If of higher pitch, it cannot neutralize the other sound, however much the first may exceed the latter in intensity. This discovery, Prof. Mayer thinks, is, "next after the demonstration of the fact that the ear is capable of analyzing compound musical sounds into their constituent or partial simple tones, the most important addition yet made to our knowledge of

hearing." High sounds cannot obliterate low ones, but, on the contrary, the sensation of each partial tone of which compound musical sounds is formed is diminished by all the tones below it in pitch. These discoveries he applies to orchestration as follows: "In a large orchestra I have repeatedly witnessed the complete obliteration of all sounds from violins by the deeper and more intense sounds of the wind instruments, the double basses alone holding their own. I have also observed the sounds of the clarinets lose their peculiar quality of tone, and consequent charm, from the same cause. No doubt the conductor of the orchestra heard all his violins ranged as they always are, close around him, and did not perceive that his clarinets had lost that quality of tone on which *the composer* had relied for producing a special character of expression. The function of the conductor seems to be threefold: First, to regulate and fix the time. Second, to regulate the intensity of the sounds produced by individual instruments, for the purpose of expression. Third, to give the proper quality of tone or *feeling* to the whole sound of his orchestra, considered as a single instrument, by regulating the *relative intensities* of sounds produced by the various classes of instruments employed. Now this third function, the regulation of relative intensities, has hitherto been discharged through the judgment of the ears of a conductor, who is placed in the most disadvantageous position for judging by his ears. Surely he is not conducting for his own personal gratification, but for the gratification of his audience, whose ears stand in very different relations from his own in respect to their distance from the various instruments in action. Is it not time that he should pay more attention to his third function, and place himself in the position occupied by an average hearer? This position would be elevated, and somewhere in the midst of the audience. That the position at present occupied by the conductor of an orchestra has often allowed him to deprive his audience of some of the most delicate and touching qualities of orchestral and concerted vocal music, I have no doubt, and I firmly believe that when he changes his position in the manner now proposed, the audience will

have some of that enjoyment which he has too long kept to himself." These views were verified by Prof. Mayer visiting different parts of the house during a public performance, and observing the different effects of the music. It is not to be supposed that a satisfactory change can be made at once. A quantitative analysis of the compound tones of all musical instruments must be made. On this work he is now engaged. One noteworthy result of his researches is the opinion that orchestral instruments should be made on different principles from those used in solos. The reason for this is, that certain over tones should predominate in orchestral instruments in order to give them their due expression in the midst of graver sounds. These exaggerated peculiarities will unfit them to be played alone. If the learned Professor's views are carried out, a theatre or opera manager will be obliged to own the instruments of his orchestra, and perhaps to have different sets for different musical works!

THE NITROGEN OF PLANTS.

THE direct source of the nitrogen contained in plants is an unsolved mystery, though the ultimate source of much of it must be the atmosphere. A wheat crop gave on unmanured land from 15.9 to 25.2 pounds of nitrogen, per acre, yearly, but the amount found in the rainwater of the same district was only from 6.28 to 8.58 pounds per acre. Singular to say, the use of a fertilizer, called a "complex mineral manure" in the reports, added only about two pounds of nitrogen per acre. But the case is altered when potassic manure is used, and especially when applied to land bearing beans. Such a crop gains 18 1-2 pounds of nitrogen by the addition of saltpetre, or 28 per cent. A similar result was obtained with clover—a leguminous crop. A potassic fertilizer increased the yield of nitrogen one-third. One of the anomalies observed in the study of plant growth is that a good crop instead of exhausting the soil seems to improve it. The better the crop, and the more nitrogen removed, the better will the succeeding crop be. Thus clover removes a much larger amount of nitrogen than wheat, the quantity being on unmanured land, say 30.5 pounds per acre for clover and 20.7

pounds for wheat, and yet the wheat crop is improved if clover is occasionally interpolated or a fair rotation of crops kept up. In 1874 barley succeeding barley gave 89.1 pounds of nitrogen, while barley following clover gave 69.4 pounds of nitrogen withdrawn from an acre of soil. These amounts take no account of the nitrogen carried off by the drainage of the soil, which analysis of drainwater proves to be considerable. The source of all this nitrogen is undoubtedly the atmosphere, but the mode of conveying it into the soil is unknown.

IMPORTANT PREHISTORIC DISCOVERIES.

Few persons are aware of the wealth of what are called "prehistoric" remains. The finding of an isolated skeleton, in a cave, with stalagmite completely covering it, is accepted as an occurrence that is not very remarkable. However ancient it may be, the preservation of the bones is exceptional. But a late discovery in France, near Hastière-sur-Meuse, is of much more importance. No less than fifteen burial caverns were found, and from the five that have been explored no less than fifty-five human skeletons have been taken, among which are thirty-five well-preserved skulls.

In addition to these "finds" the plateaux yielded sixteen dwelling places of the old inhabitants from which have been taken a quantity of stone implements. These show the age of the skeletons to be that of the polished, or "new" stone period. The prospect of being able to restore the men who lived before the earliest recorded dates is now very good. Some hundreds of their skeletons, with a valuable series of skulls and enormous collections of their handiworks, are now in the museums of the world.

Some of the more remarkable of these discoveries have been alluded to at different times in this Miscellany. One of the latest and most interesting consists of some pointed sticks, found in a Swiss coal bed, the pointing having been done by hand. It may be thought difficult to establish so remarkable a fact in a mass of coal in which the rods have been pressed flat and perfectly carbonized. But a microscopic examination of one of these pieces shows that the fibres of the wood run in two different directions,

the two systems meeting at an angle. One of the sticks has had its end shaved down, the cut surface being then applied to the other, and some substance, probably bark, being wound around the joint. The marks of this wrapping are perfectly distinct, and in one case the wrapping itself remains. As the bark used for this purpose was different from the natural bark of the rods, the microscope is now able to distinguish between the two, though both are turned to coal. Descriptions and illustrations of these interesting relics are published in the "Primeval World of Switzerland," by the celebrated Professor Heer. There is no doubt they formed part of some basket work. Their age is still doubtful, but must be very great.

THE PHYLLOXERA CONQUERED.

THE investigation instituted by the French Academy of Sciences into the best means of destroying the phylloxera, or grapevine pest, has ended in the conclusion that the sulpho-carbonates are a complete antidote to these destructive insects. This result has already been announced in this Miscellany, and it only remains to explain the action of these salts. Under the influence of carbonic acid, which is always present in soils containing organic substances, they decompose. A carbonate is formed, and sulphuretted hydrogen and bisulphide of carbon are evolved. Both of these are deadly poisons to the phylloxera as well as to man. To complete the fitness of these salts to agricultural uses, the sulpho-carbonate of potassium has an excellent effect upon the vines, potash being one of the most valued constituents of manures. Success in using the antidote depends upon bringing it in contact with every part of the root-system of the plant. This can be done by dissolving the salt, but it is better to mix it with half its weight of lime and sprinkle it on the ground at the beginning of the rainy season, which in France lasts from October to March. M. Mouillefert, who examined this subject under direction of the Academy, reports that as an antidote the sulpho-carbonates are a proved success, and nothing now remains but to educate the vine growers to their proper use. This subject has peculiar interest to Americans,

for the phylloxera is our evil gift to France. It is matter of common observation, both in animal and vegetable physiology, that one race or species may live in comfort with an enemy—be it a disease or a parasite—which is destructive to other species. The American vineyards are by no means free from the phylloxera. On the contrary, they are full of this insect, but the vines do not lose their hardiness in consequence. They flourish in spite of their enemy.

THE SUN'S HEAT.

PROF. LANGLEY of the Allegheny observatory has made a direct comparison between the heat of the sun and that of the flame in the mouth of a Bessemer steel convertor. Estimates of the sun's temperature probably vary among themselves more than any other attempts at scientific knowledge, ranging from 10,000,000 down to 1,500 deg. We have already published in this Miscellany some late French determinations which place it below 2,000 deg. C. Prof. Langley's choice of a standard is excellent. The flame of the Bessemer convertor results from the burning of carbon, silicon, iron, and manganese within the vessels, the result of using this once novel fuel being a heat so great that the most refractory iron or steel is melted to thin fluidity and so much excess of heat imparted, that the mass will remain fluid, without further heat, a considerable time. The temperature of the flame is not known, though 4,000 or 5,000 deg. Fahr. has been suggested as an approximation. This does not vitiate Prof. Langley's experiment, for he used it merely as one of the most powerful artificial sources of light obtainable. His method was to compare its light with that of the sun by an arrangement that resembled a camera obscura, the light from the sun and the flame being repeatedly superposed upon each other. The arrangement worked admirably, and the observer was able to note the spots on the sun. He found that the intensely hot flame was like a dark spot compared to the sun's light and that the latter must be at least 2,168 times hotter than the flame. This carries the result in favor of the largest estimates. The flame of the convertor is not so hot as the melted steel from which it comes,

but it offers better opportunities for observation. The steel itself as it was poured from the convertor was found to be not more than one-sixty-fourth as hot as the sun.

DEAF MUTES IN POLAND.

MR. GEORGE DARWIN has brought forward statistics to prove that the intermarriage of near relations does not have the unfavorable effect upon offspring which is commonly supposed. But the director of the Warsaw Institute for Deaf Mutes and the Blind combats this theory, and says that the registers kept at that and similar institutions support the popular opinion. The system of instruction at this asylum is very perfect. Mimic language being almost totally prohibited, the pupils are taught to understand the motion of the lips and to speak more or less distinctly; and after a four years' residence in the Institute, they generally attain in both a high degree of perfection. With great judgment the managers have made the technical instruction at the school of the best kind, so that the pupils readily find situations on leaving, and indeed there are never enough to fill all the situations offered. This appears to be the true method with students who would otherwise find themselves at a disadvantage with more favored competitors.

THE COMPASS PLANT.

THE well-known dispute as to the "compass plant" has recently been settled by Mr. Meehan in a manner which recalls the opinions of judicial officers who deal with other than scientific questions. One party of observers say that this plant always points its leaves north and south, the leaf standing edgewise to the earth and the two sides facing to the east and west. This plant is found on the prairies and plains, and is known scientifically as *silphium lacinatedum*, popularly as pilot weed, rosin weed, and turpentine weed. It stands from three to six feet high, and the trappers and Indians are said to find their way in dark nights by feeling its leaves. These assertions of polarity are denied by the other party. Mr. Meehan now says that both are right. When the leaves are young and small the pointing to the north is unmistakable, but when they become larger, are beaten down by

rains, and weighted with sand and dew, they are not able to recover their lost bearings.

BALLOONS IN METEOROLOGY.

BALLOON ascensions are quietly but frequently used by scientific men for the purpose of studying the upper parts of the atmosphere. Russian savants have lately paid especial attention to this work, but have been prevented from extending their examinations to any great height. Prof. Mendeleef of St. Petersburg now undertakes to accomplish this also, and devotes the profits of two books published by him to the construction of a balloon. This is to have a capacity of two or three thousand cubic yards, and will be filled by means arranged by him. France also pursues this path of investigation with great vigor. Count Bathyani recently took up a radiometer to a height of about a mile. At the earth it made in the shade thirty-five revolutions per minute. At the height of 5,000 feet it made sixty-four revolutions, also in the shade. In the sun, 2,800 feet above the earth, it made fifty-four revolutions. Count Bathyani also took up an ethereal apparatus for the purpose of condensing water vapor at various heights, in order to collect the microscopic particles floating in the air. This line of investigation will be continued by means of an apparatus filled with methylic ether. This will give a temperature of -20 deg. C., or -15 deg. Fahr. The moisture will condense as ice which will be scraped off the vessels. All the solid particles floating in the immediate neighborhood of the apparatus will also be obtained.

THE LEAD PRODUCT.

THE mining of lead is a business in which Americans are successfully using the remarkable resources of this country. In 1866 the amount made here was only 14,842 tons, while we imported 28,380 tons. In fact the importation has exceeded the home product ever since 1850 with the exception of one year—1860. This improper "balance of trade" was due to the system and intelligence with which foreign smelting works are conducted, and the ignorance which prevailed in our own country where the mining resources are really superior to those of Europe. But this state of things has changed with

the foundation of mining schools and the spread of mining knowledge in this country. In 1878 the "balance" turned the other way. The importations have been since then 22,114, 17,674, 7,805, and 4,685 tons; while the home product shows a rise corresponding closely to this falling off, being for the same years, 87,983, 46,500, 53,250, 57,210 tons. In fact we export as much as we import, for the 4,300 tons of pig lead imported is balanced by the quantity sent back to Europe in the form of bullets. This change in the business is traceable to the fact that refining has been found to pay in America, and our lead is thus in request by the white paint makers. For years our product lay under a stigma, and it was said that it was not suited to the manufacture of the best lead. This evident error has been corrected; the refined virgin lead of Missouri and Illinois makes the best white lead, and the mining of the metal is not likely to suffer from so many causes of depression again. The Territories are now large producers, the five principal sources of supply being in 1876—

	<i>Tons.</i>
Importation.....	4,685
Sales of Government old lead.....	1,050
Missouri.....	17,165
Galena district.....	6,425
Utah, Nevada, California.....	33,680
	<hr/> 68,965

The production of some few selected places was: Palmer mine, 466 tons, Mine LaMotte, 1,657, St. Joseph mines, 1,988, Granby mines, 4,423 tons, these being all Missouri; Omaha smelting works, 11,886 tons, St. Louis and Pennsylvania smelting works, 8,000 tons, New York and Newark works, 7,776 tons, California, Nevada, and Utah works, 6,518. The latter four items amount to 33,680 tons, which is all made from silver-lead ores, mostly by the zinc process of refining.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

IN fitting out the lately returned Arctic expedition the English government attempted to make it the last one of its kind. That is, it appropriated a million dollars and engaged the coöperation of the best scientific authorities, and sent out its best men, who departed in the full knowledge that their enterprise had aroused a real national enthusiasm, and

that the most strenuous effort was expected of them. The purpose of these accumulated advantages was to so fortify the voyagers that their success or failure should satisfy the world upon the subject of polar exploration. They went, struggled so bravely that their loss of life was greater than on any expedition since the fatal one under Franklin—and came back without succeeding. Their commander deliberately declared success to be impossible from the nature of the difficulties which always exist near the pole, and that this goal of nine centuries' effort would never be reached.

But, in spite of Captain Nares's positiveness, the Arctic question is now just where he took it up. Seventy miles has been added to the distance covered, but the world is just as unsatisfied as ever, and polar exploration is just as ardently desired as ever. The spirit is unchanged, but the name is altered. Against the uniform report of the explorers who have been so numerous during the last decade that a mere journey to the pole is not likely to yield much addition to man's knowledge, it is hardly possible for even the most enthusiastic navigators to stand up. But when Lieutenant Payer, on returning from the Austrian expedition north of Spitzbergen, declared that there was but one way to make the icy northern regions yield up their scientific secrets, and that was by colonizing parties within the Arctic circle, to stay there long enough to make a continued study of its meteorology and physics, the scientific world gave him its unqualified support. Several nations have been reported to be on the point of organizing such a colony, but America seems likely to be the first to act energetically on the suggestion. Captain Howgate of the Signal Service Corps has petitioned Congress for \$50,000 with which to send out a company of forty men, provided with supplies for three years. They are to be taken by a government vessel to some point between 81 deg. and 83 deg., the route taken to be by Smith's sound. There they will be left, the vessel returning. An annual visit is to be paid the colony, but otherwise they will be left to themselves. To prevent the scandalous quarrels which ruined the *Polaris* expedition, the whole party will be enlisted in the United States service, and

strict discipline will be maintained. The fact that the suggestion for the expedition comes from a Signal Service officer will give the country confidence in the plan, and also ensure proper attention to that science which may hope to reap the greatest benefit from Arctic observations, the science of meteorology and cosmic physics. The scientific members of the party are to include an astronomer, one or more meteorologists, and two or more naturalists. The project is by no means on a sure footing as yet, but it has got so far as to be favorably reported on by the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives. It certainly embodies the plan which scientific men all over the world unite in endorsing, and which seems to offer the most promising rewards to effort. But disguise the fact as we will, it still remains true that it is in exploration and discovery that such schemes find their surest ground for support. The gains to science have uniformly been greater than the satisfaction to curiosity, and this plan is professedly made with especial care to secure the greatest return to science. But the march to the pole is the thing that is inviting, and it entices now just as strongly, after all the failures, as it ever did. Captain Howgate's plan provides for this. During their three years' stay his men will be on the watch for opportunities to advance northward, and if they find none, they intend to make such a study of currents, ice, and seasons as will give the cue to others in after years.

The principal difficulties in pushing far northward may be summed up in a few words. The attempt must be made in summer (the Arctic day), when the ice is liable to break up. A boat must therefore be carried, and this makes the sledge train heavy. The ice to be crossed is extremely rough, and explorers have not been able to find smoother spots of any considerable size. By rough we mean that it is covered with deep rifts, blocks and snow drifts from five to twenty feet or more in height, and these impediments cover the surface so closely as to leave no alternative but a slow tugging of the sledges over the most available parts of them. The English expedition found these drifts to lie directly across their course, having been formed by a west

wind. The labor of crossing them is performed with the thermometer far below the freezing point. There is no fire, provisions have to be carefully husbanded, sleep is dangerous unless frequently broken, and if one of the party breaks down, the strength of the whole is seriously diminished, while its task is greatly increased. Such has been the history of exploration up to within 400 miles of the pole, and it is at least probable that many of these difficulties will be intensified as that point is reached. The north pole may now be considered to occupy the centre of an area 800 miles in diameter, the condition of things within which it is not possible even to conjecture. We may plausibly suppose (1) that it is not land, for the ice of the Arctic sea is never more than 150 feet thick, and there are no glaciers; (2) that it is a shallow sea; and (3) that the precipitation of moisture in the centre must be considerable, as the ice is moving in all directions from the centre during the summer. The theory of an open sea at the pole is now discarded by most scientific men, and, we believe, by all experienced explorers except Hayes. In the present state of knowledge it rests upon the presumption that the polar sea is very shallow, so that the deep and warm currents which are known to enter the Arctic ocean may be forced to the surface there; and that the ice drift removes the ice as fast as it forms.

EXPLORATION NOTES.

THE Portuguese government has decided to spend \$100,000 on a scientific expedition to Central Africa.

EVERY exploring expedition across the continent of Australia has to taste the extreme difficulties of travel in the barren parts of that extraordinary country. Mr. Giles, the last explorer, says: "From the end of the watershed in longitude 120 deg. 20 min., the latitude being near the 24th parallel, to the Rawlinson range of my last horse expedition, in longitude 127 deg., the country was all open spinifex sandhill desert. At starting into the desert most of the camels were continually poisoned, the plant which poisoned them not being allied in any way to the poison plants of the settled districts of Western Australia. I now know it well,

and have brought specimens. The longest stretch without water was a ten days' march. One old cow camel died after reaching the water. We had some rain on May 8 before reaching the Ashburton, and some of it must have extended into the desert. It was the only chance water we obtained."

PROF. NORDENSKIÖLD, who sailed from Norway to the mouth of the river Jenisei, in Siberia, is now preparing for a voyage from that river along the shore of the Arctic sea to Behrings straits. It may be that the navigation of the Arctic sea, which is impossible away from land, can be accomplished in its neighborhood. The return journey will be made by way of China, India, and the Suez canal, the whole forming the most remarkable voyage ever undertaken by one ship.

BRADFORD, Pennsylvania, is lighted with gas from a well situated about two miles from town.

IN the United States heavy rains are less frequent between 4:35 P. M. and 11 P. M. than at any other part of the day. The greatest number are between 7:35 A. M. and 4:35 P. M.

IN the Alps the snow line is 8,900 feet high on the northern side and 9,200 feet on the southern. In the Himalayas it is 16,600 feet on the northern side and 16,200 feet on the southern.

THE eminent physicist, Prof. J. C. Poggendorff, for many years professor in the Berlin university, and editor of "Poggendorff's Annalen," has died in Berlin, in his eighty-first year.

THE magnitude of the prizes which may be drawn by exploring antiquarians in Europe is shown by the recent finding near Verona, Italy, of two large amphoræ containing 50,000 coins of the Emperor Gallienus and his immediate successors. The majority of them are of bronze, but there are some of silver. Nearly all of them are in the finest state of preservation, and are so fresh from the mint as to make it evident that they were never put into circulation.

PROF. LOOMIS says that in this country great rainfalls do not generally continue over eight hours, and very rarely do they continue for twenty-four hours, either at one place or a number of places considered successively.

ACCORDING to the Washington "Gazette," the paint makers are grinding up Egyptian mummies for the fine brown color which they make when powdered. This color is due to the asphaltum with which the cloths wrapped around the mummies was impregnated.

THE Washington monument is probably doomed. In its present condition it is a grievous eyesore in the Washington landscape, and a board of army engineers now say that its foundations are not strong enough to permit raising the shaft higher, and it is proposed to take it down.

MR. H. BRASSON has produced a kind of petroleum by the mutual action of steam, carbonic acid, and sulphuretted hydrogen in presence of iron at a white heat. All these substances are known to be contained in the rocks of the earth's crust, which also has at various times afforded the necessary heat.

GOLD, though the principal standard of value, is not moved about the world much. The entire import of London, the greatest banking city in the world, was only \$116,222,350 in 1876, and the export was \$81,097,850. Nearly the whole of the difference went into the vaults of the Bank of England, the stock of which increased \$84,982,980.

PROF. HAWES has proved the existence of metallic iron in the basalt dykes of New Hampshire. It exists as small specks in the centre of grains of magnetite. This contradicts the theory that the metallic iron of the dykes is the result of carbon acting upon the magnetite in them, and proves that the iron is the primary and the magnetite the secondary product.

THOUGH agricultural professorships are not considered to have produced all

the good that was once expected from them, there is one lately established by the French Government which might well be copied in other countries. It is a professorship of comparative agriculture at Vincennes, and its occupant will make a systematic comparison of home and foreign agriculture.

THE character of the Yale lectures to mechanics is seen from the following titles to some of the lectures: "Forester and Forest Products," Prof. William H. Brewer; "Mosses," Prof. C. D. Eaton; "Our Red Sandstone," G. W. Hawes; "The Usury Laws," Prof. F. A. Walker; and "Sanitary Engineering," Prof. W. P. Trowbridge. The course contains thirteen lectures, and costs \$1.

A FRENCH paper says that "an American company proposes to introduce fur seals from Alaska into Lake Superior! The temperature of the lake is considered to be sufficiently cold for the purpose, and the company hopes to obtain from Congress and the Canadian Parliament an act protecting the creatures from slaughter for twenty years, after which time it is supposed that they will be sufficiently acclimatized and numerous to form subjects of sport." As the fur seal is a marine animal and Lake Superior is a body of fresh water, the success of the experiment, and even the authenticity of the story, is at least doubtful!

M. GIFFARD, inventor of the steam injector which bears his name, has entered upon a line of invention of which Americans have been very fond. He is building a small steamer to ply, during the French Exposition, over the three miles of the Seine between Pont Royal and the Exhibition. The steamer will be thirty metres, or one hundred feet long and three and a half metres, or eleven feet eight inches broad, and is to make forty-five miles an hour! The length is to the beam, therefore, as 8 1-2 to 1. It is singular that marine engineering has gained but little from these attempts to attain excessive speeds. The real advances have been obtained by small successive improvements.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. HENRY VAN LAUN is known in the world of letters by his admirable translation of Taine's "History of English Literature," and also by his not yet completed translation of Molière's works; the latter being not merely a translation, but a very thoroughly worked English edition of the great French dramatist. He now presents us with the first volume of an original critical work of great importance and interest*—nothing less than a history of French literature. Mr. Van Laun's work is not a mere critical appreciation of French writers, which of itself would be an undertaking of very considerable moment, and which would fill a place hitherto unoccupied in our critical literature. The present work is in fact a history of French thought, and even more; it is a history of the French people as exhibited in the writings of Frenchmen from the very earliest period. The author accepts the theory which has lately come into vogue among the more elaborate, if not the profounder critics, that the literature of an age is a manifestation of its spirit; that a nation, or rather a people, has a soul like an individual man, and that that soul is manifested and is to be read in the pages of its authors; that as it, the people, is developed, intellectually, morally, socially, and politically, from age to age, the changes through which it passes are reflected in its literature, and that there no less, perhaps even more, than in the record of its doings at home, abroad, in the family, in society, in commerce, in manufactures, in art, and on the field of battle, is to be found its true portraiture. Indeed, he begins his book with the assertion that "the history of a literature is the history of a people; if not this, it is worthless."

To this theory and its general acceptance we owe chiefly the very wide scope and the philosophical profundity of most modern critical writing of the higher

kind. Critics are not content nowadays with taking up a poem, novel, essay, or history, and looking at it by itself as an individual and isolated work of art. They must look into the personal life of the writer; they must discover and estimate all the influences by which he was surrounded; and among these they give a very important place to the condition of the society in which he lived, the political and religious forces which were at work while he was studying, thinking, writing. Briefly, they regard him not as an isolated individual force, but as a manifestation, a result of many forces, as doing his work less by personal volition than as the unconscious agent or representative of the times in which he lived. Consequently a critical edition or appreciation of a great writer has come to be not a purely literary task, but an attempt to unfold the mental and moral condition of a people and a period. Compare, for example, Addison's criticism of the "Paradise Lost," to which in a great measure the general appreciation of that poem is due, with David Masson's "Life of Milton." The former can all be included in a thin duodecimo volume, and has been so printed; the latter, still unfinished, fills several ponderous octavo volumes. Addison concerns himself with the poem itself; Masson writes an elaborate history of Puritanism and of the English people during the development and completion of that religious, social, and political revolution which produced the Commonwealth in Old England and the Puritan emigration to America, with the formation of the religious commonwealths of New England. True, Addison did not undertake to do what Masson undertook, and allowance must be made for the avowed difference between the methods of the two writers. But still that very difference is the significant exponent of the critical spirit of the times in which they lived. The very fact that the Victorian critic has undertaken his tremendous task, which Addison or any man of his time would not have thought of, is signi-

* "History of French Literature." By HENRY VAN LAUN. I. From its Origin to the Renaissance. 8vo, pp. 343. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ficant of the change in critical manner to which we have referred.

That the new theory of the proper scope of criticism is well founded, cannot be entirely denied. Literature to a certain degree is a characteristic product of the age and of the people for which, if not by which, it is produced. And if Mr. Van Laun had confined himself to the affirmative part of his proposition, his position would have been less disputable than it became when he added his negative assertion. It is not quite true that the history of a literature is the history of a people; still further from the truth is it that literary history which is not the history of a people is worthless. It might be easily shown that some of the very greatest literary productions known to the world have very slight relations, or none at all, to the condition of the society in which they were written. What, for example, is there in Shakespeare's plays, or in Sir Walter Scott's poems and novels, which is a manifestation of the spirit of their time? Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, and Moore were strictly contemporaries. What could be more unlike than their poems in spirit or in substance? What one trait have they in common? The theory in question is an example of the tendency of men to over generalization of particular facts, and of a like tendency to over subtlety in critical philosophy.

The spirit of a people is, however, undeniably manifest in the writings of its best and most favored authors; and to trace the rise of that spirit and the gradual formation of a national or popular character is a legitimate and a very instructive part of the task of a critic who undertakes to present a full appreciation of a national literature.

Mr. Van Laun certainly begins at the beginning. He shows us what the French people are; how the French nation arose and gradually grew into an individual existence; and he thus imitates and emulates the distinguished French critic whose work he has translated. M. Taine is strong on the manifestation of Anglo-Saxonism in English literature, and even finds the results of English beef and beer, and of the very rain and fog of England, in the books of English writers.

Mr. Van Laun's theory of the origin of the French people is not a very clear

one; not even in his own mind, it would seem. He starts with the assertion, in very positive terms, that the Iberians were the vanguard of the invading races who overwhelmed and swept before them the oldest known inhabitants of Western Europe—the Celts; and his language implies that the former were and the latter were not an Indo-European race; that the vanguard of the Indo-European invaders *found* the Celts in Europe and overcame them. But there is no doubt, we believe, that the Celts themselves were, or are, an Indo-European race, and that they are the oldest representatives of that race in Europe. Their position in the extreme west, even in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland, shows this. As to the Iberians, the name itself is rather vague as that of a people or a race; but as far as we know anything of the race which Mr. Van Laun seems to have in view, *they* were found in the west of Europe by the invading Celts. The Basques are regarded by philologists and ethnologists as the modern representatives of the "Iberians," if that name must be used—at any rate of the prehistoric inhabitants of Western Europe. Of this Mr. Van Laun himself seems to have an inkling, for he says "they were possibly themselves an indigenous European race driven back upon the Celts by the invading tribes which so persistently trod upon their heels." He finds a confirmation of this supposition in a curious etymological coincidence. In the Basque tongue *atzean* signifies "behind," and *atzea* "a foreigner." He accounts for this by supposing that the Iberian, pushed hard by the invaders, made common cause with the Celt, and that therefore the ever-encroaching Goth and Frank were "the people behind him." But if his "Iberians" were an indigenous European race, how could they be "driven back" upon the Celts unless the latter had gone through and through them, and so actually got before them, leaving the indigenous people between them—the Celts—and the succeeding Indo-European invaders? The fact is that Mr. Van Laun has begun so very far back that he is in deep water, rather out of his depth—out of any one's depth indeed. For as to the Basques, they are still an ethnological and philological puzzle. The balance of probabilities,

however, seems to be in favor of their being the, or an, indigenous European race, not connected with the Aryan or Indo-European races, against whom they, a small remnant, have managed to hold their own, and preserve their individuality in language, law, and customs for more than two thousand years. The first element, the ground, so to speak, of the French nation, is, however, doubtless Celtic; and as to how much of an intermingling there may have been between them and the "Iberians," or the indigenous race represented by the Basques, we do not know. Judging by the very remarkable individuality of that strange people, their boldness, and their disposition to keep themselves to themselves, the probabilities of any very great intermingling between them and their conquerors are very small indeed.

Upon the Celts came the Greeks and the Romans. The former took no such hold of the country as the latter did; but yet there seems to be some reason for Mr. Van Laun's summary of the influence upon Gaul, (not yet France) of the two great nations of antiquity when he says: "Greece, the commercial nation, had charmed and penetrated her hosts by her poetry, her rhetoric, her arts; Rome, the military nation, remodelled her victims by her laws, her administration, her moral vigor." This is somewhat loosely expressed for a work of such literary pretensions as those of the book before us; but it suggests the truth. There was, however, in the end, to use a popular phrase, "no comparison" between the influence of the Greeks and that of the Romans upon Gaul. It was in letters as in society and in politics; the intellectual existence of Gaul, as well as her physical existence, was to be inextricably interwoven with that of her Roman conquerors. Gaul became Romanized; the language of the country, whatever it had been, was driven out, and Latin took its place. The people of the country became one of what are now known as the Latin races, chiefly because of their languages. French is little more than Latin first debased and then by culture reformed into a language having a character and laws of its own. The words which form the bulk of the French language may be traced, have been traced, down step by step from the origi-

nal Latin forms; and it is found that changes from ancient Latin to modern French took place according to certain phonetic laws so absolute that, given a Latin word, philologists can tell surely under what form it must appear in French.

After the Romans came the Teutonic invaders; and of these the Franks so imposed themselves upon the country that they gave it their name, and Gaul became France. Charlemagne was neither Celtic nor Latin, but simply Karl the Great, a Teutonic monarch under whose sceptre all the Franks were united. The predominance of the Franks in Gaul for many generations had a modifying influence upon the people. The Celtic Gaul was a lively, spirited, vain, bold, but not a very steadily courageous man. The Teutonic was a quieter, steadier, more reserved, and more thoughtful man. He was a bigger man, too, and like big men, he took things more quietly; he had the steady courage which the dashing and gaily caparisoned Celt somewhat lacked. And yet it is remarkable that in the end the Celtic nature reasserted itself in France, although with some modification; and to-day the Frenchman is a Celt, as fond of talk, of fanciful poetry, of fine dress, and show, and dash, as his forefather was fifteen hundred years ago.

It was not until about the year 850 that the language of the people of France assumed a form distinctively French, according to the modern standard; and even then it was so rude and unformed that to a modern uneducated Frenchman it would be quite as strange and incomprehensible as Latin itself. From the very first the great distinction between the language of the north and that of the south seems to have existed. The *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oïl* contended for the mastery, which was finally won by the latter. This is remarkable, as the former was the softer and more cultivated tongue. The finest and the most of the very early poetry of France was written in the *langue d'oc*. To this literature and to the condition of the society in which it was produced Mr. Van Laun gives much attention, as might have been expected. This part of his book is interesting to students of literary history; but we must confess that the

songs of the troubadours have to us very rarely any of the charms of poetry, and that we think that much of the admiration of them which has been expressed by literary antiquarians is fictitious. There is occasionally in these poems a touch of natural feeling; but generally they are cold and full of conceits. Form seems to have been more important in the poet's eyes than spirit; and instead of genuine fervor we have deliberate extravagance. The great epic poem of the French language—its greatest if not its only great poem—the "*Chanson de Roland*"—is written in the *langue d'oïl*. Mr. Van Laun notices this poem of course, and gives a brief summary of its plot, or we might better say of its incidents; but we are surprised that he does not give it more attention. It is far more worthy of critical examination than the fantastic love poems of the troubadours.

In his account of feudal society and of the effect which its conditions had upon such literature as there was in that day, Mr. Van Laun could hardly pass over those tribunals so characteristic and so foreign to our modes of thought and feeling nowadays—the courts of love, of which the troubadours were, in a sort, the advocates. These courts were governed by a Code of Love, which had thirty-one statutes or ruling maxims. Of these maxims the most significant, and some of the most remarkable, are the following:

The plea of wedlock is not a sufficient excuse from love.

None can be bound by a double love.

It is undoubted that love is always diminishing or increasing.

A two years' widowhood is enjoined for a deceased lover.

It is shameful to love those with whom marriage would be shameful.

A true lover does not desire the embrace of any one save his companion in love.

Love rarely endures when made public.

Easy acceptance renders love contemptible; a slow acceptance causes it to be held dear.

A man full of love is ever full of fear.

Love can deny nothing to a lover.

There is nothing to prevent one woman from being loved by two men, nor one man by two women.

In the last quoted of these remarkable laws (which were the work of women and of a few men who wished to please women), it will be observed that no authority or countenance is given to the loving

of two women by one man. Our author regards the effect of these courts and their code as on the whole beneficial. His judgment may be sound, monstrous as the code seems to us, recognizing and even sanctioning as it did relations of the sexes not formed according to civil laws; for, as he says, "it refined the inevitable evil, substituted an easy for an almost impracticable moral code, and being compelled to draw a new line between venial offences and coarse licentiousness, exacted a rigid obedience to these laws." There is also some force in his plea that the courts of love "rescued woman from what would have become a condition of intolerable degradation, elevated affection rather than passion into the place of honor, and encouraged devotion in the stronger sex, grace and propriety in the weaker." It is undoubtedly true that when society became more rigid in sexual morality, and the mediæval code of love disappeared, there remained the tenderness and courtesy for the fairer and weaker sex which that code had done so much to develop.

Mr. Van Laun's first volume brings us down only to the Renaissance. But at that period the characteristic trait of French literature developed itself strongly. That trait is satire; not the bloody scourge of Juvenal, but a light, caustic, reserved, and almost pleasant although malicious satire—malicious in the French sense of *malice*, which is not so strong a word as its English counterpart. The difference between the French spirit and the English is shown by the fact that with free thought in the English race came stubborn dissent; in the French, light-hearted satire. "Satire," as Mr. Van Laun justly says, "is at the root of the French character, an instinct among the descendants of the ancient Gauls, who loved to fight and to talk well." This satire broke out in the sixteenth century with a brightness and causticity which has ever since distinguished French literature. The leader was Marguerite, sister to Francis I., the well-known Queen of Navarre. Her "*Heptameron*" is a strange book for a woman, and not a bad woman, a lady, and a queen, to have written. In it "she vents her contemptuous scorn upon husbands, although [perhaps because] she was married; against monks, though she was an ardent

devotee of religion; against lawyers and doctors, though she was a queen." But it is most happily added that "her shrewdest satire of all is unconsciously pointed against herself; for she stands revealed to us a very woman, the rivals for whose favor are God and the devil, and who affords to neither of these more than a short coquettish glance."

It was at this period that the present school of French literature had its beginning; the spirit then so strongly manifested, the tendency to clearness, brightness, and high finish of style which then appeared among French writers, have since that time been the signs and tokens of the French mind and hand in literature. All that goes before is rude or fantastic or pedantic; then French literature rises in its splendor; we can hardly say its grandeur. Mr. Van Laun's first volume is full of interest which, however, is rather historical than literary; in the succeeding part of his work we may look for criticism more acceptable to the general reader.

—We pass easily from this history of the earliest days of French literature to its very latest, and we may add, one of its most characteristic productions. Alphonse Daudet's novel, "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," has suddenly attained one of those rare and brilliant successes which seem possible only in France. Within an incredibly short time sixty thousand copies of it were sold, and it was "crowned" by the French Academy; whatever that may mean, whether an actual crowning of either book or author, it certainly does imply the awarding of the highest honors by the most eminent literary tribunal in France. It has now been reproduced here in a translation which leaves nothing to be desired, whether as a transfusion of the French spirit of the book, or as an example of a fine English narrative style.* Indeed, it unites these two most important requisites of a good translation in a rare and remarkable manner. As to the book itself, although it is a very good novel, and carries upon its face the evidence that it is a careful study of a

certain phase of French life, we are at a loss to account for its phenomenal success. It is all about Sidonie, who may be called its heroine, as Becky Sharp is the heroine of "Vanity Fair." Now Sidonie is a pretty, vulgar, vile-souled shop girl who uses her beauty to make her way to a certain sort of *bourgeois* fashionable life, but who is really a far more infamous creature than many a common harlot. For she is not wanton; she is not merely venal; she is pitilessly selfish and fiendishly malicious. She has no honesty of any kind—of mind, heart, soul, or body. A baser, viler creature in female, and therefore in human form, it would be impossible to conceive. For to all grovelling, debasing vice she adds a monstrous, cold-hearted cruelty. With all this she is not remarkable for anything except a pretty, blooming face and a low cunning. What need to familiarize us with the life of such a creature? She ruins the happiness of two men, one of a noble soul and the other a weak-minded creature; she breaks up a family; she brings her principal victim to suicide; and all this not even for a grand passion, but that she may have fine dresses, diamonds, and a social success. This is very barren business. We do not care to have such a life as this laid before us with all the particularity of treatment which belongs to the realistic school. But granted that we did desire it, we must confess that we could not wish for it better done. The life-portraiture, inner as well as outer, is perfect and minute to admiration. The end is brought about in fine melodramatic style. Around Sidonie are grouped several personages lovable and unlovable, admirable and unadmirable, but all painted with perfect, clear conception and firm, minute touch. The distinctive Frenchness of the author is manifest in every page. It is shown particularly in the absence of any touch of humor in the portraiture of Sidonie. Unlike Becky Sharp, she hems no little shirt in public until a little Rawdon has long outgrown it. The hard portrait of her hard soul has no such softening touch as that. The book is of a bad sort; but of its sort most admirably.

* "*Sidonie*." From the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET. 16mo, pp. 262. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

THE Lenten season is peculiarly the time for religious books, and the publishers have not failed to take advantage of it this year. Among the most interesting and valuable of the new works is Dr. Gregory's examination into the reason for having Four Gospels.* Why there should be two, three, or any number more than one, or less than eleven, is a question that has been considered significant for many centuries. Why out of eleven faithful disciples, precisely four should be inspired to write the history of the founder of the Church is certainly a problem that must be worth examining. The first idea, and it is one that has not died out yet, was that the four Gospels were so many incomplete but supplementary narratives, and in the second century efforts were made to improve upon the Biblical record by the Harmonists, who tried to compile what they considered a consistent and progressive account of the acts of Christ's ministry. They were followed by the Allegorists, who took the vision of Ezekiel, with its likeness of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle, and applied it to the writers of the Gospels as an exemplification of the meaning each of the narratives was intended to have. Though they, and their modern followers also, have not been able to agree upon this symbolical purport, the four Evangelists have retained in art those symbolical figures. The lion and St. Mark, the eagle and St. John are indissolubly connected in ecclesiastical art and story. The other schools of interpretation are, according to Dr. Gregory, the rationalists and "the common-sense critics." His own answer to the question, Why Four Gospels? is, that Christ had a mission to the Jews, and Matthew presented that argument for his divinity which was best calculated to impress that people; and to the Romans, to whom Mark was an interpreter; and to the Greeks, to whom Luke spoke; and to the Church at large, for whom John wrote his gospel of gentleness and love. The Jew, the Roman, and the Greek then composed the world of civilization—the existing society of that day—and in the Bible we find one writer for each of these nations, and one for the whole

Church. This is certainly a rational and unembarrassed explanation. Dr. Gregory enforces it with great force and learning.

MR. BUCHANAN'S "Shadow of the Sword"* has so many faults that it is a wonder he could have written it to the end without arousing his own disgust. It revives the long-neglected horrors of the time of the first Napoleon, and deals with them in a way that is brutal, not artistic. Its hero is a deserter, and he is so sharply followed by the gensdarmes that for a year or more he lives the life of a burrowing animal, until reason itself is unseated. The only relief to a picture which the author strives vigorously to make revolting is the love of the hero's betrothed; but that too is so mingled with terror that it only throws a more lurid light upon the sufferings her lover undergoes. The style is as close an imitation of the French as the author can produce, occasionally varied, however, most ludicrously by an unguarded exhibition of English slang. The heroine has those eyes so rarely seen outside of novels, of "that mystic color which can be soft as heaven with joy and love, but dark as death with jealousy and wrath." For those who get near enough to gaze long into them, they reveal "strange depths of passion, and self-control, and pride." The individual who did this gazing is a tall, lusty fellow, and healthy as the average of fisherman's boys, but for all that he has the soul of romance within him. When his comrades are lounging on the beach, he is "walking in some vast cathedral not made with hands," or performing daring feats of strength. Unluckily forsaking his cathedral, to lounge on the beach with his true love, like common mortals, they are caught by the tide, and have to wade through the water to escape. She bares her legs for the bath without hesitation or blush, for "she knew that they were pretty, of course, and she felt no shame." But there is one thing this young lady would not for worlds reveal, and that is *her hair*, which is invariably concealed beneath a coif. But as the waters deepen, Rohan throws the pretty-limbed creature

* "Why Four Gospels? or, The Gospel for all the World." By D. S. GREGORY, D. D. New York: Sheldon & Co.

* "The Shadow of the Sword." A Romance. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

over his shoulder and wades thigh deep. As he lands her he looks up, "and lo! he saw a sight which brought the bright blood to his own cheeks and made him tremble like a tree beneath his load." *Her hair had fallen down*, and the cheeks and neck that bore unmoved the exposure of her knees, were now "crimson with a delicious shame." This incident "bared each to each in all the nudity of passion," and it certainly bares the nudity of the author's invention. He is nowhere prurient, and nowhere delicate. He describes the revolting details of the story with as much unction as if they were the important things, and he leaves his hero at the end a complete failure in life and love, wasted in strength, and ruined in mind.

WE are glad to see Dr. McClellan persist in his study of the cholera question.* We know of no publications which are better fitted than his to awaken the people to a proper sense of the duty, and also of the efficiency, of personal providence against disease. He is an advocate of the Indian origin theory of the disease and its spread by personal infection only, and in this pamphlet maintains two propositions: 1st, that Asiatic cholera has never yet *originated on the American continent*, but in every instance has spread from a first case which reached its shores from some countries beyond the ocean; and 2d, that it is diffused by the migrations of individuals who are infected by the disease, a specific poison existing in their dejecta, which reproduces the disease in any person to whom it gains access. This is a theory of epidemic cholera which is rational, consistent with the constantly developing facts of scientific research, and which happily includes a remedy that is every way practicable and thorough. But it is a theory that is not yet acknowledged by all authorities. Telluric conditions, malaria, and other local influences are frequently pointed to as the cause of the disease, and the doctrine of specific cholera poison still demands strong partisan advocacy.

— An anonymous pamphlet on vivisection,

which takes ground against that mode of obtaining knowledge, is not worth serious notice except for the odd argument that crime is likely to increase if the vivisectionists are allowed to experiment on cats and dogs, as the new English law proposes! Criminals, says the authoress, rarely have had pets, and *therefore* if we kill all the pets, and thus deprive ourselves of the refining influences of kitty and the ennobling example of doggy, we shall the more readily turn to criminal ways. Another powerful argument is that "the countries where vivisection has prevailed seem to have secured no lasting blessing, but to have been the subjects of peculiarly calamitous afflictions, direful disasters, unnatural *internal tribulations*, and other multiplied evils." This is theocracy with a vengeance.

FOR some years past the "North American Review" has been enriched by papers from the late Mr. Chauncey Wright on various subjects in the wide field of modern philosophy, but especially in the much disputed theories of biology. They exhibited such proofs of independent judgment and critical acumen as to give their author immediate standing among European as well as home savants. These critiques have been collected and published under the name "Philosophical Discussions."* Much as we admired these articles when they first appeared, we do not see that a republication of them is needed unless as a graceful monument to an enthusiastic student. In their permanent form they lose the immediate fitness to questions under universal discussion, which is the true *raison d'être* of such papers. The extreme wordiness which was Mr. Wright's principal literary fault is disagreeably manifest when his book is laid by those of other masters in positive philosophy. This is especially noticeable in the only strictly original discussion in the book, the one on the arrangement of leaves in plants. In this paper the editor has left out the "strictly inductive investigation" which contains the kernel of the essay! He has omitted the soul and

* "*Lessons to be Learned from the Cholera Facts of the Past Year.*" By ELY MCCLELLAN, M. D., Surgeon U. S. A. Reprinted from the "Richmond and Louisville Medical Journal."

* "*Philosophical Discussions.*" By CHAUNCEY WRIGHT. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Charles Elliot Norton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

given the "limbs and outward flourishes" of the author's discussion, and much to the latter's discredit. Aside from this tendency to sentences and words of philosophical length, Mr. Wright's style is extremely agreeable, clear, and strong. It frequently shines with unexpected felicities of expression, just as the author's argument frequently awakens the perception with its unusual keenness and depth of thought.

"THE CONVICTS,"* by Auerbach, will not increase that author's reputation in America. It belongs to the distinctively romantic school of German fiction. The story is that two convicts, reformed through the agency of a charitable society, marry and bring up a large family of children. These suffer pangs of sorrow when they learn of the stain on their parents' name, but otherwise they do not appear to be inconvenienced by their unfortunate origin. They marry into stations very much above them, though in addition to the embarrassing criminal history of their parents, they suffer what in Germany is the hardly less disaster, of being the children of a railway signal man! We suppose the object of this plot, and of much special social sentiment which is introduced in the story, is to represent the increased importance which the industrial classes have in Germany, as elsewhere in the world. Here in America the improvement in the condition of the working-man does not excite attention except from professed students of political economy. But in Germany it is contrasted with a previous state of almost complete vassalage, and the poets there seem to think it indicates an approaching brotherhood of man. Wealth and worth are to embrace each other, and the sins of the father are not to descend even to the first generation of children. We cannot but sympathize with the Councillor of State (whose granddaughter wants to, and does, marry one of the convict flagman's sons, an artisan) when he says:

See! see! This then is the latest ideal? Formerly the ideals were painters, musicians, hussar riding masters, and players. Now love also is practical. So then an artisan? All the enthusiasm runs to tunnels and viaducts.

* "The Convicts and their Children." By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. Leisure Hour Series. New York: H. Holt & Co.

The book is marred by unnecessary exactitude in translation. Throwing and theeing make no impression of intimacy and confidence on the American understanding as they do on the German, and should be omitted. Nor has the author the strength of his youth, and the beauty of his fancy no longer atones for the weakness of the story. Nothing in the whole of the book proper is so good as the following from the preface:

A generation has passed away since I began to present in a framework of fiction the interior life of my countrymen and neighbors. If after another generation a poet shall again undertake to express the village life of my home, what will he perhaps find? Flowers bloom in all times out of the German soil, and Beauty will in all times bloom out of the German soul.

Or late years there has been a tendency to abandon the exhaustive "manuals" which once formed the only style of school and hand-books known, and to use in their place books which contain only so much of a science as is taught in some one well-proportioned school. The change is based on the rational supposition that whatever suffices for the thorough instruction of students should also satisfy the wants of an ordinary practical worker. Mr. Ricketts's "Notes on Assaying"* belong to this modern kind of text-book. They contain what the students in the School of Mines in New York learn, and as a thorough knowledge of assaying is obviously necessary to a mining engineer, the author considers that the same course if honestly worked through should suffice for practice outside the school. The book covers both dry and wet assaying, and gold parting, and there are chapters in which the apparatus and chemical reagents are described. A few condensed notes on blowpiping finish an extremely concise and useful book, always available for reference, and in which the self-taught workman may find his way without confusion.

—Under the pressure of incessant examinations for admission to and promotion in many fields of human activity, from the Government service to apprentices' workshops, English literature is receiving important accessions to its facilities for teaching science. All kinds

* "Notes on Assaying and Assay Schemes." By PIERRE DE PUYSTER RICKETTS, E. M. New York: The Art Printing Establishment.

of positive knowledge are condensed into class books, sometimes by the very master minds of scientific research, sometimes by experienced teachers. Of the latter kind is Mr. Lee's "*Acoustics, Light and Heat*,"* which he has written to meet the wants of students for the Advanced Stage Examination of the British Department of Science and Art. Excellence in such a work requires that the main principles of the science should be sufficiently covered, explanations be clear, illustrations sufficient, and language as simple as possible. Mr. Lee's book appears to us somewhat over-condensed, but otherwise conforms to these requirements.

LORD DUFFERIN'S "*Letters from High Latitudes*," describing the yacht voyage he made in 1856 to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen, are so well known that it is only necessary to say they are republished by Lovell, Adam, Weeson & Co., a Canadian firm that has lately established itself in New York. In reading these familiar and gossipy letters, one is painfully impressed with a sense of the dreariness of the Northern regions. Whatever there is of interest is carried there by the traveller. The country itself, even including Iceland, adds little to the narrative, and sea life, whether stormy or calm, is not provocative of incident. But in spite of these inherent discouragements, the author maintains his cheerfulness throughout with such uniformity that we cannot resist a suspicion of its genuineness. He comes up to the inditing of each epistle with the determined smile of a much battered pugilist, when a new round is called—and we are very much in his debt for his pluck.

* "*Acoustics, Light and Heat*." By WILLIAM LEE, M. A. With 300 Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "*Sir Roger de Coverley*." J. HARRINGTON. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.
- "*Childhood of the English Nation*." ELIA S. ARMITAGE. The same. \$1.35.
- "*Modern Materialism*." JAMES MARTINEAU. The same. \$1.25.
- "*Acoustics, Light and Heat*." W. LEE, M. A. The same. \$1.50.
- "*Letters from High Latitudes*." Lord DUFFERIN. Lovell, Adam, Weeson & Co.
- "*Shadows of the Sword*." ROBERT BUCHANAN. The same.
- "*The Splendid Advantage of being a Woman*." CHAS. J. DUNPHIE. The same.
- "*King Saul*." A Tragedy. BYRON A. BROOKS. Nelson & Phillips.
- "*U. S. Geological Survey of the Territories*." F. V. HAYDEN. Vols. LX. and X., and Annual Report for 1875.
- "*The Jukes*. A Study in Crime and Pauperism." H. HARRIS, M. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- "*Waverley Novels*," Riverside Edition. Hurd & Houghton.
- "*The Abbot*." \$1.50.
- "*Kentworth*." \$1.50.
- "*Fortunes of Nigel*." \$1.50.
- "*The Pirates*." \$1.50.
- "*Heritage of Langdale*." Mrs. ALEXANDER. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
- "*The New Church*." B. F. BARNETT. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.
- "*List of Merchant Vessels of the United States*." Government Printing Office.
- "*Smithsonian Report 1875*." Government Printing Office.
- "*Six Weeks in Norway*." E. L. ANDERSON. Robert Clarke & Co.
- "*Alexander Hamilton*." Hon. GEORGE SHERA. Hurd & Houghton. \$1.00.
- "*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography*." Two volumes. M. W. CHAPMAN. J. R. Osgood & Co. \$2.00.

NEBULÆ.

— We have not yet entered into rivalry with Mexico; and although to those who looked upon our politics during the last two months from the outside only, we have doubtless seemed to be tending toward anarchy, revolution, and pronunciamientos, we were really in no such danger. Teutonic blood and the English language (Anglo-Saxons and Germans are both Teutonic) seem to carry with them a certain steadiness and capacity of common-sense perception which are preventives of great political folly; and although it is not the habit of our politicians to speak very respectfully of each other from the opposite sides of a political canvass, and the conduct of our Representatives at Washington is not always quite so admirable and exemplary as it might be, we do not, in French phrase, “descend into the streets,” or raise barricades, or fly at each other’s throats unless we mean real revolutionary business. Even then we are apt to go decorously, if not solemnly, about our work, and talk about “the course of human events” and “a decent respect for the opinions of mankind”; we at least did so once, and notwithstanding the great changes that have taken place in our political and social condition, it may be safely assumed that we should do so again. Frothy talk at Washington gives occasion for leading articles which are not always less frothy, and for sensation headings that gladden the eyes of newsboys. The desperate political game played at Washington for the Presidency has had a very bad effect upon our reputation, and has increased the very political demoralization of which it was an outward sign; but it is safe to say that when the most furious politicians there talked revolution they did not “mean business.” Both parties stood before the world in a not very admirable light. On the one hand, the Democrats dugged a pit and fell into it themselves. The Electoral Commission was their own contrivance; and when they were moved to wrath and denunciation by the decisions against their case, they only showed that they formed the

Commission in the supposed certainty that it would decide in their favor. They did not want a tribunal of arbitration, but a decision under the forms of arbitration. On the other hand, the Republicans appeared with changed front on the subject of State sovereignty. No assertion of the purely federative constitution of the Union could equal in force the decision that, fraud or no fraud, Congress should not go behind the electoral certificates of the Governors of the various States. Partisanship was equally binding on both sides. If then all the Republicans on the Commission always voted one way, with like “solidarity” all the Democrats always voted the other. To adopt a phrase attributed to the ex-Confederate General Jubal Early, the seven-spot couldn’t take the eight. One result of the struggle, and of the revelations which it brought about, was the remarkable one of the destruction of the prestige of the candidate who came within one electoral vote of the Presidency. It is safe to say that if a new election had been brought about, the Democrats would not have ventured to go into it with Mr. Tilden in nomination.

— The struggle is over, and the uncertainty is past; and now, according to very general anticipations, business ought to revive and prosperity to return. We would gladly believe that such will be the result, but we doubt it. Business will revive, prosperity will return; for the country is rich, never more so, and is daily becoming richer. It is impossible to stop the onward course of a people who have our advantages; but the causes of our present depression lie too deep to be touched by the settlement of a mere party contest. We are suffering from the effects of a political, social, and moral revolution which has been in progress for nearly twenty years, and which the rest of the world has felt hardly less than ourselves. We have suffered the most because on the one hand our financial position is at any time less stable than that of other peoples, and on

the other because we of all have undergone the greatest moral deterioration. We have been brought to that sad condition in which we are afraid to trust each other. So many of us have been playing the part of adventurers, so many have been playing a "confidence game," that confidence is gone in another sense than that in which it is so often said to be wanting. Prosperity will return to our business circles slowly and surely as our moral tone rises, and as business is conducted upon stable principles and upon an honorable basis. We must cease to "swap jackknives" in the shape of railway bonds and unimproved land; we must do more productive work and keep better faith. Hard work and honesty will do more for us than the settlement of the Presidential question, although that will probably do something.

— THIRTY-FIVE years ago Charles Dickens, having visited the legislative capital of a great nation, wrote thus about the men that he found there: "I saw in them the wheels that move the meanest perversion of virtuous political machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections, underhanded tamperings with public officers, cowardly attacks upon opponents with scurrilous newspapers for shields, and hired pens for daggers, shameful trucklings to mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered is that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are like dragons' teeth of yore in everything but sharpness; aiding and abetting of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences—such things as these, and in a word, Dishonest Faction, in its most depraved and unblushing form, stared at me from every corner of the crowded hall." Of what country could he have thus written? Manifestly some "effete monarchy" in the most degraded stage of its decadence.

— THE effort to establish carnivals in America is not a very encouraging sign of a healthy moral tone in the public mind. Surely there was never an attempt more superfluous, untimely, or out of place. Not only New York, but the whole country is swarming with thou-

sands of people who are in need of money to buy shelter, food, and clothing; banks of discount, savings banks, trust companies, the very charitable institutions, are brought to ruin and disgrace by fraudulent bankruptcy; and this is the time that is chosen to entice people to playing the fool publicly in the open streets. If ever a Lent should have been kept in the sackcloth of humiliation and the ashes of despair, it is that which has just passed. People who would take part in a carnival now would dance upon the borders of their own open graves. And what do we want of a carnival, even if we were prosperous? Carnivals are not suited to our national traits. They suit the Latin races of the south of Europe; and even among them they are fading away before the light of diffused intelligence and the thoughtfulness that comes of knowledge. To us they are entirely foreign. They do not suit our sober, practical habits of life and thought; and if we attempted them, we should only make ourselves ridiculous by our awkwardness. Festivals of that kind require a volatile people, who at least can practise folly gracefully. We should unite folly with dulness and stupidity. Moreover, such festivals cannot be got up to order anywhere. They are results; they are the growth of centuries. Italians and Frenchmen do not say, Go to! we will have a carnival. The thing belongs to them by inheritance; the memories of it mingle with their earliest recollections. As for us, we might go through a carnival dolefully, as a penance fitting to Lent; but as to enjoying one, except as spectators, to us that is quite impossible. All such festivities are foreign to our nature. We cannot even keep up an interest in "Decoration Day." We revere the memories of our dead; but a ceremonial exhibition of our reverence sits ill upon us. We do not take kindly to public spectacles, and ourselves never appear well in them. As to the sober procession for which the municipal laws in New York compelled the projected masquerade to be changed, it will be, if it is at all, only a means of advertising. That sort of display we take too hugely. It was with difficulty that President Lincoln's obsequies were preserved against the projects of advertisers. We turn the

mountains into posters and the hills into sign-pests. If we must do that, let us do it openly and plainly; but a carnival! Fudge!

— We cannot successfully imitate Europeans in their graceful follies; but in their soberer and more practical habits we might well follow their example. A step has been just taken in Germany which is more needed here, and which yet there is hardly any hope that we shall profit by. The union of German apothecaries has addressed a petition to the Federal Council demanding that the secret medicines concocted and advertised by quacks shall be officially tested before they are permitted to be sold. A more creditable and needful step was never taken, or one which was more indicative of enlightenment and high civilization. Quack medicines are on the whole a curse to mankind. They are generally imposed upon the ignorant and credulous by men who care not what harm they do so long as they profit by their business. Many of these medicines—so called—are very injurious, and a still greater proportion of them are entirely useless. The very fact that their composition is kept secret is against them. It is a law absolute among all honorable physicians that no remedial agent shall be kept secret. Such physicians, if in their practice they discover a remedy for any disease, at once make it known to the whole profession. To keep such a discovery secret would be to lose caste, if not to be entirely excluded from honorable professional association and recognition. If such an examination as that proposed in Germany is needed there, here it is required by a tenfold greater necessity. America is the great field of operation for the patent medicine vender. Here he thrives. Here he accumulates huge fortunes if he will only advertise persistently and with sufficient disregard of truth. And his chief victims are women and children. He is one of the pests of our society. We cannot exclude him, or extinguish him entirely; that would interfere with the individual liberty of the citizen; not only of the seller, but of the buyer. If people choose to poison themselves gradually, they insist upon their right to do so unhindered by government action. But at least we might do what the German

apothecaries ask to have done, and require as a condition of the granting of a patent for a medicine that it should be tested and its contents officially declared. The effect of such a measure upon the general health would be in the highest degree beneficial; and at least the public would be protected against the fraudulent representations of the majority of patent medicine makers and venders.

— In another matter, church chimes, we have imitated Europe, and not discreetly, and we have had our first check. A certain chime of church bells in Philadelphia became annoying to the people in the neighborhood, who complained to the courts, and obtained an injunction restricting the use of the chimes to certain times of day. Even were this often bell-jangling not the annoyance that it is, the whole American public would owe something to these good Philadelphians simply for the good example of their action in this matter. They were annoyed by some one, the agent of a corporation, who, although he did not commit murder, burglary, or arson, interfered with their comfort and marred their enjoyment of life; and they, like sensible men, instead of putting up with the annoyance after the American fashion, and saying, "Oh, no matter! What can we do to stop it? Let it go!" set themselves to work to see if they couldn't stop it. They tested the question whether a certain number of men might please their taste or their religious fancy at the risk of disturbing and annoying others; and they succeeded. It is to be hoped that the lesson will not be lost in regard not only to the specific annoyance which was the cause of complaint, but all other selfish indulgences by which some men interfere with the rights of others. The law of common sense and justice in such matters is that every man may enjoy himself as he pleases so long as he does not interfere with the enjoyment of their natural rights by others. A man may give his days and nights to ringing chimes so long as they are not heard outside of his own house; but if they are so heard, and they deprive a single person of rest, or even of a quiet enjoyment of life, he has passed the limit of right. A dozen men may like a strong perfume; but they have no right to load the com-

mon air with it to the annoyance even of a thirteenth. This matter of ringing church chimes has become somewhat of a religious and sentimental affectation. Chimes have a very pretty effect in literature; and at a distance in the country they are charming. But when they clang daily in the tower of a city church within a few hundred yards of you, they become a great nuisance. Nor is the annoyance they give diminished when the chimers, instead of ringing such changes as are suited to bells, will insist upon playing *affettuoso*. In fact, all church bells are an annoyance in cities, and a needless one. They were first used to call people to church when there were no clocks, and before watches were heard of. Now, when the humblest apartment has a clock that strikes the hour, "the church-going bell" is entirely superfluous for the object for which it is rung, and is really a great annoyance not only to the sick, but to those who are in health. It is a noisy anachronism which clamors with iron tongue and brazen throat for its own suppression.

— AND so at last the marriage of Adelina Patti to the Marquis of Caux has come to its natural end. What could the Marquis or the lady expect? He married her for the money that she earned, and that he might own so charming a celebrity; she accepted him as a husband for his title. Years have passed, and nothing has occurred to bind them more closely. The lady has no children, or any prospect of one; and so there is nothing in the way of a judicial separation on account of incompatibility. It is not necessary to suppose that the distinguished prima donna has actually run away from her husband with a lover; but it would only be natural if there were a man in the distance more to her taste. It is remarkable, by the way, that so great an interest should be taken by Americans in the fortunes of this lady, who, since she has developed her extraordinary talent, has turned her back entirely on this country. She is spoken of here often as an American prima donna. This can only be the result of a very great and an absurd misapprehension. Adelina Patti is an Italian. Her father and mother were both Italians, who could speak hardly a word of English.

Her education and habits of life have been entirely Italian. Even if she had been born here by the chance of a professional residence here by her mother, that would not have made her anything else than Italian, more than a like chance residence in Russia or in Turkey would have made her a Russian or a Turk, or than the Irishman's being born in a stable would have made him a horse. When a family emigrates and resides permanently in another country, assuming the life and the habits of that country, and intermarrying there, it changes its nationality, but not otherwise. The eagerness which many Americans show to claim as American everything meritorious in art over whose supposed origin the Stars and Stripes may have been thrown, is a witness to our real native poverty in that respect, which we reveal by the very means by which we would conceal it. And besides all this, Adelina Patti was not even born in this country. She came here from Europe a little girl, with her mother, Katarina Barilli-Patti, a prima donna, who, although she had not her daughter's facility of execution and range of voice, sang in the grand style, and who, as a dramatic vocalist, was far beyond *la diva*, as Adelina is absurdly called. As to her parting company with M. Caux, nothing is more probable than that the restraint—at least external—which belongs to the life of a marquise became too intolerable to her inborn Bohemianism, and that she seeks deliverance not only from an unloved and unloving husband, but from the galling restraints of dull respectability.

— THERE is a club in London, the Albemarle, which admits both men and women as members, and which the wags have therefore nicknamed the Middlesex club. An English gentleman being urged to join this club on the ground that he could take his wife there, plumply refused on that very ground, saying that the chief good in a club consisted in its being a refuge for married men. Whereupon the average woman exclaims, "The brute! What did he marry for if he wanted to be rid of his wife?" A view of the case not unnatural perhaps in a woman, but most unwise. Passing by the not very remote possibility that there are women (as there are men) who

in the matrimonial lottery could not be regarded as prizes, there are strong reasons for the exclusion of women, even the most charming, from clubs. For women a man may see at home daily or in society. It is in those places that he expects to find them; there they naturally belong; there they are attractive. But when he sets up a club it is for the very purpose of enjoying man companionship and indulging his mannish tastes. He wishes there to be entirely at his ease, and not to be called on for "little attentions." He wears his hat in the club-house if he likes, and he does not wish to be called upon to take it off unless he likes. In short, he wishes there to be free, for a time, from the restraints which the presence of ladies puts upon the conduct and conversation of men, even of those who neither in act nor in speech pass the bounds of reasonable decorum. Women in clubs are pretty annoyances, fine things very much out of place. Moreover, it is true, although by most women, particularly married women, it will not be believed, that clubs, by their exclusion of women, make the society of the sex more pleasant to the average man, and tend to keep warm the marital love of the average husband. Woman, whether to her credit or not we shall not undertake to decide, can bear the continued companionship of a favored man much better than man can bear that of a woman, no matter how beautiful, how charming, or how much beloved. But even women are happier for the inevitable separation from them of their husbands every day and during a greater part of the day. As to men, unfortunately many of them would begin to weary of a woman, and at last to dislike her, if they were compelled to pass every evening in her company. Here the club steps in (we are not speaking of the mere "club man"), and interposes its conservative influence. Many a man's love is kept fresh by his having his club for a refuge; and many a love

which has cooled almost to indifference has been prevented from turning into aversion by the soothing influences of that refuge. For the leisurely classes of men clubs are a benign invention; and women should in their own interests avoid giving them anything of a "middlesex" character.

— WHILE we write a new grand scandal is impending of the Beecher-Tilton kind, which will attract less attention than that did because the parties to it are less widely known. But as the principal person is a late minister of Trinity Church in New York, and now the head of the far-famed charitable association known as "St. John's Guild," and as the principal witness and complainant is this gentleman's wife, who is the daughter of a late rector of Trinity, and as she has already, before the investigation is begun, shown an inclination to have no connubial reserves with the public, the affair promises to be what the journalists call a rich case. It certainly is a very deplorable one, however it may result to the persons principally interested. It is much to be regretted that the investigation has been announced with such a flourish of trumpets, calling in the wife, who declares herself so much injured, inviting the press, and announcing that the investigation will be held with open doors; and this after a publication almost in minute detail of all the charges brought against the Reverend defendant—at whose own request, by the way, the investigation is set on foot. Investigations like these must needs sometimes take place; but everything should be done to confine a knowledge of them to those who are called upon to take part in them, either as parties, as referees, or as advocates. On the contrary, everything is done to make them as public and as injurious and offensive as possible. In this the press is chiefly culpable. Nothing is gained for justice by such public exhibitions, and much is lost to decency.

THE GALAXY.

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A PROGRESSIVE BABY.

OSER LAHNSTEIN, Jan. 16, 1875.

SO much, Susie dear, for our small miseries between Blackwall and Rotterdam. Nurse's sickness and the crowd of Cook's tourists (Cook-ooes !) aggravated matters; but it is always a tedious bit of way, though I never minded it in my solitary artist days, when either Dresden and happy work or home and happy rest were at end of the hard journey. What it is to be young, gay, and heart-free ! For then I went always second class—when I didn't go third !—(except of course on the steamers, where the cheaper accommodation is too rude, and rough companionship too intimate)—and once managed the entire distance from Dresden to London for fifty thalers !—taking it leisurely too; stopping en route to "do" Frankfort, Weimar, Heidelberg, Lourain, Bruges, and Antwerp, and to pay two or three visits at grand houses, where they didn't dream I was fresh from the peasants' compartments !

And I'd no shillings and sixpences then to fee guards and porters, so had to dodge them, look at them as if I didn't see them, lug about my own parcels, and freeze without a foot-warmer !

Now the way is all padded. I always go first-class if Ronayne's along, haven't to lift so much as a hand satchel, am fairly smothered in comforts, as beseems the true English Phil-

istine I'm become. I've the delightfulest husband and baby the round world can show; a nurse fit to command the channel fleet (if that meant wisdom in babies, and she weren't such an outrageously bad sailor !); and I've about as much vim as a syllabub; am so nervous that I weep if Ronayne gets out of my sight when we go for a stroll, if too little toast comes up for my breakfast, or the chocolate isn't frothed, or the trunk won't lock, and have aphasia to that degree that I say cancel when I mean endorse, hair-brush when I want a biscuit, and go stumping down to dinner in a boot and a slipper, being incapable of the connected effort of memory and will that would get both feet into fellow shoes.

But I'm blissfully happy all the same, and we've beheld a spectacle lately that reconciles me perfectly with my own absurdity, and my awkwardness with my precious tot.

Coming up the Rhine we had a pair of fellow voyagers, circumstanced somewhat like ourselves: first baby, not over young (the couple, not the baby, which was only six weeks old !), but travelling without a nurse. This mighty functionary had struck almost at the moment of their departure from London, and a charitable but inexperienced friend came to their aid and set forth with them in charge of the baby.

We missed them on the Batavier,

which wasn't strange, and first had our attention drawn to them by the slow Dutch landlord's asking Ronayne, as we stood looking idly out into the formal little garden of the new Bath hotel at Rotterdam, if that was *his* baby a young woman seated on one of the garden benches was jerking up and down so violently? "Because it was shaken about too much. Young babies couldn't be kept too quiet." This young woman was the benevolent friend, and I suppose the parents were off sight-seeing in the town; for every now and then the whole day through one or another of us reported encountering the young woman alone somewhere, always tossing the baby more or less about.

But next day, after we had embarked on the Rhine boat, and I had helped nurse turn our tiny state-room into a tolerable nursery (that folding bassinette is just *invaluable*, and lulled by the motion and the breezy air, my lamie slept better in it than in her own quarters at home), I went upon deck to find Ronayne, and on the way came upon a most piteous, persistent wail, and the wail's father and mother in abject, helpless tendance upon it.

Of course my newly-found mother's heart took me straight to the miserable group; and after a few sympathetic inquiries, I sat down beside the mother, and took the querulous little creature in my arms, where presently it hushed off to sleep. How proud I felt! for that's more than my own baby often condescends to do for my clumsy soothing! The father skulked away with an immensely relieved look, soon after I sat down, and the mother grew quite confidential. She told me of the perfidious nurse's behavior, of the friend's heroic offer, and that they had not had a wink of sleep the night before at the hotel, for nursing the baby had made the friend so ill that they had had to send her back to London that morning. She didn't know but it would have been better if she and baby had turned back with the overdone friend; but it was her husband's holiday—six weeks he had—and he

worked so hard the rest of the year—her husband was an author, a journalist (at sight I had guessed him a literary cus—tomer!—hair parted in the middle, crease—y clothes, spectacles, a sparse, pointed beard, and narrow, sloping shoulders, with a stoop in 'em)—and she thought his vacation oughtn't to be spoiled or deferred by the child; and as he would enjoy it all a great deal more with her than alone, she had "trusted to luck," and was going off up the Rhine with him to make a long excursion, before proceeding to some quiet little town on the Moselle, where another nurse was in waiting for her. It was their first baby—yes; they had not been married much over a year. She was fond of it, poor baby! but it was such a pity it had come! They had not wanted children—children would utterly interfere with their plan of life. Both its father and herself were busy people. Oh, there was so much work to be done! and they had married to help each other in toil for the world, and babies were a sad hindrance.

I suggested that the work of moulding an immortal soul, fashioning the character and destinies of a little human creature, seemed to me labor mighty enough for any one's energies and ambition. But she answered me a little sharply, that there were souls enough in the world already; she wanted to be responsible for no more mistakes and wretchedness. However, she fortunately was well and strong, and if she got a good nurse, she would be able to devote herself to work, and to help her husband as she had done before the child came. Was I interested in the woman question? I answered somewhat tamely, that I was very much interested in whatever made women better; that I believed in women, and that this rather wearisome planet wouldn't even be worth condemning without them.

Ah! Then she supposed I had attended the suffrage meetings in London? Her marriage had brought her to London. Before that she had lived in B—, and was secretary of the

Woman's Suffrage Association there. Perhaps I had seen her name—Alice Thorpe? Now it was Malise. Her husband was Clement Malise of "The Aurora."

This was said a little proudly, but with the pretty pride a wife has a right to show when she believes she has a clever husband. And a good woman I am sure she was beside whom I sat—kindly, conscientious, earnest, spirited, full of aspiration and zeal gone astray. Pleasant to look upon, too, when I came to separate her from her disfiguring and thoroughly British travelling costume—a hat like an inverted basin, with a long white ostrich feather, dingy, uncurled, and forlornly drooping; a violet stuff gown all bunchy and tormented with woollen ruffles, ruches, and knobby rosettes, and a dark blue bag of a waterproof garment which I took to be the feminine correspondent of that masculine wrap, the Ulster coat—a covering that would turn Apollo himself into a bagman. Not very tall, solidly rather than gracefully made, with a rather driven-together face, the excessively bulging forehead crowding down upon a nose curved like a bird's beak, and a pair of deep-set eyes of wonderful beauty—clear, gray, intense, brilliant, and shaded by long dark lashes. Add a delicate, rather sarcastic mouth, a complexion of exquisite fairness, dark brown hair without any warmth in its color, hanging in slender short curls down her neck, and that is Mrs. Malise.

We had a great many conversations after this initial one, and I believe I have promised to look them up this winter in London. They're not so very far from us—going by the underground; Notting Hill Gate's their station, and I really feel a call to look after that baby. He's a fine child, but was generally so miserable and cross that almost nobody took other than offensive notice of him. At first I pitied his poor mother when passengers and crew, even, made much of my baby when she came up all placid, white as a snowdrop, daintily fresh, and feathery, and soft, with her lace

frills, like a little queen in nurse's arms; but my pity was thrown away, for Mrs. Malise only said, "I cannot spare the time to keep my baby in white, so made that gray flannel dressing gown for him to travel in. It's capital, and not showing the dirt, will last the whole journey." And the little thing was so untidy! For he was treated exactly like a parcel; his parents handled him like one, a rather dangerous one, at arm's length, and like a parcel he was deposited about, sometimes among rolls of carpeting on the deck, or on beer casks, while his father and mother were hanging over the boat's rail staring at castles and ruins, or reading up in the guide-book; sometimes hopped up in a shawl on the floor, or on a bed made up on chairs, his head on the lowest one, his mother craning her head out at window to lose no bit of river scenery. One day I nearly sat down upon him, as he was left, quite by himself, lying across a camp-chair; wherever, in unexpected, impossible corners, one stumbled upon a solitary gray object, it was sure to be this poor mite, bemoaning himself for having come into a place so full of cold, wet, sour smells and stomach-ache—a place where he wasn't wanted, and nobody had time to look after him.

"Name's Malise, eh?" said Ronayne. "*Malaise*, if that poor little beggar knows anything about it"; and "little *Malaise*" we always call the child.

"Cries? What's he to do but cry?" burst out nurse one day in high indignation. "There's that silly woman as thinks a young baby must only have three meals a day like grown folks; and so she's off a-tramping about the deck, and leaving him here a-sucking at an empty bottle, and filling himself as full of wind as he can hold! And there's *them things* (nurse's favorite euphuism for an article of attire she detests) as is hardly ever changed, and him sopping wet most of the time! I should like to whip her!"

I think Mrs. Malise is a good deal drawn toward me for two or three

reasons. She has found out that I've been an artist—lived by myself, had my studio, paid my way—and she accordingly respects me as a member of the sisterhood who's at least tried to do something. Then I agree far too closely with St. Paul, and she "don't altogether hold with Paul," and wants to convert me to whatever form of kaleidoscopic non-belief she cherishes. Then I'm too luke-warm about the suffrage. I admit that I see no reason why I shouldn't have it, but I don't and can't see in my having it the panacea for all social ills. I'm asked what I think of Hodge in England, and Terence and Scip in the United States getting rights withheld educated women citizens; and I can only plead pitifully that while Hodge and Terence and Scip are ignorant and boorish, I, having already roughed it a good deal, would rather individually not contest anything very closely with them—a plea which is most justly scouted as a mere get-off—a bit of heartless fine-ladyism. Have I read Mill? No. From the time my school days ended, at seventeen, for ten—no, twelve years, until I married, two years ago, I had neither time nor eyes for reading. Why, I could almost count upon my fingers the books I had read—"after school-books, of course, and then some anatomical reading which don't count; there's—let me see—'The Improvisatore,' Vasari's 'Lives of Painters,' 'Charles Auchester,' Rio's 'Lectures on Christian Art,' 'Christie Johnstone,' 'La Mare au Diable,' two or three of Balzac's novels, and all of poetry and of Ruskin I could ever lay hands on!"

She looked astonished for a moment; then her face brightened. "Here's richness!" I'm sure her thought might have been translated. "Here's a virgin soil with nothing to dispute the growth of good seed." And I feel I'm to be taken in hand. I'm quite ready. It is even something to look forward to in the horrible London winter. She told me "little Malaise" is to be brought up after the most recently approved scientific manner, by weight,

measure, and clockwork. His birth, even, was a triumph of principle, for on that occasion Mrs. Malise was attended by a young woman who had been unsuccessful in her medical studies, and failed to obtain her degree—"Because I believed it jealousy, you know, and I wished to encourage her!"

When he is three or four years old (certainly as early as they take them!) he is to be put in the kindergarten at Geneva, and left there for some years. It's a consolation to think that he can't be anywhere more desolate than he's sure to be at home.

Meanwhile, work for papa and mamma, and bouts of colic for him, poor little chap!

Last night I assisted at a distance at his nightly bath. The combined forces of father and mother were required for this process, and the ceremony was so utterly whimsical that I should have enjoyed it without a pang if the small object most concerned had only been a dog. The pair had stationed themselves in a strong draught, and the child, cold, unhappy, lay stripped and squirming on his mother's lap, while from a cup full of water in a tiny basin she *dabbled* him with a bit of flannel precisely as if he were an ink splash which she was essaying to soak up with blotting paper before it should spread about much!

The father's part was to try and present an available surface for the dabbling, which he did by drawing out first an arm, then a leg of the child at full length, just as one pulls an elastic cord to find how far it will stretch, letting it go with a snap when at full tension—as he dropped arm or leg when little Malaise resented such unwarrantable experiments on his ductility by a sudden, louder-than-usual roar. It was piteous! But to see that father and mother—he lanky, spectacled, grave as an owl, she serious, abstracted, revolving doubtless some scheme of work, mechanically getting through this piece of business, recognized as necessary by their conscientiousness, but perplexing in its nature,

and unaccountable as having fallen to their lot—no propriety, no indignant sympathy for the baby, could quite withstand the drollery of the scene.

But nothing could pacify nurse! "The idiots!" she almost screamed. "The child will die, and I hope it will, for she's not fit to have it. I hope it will die!"

BIEBRICH, 21st.

I HAVE kept this open, thinking I could tell you definitely when we shall get into our quarters at Schwalbach, but nothing is settled yet, and we've been pottering about in these river towns. As Schlangenbad and Wiesbaden are very full, I counsel my lord to stop here where we are well off; for this is a very comfortable hotel, and I don't want to do any more unpacking till we are finally bestowed in our rooms at the Villa Authès.

There is an abandoned palace of the Grand Duke of Nassau here—one of the ruins in King William's track of '86. It is so melancholy to see these ruined principalities. Union's a very nice word, but forced union, matrimonial or political, is not comfortable either to see or endure. However, here's the palace, with its lovely neglected gardens, grass uncut, wild flowers flaunting where should be trim velvet turf only, fountains plashing in weedy ponds—and an admirable resort we find the shaded avenues and deserted parterres for ourselves and our small queen. We could scarce be better provided for.

To-day, watching from our windows the steamer coming down the river, we spied, on its deck, our travelling companions again—Mr. and Mrs. Malise—and, sure enough, the little gray parcel on the bench not far from mamma! Going at last, I hope, toward that nurse on the Moselle. Poor little Malaise!

Address your next as last year. And with fond love to the whole household,

Your Lil.

18 STANFIELD GARDENS,
SOUTH KENSINGTON,
February 10, 1875. }

At last I've seen my "poor little Malaise" again. Your questions would have kept him in my memory if there had been a chance of my forgetting the woful baby; and so soon as we were warmly settled into house, home habits, and friendly circle again (and O how charming even London in winter is after seven mortal weeks in Ireland, where scarce anybody has two pence, and everybody is lazy, and everything above the peasant rank is saturated with conventionality and the poorest pride! For the Great Mogul approves of his grandchild, and was pleased to insist on the prolongation of our visit till I was nearly wild with having to behave myself, and during the last week was a dozen times on the very brink of "breaking out." Oh, that horrid life of buckram, inanity, and do-nothing-ism! Even Ronayne, who knows pretty much the worst of me, thought I had gone crazy when we were once fairly off in the train—a carriage all to ourselves. I sang, I whistled, I gnawed chicken-bones, I talked all the slang I could remember, I smoked a cigarette—I went generally to the mischief. And when we had really got back to dear No. 18, and were cosy in the dining-room over our dessert, no speering servant by, I put my elbows on the table; I made a tipsy after-dinner speech, Ronayne applauding, and calling, "Hear! hear!" I rushed around to his end of the table and hugged him, making a "cheese" on my way back—in short, the Bohemian Lil Graham avenged liberally the suffocations the Great Mogul's daughter-in-law had nearly died of. If ever I stop one hour over a fortnight in the home of my husband's fathers again! A fortnight is just supportable—and to go back to my first-page sentence, I set forth one morning to hunt up the little man. I found my people easily enough—a good house in

a good street—"A large house, that must require much thought and care," I said to Mrs. Malise; whereupon she told me the care did not fall upon her, as the house was, after an imperfect fashion, conducted as a coöperative boarding-house—a germ, she hoped, of a coöperative hotel or family club. Half a dozen or so of their friends occupied the house with them, and they paid an admirable housekeeper to manage for them. It was only a make-shift—not what one liked to mention when speaking of future possibilities of confederated homes—had I read the article in a late number of the "Victoria Magazine" containing a magnificent picture of coöperative living?—but better than dreary lodgings or isolated homes, especially when a woman devoted her life to other than household duties. I replied that I believed every ardent spirit at some time or another was discontented with the beaten way, and dreamed of glorious possibilities of associate life and labor, wherein all selfishness should be suppressed, justice and all the beatitudes reign, and souls develop all their capabilities scarce conscious of even the body's hampering; but that practically the only successful lay experiment in communism I had ever heard of was that early one of the Indians in Paraguay under the care of the Jesuit missionaries—Phalansterians who wore their rosaries around their necks because they had no pockets in which to carry them!

And I thought that people without bonds of kinship or close sympathy would not happily bear being forced into incessant, intimate companionship unless they were either saints or prodigies of imperturbable courtesy.

Well, life was a choice of evils, she answered me, and their experiment had so far succeeded very well. But I might judge for myself a little: would I, with my husband, dine with them on either one of such and such days the next week, to meet this confederate household assembled? This was an advance I had not counted on.

My especial interest was in the child; and though I liked well enough for myself accepting an invitation that promised to be something out of the common way in dinners, I was hardly prepared to pledge Ronayne. He not only likes a good dinner, and feels injured when he doesn't get it, but he is very particular as to the society in which he eats it. He can be gloriously jolly and informal when he likes; but he wouldn't be his father's son if he weren't what I call just a bit snobbish about the people he will know in England—London especially.

But if he was going in for the correct thing, why on earth did he insist upon marrying me? Because I never was the correct thing, and he fell in love with me when he was quite old enough to know better; and after his friends had for years reckoned him as a fastidious, foreordained bachelor; *he* says because I was so wholly unlike the young ladies of his generation that he was surprised out of himself. And mamma told him all my faults that he didn't know already, and how people had insisted before upon marrying me, and two or three times I had been silly enough to half think I would let them, and then backed out and vowed I would have no husband but Art—and was generally so impressed with the risks he ran that I believe she even wept over his prospective unhappiness. But he would have his way; he didn't want a housekeeper; he didn't want a well informed young lady; his shirt-buttons and stocking-darning weren't likely to depend upon his wife; he should hate a patient Grizzle; he didn't marry for his friends—you can imagine the rash arguments. But I gave him a last chance of escape, for the night before we were married, when I'd given away all my old clothes, and the license was bought, the ring in his breast-pocket, and the wedding breakfast being laid in the next room, I said to him before all of them in papa's study:

"Ronayne, don't you want one more chance of freedom? Are you

frightened about to-morrow morning, and the pell-mell household mamma promises you? Because if you are, I'll let you off now. You may run away in the night. I'll be a forsaken maiden, and papa shan't have the loch dragged, or advertise a 'Mysterious and Heart-Rending Disappearance.'

"Too late. It's a hopeless case. I'm much too far gone for that. And I'm not going to help you to get rid of me, Mistress Lil."

I was frightened rather, and then and there I made papa give me a five-pound note to run away from Ronayne with in case I found, during our wedding journey, that I'd made a mistake and Art was my only true husband after all. Ronayne added five pounds more so that I could run away first-class, and have something with which to bribe accomplices! And that ten pounds is in my jewel-case now, and I think I shall keep it for my daughter, and give it her on her wedding-day as a reserve fund, in case she needs it as her mother once pretended to fear she herself might do.

However, for once I was discreet, and answered Mrs. Malise that I should like to come, but must see my husband before promising ourselves. Then I asked to see my small friend; but his mother, consulting her watch, begged me to excuse his non-appearance to-day, for this was just the moment when his nurse would be laying him down for his nap; and though often he would not sleep at all, yet system was everything, and he had to lie in his little bed two hours, though his eyes were broad open all the while.

"But will he lie there so long without crying?"

"Oh, two or three times he nearly cried himself into spasms because he was not taken up; but once he found he could not conquer Johanna he gave up trying, and now lies peaceably enough. He had to learn early that there are things more important in the world than his little self. Nothing do I object to more than a household revolving around children as a centre.

Marriage *ought* to double powers—make people unselfish; while, as a rule, it only enlarges the sphere of egotistic concentration and absorption. If I gave up my time and thoughts to Mill (we've named him for this generation's great English apostle of liberty), as ordinary mothers do, it would seem to me a wickedness. But I scarcely find him the least hindrance. I have begun to speak a little in our suffrage meetings this winter, and have been away a good deal from home for that purpose—once for three weeks at Liverpool and in the north of Ireland."

"But you do not mean without your baby?"

"Oh, certainly. He is only a little animal as yet, requiring animal cares which I can provide without making the sacrifice of ability for higher work. Johanna attends to him far better than I could, and is not above such uses. I believe in economizing forces. By and by, when his intellect begins to develop, he will be far more interesting to me, and I shall be of use to him."

"You weaned him, then, very early?"

"Oh, dear, yes. Since he was three months old, he's been brought up as Pip was. But perhaps 'Great Expectations' was not among your books read."

"No; but I suppose you mean your baby's brought up by hand? But I can't think how you could bear to put him away from you if it wasn't actually needful. Why, my heart's broken only to think that in a month or so more my baby will not depend upon me, humanly, for all her little life."

"Ah, plainly you have a vocation to be a mother. I haven't; and if I had to care for Mill in all things, it would be simple slavery to me. But it must be a great step from art to the nursery too."

"That means a step *down*. I suppose I should have thought so once, but never since I held my baby in my arms, and she's a far more wonderful creation to me than any old master's

cherub I ever copied. And not my baby alone, but all babies. I never pass one in the street now, ever so ugly or dirty, without a warm feeling for it, and no charity opens my purse so quickly as a *crèche*, or a foundling, or orphan asylum. I could have been very happy as an artist always. Art is full of the noblest strength and compensations, and I own that the ordinary life of the English Philistine is irksome to me to the last degree; but what should I do now without a husband and child? And what would I not give up or bear for them? You see I'm only a very humdrum woman, Mrs. Malise."

"Whatever I see, I don't despair of winning you over to our side. I think it only needs that this great movement for woman's freedom and enlightenment, all that underlies it, all it implies, be fairly brought before you, to receive your assent and coöperation. And, to be unwisely frank, perhaps, it is such women as you we ought to gain, must gain—women of sentiment, tenderness, tact, suave manner—sympathetic women, to bring a gracious element into the contest. The workers already in the field have fought so long, against such odds and obloquy, that it is no wonder all the softness, conciliation are gone out of them, and that their aspect and address suggest only warfare, aggressive and unsparing."

And so on during the call. I wish I could photograph for you Mrs. Malise's drawing-room. You will not suppose it lumbered with the ordinary pretty feminine litter; but I can tell you Aunt Janet's sewing-room couldn't begin to rival it in grim dead-in-earnestness: straight up and down chairs that mean work; a writing-table big enough for a board-room, and fitted with suitably mighty writing implements; a slippery green leather couch upon which no laziness could be so desperate as to court repose; books lining one wall, and papers, stacks of papers everywhere—manuscripts and newspapers; no orna-

ments, unless a clock, a Cleopatra's needle in black marble, a skull, a wild-eyed, shock-headed oil portrait of a man I guessed to be the father of my hostess, and photographs of Mill, Mazzini, and Swinbourne be considered decorative.

Once at home again, I flew up stairs to Ronayne's dressing-room to run over his engagement tablet. One of the days named by Mrs. Malise was clear, so I said quietly at dinner, "Oh, Ronayne, don't make any engagement for Friday, for we are to dine at the Coming Events New Era Peep o'Day Associate Club."

"*Plait-il, madame?*"

So I told him all about it. He groaned, made two or three pathetic observations about grocer's wine, raw meat, greasy, peppered *entrées*, and the cantankerous woman who would fall to his share at dinner, but resigned himself like a lamb—or a well-trained husband, which is much the same thing.

And once I had fairly sent off our acceptance to Mrs. Malise, I didn't spare him one bit. I told him that for once in his life he was to part company with his fossil world, and find himself in the vanguard of civilization, breathing another atmosphere in the high fellowship of the evangels of religious and social liberty. I besought him not to mortify me by any expression of his limited ideas and convictions upon the topics we should probably hear discussed, and above all not to betray horror at any enunciation that seemed to his feeble apprehension to strike at the root of all possible or endurable tarrying on this planet. "Don't let it be known," I entreated, "what a clog you are upon my soarings after the illimitable. I *am* a victim, but the anguish and humiliation of my lot are too recent and painful for publicity—as yet!"

"Let them think you idiotic, dear—that goes without saying because you're a man—but not that you're a tyrant to whom a poor-spirited wife must succumb."

"And you'll see Americana, dear,

who've come over to find out why these effete regions and peoples still linger on the earth, and to them you'll only be a 'blarsted Britisher,' and you're not to resent it if they treat you accordin'. And there'll be Internationalists, to whom you're a 'bloated aristocrat,' and they won't have, to say nice manners. Then if you don't take Mrs. Malise down, you'll may be acquire some grand new light. I can't tell you how to behave, for I don't know if the men of the future are to be deferential, or free and easy; but you must take a hint from the behavior of the other men. She'll wear a garnet-silk gown trimmed with white Yak lace, a pea-green ostrich feather, and ribbons in her hair, and a profusion of jingling Berlin steel ornaments, and she'll either trample you under foot and heap you over with wisdom, or she'll find you're her affinity. And if that happens, never mind me, love. If you *wish* to go after affinities, go! I shall always be the same—the meek, forgiving woman who knows that a wife's duty is to smile always—to upbraid never. Leave me and your poor angel child if you will! We both believed in indissoluble marriage once, but that needn't hinder you. Re-nounce——”

And about here, I think it was, my eloquence and pathos were suddenly checked in their flow. Men, husbands especially, take such mean advantages! And reasoning, and calm, intellectual conversation have, somehow, so little charm for them! I tell you painful truths, my Susie, but they're for your good and guidance. I know that long-legged, yellow-haired laddie out in New Zealand is a demi-god. Of course he is—they all are—but it's best not to marry 'em—if one can help it!

But the dinner. I was dreadfully puzzled what to wear—whether to get myself up as a severe matron, or appear in the costume suited to me—a frivolous woman, *jeune encore*, and with a mind not above millinery—when a little note from Mrs. Malise, felici-

tating herself and me that the day of our dinner was also their reception evening, turned the scale against the brown silk in favor of a quite celestial palest green-blue Irish poplin I got in Dublin this last visit. The tint suits my pale dark face admirably, and with rather a profusion of white lace, and pink coral ornaments that Ronayne's brother Gus, the major, just home from India, gave me at Christmas—exquisite swinging fuchsias, with golden stamens and leaves—the toilette was so effective that I was quite ready to hear Ronayne's, “Oh, what a gorgeous swell!” when I exhibited myself just before starting. And, “Ould Ireland for ever!” as his eye fell on the gown he helped me to choose. “And are these the laces my father gave you?” taking hold of one of my frills. “Do they look like antimacassars? Because if they don't, they never were fabricated in your tight little island, my Paddy. I'd do a deal for you. You couldn't help being born there, poor boy; *mais toute chose a son terme*, and even my devotion won't stretch to the wearing Irish lace.”

Our host and hostess received us in the confederate drawing-room, where were three or four other guests already, and the greater number of the associate household and the lacking members presented themselves before dinner was announced. Fourteen or fifteen people in all, and not, to the casual glance, differing strikingly from unassociate dwellers in “isolate homes and dreary lodgings.”

There were, first, a brusque-mannered but uncommonly handsome Lady ———. If there's a lord, or plain mister ———, I don't know, but certainly he's not *en evidence*. Lady ——— is an authoress on the woman question and on marriage, and is generally given to the most forward of “advanced” opinions and ideas. Ronayne insultingly says they won't harm me, for I should never get a notion of what they really are—a speech which I treated with the oblivious contempt it deserved, though inward-

ly tickled at the lucky shot; for it's quite true that, attracted by her great beauty—the most singular combination you can fancy—boldly cut features, softened by babyish roundness of curves, and enchanting dimples, not a wrinkle or crow-foot to be traced, an infantine complexion, all transparent and softly pink, and this grown-up baby's face surmounted by a mass of crisp-waved, snowy, but glitteringly snowy hair!—I hovered around her for awhile during the evening, and could make nothing whatsoever of the oracular sentences she let fall. With her her son, a man of twenty-six to thirty, priggish, argumentative, contrary-minded—altogether the most cub-like young Briton I have lately encountered. Next, a widow with two daughters—the mother what, of all things, but a Plymouth sister!—given to hospital and prison work, tract distribution, and mothers' meetings—a tall, spare, gentle-faced woman, dressed with almost Quakerish simplicity. And run over and away with by her daughters, no question—two monstrous girls of thirty, if a day; real grenadiers, nearly six feet high; one painfully thin and large-eyed, the other as stout as tall, and both overpowering in spirits and flippant or cynic smartness of talk. One, the thin one, whom I liked best, amused me during the evening by telling me how she got rid of bores—young, feeble little society men, brief of stature and of wit. “I endure the little creature as long as I can, and when he has buzzed all his little buzzes about the weather, and subjects suited to his size, there comes a pause—a long pause, for I don't help him. Then, if he is too young to know that he should take himself off, and he begins desperately upon some other threadbare topic, then I act. I am seated on a low lounge or ottoman; I begin to rise as if I caught sight of some one I knew at a distance; and I rise, rise, slowly, slowly, but up, up, up I go, till sometimes I stand on tiptoe, or on a hassock, my long skirts hiding all that,

and the little man, who has watched me first idly, then curiously, gradually gets horror-struck, and finally bursts desperately away, absolutely tongue-tied with fright.”

“And no wonder!” I couldn't help saying, for she had mounted and mounted as she described the scene, until there really was something supernatural and alarming in the slim, white-draped length of lady, and the height from which the big blue eyes in their hollow orbits shone down upon me.

Then an editor and his wife—the editor of “The Food Regenerator,” if you please—and a dark, unwholesome looking, wizened little man, who I am sure would have been the better for a good rubbing with sand-paper and emery powder. His wife was a plaintive, helpless, hapless, washed-out woman, who, sidling apologetically about in a frowsy costume of some yellow-white woollen stuff, made me think of a dirty white cat—a likeness I was sorry to have forced on me when I had heard a bit of her history; for the only wonder is how she's kept courage enough to go on dressing or living at all. It seems that *M. le mari* is by way of being a social as well as dietetic regenerator, and is as full of uncomfortable fads as man can be. They have no fortune, unless you reckon as such seven small children, and over and over again he's thrown up a good appointment or salary because he “must be free to write his convictions—great truths the world needs.” And to lighten matters still further, he believes that service should be bartered, not paid for in coin; so they could almost never have a servant, and when they did get one it was of course some poor wretch who was glad to shelter herself on any terms for the moment, but who could be trusted no more than puss in the dairy. Besides carrying her own fardel, this poor wife was expected to fold and direct wrappers for her husband's precious journal, he finding “mechanical writing too exhausting and stultifying.”

Next—let me see—two gentlemen, bachelors, one a pugnacious fellow-countryman to whose tremendous r-r's my heart warmed in this lisping land of Cockaigne—a proof-reader at one of the great publishing houses; the other as curious a specimen as I've encountered—a man of sixty or so, of courtly manners, an ex-Anglican parson, an ex-Catholic convert, a present "seeker after truth"—a man who knows something about everything and believes the last thing—but sure of nothing save that this world's a comfortable place, and loving nothing, one would swear, but his pug dog, a superb creature, fairly uncanny for wisdom, but a vilely ill-tempered beast, gurring if one but looked at it.

And three ladies make up, I believe, the tale of the household: a rather young widow, charming in an unearthly, seeress-like fashion—finest porcelain to her finger-tips, but frail as a breath; a handsome, solid blonde girl, with cold blue eyes, and no gold in her fair hair, studying to be what she calls "a healer"—an earnest advocate of the food-regenerating editor's views upon diet, but quite out-Heroding Herod in her practice, for her fare seems only to lag a pace behind Nebuchadnezzar's in simplicity; and last a witty *Americaine*, an art student at the South Kensington school, with whom I fraternized directly, and from whom I had all the information my own eyes didn't glean. A girl twenty-four or five years old, I fancy, and oh, so satisfyingly handsome—not tall, but majestic in proportions and pose: a beautifully shaped head whose outlines were only revealed by closely-pinned braids of fine dark hair, and a face like a lily for calm and purity—too pale, indeed, for brilliant health, but the faint shadows under the eyes, about the temples and mouth that she owes to months in dimly-lighted rooms are really most effective aids to her peculiar beauty. She captivated me quite; Bonayne, too, who is a great conquest, for usually he dislikes Americans, finding them, he says, so shallow and yet so

cockahoop. And the other guests at dinner were a lady lecturer, American, too, young, decidedly pretty, but pert as a pigeon, an Englishwoman who's doing something very notable in reformatories and kindergartens, a Liberal M. P. dancing attendance on the young lady lecturer, and a grand old white-headed lion of a man, a famous literary M. D.—heterodox to a frightful degree, I'm told, but certainly one of the most delightful neighbors I ever had at a dinner table.

And a very enjoyable dinner-party it was, altogether: a simple but carefully arranged menu, the dishes thoroughly well cooked—two or three foreign touches, *macaroni aux tomates*, American-trimmed peaches with cream, and little fairy cakes—cat tongues—do you know them?—and roasted almonds in Spanish fashion, and as good claret Sauterne and sparkling Mosel (for I know a good glass of wine when I get it) as one need wish for.

The food-regenerator and his wife and the blonde "healer" had seats together, and were helped only to vegetables and fruits—the girl, indeed, taking only unbolted bread, of which an enormous supply in the shape of hard little cakes was placed before her, together with a large vegetable-dish full of stewed prunes; and the two mountains of bread and fruit had disappeared when the meal was ended—how many pounds I don't know, but then dinner is her sole meal in the twenty-four hours.

"Did you see that young woman's dinner?" burst out my liege that night when we were discussing our late experiences. "Disgusting! It ought to have been served in a trough! I looked every instant to see her fall from her chair and have to be carried out. If one is to gorge oneself like an anaconda once a day upon fruit and chopped straw in order to live to a good old age, I think we'll elect to be cut off in our youthful bloom."

But the talk at table was clever and gay, and thoroughly un-English in that it was general instead of being broken

up into a dozen depressing *sotto-voce* dialogues. The "healer," indeed, was too busy eating to open her mouth much uselessly, and the white cat was too timid for speech. But her editor made amends. He talked for three; not ill, but with a flavor of bitterness, and not enough in the third person.

"Oh, women are the stronghold of superstition," he exclaimed apropos of some passage between himself and the American art-student—"fettered hard and fast by hoary prejudices," he went on with rather a confusion of metaphors, "else the world might move."

"But we bind you, upon a man's testimony, but by a single hair," answered his opponent: "why not burst so slight a shackle?"

"And you to talk of freedom!" he went on as if unhearing. "Why do you wear that emblem at your throat?" (A plain gold cross which came into bold relief against her black velvet bodice.)

"Possibly because I'm a Christian." She answered without change of voice, but stopping the conversation by addressing some one nearer her. But the little porcelain widow, with a pretty upward movement, like the flutter of a bird on her nest, caught at a floating thread, and said in her tiny flute voice,

"But, Mr. Ridley, if he is interested in symbolism, will remember that the cross is a very ancient symbol, typifying the active and passive forces in nature—good and evil, light and darkness. And is it not very curious how everywhere the sign is impressed on external nature—in the heavens, in crystals, in flowers, in a bird's flight? In the arts too."

"And the legends, fables, and touching or droll superstitions concerning it are endless," said the white-headed doctor beside me. "And yet I'm often struck with the comparative newness of what may be termed literature of the cross. This dwelling on apparition in so many forms of the Story of the Cross is quite modern, and I fancy that a Good Friday ser-

vice, a following through the Three Hours' Agony with a colloquial soliloquy, if one may use such an expression, upon the Seven Last Words, would have seemed as novel to the early Christians as it does now to the Low Church portion of our beautifully consistent Establishment."

"Though the symbol was always probably in private use among the early Christians," struck in the truth-seeker, "I believe its first public appearance would not date further back than its triumphant one upon the Roman eagles. In the Catacombs, I'm told, the Virgin and Child appear in the oldest work, or symbolism—the Cross never save as executed by late hands."

"May there not be subjective reasons for that?" asked my porcelain widow. "I mean for the modern adoration of the Cross? Do you not think we are much softer hearted, much more keenly susceptible of all the finer emotions than were those old Greek, Roman, and Jewish converts? One feels the same thing, it seems to me, in mystic reading. The old visions were triumphant, simple, or, so to say, material—the very A B C of mysticism; while the visions of later mystics are complicated, involved, like the soul-life of this time, often agonizing beyond natural power of endurance. And the stigmatized saints are of these later times."

"And then," said the art-student, "I think they didn't realize in those early days how long time was going to be, and how tough and many-headed, evil. The faith was but young then. Perhaps they couldn't have borne to know the length and fluctuations of the fight—and they felt so sure of speedy victory, that our Lord's resurrection and ascension appealed to them more keenly than His passion."

"All reasonable theories," replied my neighbor. "But, apropos of some of the legends concerning the Tragedy of the Cross, the weeping willow, the trembling aspen, the robin redbreast, the red crossbill, the passion flower,

and so many more, I hardly know a more naïve example of the way in which our forefathers pressed the exterior world into testimony for their belief than occurs in an old picture in an Augustinian monastery in Sussex.

"It is a fresco on the wall of a chamber—subject, the Nativity—and the animals therein are made to publish the event in words supposed to resemble their characteristic sounds and cries. A cock, crowing, is perched at the top, and a label from out his mouth has the words, 'Christus natus est!' 'Quando, quando?' quacks the duck. Hoarsely the raven, 'In hæ nocte.' 'Ubi? ubi?' inquires the cow. And, 'Bethlehem,' bleats out the lamb."

"Oh, Mrs. Stainton, I beg your pardon," suddenly called out the ex-Anglican parson from the foot of the table, and despatching a servant with a plate to the little widow. "I quite forgot your predilection."

"But somebody else may like the *inner consciousness* too," returned she, transferring to her own plate the fowl's gizzard sent. "You make me feel like a terrible old French aunt of mine—a *gourmande* who spent two or three hours every day in consultation with her cook, a man, concerning her for the most part solitary dinner, and who was at the last found dead with her cook-book lying open on her knee! My oldest brother, when a little fellow, dined with her one day. In his helping of fowl was included the inner consciousness. Childlike, he put this tid-bit carefully aside as a delicious last morsel. But the old lady eyed his plate with great discontent, growing every moment more grim. Finally she could bear it no longer, and, poisoning her fork, she dexterously harpooned the *bonne-bouche*, and triumphantly transferred it to her own plate, remarking to the dreadfully disappointed child, 'I see, my nephew, that you don't love this little portion. Now I do, so it is best I should have it.' We none of us could tolerate this aunt, but my brother's

feeling toward her ever after was really venomous in its spitefulness."

"That reminds me," said the Scotchman, "that I saw a photograph of Dixblanc to-day, and was astonished to find her not at all an evil-looking person. I quite believe now that she murdered her mistress in a fit of passion, as she says, and not at all for robbery. And there must have been awful provocation. Fancy living with a disreputable, avaricious, nagging old Frenchwoman!"

"But how worse than with an old Englishwoman of like characteristics?" asked somebody.

"Oh, because the *Françoise* is more *fine*, exasperating, and utterly unrestrained by terrors of Mrs. Grundy and the *decent*," replied the ex-Anglican, ex-things-in-general truth-seeker.

You will easily imagine that the talk, as it ran from one thing to another, was now and then upon topics of which I haven't the faintest gleam of knowledge—the doctrines of Swedenborg, the philosophizings of Spinoza and Vaurenargues. (Ronayne as usual spells the hard names for me, but you, as a wise and much-reading damsel, will know who was meant and all about it.)

After the ladies had returned to the drawing-room (for even in this New Light house the stupid fashion remains of gentlemen lingering alone, or together, or however you like it—you know what I mean—over their wine) I made a little tour of inspection of the public parts of the establishment with Mrs. Malise. They've a common library and reading-room, and most of the associates have their individual sitting-rooms. Dinner is a fixed meal, and all the members meet thereat, but breakfast and lunch may be taken at any time within certain hours, to suit the convenience of each member. "We are too small in number to make it possible to order our meals *à la carte*, or to economize in general living expenses as it might suit us individually to do. We can only reduce household costs in the mass, and then share these

pretty equally. But this is only a beginning. By and by we shall have splendid confederate homes, under whose roofs the simplest and the costliest fashions of living may go on side by side. But to prove so much as we have done is a gain, and in separate homes the same amount of comfort we have here would cost us at least double, and would be, for some of us who have neither time nor talent for domesticity, quite unattainable at any price. What, under my administration, a little home would be upon our income of £500 a year, I shouldn't like to experience. And Mrs. Stainton! (The little widow.) Why, she comes of one of the oldest of the county families in Somerset; was reared like an exotic, lived chiefly upon cream and forced fruit, though now and then she trifled with something solid—an almond soup, a clear jelly, a bit of game, or an intricate *entrées*! Never dreamed of going beyond their pleasure gardens on her own feet, and knew how to do no earthly thing save to read, write, talk. She read 'Alton Locke,' and by way of comment married a national schoolmaster, the son of a brickmaker on her father's estate! There was a grand hubbub, and before she'd had time to be too much disgusted with her martyr rôle—martyrdom to break down the barriers of caste—her husband left her a penniless widow, and since then her father allows her a small income, but sentences her to banishment from that decorous household whose proprieties she outraged. She can endure nothing, knows nothing of any practical matters. What would she do with £150 a year, in a dingy parlor 'let,' with a flock bed, a burnt chop, a long-brewed cup of tea, and a frowzy-haired, smutty-faced 'slavey' to open the door and attend grudgingly and slatternly upon her?

"But we are not all chiefly moved by economic considerations. Some of our members have very considerable incomes, and might live where and how they pleased, but they seem not less

satisfied with our experiment than are the poorer associates. There is such relief from care, and we may see as much or as little society as we choose without offence or burden."

Something interrupted Mrs. Malise's argument here, and I asked to see baby.

"Mill? Oh, certainly, if you like; but we shall find him asleep."

And asleep he was in one of those dreary back rooms that are sure to be sunless—a room that is both day and night nursery, I suppose, for there was a hot fire, a close smell, and the German nurse sat making lace under a gas jet flaming away unshaded.

He was very pale, poor little man! and has grown very fat—a soft, sagging flesh! I remarked upon his pallor to his mother, and she answered that he had measles about the time he was weaned, and that he had never had much color since. But he seemed well, and was he not a great stout fellow?

What treatment had he in measles? I asked. Oh, none! They didn't believe in doctors over much, and thought nature managed best unhindered. Mill was scrubbed with carbolic soap, and that was all the special treatment he had.

Returning to the drawing-rooms, we found them there rapidly filling with the evening guests, and a busy hum of conversation going on. A slender, graceful, feeble-looking young man entered just before us. "That is Dodge, the famous medium," whispered my companion; but the words were hardly uttered before the young man gave a sharp cry, flung his arms wildly out, then sank as if prostrated on a near-by lounge. "Oh, what is it? what is it, Mr. Dodge?" cried several persons, rushing to him.

"She! she!" was the answer, with difficulty, and then he languidly pointed to a group of eager talkers under the chandelier. At the moment Lady —, one of the group, her white hair startlingly gleaming under the full blaze of light, turned, with some sense of the commotion, and as she did so

called out, "Why, Dodge! Is it my old friend Dodge?" and came toward him. The young man rallied, rose, and gave her his hand. "It was so sudden," he explained. "Four years ago Lady ——'s hair had not a white thread in it; and when I first caught sight of her, crowned by that mass of snow, I quite believed it was her spirit I saw."

"A great deal may happen in four years," answered Lady —— . "But how are you in these days, Mr. Dodge?"

"Oh, wretchedly ill, as usual," he replied. "The Duc de —— insisted upon it that I must come over to England and try cold water again, and the Emperor, when I left, engaged me to meet him next season at Ems on condition that I had a more respectable body for my spirit to travel about in. Here's a little souvenir he gave me at parting," showing a magnificent diamond on his finger; and I moved on and lost the gorgeous reminiscences. There was a crowd before the evening was over, and I was introduced to a score or so of notables in the unorthodox world. But I seemed destined to funny little dramatic surprises. I had drawn near the piano to listen to Miss Hedges's "Drink to Me Only," etc., and was sitting quietly when the song was ended, speaking to no one, not consciously looking at any one, when a voice near me said, "That is my wife!" and I woke up to find a roly-poly, little old fellow, all smiles, insinuation, and plausibility, with a fringe of venerable white hair around a head round as an apple, bald and shining, smooth, evidently addressing himself to me. "Yes, that is my wife," he went on, and I looked with some bewilderment at a young woman his gaze indicated—a very young woman in a brilliant pink evening dress, the young woman brilliantly colored herself in solid white and red, with black eyes, black hair in rebellious tight curls, and a face with about as much expression as a plate. "Looks rather young for me, don't she? But it's all right, for the spirits give her to me!"

"And pray, Mr. Wardle, what did the spirits do for the old wife you left in *Terre Haute*?" inquired Miss Hedges, wheeling about toward us. "I am Anna Hedges, and two years ago I painted a portrait of your grandchild, Benny Davis, for Mrs. Wardle in New York."

"Er—er—I was not aware—er—I remember, that is—er—I think I have seen—er, er—yes! yes! A very worthy woman, the first Mrs. Wardle—very worthy. But narrer, narrer! too undeveloped, in fact, to—er—receive the new gospel, or to—er—make any use of the freedom I gave her to find a more harmonious partner, as I have done," and the old creature having floundered into a little more self-possession, smiled amiably, and retreated in tolerable order.

"I *do* beg your pardon," went on Miss Hedges to me impulsively; "but that sleek old villain! I really couldn't help my outburst. His real wife is one of the nicest, gentlest of simple old women, and dying of shame, I heard the other day, for what has befallen herself and her children through the delusions and misconduct of an infatuated man who has grandchildren older than this 'harmonious partner' he introduces as his wife here abroad. The 'first Mrs. Wardle!'. It made me think of one of our Jerseymen who begged that a certain hymn might be sung at his wife's funeral 'because the corpse was particular fond of that hymn!'"

When I could speak for laughter, I inquired, "But is this then a spiritualistic headquarters? Because Mrs. Malise pointed out Dodge, the medium, to me early in the evening?"

"No, not more than of all other insanities, crudities, and unconvention-alities—conventionalities too; for with perhaps one exception, all the members of the household, whatever their opinions, are to the last degree rigid as to the proprieties. But at one time or another one meets here all shades of belief and non-belief—much of the orthodox and I should say all the heterodox London. Very curious

I find it, and though sometimes outraged, as to-night, I'm oftener amused with my 'proper study of mankind.' But you, as an Englishwoman, would hardly conceive how droll to me was my first experience of one of these receptions. You know, of course, at once, as everybody does, that I'm a Yankee? I came in rather late one evening with an English artist friend, and found, enthroned in the other room, the centre of a throng of bowing gentlemen, a woman as black as the chimney back, her neck and arms bare, white gloves, a gilt comb and white ostrich feather in her woolly hair—a genuine darkey! and Mme. V.—the artist, Mme. V.—hurried up to me. 'Oh, do you know your accomplished countrywoman, Miss Symonds? No? Then pray let me introduce you to her, we find her so charming!' And I dare say she was charming, only it was very queer at first to encounter *Chloe en robe!*"

Then we had a long talk, getting speedily away from persons and things to the old familiar subject—art. How the girl is working! And how happy and absorbed in her work she is.

"Oh, Ronayne," I said, as we settled back in the carriage for our drive home, "do I smell of turpentine and paint rags? I had such a good time! Miss Hedges and I talked shop for a whole hour."

And then, and later, we compared notes. He was critical, but had been

amused, and, trust me, I had the wit to hold my tongue about "the first Mrs. Wardle!"

For over and above my interest in that poor baby, several things draw me toward this associate household, and I should not like to pursue an acquaintance there if Ronayne manifested any decided contempt or hostility. He bursts out about the food-reforming trio, and the young lady-lecturer's manners are not to his fancy—too free and easy. She boasts of her superiority to hampered Englishwomen. *She* lives here by herself in lodgings, and has gentlemen visiting and dining with her alone, or goes alone, in full dress, to dine, at 7 or 8 o'clock, with a gentleman friend stopping at the Langham Hotel. These are American fashions—innocent permitted freedoms of our republican sisters, she says. She is a pretty little boaster, with ready wit and a sharp tongue; but there are Americans and Americans, and I hardly think it would occur to an English gentleman to stand flicking a heavy curtain-tassel playfully into Miss Hedges's face while chatting with her at a public reception, even if he were an *épris* Liberal, M. P.—as Ronayne says Mr. Vane did in the little orator's the other night.

But there! there! With love from each to all, not another word this time of my little New Light baby or his expansive household, from

Your own Lil.

(To be continued.)

THE CLIMBING ROSE.

CLIMB, oh! climb the golden ladder,
Song of mine:
Climb till thou dost reach her heart
For whom I pine.

Cease not, lest thou lose the bliss
For which I sigh:
Climb till thou dost touch her heart—
Ah! why not I?

D. N. R.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER X.

"THE POET IN A GOLDEN AGE WAS BORN."

VICTOR HERON did not leave

Mrs. Money's quite as soon as he had intended. He had made a sort of engagement to meet some men in the smoking-room of his club; men with whom he was to have had some talk about the St. Xavier's Settlements. But he remained talking with Minola for some time; and he talked with Lucy and with other women, young and old, and asked many questions, and made himself very agreeable, and, as was his wont, thought every one delightful, and enjoyed himself very much. Then Mr. Money chanced to look in, and seeing Heron, bore him away for a while to his study, to talk with him about something very, very particular. Mr. Money saw Herbert Blanchet, and only performed with him the ceremony which Hajja Baba describes as "the shake-elbows and the fine weather," and then made no further account of him. Mr. Blanchet, seeing Heron invited to the study, and knowing from his acquaintance with the household what that meant, conceived himself slighted, and was angry. Mr. Money always looked upon Blanchet as a sort of young man whom only women were ever supposed to care about, and who would be as much out of place in the private study of a politician and man of business as a trimmed petticoat.

There was, however, some consolation for the poet in the fact that he had Minola Grey nearly all to himself. He secured this advantage by a dexterous stroke of policy, for he attached himself to his sister and did his best to show and describe to her all the celebrities; and Minola, only too

glad, came and sat by Mary, and they made a very happy trio. Herbert was inclined to look down upon his sister as a harmless, old-fashioned little spinster, who would be much better if she did not try to write poetry. He felt convinced for a while that Minola must have the same opinion of her in her secret heart, and would not think the less of him for showing it just a little. But when he found that Miss Grey took the poetess quite seriously, and had a genuine affection for her, his sister's value rose immensely in his eyes; he paid her great attention, and, as has been said, he had his reward.

It grew late; the rooms were rapidly thinning. Minola and Miss Blanchet were to remain at Mrs. Money's for the night. Blanchet could not stay much longer, and had risen to go away, when Victor Heron entered. He came up to speak to Minola, and Minola introduced him to her particular friend and *camarade*, Miss Blanchet; and he sat beside Miss Blanchet and talked to her for a few moments, while Blanchet took advantage of the opportunity to talk again with Minola. Then Mr. Heron rose, and Herbert rose, and Mary Blanchet, growing courageous, told Heron that that was her brother and a great poet, and in a very formal, old-fashioned way, begged permission to make them acquainted. Mr. Heron was a passionate admirer of poetry, and occasionally, perhaps, tried the patience of his friends by too lengthened citations from Shakespeare and Milton; but in modern poetry he had not got much later than "The Arab physician Karshish," which he could recite from end to end; and "In Memoriam," of which he knew the greater part. He was, however, modestly conscious that his administrative engagements in the colonies had kept

him a little behind the rest of the world in the matter of poetry, and it did not surprise him in the least that a very great poet, whose name had never before reached his ears, should be there beside him in Mrs. Money's drawing-room. He felt delighted and proud at meeting a poet and a poet's sister.

It so happened that after saying his friendly good night to his hostess—a ceremony which, even had the rooms been crowded, Mr. Heron would have thought it highly rude and unbecoming to omit—our fallen ruler of men found himself in Victoria street with Mr. Blanchet.

"Are you going my way?" Heron asked him with irrepressible sociability. "I am going up Pall Mall and into Piccadilly, and I shall be glad if you are coming the same way. Are you going to walk? I always walk when I can. May I offer you a cigar? I think you will find these good."

Herbert took a cigar, and agreed to walk Heron's way; which was, indeed, so far as it went, his own. Heron was very proud to walk with a poet.

"Yours is a delightful calling, sir," he said. "Excuse me if I speak of it. I remember reading somewhere that one should never talk to an author about his works. But I couldn't help it; we don't meet poets in some of our colonies; and your sister was kind enough to enlighten my ignorance, and tell me that you were a poet. I always thought that a charming anecdote of Wolfe reciting Gray's 'Elegy,' and telling his officers he would rather have written that than take Quebec. Ay, by Jove, and so would I!"

Mr. Blanchet had never heard of the anecdote, and had by no means any clear idea as to the identity or exploits of Wolfe. But he was anxious to know something about Heron, and therefore he was determined to be as companionable as possible.

"You must not believe all my sister says about me. She has an extravagant notion of my merits in every way."

"It must be delightful to have a sister!" Victor Heron said enthusiastically. "Do you know that I can't imagine any greater happiness for a man than to have a sister? I envy you, Mr. Blanchet."

Heron was in the peculiar position of one to whom all the family relationships present themselves in idealized form. He had never had sister or brother; and a sister now rose up in his imagination as a sort of creature compounded of a simplified Flora MacIvor and a glorified Ruth Pinch. His novel-reading in the colonies was a little old-fashioned, like many of his ideas, and his habit of frequently using the word "sir" in talking with men whom he did not know very familiarly.

Mr. Blanchet was not disposed, from his knowledge of Mary Blanchet, to hold the possession of a sister as a gift of romantic or inestimable value. To say the truth, when Victor spoke so warmly of the delight of having a sister, he too was not setting up the poetess as an ideal. He was thinking rather of Miss Grey, and what a sister she would be for a man to confide in and have always with him.

Meanwhile Herbert, with all his self-conceit, had common sense enough to know that it would not do to leave Heron to find out from others that the great poet Blanchet had yet to make his fame.

"My sister and I have been a long time separated," he said. "She lived in the country for the most part, and I had to come to London."

"Of course—the only place for a man of genius. A grand stage, Mr. Blanchet—a grand stage."

"So of course Mary is all the more inclined to make a sort of hero of me. You must not take her estimate of me, Mr. Heron. She fancies the outer world must think just as she does of everything I do. I am not a famous poet, Mr. Heron, and probably never shall be. I belong to a school which does not cultivate fame, or even popularity."

"I admire you all the more for that."

It always seems to me that the poet degrades his art who hunts for popularity—the poet or anybody else for that matter,” added Victor, thinking of his own unpopular performances in St. Xavier’s Settlements. “I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Blanchet. I have seen so much hunting after popularity in England that I honor any man of genius who has the courage to set his face against it.”

“My latest volume of poems,” Blanchet said firmly, “I do not even mean to publish. They shall be printed, I hope, and got out in a manner becoming of them—becoming, at least, of what I think of them; but they shall not be hawked about book shops and reviewed by self-conceited, ignorant prigs.”

“Quite right, Mr. Blanchet; just what I should like to do myself if I could possibly imagine myself gifted like you. But still you must admit that it is little to the credit of the age that a poet should be forced thus to keep his treasures from the public eye. Besides, it may be all very well, you know, in your case or mine; but think of a man of genius who has to live by his poems! It’s easy talking for men who have enough—my enough, I confess, is a pretty modest sort of thing—but you must know better than I that there are young men of genius—ay, of real genius—trying to make a living in London by writings that perhaps their own generation will never understand. There is what seems to me the hard thing.” Mr. Heron grew quite animated.

The words sent a keen pang through Blanchet’s heart. His new acquaintance, whom Blanchet assumed to be confoundingly wealthy, evidently regarded him as a person equally favored by fortune, and therefore only writing poetry to indulge the whim of his genius. Herbert Blanchet had heard from the Money women, in a vague sort of way, that Mr. Heron had been a governor of some place; it might have been Canada or India for aught he knew to the contrary; and

he assumed that he must be a very aristocratic and self-conceited person. Blanchet would not for the world have admitted at that moment that he was poor; and he shuddered at the idea that Heron might somehow learn all about Mary Blanchet’s official position in the court-house of Duke’s Keeton. For all the dignity of poetry and high art, Mr. Blanchet was impressed with a painful consciousness of being small somehow in the company of Mr. Heron. It was not merely because he supposed Heron to be wealthy, for he knew Mrs. Money was rich, and that Lucy would be an heiress; and yet he was always quite at his ease with them, and accustomed to give himself airs and to be made much of; but it occurred to him that Mr. Heron’s family, friends, and familiar surroundings would probably be very different from his; and he always found himself at home in the society of women, whom he knew that he could impress and impose on by his handsome presence. Yes, he felt himself rather small in the society of this pleasant, simple, unpretending young man, who was all the time looking up to him as a poet and a child of genius.

Greatly pleased was the poet and child of genius when Victor Heron asked him to come into his rooms and smoke a cigar before going to bed.

“You don’t sleep much or keep early hours, I dare say, Mr. Blanchet; literary men don’t, I suppose; and I only sleep when I can’t help it. Let us smoke and have a talk for an hour or two.”

“Night is my day,” said Blanchet. “I don’t think people who have minds can talk well in the hours before midnight. When I have to work in the day I sometimes close my shutters, light my gas, and fancy I am under the influences of night.”

“I got the way of sitting up half the night,” said Victor simply, “from living in places where one had best sleep in the day; but I am sure if I were a poet, I should delight in the night for its own sake.”

There was something curious in the feeling of deference with which Heron regarded the young poet. He considered Blanchet as something not quite mortal, or at all events, masculine; something entitled to the homage one gives to a woman and the enthusiasm we feel to a spiritual teacher. Blanchet did not seem to him exactly like a man; rather like one of those creatures compounded of fire and dew whom we read of in legend and mythology. The feeling was not that of awe, because Blanchet was young and good-looking, and wore a dress coat and white tie, and it is impossible to have a feeling of awe for a man with a white tie. It was a feeling of delicate consideration and devotion. Had some rude person jostled against or otherwise insulted the poet as they passed along, Victor would have felt it his duty to interpose and resent the affront as promptly as if Minola Grey or Lucy Money were the object of the insult. To his unsophisticated colonial mind the poet was the sweet feminine voice of the literary grammar.

Heron occupied two or three rooms on the drawing-room floor of one of the streets running out of Piccadilly. He paid, perhaps, more for his accommodation than a prudent young man beginning the world all over again would have thought necessary; but Heron could not come down all at one step from his dignity as a sort of colonial governor, and he considered it, in a manner, due to the honor of England's administrative system, that he should maintain a gentlemanlike appearance in London while still engaged in fighting his battle—the battle which had not begun yet. Besides, as he had himself told Minola Grey, his troubles thus far were not money troubles. He had means enough to live like a modest gentleman even in London, provided he did not run into extravagant tastes of any kind, and he had saved, because he had had no means of spending it, a good deal of his salary while in the St. Xavier's Settlements. He had engaged a ser-

vant when he established himself in his lodgings; and his condition seemed to Blanchet, when they entered the drawing-room together, and the servant was seen to be quietly busy in anticipating his master's wants, to be that of an easy opulence whereof, in the case of young bachelors, he had little personal knowledge. It was very impressive for the moment. Genius, and originality, and the school quailed at first before respectability, West End rooms, and a man servant.

The adornments of the rooms were, to Mr. Blanchet's thinking, atrocious. They were, indeed, only of the better class London lodgings style: mirrors, and gilt, and white, and damask. There were doors where there ought to have been curtains, carpets where artistic feeling would have prescribed mats or rugs; there were no fans, not to say on the ceiling, but even on the walls. The only suggestion of art in the place was a plaster cast of the Venus of the Louvre which Heron himself had bought, and which in all simplicity he adored. Mr. Blanchet held, first, that all casts were nefarious, and next, that the Venus of Milo as a work of art was beneath contempt. One of the divinities of his school had done the only Venus which art could acknowledge as her own. This was, to be sure, a picture, not a statue; but in Mr. Blanchet's mind it had settled the Venus question for ever. The Lady Venus was draped from chin to toes in a snuff-colored gown, and was represented as seated on a rock biting the nails of a lank, greenish hand; and she had sunken cheeks, livid eyes, and a complexion like that of the prairie sage grass. Any other Venus made Herbert Blanchet shudder.

The books scattered about were dispiriting. There were Shakespeare, Byron, and Browning. Mr. Blanchet had never read Shakespeare, considered Byron below criticism, and could hardly restrain himself on the subject of Browning. There were histories, and Mr. Blanchet scorned history; there were blue books, and the very

shade of blue which their covers displayed would have made his soul sick-en. It will be seen, therefore, how awful is the impressiveness of respect-ability when, with all these evidences of the lack of artistic taste around him, Mr. Blanchet still felt himself dwarfed somehow in the presence of the occupier of the rooms. It ought to be said in vindication of Mr. Heron, that that poor youth was in nowise responsible for the adornments of the rooms, except in so far as his plaster cast and his books were concerned. He had never, up to this moment, noticed anything about the lodgings, except that the rooms were pretty large, and that the locality was convenient for his purposes and pursuits.

The two young men had some soda and brandy, and smoked and talked. Blanchet was the poorest hand possible at smoking and drinking; but he swallowed soda and brandy in repeated doses, while his host's glass lay still hardly touched before him. One consequence was that his humbled feeling soon wore off, and he became eloquent on his own account, and patronizing to Heron. He set our hero right upon every point connected with modern literature and art, whereon it appeared that Heron had hitherto possessed the crudest and most old-fashioned notions. Then he declaimed some of his own shorter poems, and explained to Heron that there was a conspiracy among all the popular and successful poets of the day to shut him out from public notice, until Heron felt compelled, by a sheer sense of fellow-feeling in grievance, to start up and grasp his hand, and vow that his position was enviable in comparison with that of those who had leagued themselves against him.

"But you must hear my last poem—you *shall* hear it," Herbert said magnanimously.

"I shall be delighted; I shall feel truly honored," murmured Victor in perfect sincerity. "Only tell me when."

"The first reading—let me see; yes,

the *first* reading is pledged to Miss Grey. No one," the poet grandly went on, "can hear it before she hears it."

"Of course not—certainly not; I shouldn't think of it," the dethroned ruler of St. Xavier's Settlements hastened to interpose. "What a noble girl Miss Grey is! You know her very well, I suppose?"

"I look upon her," said the poet gravely, "as my patron saint." He threw himself back in his chair, raised his eyes to the ceiling, murmured to himself some words which sounded like a poetic prayer, and swallowed his brandy and soda.

Victor thought he understood, and remained silent. His heart swelled with admiration, sympathy, and an entirely innocent, unselfish envy.

"Still," the poet said, rising in his chair again, "there is no reason why you should not hear the poem at the same time. I am going to-morrow to read the poem to Minola—to Miss Grey and Mary. I am sure they will both be delighted if you will come with me and hear it."

"I should like it of all things, of course; but I don't know whether I ought to intrude on Miss Grey. I understood from her that she rather prefers to live to herself—with her friends of course—and that she does not desire to have visitors."

"You may safely come with me," the poet proudly said. "I'll call for you to-morrow, if you like."

Victor assumed that he safely might accept the introduction of his new acquaintance, and the appointment was made.

If Mr. Heron could, under any possible circumstances, be brought to admit to himself that the society of a poet was a little tiresome, he might perhaps have acknowledged it in the present instance. The good-natured young man was quite content for the present to sink and even to forget his own grievance in presence of the grievances of his new acquaintance. His own trouble seemed to him but

small in comparison. What, after all, was the misprizing of the political services of an individual in the face of a malign or stupid lack of appreciation, which might deprive the world and all time of the outcome of a poet's genius? Heron began now to infer that his new friend was poor, and the conviction made him more and more devotedly sympathetic. He was already dimly revolving in his mind a project for the publication of Blanchet's poems at the risk or expense of a few private friends, of whom he was to be the foremost. Some persons have a genius, a heaven-bestowed faculty, for the transfer of their own responsibilities and cares to other minds and shoulders. Already two sympathetic friends of a few hours' standing are separately taking thought about the publication of Mr. Blanchet's poems without risk or loss to Mr. Blanchet. Still, it must be owned that Mr. Blanchet's company was growing a little of a strain on the attention of his present host. Blanchet knew absolutely nothing of politics or passing events of any kind in the outer world, and did not affect or pretend to care anything about them. Indeed, had he been a man of large and liberal information in contemporary history, he would in all probability have concealed his treasures of knowledge, and affected an absolute and complacent ignorance. Outside the realms of what he called art, Mr. Blanchet thought it utterly beneath him to know anything; and within his own realm he knew so much, and bore down with such a terrible dogmatism, that the ordinary listener sank oppressed beneath it. Warmed and animated by his own discourse, the poet poured out the streams of his dogmatic eloquence over the patient Heron, who strained every nerve in the effort to appreciate, and in the honest desire to acquire, exalted information.

At last the talk came to an end, and even Blanchet got somehow the idea that it was time to be going away. Victor accompanied him as far as the

doorway, and they stood for a moment looking into the silent street.

"You haven't far to go, I hope?"

"No, not far; not exactly far," the poet answered. "I'll find a cab, I dare say. To-morrow, then, you'll come with me to Miss Grey's. You needn't have any hesitation; you will be quite welcome, I assure you. I'll call for you."

"Come to breakfast then at twelve."

"All right," the complacent Blanchet answered, his earlier awe having given place to an easy familiarity; "I'll come."

He nodded and went his way. Victor Heron looked for a while after his tall, slender, and graceful figure.

"He's a handsome fellow," Heron said to himself, "and a poet, and I can easily imagine a girl being in love with him, or any number of girls. She is a very fine girl, quite out of the common track. She must be very happy. I almost envy him. No, I don't. What on earth have I to do with such nonsense?"

He returned to his room and sat thinking for a while. All his political worrying and grievance-mongering seemed to have lost character somehow, and become prosaic, and unsatisfying, and rapid. It did not seem much to look forward to, that sort of thing going on for ever.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GAY SCIENCE IN A NEW ILLUSTRATION.

MARY BLANCHET was, for the time, one of the happiest women on the earth when she had to bestir herself, on their returning home next day, to make preparations for the test-reading of her brother's poems. To hear Herbert's poems read was a delight which could only be excelled by the pride and joy of having them read to such an audience. She had so long looked up to Minola as a leader and a princess that she at last came to regard her as the natural arbitress of the destiny of

any one belonging to the Blanchet family. In some vague way she had made up her mind that if Miss Grey only gave the word of command, the young poet's works must go forth to the world, and going forth must of course be estimated at their proper worth. Her pride was double-edged. On this side there was the poet-brother to show to her friends; on that side the friend who was to be the poet-brother's patroness. Her "*animula vagula, blandula*" floated all that day on the saffron and rose clouds of rising joy and fame.

Nor was her gratification at all diminished when Herbert Blanchet called very early to crave permission to bring Mr. Heron with him, and when he obtained it Blanchet had thought it prudent not to rely merely on the close friendship with Miss Grey, of which he had spoken a little too vauntingly to Victor the night before, and it seemed to him a very necessary precaution to call and ask permission to introduce his friend. He was fortunate enough to find Minola not only willing, but even what Mary might have thought, if she had considered the matter, suspiciously willing, to receive Mr. Heron. In truth, Minola had in her mind a little plot to do a service to Mary Blanchet and her brother in the matter of the poems, and she had thought of Mr. Heron as the kindest and likeliest person she knew to give her a helping hand in the carrying out of her project. Mary, not thinking anything of this, was yet made more happy than before by the prospect of having a handsome young man for one of the audience. As has been said already, she had the kindest feelings to handsome young men. Then the presence of another listener would make the thing quite an assembly; almost, as she observed in gentle ecstasy more than once to Minola, as if it were one of the poetic contests of the middle ages, in which minstrels sang and peerless ladies awarded the prize of song.

So she busied herself all the morn-

ing to adorn the rooms and make them fit for the scene of a poet's triumph. She started away to Covent Garden, and got pots of growing flowers and handfuls of "cut flowers," to scatter here and there. She had an old guitar which she disposed on the sofa with a delightfully artistic carelessness, having tried it in all manner of positions before she decided on the final one, in which the forgetful hand of the musician was supposed to have heedlessly dropped it. All the books in the prettiest bindings—especially poems—she laid about in conspicuous places. Any articles of apparel—bonnets, wraps, and such like, that might upon an ordinary occasion have been seen on tables or chairs—were carefully stowed away in their proper receptacles—except, indeed, for a bright-colored shawl, which, thrown gracefully across an arm of the sofa, made, in conjunction with the guitar, quite an artistic picture in itself. Near the guitar, too, in a moment of sudden inspiration, she arranged a glove of Nola's—a glove only once worn, and therefore for all pictorial effect as good as new, while having still the pretty shape of the owner's hand expressed in it. What can there be, Mary Blanchet thought, more winsome to look at, more suggestive of all poetic thought, than the carelessly-lying glove of a beautiful girl? But she took good care not to consult the owner of the glove on any such point, dreading with good reason Minola's ruthless scorn of all shams and prearranged affectations.

Mary was a little puzzled about the art fixtures, if such an expression may be used, of the room—the framed engravings, which belonged to the owner of the house and were let with the lodgings, of which they were understood to count among the special attractions. She had a strong conviction that her brother would not admire them—would think meanly of them, and say so; and although Minola herself now and then made fun of them, yet it did not by any means fol-

low that she should be pleased to hear them disparaged by a stranger. About the wall paper she was also a little timorous, not feeling sure as to the expression which its study might call into her brother's critical eye. She could not, however, remove the engravings, and doing anything with the paper was still more completely out of the question. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to hope that his poetry and his audience would so engross the poet as to deprive his eyes of perception for cheap art and ill-disciplined colors.

There was to be tea, delightfully served in dainty little cups, and Mary could already form in her mind an idea of the graceful figure which Minola would make as she offered her hospitality to the poet. An alarm, however, began to possess her as the day went on, about the possibility of Minola not being home in time for the reception of the strangers. In order that she might have the place quite to herself to carry out her little schemes of decoration, the artful poetess had persuaded Minola not to give up her usual walk in the park, and now suppose Minola forgot the hour, or lost her way, or was late from any cause, and had not time to make any change in her walking dress, or actually did not come in until long after the visitors had arrived! What on earth was she, Mary, to do with them?

This alarm, however, proved unfounded. Minola came back in very good time, looking healthy and bright, with some raindrops on her hair, and putting away with good-humored contempt all suggestions about an elaborate change of dress. Miss Blanchet would have liked her leader to array herself in some sort of way that should suggest a queen of beauty, or princess of culture, or other such imposing creature. At all events she would have liked trailing skirts and much perfume. She only sighed when Minola persisted in showing herself in very quiet costume.

The rattle of a hansom cab was

heard at last—at last, Mary thought—in reality a few minutes before the time appointed; and the poet and Mr. Heron entered. The poet was somewhat pale, and a little preoccupied. He had a considerable bulk of manuscript in his hand. The manuscript was in itself a work of art, as he had already explained to Victor. Each page was a large leaf of elaborately rough and expensive paper, and the lines of poetry, written out with exquisitely careful penmanship, occupied but a small central plot, so to speak, of the field of white. The margins were rich in quaint fantasies of drawing, by the poet himself, and various artists of his brotherhood. Sometimes a thought, or incident, or phrase of the text was illustrated on the margin, in a few odd, rapid strokes. Sometimes the artist, without having read the text, contributed some fancy or whimsy of his own; sometimes it was a mere monogram, sometimes a curious, perplexed, pictorial conceit; now merely the face of a pretty woman, and again some bewildering piece of eccentric symbolism, about the meaning whereof all observers differed. It must be owned that as Minola looked at these ornaments of the manuscript, she could not help feeling a secret throb of satisfaction at the evidence they gave that the reading would not be quite so long as the first sight of the mass of paper had led her to expect.

Mr. Blanchet did not do much in the way of preliminary conversation. He left all that to Minola and Victor; and the latter was seldom wanting in talk when he believed himself to have sympathetic listeners. It should be said that the well-ordered guitar effect proved a failure; for Mr. Blanchet soon after entering the room flung himself into what was to have been a poetic attitude on the sofa, and came rather awkwardly on the guitar, and was a little vexed at the thought of being made to seem ridiculous.

Every one was anxious that a beginning of the reading should be made,

and no one seemed to know exactly how to start it. Suddenly Mr. Blanchet arose, as one awakened from a dream.

"May I beg, Miss Grey, for three favors?"

Minola bowed and waited.

"First, I cannot read by daylight. My poems are not made for day. They need a peculiar setting. May I ask that the windows be closed and the lamps lighted? I see you have lamps."

"Certainly, if you wish," and Minola promptly rang the bell.

"Thank you very much. In the second place I would ask that no sign of approval or otherwise be given as I read. The whole must be the impression, not any part. It must be felt as a whole, or it is not felt at all. Until the last line is read no judgment can be formed."

This was discouraging and even depressing, but everybody promised. Minola in particular began to fear that poets were not so much less objectionable than other men as she had hoped. She could not tell why, but as she listened to the child of genius she was filled with a strange memory of Mr. Augustus Sheppard. Everything that seemed formal and egotistic reminded her of Mr. Augustus Sheppard.

"Then," continued Herbert, "when I have finished the last line, you will perhaps allow me to leave you at once, without formality, and without even speaking? I ask for no sudden judgment; that I shall hear another time; too soon, perhaps," and he indulged in a faint smile. "But I prefer to go at once, when I have read a poem; it is a peculiarity of mine," and he passed his hand through his hair. "Reading excites me, and I am overwrought. It may not be so with others, but it is so with me."

"I can quite understand," the good-natured Victor hastened to say. "Quite natural—quite so. I have often worked myself into such a state of excitement, thinking of things—not poetry, of course, but colonial affairs,

and such dry stuff—that I have to go out at night, perhaps, and walk in the cool air, and recover myself. Don't you feel so sometimes, Miss Grey?"

"Oh, no; I am neither poet nor politician, and I have nothing to think about." At the moment she thought Blanchet a sham, and Heron rather a weak and foolish person for encouraging him. What would you have of men?

"I have felt so often," Mary Blanchet said with a gentle sigh.

Miss Grey did not doubt that people felt so; that everybody might feel so under appropriate conditions. It was the deliberate arranging of preliminaries by Mr. Blanchet that vexed her; it seemed so like affectation and play-acting. She was prepared to think his poetry rubbish.

It was not rubbish, however; not mere rubbish, by any means. Mr. Blanchet had a considerable mastery of the art of arranging together melodious and penetrating words, and he caught up cleverly and adopted the prevailing idea and purpose of the small new group of yet hardly known artists in verse and color, to whom it was his pride to belong. His poems belonged to what might be called the literature of disease. In principle, they said to corruption, "Thou art my father," and to the worm, "Thou art my mother and my sister." They dealt largely in graves and corpses, and the loves of skeletons, and the sweet virtues of sin, and the joys of despair and dyspepsia. They taught that there is no truth but paradox. Mr. Blanchet read his contributions with great effect: in a voice now wailing, now threatening, now storming fiercely, now creeping along in tones of the lowest hoarseness. What amazed Minola was, to find that any man could have so little sense of the ridiculous as to be able to go through such a performance in a small room before three people. In a crowd there might be courage; but before three! It was wonderful. She felt horribly inclined to laugh; but the gleaming

eyes of the poet alighted on hers and fastened them every now and then; and poor Mary too, she knew, was watching her.

It was very trying to her. She endeavored to fill her mind with serious and sad thoughts; and she could not keep herself from thinking of the scene in Richter's "Flegeljahre" where the kin of the eccentric testator are trying in fierce rivalry who shall be the first to shed a tear for his loss, in presence of the notary and the witnesses, and thereby earn the legacy to which that exasperating condition was attached. After all it is probably easier to restrain a laugh than to pump up a tear, especially when the coming of the tear must bring the drying glow of a glad success with it. Minola's condition was bearable; and indeed, when she saw the genuine earnestness of the poet, her inclination to laugh all died away, and she became filled with pity and pain. Then she tried hard to admire the verses, and could not. At first the conceits and paradoxes were a little startling, and even shocking, and they made one listen. But the mind soon became attuned to them and settled down, and was stirred no more. Once you knew that Mr. Blanchet liked corpses, his peculiarity became of no greater interest than if his liking had been for babies. When it was made clear that what other people called hideousness he called beauty, it did not seem to matter much more than honest Faulconbridge's determination, if a man's name be John, to call him Peter.

The poet sometimes closed his eyes for a minute together, and pressed his hand upon his brow, while drops of perspiration stood distinctly on his livid forehead. But he took breath again, and went on. He evidently thought his audience could not have enough of it. The poem was, in fact, a chaplet of short poem-beads. Many of its passages had the peculiarity that they came to a sudden end exactly when the listeners supposed that

the interest of the thing was only going to begin. When a page was ended the poet lifted it, so to speak, with the sudden effort of one hand and arm, as though it were something heavy like a shield, and then flung it from him, looking fixedly into the eyes of some one of the three listeners the while. This formality impressed Mary Blanchet immediately. It seemed the very passion and wrestling of poetic inspiration; the prophetic fury rushing into action through the prophet.

Minola once or twice glanced at the face of Victor Heron. At first it was full of respectful and anxious attention, animated now and then by a sudden flicker of surprise. Of late these feelings and moods had gradually changed, and after a while the settling-down condition had clearly arrived. At length Miss Grey could see that while Mr. Heron still maintained an attitude of the most courteous attention, his ears were decidedly with his heart, and that was far away—with his own grievance and the St. Xavier's Settlements.

At last it was over. The close, for all their previous preparation, took the small audience by surprise. It came thus:

I asked of my soul—What is death?
I asked of my love—What is hate?
I asked of decay—Art thou life?
And of night—Art thou day?
Did they answer?

The poet looked up with eyes of keen and almost fierce inquiry. The audience quailed a little, but, not feeling the burden of response thrown upon them, resumed their expectant attitudes, waiting to hear what the various oracles had said to their poetic questioner. But they were taken in, if one might use so homely an expression. The poem was all over. That was the beginning and the end of it. The poet flung away his last page, and sank dreamy, exhausted, back into his chair. A moment of awful silence succeeded. Then he gathered up his illuminated scrolls, rose from his

chair, bowed gravely, and left the room. Mary Blanchet hurried after him.

Minola was perplexed, depressed, and remorseful. She thought there must be something in the productions which made their author so much in earnest, and she was afraid she had not seemed attentive enough, or that Blanchet had detected her in her early inclination to smile. There was an embarrassed pause when Victor and she were left together.

"He reads very well," Heron said at last. "A capital reader, I think. Don't you? He throws his soul into it. That's the great thing."

"It is," said Minola, "if it's much to throw—oh, I don't know what I mean by that. But how do you like the poems?"

"Well, I am sure they must be very fine. I should rather hear the judgment of some one else. I should like to hear you speak first. You tell me what you think of them and then I'll tell you, as the children say."

"I don't care about them," said Minola, shaking her head sadly. "I have tried, Mr. Heron; but I can't admire them. I can't see any originality, or poetry, or anything in them. I could not admire them—unless a command came express from the Queen to tell me to think them good."

"So you read the 'Misanthrope'—Molière's 'Misanthrope'?" Victor said eagerly, and having caught in a moment Minola's whimsical allusion to the duty of a loyal critic when under royal command.

"Yes, I used to pass half my time reading it; I have almost grown into thinking that I have a sort of copyright in it. Alceste is my chief hero, Mr. Heron."

"I wish I were like him," said Mr. Heron.

"I wish you were," she answered gravely.

"But I am not—unfortunately."

"Unfortunately," she repeated, determined to pay no compliment.

"You must let me come some day

and have a long talk with you about Molière," Victor said, nothing discouraged, having wanted no compliment, nor thought of any.

"I shall be delighted; you shall talk and I will listen. I am so glad to find a companion in Molière. But I wish I could have admired Mr. Blanchet's poems. I prefer my own ever so much."

"Your own!" The audacious self-complacency of the announcement astonished him, and seemed out of keeping with Miss Grey's character and ways. Do you write poems?"

"Oh, no; if I did, I don't think I could admire them."

"But how then—what do you mean?"

"Well—one can feel such poetry in every blink of sunshine even in this West Centre, and every breath of wind, and every stray recollection of some great book that one has read, when we were young, you know. That poetry never is brought to the awful test of being written down and read out. I do so feel for Mr. Blanchet; I suppose his poems seemed glorious before they were written out."

"But I think they seem glorious to him even still."

"They do—and to Mary. Mr. Heron, tell me honestly and without affectation—are you really a judge of poetry?"

"Not I," said Heron. "I adore a few old poets and one or two new ones, but I couldn't tell why—and those that I admire everybody else admires too, so that I can't pretend to myself that I have any original judgment. My opinion, Miss Grey, isn't worth a rush."

"I am very glad to hear it—very. Neither is mine. So you see we may be both of us quite mistaken about Mr. Blanchet's poems."

"Of-course we may—I dare say we are; in fact I am quite sure we are," said Heron, growing enthusiastic.

"Anyhow it is possible. Now I have been thinking—"

"Yes, you have been thinking?"

"I don't know whether I am only going to prove myself a busybody; but I am so fond of Mary Blanchet."

"Yes: quite right; so am I—I mean I like her very much. But what do you think of doing?"

"Well, if one could do anything to get these poems published, or brought out in some way—if it could be done without Mr. Blanchet's knowledge, or if he could be got to approve of it, and was not too proud."

"All that I have been thinking of already," Victor said. "I do think it's a shame that a fellow shouldn't have a chance of fighting his battle for the want of a few wretched pounds."

"How glad I am now that I spoke of this to you! Then if I get up a little plot, you'll help me in it."

"I'll do everything—delighted."

"But first you must understand me. This is for my dear old friend, Mary Blanchet—not for Mr. Blanchet; I don't particularly care about him, in that sort of way, and I fancy that men generally can take care of themselves; but I can't bear to have Mary Blanchet disappointed, and that is why I want to do something. Now will you help me? I mean will you help me in my way?"

"I will help in any way you like, so long as I am allowed to help at all. But I don't quite understand what you mean."

"Don't you? I wish you did without being told so very, very clearly. Well, my Mary Blanchet is proud; and though she might accept for her brother a helping hand from me, it would be quite a different thing where a stranger was concerned. In plain English, Mr. Heron, whatever money is to be paid must be paid by me; or there shall be no plot. Now you understand."

"Yes, certainly; I quite understand your feelings. I should have liked——"

"No doubt; but there are so many things one could have liked. The thing is now, will you help me—on my conditions?"

"Of course I will; but what help can I give, as you have ordered things?"

"There are ever so many things to do which I couldn't do, and shouldn't even know how to go about: seeing publishers and printers, and all that kind of work."

"All that I'll do with pleasure; and I am only sorry that you limit me to that. May I ask, Miss Grey, how old are you?"

"What on earth has that to do with the matter? Shall you have to give the publishers a certificate of my birth?"

"No, it's not for that. But you seem to me a very young woman, and yet you order people and things as if you were a matron."

Minola smiled and colored a little. "I have lived an odd and lonely sort of life," she said, "and never learned manners; perhaps that is the reason. If I don't please you, Mr. Heron—frankly, I shan't try."

There was something at once constrained and sharp in her manner, such as Heron had not observed before. She seemed changed somehow as she spoke these unpropitiatory words.

"Oh, you do please me," he said; "sincere people always please me. Remember that I too admire the 'Misanthrope.'"

"Yes, very well; I am glad that you agree to my terms—and we are fellow-conspirators?"

"We are—and——"

"Stop! Here comes Mary."

Mary Blanchet came back. Her face had a curiously deprecating expression. She herself had been filled with wonder and delight by the reading of her brother's poems; but she had known Minola long enough to be as sensitive to her moods and half-implied meanings as the dog who catches from one glance at his master's face the knowledge of whether the master is or is not in a temper suited for play. Mary had done her very best to reassure her brother; but she had not herself felt quite satisfied about Minola's admiration.

"Well?" Mary said, looking be-

seechingly at Minola, and then appealingly at Victor, as if to ask whether he would not come to the rescue. "Well?"

"We have been talking," Minola said, with a resolute effort—"we have been talking—Mr. Heron and I—about your brother's poems, Mary; and we think that the public ought to have a chance of judging of them."

"Oh, thank you!" Mary exclaimed, and she clasped her hands fervently.

"Yes, Mr. Heron says he is clear about that."

"I was sure Mr. Heron would be," said Mary with becoming pride in her brother. She was not eager to ask any more questions, for she felt convinced that when Minola Grey said the poems ought to go before the public, they would somehow go; and she saw fame for her brother in the near distance. She thought she saw something else, too, as well as fame. The interest which Minola took in Herbert's poems must surely betoken some interest in Herbert himself. She knew well enough, too, that there is nothing which so disposes some women to love men as the knowledge that they are serving and helping the men. This subject of love the little poetess had long and quaintly studied. She had followed it through no end of poems and romances, and lain awake through long hours of many nights considering it. She had subjected it to severe analysis, bringing to the aid of the analyzing process that gift of imagination which it is rarely permitted to the hard scientific inquirer to employ to any purpose. She had pictured herself as the object of all manner of wooings, under every conceivable variety of circumstances. Love by surprise; love by the slow degrees of steady growth; love pressed upon her by ardent youth; gravely tendered by a dignified maturity which, until her coming, had never known such passion; love bending down to her from a castle, looking up to her from the cottage of the peasant—love in every form had tried her in fancy, and she

had pleased and vexed herself into conjuring up its various effects upon her susceptibility. But the general result of the poetess's self-examination was to show that the love which would most keenly touch her heart would be that which was born of passion and compassion united. He, that is to say, whom she had helped and patronized, and saved, would be the man she best could love. Perhaps Mary Blanchet's years had something to do with this turn of feeling. The unused emotions of the maternal went, in her breast, to blend with and make up the equally unsatisfied sentiments of love; and her vague idea of a lover was that of somebody who should be husband and child in one.

Anyhow the result of all this, in the present instance, was that Mary felt a sudden and strong conviction that to allow Minola Grey to do Herbert a kindly service was a grand thing gained toward inducing Minola to fall in love with him.

So the three conspirators fell to making their arrangements. The parts were easily divided. Mr. Heron was to undertake the business of the affair, to see publishers, and printers, and so forth; Mary Blanchet was to undertake, or at least endeavor, to obtain the consent of her brother, whose proud spirit might perhaps revolt against such patronage, even from friendly hands. Miss Grey was to bear the cost. It was soon a very gratifying thing to the conspirators to know that no objection whatever was likely to come from Mr. Blanchet. The poet accepted the proffered favor not only with readiness, but with joy, and was particularly delighted and flattered when he learned from Mary—what Mary was specially ordered not to tell him—that Miss Grey was his lady-patroness. He was to have been allowed vaguely to understand that friends and admirers—whose name might have been legion—were combined to secure justice for him. But Mary, in the pride of her heart, told him all the truth, and her brother was greatly

pleased and very proud. The only stipulation he made was that the poems should be brought out in a certain style, with such paper, such margins, such binding, and so on; according to the pattern of another poet's works, whereof he was to furnish a copy.

"She will be rich one day, Mary," he said, "and she can afford to do something for art."

"Will she be rich?" Mary asked, eagerly. "Oh, I am so glad! She ought to be a princess; she should be, if I were a queen."

"Yes, she'll be rich—what you and I would call rich," he said carelessly. "Everything is to be hers when the stepmother dies; and I believe she is in a galloping consumption."

"How do you know, Herbert?"

"You asked me to inquire, you know," he said, "and I did inquire. It was easily done. Her father left his money and things to his second wife only for her life. When she dies everything comes to your friend; and I hear the woman can't live long. Keep all that to yourself, Mary."

"I am sure Minola doesn't know anything about it. I know she never asked nor thought of it."

"Very likely, and the old people would not tell her. But it's true for all that. So you see, Mary, we can afford to have justice done to these poems of mine. If they are stones of any value, let them be put in proper setting or not set at all. I am entitled to ask that much."

CHAPTER XII.

"LOVE, THE MESSENGER OF DEATH."

VICTOR HERON seemed to Minola about this time in a fair way to let his great grievance go by altogether. He was filled with it personally when he had time to think about it, but the grievances of somebody else were always coming across his path, and drawing away his attention from his own affairs. Minola very soon noticed this peculiarity in him, and at

first could hardly believe in its genuineness; it so conflicted with all her accepted theories about the ingrained selfishness of man. But by watching and studying his ways, which she did with some interest, she found that he really had that unusual weakness; and she was partly amused and partly annoyed by it. She felt angry with him now and then for neglecting his own task, like another Hylas, to pick up every little blossom of alien grievance flung in his way. She pressed on him with an earnestness which their growing friendship seemed to warrant the necessity of his doing something to set his cause right, or ceasing to tell himself that he had a cause which called for justice.

It would not be easy to find a more singular friendship than that which was growing up between Miss Grey and Victor. She received him whenever he chose to come and see her. Many a night, when Mary Blanchet and she sat together, he would look in upon them as he went to some dinner-party, or even as he came home from one, if he had got away early, and have a few minutes' talk with them. He came often in the afternoon, and if Minola did not happen to be at home, he would nevertheless remain and have a long chat with Mary Blanchet. He seemed always in good humor with himself and everybody else, except in so far as his grievance was concerned, and always perfectly happy. It has been already shown that although quite a young man, he considered himself, by virtue of his experience and his public career, ever so much older than Minola. Once or twice he sent a throb of keen delight through Mary Blanchet's heart by speaking of something that "I can remember, Miss Blanchet, and perhaps you may remember it—but Miss Grey couldn't of course." To be put on anything like equal ground with him as to years was a delightful experience to the poetess. It was all the more delicious because there was such an evident genuineness in his suggestion.

Of course, if he had meant to pay her a compliment—such as a foolish person might be pleased with, but not she, thank goodness—he would have pretended to think her as young as Minola. But he had done nothing of the kind; and he evidently thought that she was about the same age as himself.

At all events, and it was more to the purpose, he set down Miss Grey as belonging to quite a different stage of growth from that to which he had attained. He thought her a handsome and very clever girl, who had the additional advantage over most other girls that she was rather tall, and that he therefore was not compelled to stoop much when speaking to her. He liked women and girls generally. He hardly ever saw the woman or girl he did not like. If he knew that a woman was insincere or affected, he would not have liked her; but then he never knew it; he never saw it; it never occurred to him. Anybody could have seen that he was a man who had no sisters or girl-cousins. The most innocent and natural affectations of womanhood were too deep for him to see. There really was a great deal of truth in what he had said to Minola about his goddess theory as regarded women. He made no secret about his greatly admiring her—thinking her very clever and fresh and handsome. He would without any hesitation have told her that he liked her best of all the women he knew, but then he had often told her that he liked other women very much. He seemed, therefore, the man whom a pure and fearless woman, even though living in Minola's odd condition of semi-isolation, might frankly accept as a friend without the slightest fear for the tranquillity of his heart or of hers. Minola, too, had always in her own breast resented with anger and contempt the idea that a man and woman can never be brought together and allowed to walk in the beaten way of friendship without their forthwith wandering off into the thickets and thorny places of love. All such ideas she looked upon as imbe-

cility, and scorned. "I don't like men," she used to say to herself and even to others pretty freely. "I never saw a man fit to hold a candle to my Alceste. I never saw the man who seemed to me worth a woman's troubling her heart about." She began to say this of late more than ever—and to say it to herself, especially when the day and the evening had closed and she was alone in her own room. She said it over almost as if it were a sort of charm.

The business of the poems now gave him many occasions to call, and one particular afternoon Victor called when, by a rare chance, Mary Blanchet happened to be out of doors. Minola had had it on her mind that he was not pushing his cause very earnestly, and was glad of the opportunity of telling him so. He listened with great good humor. It is nearly as agreeable to be lectured as to be praised by a handsome young woman who is unaffectedly interested in one's welfare.

"I shall lose my good opinion of you if you don't keep more steadily to your purpose."

"But I do keep steadily to it. I am always thinking of it."

"No; you allow anything and everything to interfere with you. Anybody's affairs seem more to you than your own."

Victor shook his head.

"That isn't the reason," he said. "I wish it were, or anything half so good: No; the truth is that I get ashamed of the cursed work of trying to interest people in my affairs who don't want to take any interest in them. I am a restless sort of person and must be doing something, and my own business is now in that awful stage when there is nothing practical or active to be done with it. I find it easier to get up an appearance of prodigious activity about some other person's affairs. And then, Miss Grey, I don't mind confessing that I am rather sensitive and morbid—egotistic, I suppose—and if any one looks coldly on me when I endeavor to interest him in

my own affairs, I take it to heart more than if it were the business of somebody else I had in hand."

"But you talked at one time of appealing to the public. Why don't you do that?"

"Get people to bring my case on in the House of Commons?"

"Yes; why not?"

"It looks like being patronized and protected and made a client of."

"Well, why don't you try and get the chance of doing it yourself?"

He smiled.

"I still do hold to that idea—or that dream. I should like it very much if one only had a chance. But no chance seems to turn up; and one loses heart sometimes."

"Oh, no," Minola said earnestly, "don't do that."

"Don't do what?"

He had hardly been thinking of his own words, and he seemed a little surprised at the earnestness of her tone.

"Don't lose heart. Don't give way. Don't fall into the track of the commonplace, and become like every one else. Keep to your purpose, Mr. Heron, and don't be beaten out of it."

"No; I haven't the least idea of that, I can assure you. Quite the contrary. But it is so hard to get a chance, or to do anything all at once. Everything moves so slowly in England. But I have a plan—we are doing something."

"I am very glad. You seem to me to be doing nothing for yourself."

"Do I? I can assure you I am much less Quixotic than you imagine. Now, I am so glad to hear that you still like the Parliamentary scheme, because that is the idea that I have particularly at heart; and if the idea comes to anything, there are some reasons why you should take a special interest in it."

"Are there really? May I be told what they are?"

"Well, the whole thing is only in prospect and uncertainty just yet. The idea is Money's, not mine; he has found out that there is going to be

a vacancy in a certain borough," and Victor smiled and looked at her, "before long; and his idea is that I should become a candidate, and tell the people my whole story right out, and ask them to give me a chance of defending myself in the House. But the thing is not yet in shape enough to talk much about it. Only I thought you would be glad to know that I haven't thrown up the sponge all at once."

Minola did not very clearly follow all that he had been saying; partly because she was beginning to be afraid that to put herself into the position of adviser and confidante to this young man was a scarcely becoming performance on her part. Her mind was a little perturbed, and she was not a very good listener then. Some people say that women seldom are good listeners; that while they are playing the part of audience they are still thinking how they look as performers. Anyhow, Minola was now growing anxious to escape from her position.

"I am so glad," she said vaguely, "that you are doing something, and that you don't mean to allow yourself to be beaten."

"I don't mean to be, I assure you," he said, a little surprised at her sudden coolness. "I shouldn't like to be. That isn't my way, I hope."

"I hope not too, and I think not; I wish I had such a purpose. Life seems to me such a pitiful thing—and in a man especially—when there is no great clear purpose in it."

"But is a man's trying to get himself a new appointment a great clear purpose?" he asked with a smile. He was now trying to draw her out again on the subject, having been much pleased with the interest she seemed to take in him, and a little amused by the gravity with which she tendered her advice.

"No, but yours is not merely trying to get an appointment. You are trying to have justice done to your past career and to get an opportunity

of being useful again in the same sort of way. You don't want to lead an idle life lounging about London. Mr. Blanchet has his poems; Mr. Money has—well, he has his business, whatever it is, and he is in Parliament.”

At this moment the servant entered and handed a card to Minola. A gentleman, she said, particularly wished to see Miss Grey, but he would call any time she pleased to name if she could not see him at present. Minola's cheek grew red as she glanced at the card, for it bore the name of Mr. Augustus Sheppard, and it had the words pencilled on it, “Wishes particularly to see you—has important business.” Her lips trembled. Nothing could be more embarrassing and painful than such a visitation. The disagreeable memory of Mr. Sheppard and of the part of her life to which he belonged had been banished from her thoughts, at least except for occasional returning glimpses, and now here was Mr. Sheppard himself in London and asserting a right to see her. She could not refuse him, for he did, perhaps, come to her with some message from those in Keeton who still would have called themselves her family. Mary Blanchet had only just gone out, and Minola was left to talk with Mr. Sheppard alone. For a moment she had a wild idea of begging Victor Heron to stay and bear her company during the interview. But she put this thought away instantly, and made up her mind that she had better hear what Mr. Sheppard had to say alone.

“Show the gentleman in, Jane,” she said, as composedly as she could. “A friend—at least a friend of my people, from my old place, Mr. Heron.”

Heron was looking at her, she thought, in a manner that showed he had noticed her embarrassment.

“Well, I must wish you a good morning,” Mr. Heron said. “Be sure I shan't forget what you were saying.”

“Thank you—yes; what was I saying?”

“Oh, the very good advice you

were giving me; and I propose to hear it all out another time. Good morning.”

“Don't go for a moment—pray don't?” she asked, with an earnestness which surprised Victor. “Only a moment—I would rather you didn't go just yet.”

The thought suddenly went through her that Mr. Sheppard was the very man to put an exaggerated meaning on the slightest thing that seemed to hint at secrecy of any kind, and that she had better take care to let him see, face to face, what sort of visitor was with her when he came. Victor was glad in any case of the chance of remaining a few moments longer, and was in no particular hurry to go so long as he could think he was not in anybody's way.

Victor Heron stood, hat in hand, on the hearth-rug near the chimney-piece. As Mr. Sheppard entered, Heron was the first person he happened to see, and the entirely unexpected sight surprised him. He glanced confusedly from Heron to Minola before he spoke a word, and his manner, always stiff and formal, seemed to acquire in a moment an additional incubus of constraint. Victor Heron had something about him which did not seem exactly English, and which, to a provincial mind, might well suggest the appearance of a foreigner—a Frenchman. Mr. Sheppard had never felt quite satisfied in his own mind about that mysterious rival of whom Minola spoke to him on the memorable day when he saw her last. She had told him that her Alceste was only “a man who lived in a book, Mr. Sheppard—in what you would call a play.” How well he remembered the very words she used, and the expression of contempt on her lips as she used them. And he had got the book—the play—and read it—toiled through it—and found that there was an Alceste in it. So far she had told the truth, no doubt; but might not the Alceste have a living embodiment, or might she not have found since that time a supposed realization of her Al-

ceste, and might not this be he—this handsome, foreign-looking young man, who was lounging there as coolly and easily as if the place belonged to him? For a moment an awful doubt filled his mind. Could she be married? Was that her husband?

"Miss Grey?" he said in hesitating and questioning tone, as that of one who is not quite clear about the identity of the person he is addressing; but Mr. Sheppard was only giving form unconsciously to the doubt in his own mind. Are you still Miss Grey?

The words and their tone were rather fortunate for Minola. They amused her and seemed ridiculous, although she did not guess at Mr. Sheppard's real meaning, and they enabled her to get back at once to her easy contempt for him.

"You must have forgotten my appearance very soon, Mr. Sheppard," she said in a tone which carried the contempt so lightly and easily that he probably did not perceive it, "or I must have changed very much, if you are not quite certain whether I am Miss Grey. You have not changed at all. I should have known you anywhere."

"It is not that," Mr. Sheppard said with a little renewal of cheerfulness. "I should have known you anywhere, Miss Grey. You have not changed, except indeed that you have, if that were possible, improved. Indeed, I would venture to say that you have decidedly improved."

"Thank you: you are very kind."

"It would be less surprising, if you, Miss Grey, had had some difficulty in recognizing me. Fortune, perhaps, has withdrawn some of her blessings from others only to pour them more lavishly on you."

"I feel very well, thank you; but I hope fortune has not been robbing any Peter to pay Paul in my case. You, at least, don't seem to have been cheated out of any of your good health, Mr. Sheppard."

While he made his little formal speeches Mr. Sheppard continued to

glance sidelong at Victor Heron. Mr. Heron now left his place at the chimney-piece and came forward to take his leave.

"Must you go?" Minola asked, with as easy a manner as she could assume. She dreaded a *tête-à-tête* with Sheppard, and she also dreaded to let it be seen that she dreaded it. If Mary Blanchet would only come!

An expedient occurred to her for putting off the dreaded conversation yet a moment, and giving Mary Blanchet another chance.

"I should like my friends to know each other," Minola said, with a gayety of manner which was hardly in keeping with her natural ways. "People are not introduced to each other now, I believe, when they meet by chance in London, but we are none of us Londoners. Mr. Sheppard comes from Keeton, Mr. Heron, and is one of the oldest friends of my family."

Mr. Heron held out his hand with eyes of beaming friendliness.

"Mr. Heron?" Sheppard asked slowly. "Mr. Victor Heron?"

"Victor Heron, indeed!"

"Mr. Victor Heron, formerly of the St. Xavier's Settlements?"

Heron only nodded this time, finding Mr. Sheppard's manner not agreeable. Minola wondered what her townsman was thinking of, and how he came to know Heron's name and history.

"Then my name must surely be known to you, Mr. Heron. The name of Augustus Sheppard, of Duke's-Keeton?"

"No, sir," Heron replied. "I am sorry to say that I don't remember to have heard the name before."

"Indeed," Mr. Sheppard said with a formal smile, intended to be incredulous and yet not to seem too plainly so. "Yet we are rivals, Mr. Heron."

Minola started and colored.

"At least we are to be," Mr. Sheppard went on—"if rumor in Duke's-Keeton speaks the truth. I am not wrong in assuming that I have the honor of addressing the future Radical

—I mean Liberal—candidate for that borough?"

"Oh, that's it," Heron said carelessly. "Yes, yes: I didn't know that rumor had yet troubled herself about the matter so much as to speak of it truly or falsely. But of course, since you have heard it, Mr. Sheppard, it's no secret. I have some ideas that way, Miss Grey. I intend to try whether I can impress your townspeople. This gentleman, I suppose, is on the other side."

"I am the other side," Mr. Sheppard said gravely. "I am to be the Conservative candidate—I was accepted by the party as the Conservative candidate, no matter who the Radical may be."

"Well, Mr. Sheppard, we shall not be the less good friends I hope," Heron said cheerily. "I can't be expected to wish that the best man may win, for that would be to wish failure for myself; but I wish the better cause may win, and in that you will join me. Good morning, Miss Grey!"

The room seemed to grow very chilly to Minola when his bright smile and sweet courteous tones were withdrawn and she was left with her old lover.

There was not much in Sheppard's appearance to win her back to any interest in him. He did not compare advantageously with Victor Heron. When Heron left the room, the light seemed to have gone out; Heron was so fresh, so free, so sweet, and yet so strong, full of youth, and spirit, and manhood—a natural gentleman without the insipidity of the manners of society. Poor Augustus Sheppard was formal, constrained, and prosaic; he had not even the dignity of austerity. He was not self-sufficing: he was only self-sufficient. As he stood there he was awkward, and almost cowed. He seemed as if he were afraid of the girl, and Minola was woman enough to be angry with him because he seemed afraid of her. He was handsome, but in that commonplace sort of way

which in a woman's eye is often worse than being ugly. Minola felt almost pitiless toward him, although the girl's whole nature was usually full of pity, for, as has already been said, she did not believe in his affection, and thought him a thorough sham. He stood awkwardly there, and she would not relieve him from his embarrassment by saying a word.

"Well, Miss Grey," he began at last, "I suppose you hardly expected to see me."

"I did not know you were in town, Mr. Sheppard."

"I fear I am not very welcome," he said, with an uncomfortable smile; "but your mother particularly wished me to see you."

"My mother, Mr. Sheppard?" Minola grew red with pain and anger.

"I mean your stepmother, of course—the wife of your father."

"Once the wife of my father; now the wife of somebody else."

"Well, well, at all events the person who might be naturally supposed to have the best claim to some authority—or influence—influence let us say—over you."

"Has Mrs. Saulsbury sent you to say that she thinks she ought to have some influence over me?"

"Oh, no," he answered with that gentle deprecation of anger which is usually such fuel to anger's fire. "Mrs. Saulsbury has given up any idea of the kind long since—quite long since, I assure you. I think, if you will permit me to say it, that you were always a little unjust in your judgment of Mrs. Saulsbury. She is a true-hearted and excellent woman."

Minola said nothing. Perhaps she felt that she never had been quite in a position to do impartial justice to the excellence and the true-heartedness of Mrs. Saulsbury.

"But," Mr. Sheppard resumed, with a gentle motion of his hands, as if he would wave away now all superfluous and hopeless controversy, "that was not what I came to say."

Minola bowed slightly to signify that she was glad to know he was coming to the point at last.

"Mrs. Saulsbury is in very weak health, Miss Grey; something wrong with the lungs, I fear."

Minola was not much impressed at first. It was one of Mrs. Saulsbury's ways to cry "wolf" very often, as regarded the condition of her lungs, and up to the time of Minola's leaving, people had not been in serious expectation of the wolf's really putting his head in at the door.

Mr. Sheppard saw in Minola's face what she did not say.

"It is something really serious," he said. "Mr. Saulsbury knows it and every one. You have not been in correspondence with them for some time, Miss Grey."

"No," said Miss Grey. "I wrote, and nobody answered my letter."

"I am afraid it was regarded as—"

"Undutiful perhaps?"

"Well—unfriendly. But Mrs. Saulsbury now fears—or rather knows, for she is too good a woman to fear—that the end is nigh, and she wishes to be in fullest reconciliation with every one."

"Oh, has she sent for me?" Minola said, with something like a cry, all her coldness and formality vanishing with her contempt. "I'll go, Mr. Sheppard—oh, yes, at once! I did not know—I never thought that she was really in any danger."

Poor Minola! With all her wild-bird freedom and her pride in her lonely independence and her love of London, there yet remained in her that instinct of home, that devotion to the principle of family and authority, that she would have done homage at such a moment, and with something like enthusiasm, to even such a simulacrum of the genius of home as she had lately known. Something had passed through her mind that very day as she talked with Heron, and feared she had talked too freely; something that had made her think with vague pain of yearning on the sweetness of a shelter-

ed home. Her heart beat as she thought, "I will go to her—I will go home; I will try to love her."

Mr. Sheppard dispelled her enthusiasm. "Mrs. Saulsbury did not exactly express a wish to see you."

"Oh!"

"In fact, when that was suggested to her—I am sure I need hardly say that I at once suggested it—she thought, and perhaps wisely, that it would be better you should not meet."

Minola drew back, and stood as Mr. Heron had been standing near the chimney-piece. She did not speak.

"But Mrs. Saulsbury begged me to convey to you the assurance of her entire and cordial forgiveness."

Minola bowed gravely.

"And her hope that you will be happy in life and be guided toward true ends, and find that peace which it has been her privilege to find."

Minola bore all this without a word.

"What shall I say to her from you?" he asked. "Miss Grey, remember that she is dying."

The caution was not needed.

"Say that I thank her," said Minola in a low, subdued tone. "Say that, after what flourish your nature will, Mr. Sheppard. I suppose I was wrong as much as she. I suppose it was often my fault that we did not get on better. Say that I am deeply grieved to hear that she is so dangerously ill, but that I hope—oh, so sincerely!—that she may yet recover."

Mr. Sheppard looked into her eyes with puzzled wonder. Was she speaking in affected meekness, or in irony, as was her wont? Was the proud, rebellious girl really so gentle and subdued? Could it be that she took thus humbly Mrs. Saulsbury's pardon? Yes, it seemed all genuine. There was no constraint on the lines of her lips; no scorn in her eyes. In truth, the sympathetic and generous heart of the girl was touched to the quick. The prospect of death sanctified the woman who had been so hard to her, and turned her cold, self-complacent pardon into a blessing. If the dying

are often the most egotistic and self-complacent of all human creatures, and are apt to make of their very condition a fresh title to lord it for the moment over the living—as if none had ever died before, and none would die after them, and therefore the world must pay special attention and homage to them—if this is so, Minola did not then know it or think about it.

The one thing on earth which Mr. Sheppard most loved to see was woman amenable to authority. He longed more passionately than ever to make Minola his wife.

"There is something else on which I should like to have your permission to speak," he said; and his thin lips grew a little tremulous. "But I could come another time, if you preferred."

"I would rather you said now, Mr. Sheppard, whatever you wish to say to me."

"It is only the old story. Have you reconsidered your determination—you remember that last day—in Keeton? I am still the same."

"So am I, Mr. Sheppard."

"But things have changed—many things; and you may want a home; and you may grow tired of this kind of life—and I shan't be a person to be ashamed of, Minola! I am going to be in Parliament, and you shall hear me speak—and I know I shall get on. I have great patience. I succeed in everything—I really do."

She smiled sadly and shook her head.

"In everything else I do assure you, so far—and I may even in that; I must, for I have set my heart upon it."

She turned to him with a glance of scorn and anger. But his face was so full of genuine emotion, of anxiety and passion and pain, that its handsome commonplace character became almost poetic. His lips were quivering; and she could see drops of moisture on his shining forehead, and his eyes were positively glittering as if in tears.

"Don't speak harshly to me," he pleaded; "for I don't deserve it. I

love you with all my heart, and to-day more than ever—a thousand times more—for you have shown yourself so generous and forgiving—and—and like a Christian."

Then for the first time the thought came, a conviction, into her mind—"He really is sincere!" A great wave of new compassion swept away all other emotions.

"Mr. Sheppard," she said in softened tones, "I do ask of you not to say any more of this. I couldn't love you even if I tried, and why should you wish me to try? I am not worth all this—I tell you with all my heart that I am not worth it, and that you would think so one day if I were foolish enough to—to listen to you. Oh! indeed you are better without me! I wish you every success and happiness. I don't want to marry."

"Once," he said, "you told me there was no one you cared for but a man in a book. I wonder is that so now?"

In spite of herself the color rushed into Minola's face. It was a lucky question for her, however unlucky for him, because it recalled her from her softer mood to natural anger.

"You can believe me in love with any one you please to select in or out of a book, Mr. Sheppard, so long as it gives you a reason for not persecuting me with your own attentions. I like a man in a book better than one out of it; it is so easy to close the book and be free of his company when he grows disagreeable."

She did not look particularly like a Christian then, probably, in his eyes. He left her, his heart bursting with love and anger. When Mary Blanchet returned she found Minola pale and haggard, her eyes wasted with tears.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MAN OF THE TIME.

SEVERAL days passed away, and Minola heard no more from Mr. Sheppard. She continued in a state of

much agitation; her nerves, highly strung, were sharply jarred by the news of the approaching death of Mrs. Saulsbury. It was almost like watching outside a door, and counting the slow, painful hours of some lingering life within, while yet one may not enter and look upon the pale face, and mingle with the friends or the mourners, but is shut out and left to ask and wait; it was like this, the time of suspense which Minola passed, not knowing whether the wife of her father was alive or dead. As is the way of all generous natures, it was now Minola's impulse to accuse and blame herself because there had been so little of mutual forbearance in her old home at Keeton. She kept wondering whether things might not have gone better, if she had said and done this or that; or, if she had not said and done something else. Full of this feeling, she wrote a long emotional letter to Mr. Saulsbury, which she begged of him to read to his wife, if she were in a condition to hear it. The letter was suffused with generous penitence and self-humiliation. It was a letter which perhaps no impartial person could have read without becoming convinced that its writer must have been in the right in most of the controversies of the past.

The letter did not reach the eyes or ears for which it was particularly intended. Minola received a coldly forgiving answer from Mr. Saulsbury—forgiving her upon his own account, which was more than Minola had sought—but adding, that he had not thought it desirable to withdraw, for a moment, by the memory of earthly controversies, the mind of his wife from the contemplation of that well-merited heaven which was opening upon her. Great goodness has one other advantage in addition to all the rest over unconverted error; it can, out of its own beatification, find a means of rebuking those with whom it is not on terms of friendship. The expected ascent of Mrs. Saulsbury into heaven became another means of show-

ing poor Minola her own unworthiness. Mr. Saulsbury closed by saying that Mrs. Saulsbury might linger yet a little, but that her apotheosis (this, however, was not his word) was only a question of days.

There was nothing left for Minola but to wait, and now accuse and now try to justify herself. Many a time there came back to her mind the three faces on the mausoleum in Keeton, the symbols of life, death, and eternity; and she could not help wondering whether the mere passing through the portal of death could all at once transfigure a cold, narrow-minded, peevish, egotistical human creature into the soul of lofty calmness and ineffable sweetness, all peace and love, which the sculptor had set out in his illustration of humanity's closing state.

Meantime, she kept generally at home, except for her familiar walks in the park and her now less frequent visits to the British Museum and to South Kensington. Lucy Money, surprised at her absence, hunted her up, to use Lucy's own expression, and declared that she was looking pale and wretched, and that she must come over to Victoria street, and pass a day or two there, for companionship and change. Mary Blanchet, too, pressed Minola to go; and at last she consented, not unwilling to be taken forcibly out of her self-inquisition and her anxieties for the moment. She had made no other acquaintances, and seemed resolute not to make any; but there was always something peculiarly friendly and genial to her in the atmosphere of the Moneys' home. The whole family had been singularly kind to her, and their kindness was absolutely disinterested. Minola could not but love Mrs. Money, and could not but be a little amused by her; and there was something very pleasing to her in Mr. Money's strong common sense and blunt originality. Minola liked, too, the curious little peeps at odd groupings of human life which she could obtain by sitting for a few hours in Mrs. Money's drawing-room.

All the *schœdormerei* of letters, politics, art, and social life seemed to illustrate itself "in little" there.

Minola, when she accompanied Lucy to her home, was taken by the girl up and down to this room and that to see various new things that had been bought, and the two young women entered Mrs. Money's drawing-room a little after the hour when she usually began to receive visitors. A large lady, who spoke with a very deep voice, was seated in earnest conversation with Mrs. Money.

"This is my darling, sweet Lucy, I perceive," the lady said in tones of soft rolling thunder as the young women came in.

"Oh—Lady Limpenny!"

"Come here, child, and embrace me! But this is not your sister? My sight begins to fail me so terribly; we must expect it, Mrs. Money, at our time of life."

Lucy tossed her head at this, and could hardly be civil. She was always putting in little protests, more or less distinctly expressed, against Lady Limpenny's classification of Mrs. Money and herself as on the same platform in the matter of age, and talking so openly of "their time of life." In truth, Mrs. Money was still quite a young-looking woman, while Lady Limpenny herself was a remarkably well-preserved and even handsome matron; a little perhaps too full-blown, and who might at the worst have sat fairly enough for a portrait of Hamlet's mother, according to the popular dramatic rendering of Queen Gertrude.

"No; this young lady is taller than Theresa. I can see that, although I have forgotten my glass. I always forget or mislay my glass."

"This is Miss Grey—Miss Minola Grey," said Mrs. Money. "Lady Limpenny, allow me to introduce my dear young friend, Miss Minola Grey."

"Dear child, what a sweet, pretty name! Now tell me, dearest, where did your people find out that name? I should so like to know."

"I think it was found in Shake-

spere," Minola answered. "It was my mother's choice, I believe."

"A name in the family, no doubt. Some names run in families. I dare say you have had a—what is it?—Minola in your family in every generation. One cannot tell the origin of these things. I have often thought of making a study of family names. Now my name—Laura. There never was a generation of our family—we are the Atomleys—there never was a generation of the Atomleys without a Laura. Now, how curious, in my husband's family—Sir James Limpenny—in every generation one of the girls was always called by the pet name of Chat. Up to the days of the Conquest, I do believe—or is it the Confessor perhaps?—you would find a Chat Limpenny."

"There is a Chat Moss somewhere near Manchester," said Lucy saucily, still not forgiving the remark about the time of life. "We crossed it once in a railway."

"Oh, but that has nothing to do with it, Lucy darling—nothing at all. I am speaking of girls, you know—girls called by a pet name. I dare say that name was in my husband's family—oh, long before the place you speak of was ever discovered. But now, Miss Grey, do pray excuse me again—such a very charming name—Minola! But pray do excuse me: may I ask is that hair all your own? One is curious, you know, when one sees such wonderful hair."

"Yes, Lady Limpenny," Minola said imperturbably. "My hair is all my own."

"I should think Nota's hair was all her own indeed," Lucy struck in. "I have seen her doing it a dozen times. Not likely that she would put on false hair."

"But, my sweet child, I do assure you that's nothing now," the indomitable Lady Limpenny went on. "Almost everybody wears it now—it's hardly any pretence any more. That's why I asked Miss Grey—because I thought she perhaps wouldn't mind,

seeing that we are only women, we here. And it is such wonderful hair—and it is all her own !”

“Yes,” murmured Lucy, “all her own; and her teeth are her own too; and even her eyes.”

“She has beautiful eyes indeed. You have, my dear,” the good-natured Lady Limpenny went on, having only caught the last part of Lucy’s interjected sentence. “But that does not surprise one—at least, I mean, when we see lovely eyes, we don’t fancy that the wearer of them has bought them in a shop. But hair is very different—and that is why I took the liberty of asking this young lady. But now, my darling Theresa Money, may I ask again about your husband? Do you know that it was to see him particularly I came to-day—not you. Yes indeed! But you are not angry with me—I know you don’t mind. I do so want to have his advice on this very, very important matter.”

“Lucy, dear, will you ask your papa if he will come down for a few moments—I know he will—to see Lady Limpenny?”

Mr. Money’s ways were well known to Lady Limpenny. He grumbled if disturbed by a servant, unless there was the most satisfactory and sufficient reason, but he would put up with a great deal of intrusion from Lucelet. The very worst that could happen to Lucelet was to have one of her pretty ears gently pulled. So Lucy went to disturb him unabashed, although she knew he was always disposed to chaff Lady Limpenny.

“But you really don’t mean to say that you are going to part with all your china—with your uncle’s wonderful china?” Mrs. Money asked with eyes of almost tearful sympathy, resuming the talk which Minola’s entrance had disturbed.

“My darling, yes! I must do it! It is unavoidable.”

Minola assumed that this was some story of sudden impoverishment, and she could not help looking up at the lady with wondering and regretful

eyes, although not knowing whether she ought to have heard the remark, or whether she was not a little in the way.

Lady Limpenny caught the look.

“This dear young lady is sympathetic, I know, and I am sure she loves china, and can appreciate my sacrifice. But it ought not to be a sacrifice. It is a duty—a sacred duty.”

“But is it?” Mrs. Money pleaded.

“Dearest, yes! My soul was in danger. I was in danger every hour of breaking the first Commandment! My china was becoming my idolatry! There was a blue set which was coming between me and heaven. I was in danger of going on my knees to it every day. I found that my whole heart was becoming absorbed in it! One day it was borne in upon me; it came on me like a flash. It was the day I had been to hear Christie and Manson——”

“To hear what?” Mrs. Money asked in utter amazement.

“Oh, what have I been saying? Christie and Manson! My dear, that only shows you the turn one’s wandering sinful thoughts will take! I mean, of course, Moody and Sankey. What a shame to confuse such names!”

“Oh, Moody and Sankey,” Mrs. Money said again, becoming clear in her mind.

“Well, it flashed upon me there that I was in danger; and I saw where the danger lay. Darling, I made up my mind that moment! When I came home I rushed—positively rushed—into Sir James’s study. ‘James,’ I said, ‘don’t remonstrate—pray don’t. My mind is made up; I’ll part with all my china.’”

“Dear me!” Mrs. Money gently observed. “And Sir James—what did he say?”

“Well,” Lady Limpenny went on, with an air of disappointment, “he only said, ‘All right,’ or something of that kind. He was writing, and he hardly looked up. He doesn’t care.” And she sighed.

"But how good he is not to make any objection!"

"Yes—oh, yes; he is the best of men. But he thinks I won't do it after all."

Mrs. Money smiled.

"Now, Theresa Money, I wonder at you! I do really. Of course I know what you are smiling at. You too believe I won't do it. Do you think I would sacrifice my soul—deliberately sacrifice my soul—even for china? You, dearest, might have known me better."

"But would one sacrifice one's soul?"

"Darling, with my temperament, yes! Alas, yes! I know it; and therefore I am resolved. Oh, here is Mr. Money. But not alone!"

Mr. Money entered the room, but not alone indeed, for there came with him a very tall man, whom Minola did not know; and then, a little behind them, Lucy Money and Victor Heron. Mr. Money spoke to Lady Limpenny, and then, with his usual friendly warmth, to Minola; and then he presented the new-comer, Mr. St. Paul, to his wife.

Mr. St. Paul attracted Minola's attention from the first. He was very tall, as has been said, but somewhat stooped in the shoulders. He had a perfectly bloodless face, with keen, bold blue eyes; his square, rather receding forehead showed deep horizontal lines when he talked as if he were an old man; and he was nearly bald. His square chin and his full, firm lips were bare of beard or moustache. He might at times have seemed an elderly man, and yet one soon came to the conclusion that he was a young man looking prematurely old. There was a curious hardihood about him, which was not swagger, and which had little of carelessness, or at all events of joyousness, about it. He was evidently what would be called a gentleman, but the gentleman seemed somehow to have got mixed up with the rowdy. Minola promptly decided that she did not like him. She could hear Mr. St.

Paul talking in a loud, rapid, and strident voice to Mrs. Money, apparently telling her, offhand, of travel and adventure.

Lady Limpenny had seized possession of Mr. Money, and was endeavoring to get his advice about the sale of her china, and impress him with a sense of the importance of saving her soul. Minola was near Mrs. Money, and had just bowed to Victor Heron, when Mr. St. Paul turned his blue eyes upon her.

"This is your elder daughter, I presume," he said. "May I be introduced, Mrs. Money? Your husband told me she was not so handsome as her sister, but I really can't admit that."

Mrs. Money was not certain for a moment whether her daughter Theresa might not have come into the room; but when she saw that he was looking at Miss Grey, she said, in her deep tone of melancholy kindness—

"No, this is not my daughter, Mr. St. Paul; and even with all a mother's partiality, I have to own that Theresa is not nearly so handsome as this young lady. Miss Grey, may I introduce Mr. St. Paul? Miss Grey comes from Duke's-Keeton. Mr. St. Paul and you ought to be acquaintances."

"Oh, you come from Duke's-Keeton, Miss Grey"; and he dropped Mrs. Money, and drew himself a chair next to Minola. "So do I—I believe I was born there. Do you like the old place?"

"No; I don't think I like it."

"Nor I; in fact I hate it. Do you live there now?"

She explained that she had now left Keeton for good, and was living in London. He laughed.

"I left it for good long ago, or for bad. I have been about the world for ever so many years; I've only just got back to town. I've been hunting in Texas, and rearing cattle in Kansas—that sort of thing. I left Keeton because I didn't get on with my people."

Minola could not help smiling at

what seemed the odd similarity in their history.

"You smile because you think it was no wonder they didn't get on with me, I suppose? I left long ago—cut and run long before you were born. My brother and I don't get on; never shall, I dare say. I am generally considered to have disgraced the family. He's going back to Keeton, where he hasn't been for years; and so am I, for a while. He's been travelling in the East, and living in Italy, and all that sort of thing, while I've been hunting buffaloes and growing cattle out West."

"Are you going to settle in Keeton now?" Miss Grey asked, for lack of anything else to say.

"Not I; oh, no! I don't suppose I could settle anywhere now. You can't, I think, when you've got into the way of knocking about the world. I don't know a soul down there now, I suppose. I'm going to Keeton now chiefly to annoy my brother." And he laughed a laugh of half-cynical good humor, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets.

"A Christian purpose," Miss Grey said.

"Yes, isn't it? We were always like that, I assure you; the elders and the youngers never could hit off—always quarrelling. I'm one of the youngers, though you wouldn't think so to look at me, Miss Grey? Do look at me."

Miss Grey looked at him very composedly. He gazed into her bright eyes with undisguised admiration.

"Well, I'm going to thwart my good brother in Keeton. He's coming home, and going to do all his duties awfully regular and well, don't you know; and first of all, he's going to have a regular, good, obedient Conservative member—a warming-pan. Do you understand that sort of thing? I believe the son of some honest poor-rate collector, or something of that sort—a fellow named Sheppard. Did you ever hear of any fellow in Keeton named Sheppard?—Jack Sheppard, I shouldn't wonder."

"I know Mr. Augustus Sheppard, and he is a very respectable man."

"Deuce he is; but not a lively sort of man, I should think."

"No; not exactly lively."

"No; he wouldn't suit my brother if he was. Hope he isn't a friend of yours? Well, we're going to oppose him for the fun of the thing. How very glad my brother will be to see me. I am afraid I pass for a regular scamp in the memories of you Keeton people. You must have heard of me, Miss Grey. No? Before your time, I suppose. Besides, I didn't call myself St. Paul then; I took on that name in America; it's my mother's family name; that's how you wouldn't remember about me, even if you had heard. You know the mausoleum in the park, I dare say?"

"Very well indeed. It used to be a favorite place with me."

"Ah, yes. My last offence was shooting off pistols there—aiming at the heads over the entrance, you know. One of them will carry my mark to his last day, I believe."

"Yes; I remember noticing that the face of Death has a mark on it—a small hole."

He laughed again.

"Just so. That's my mark. Poor father! It was the great whim of his life to build that confounded thing, and he didn't enjoy it after all. My brother, I am told, proposes to occupy part of it in good time. They won't put me there, you may be sure."

"Your brother is the Duke?" Minola said, a faint memory returning to her about a wild youth of the family who had had to leave the army in some disgrace, and went away somewhere beyond seas.

"Yes; I thought I told you, or that Money had mentioned it. Yes; I was the good-for-nothing of the family. You can't imagine, though, what a number of good-for-nothings are doing well out Denver City way, out in Colorado. When I was there, there were three fellows from the Guards, and some fellows I knew at Eton, all grow-

ing cattle, and making money, and hunting buffalo, and potting Indians, and making themselves generally as happy as sandboys. I've made money myself, and might have made a lot more, I dare say."

Mr. St. Paul evidently delighted to hear himself talk.

"It must be a very dangerous place to live in," Minola said, wishing he would talk to somebody else.

"Well, there's the chance of getting your hair raised by the Indians. Do you know what that means—having your hair raised?"

"I suppose being scalped."

"Exactly. Well, that's a danger. But it isn't so much a danger if you don't go about in gangs. That's the mistake fellows make; they think it's the safe thing to do, but it isn't. Go about in parties of two, and the Indians never will see you—never will notice you."

Minola's eyes happened at this moment to meet those of Heron.

"You know Heron?"

"Oh, yes; very well."

"A good fellow—very good fellow, though he has such odd philanthropic fads about niggers and man and a brother, and all that sort of thing. Got into a nice mess out there in St. Xavier's, didn't he?"

"I heard that his conduct did him great honor," Minola said warmly.

"Yes, yes—of course, yes; if you look at it in that sort of way. But these black fellows, you know—it really isn't worth a man's while bothering about them. They're just as well off in slavery as not—deuced deal better, I think; I dare say some of their kings and chiefs think they have a right to sell them if they like. I told Heron at the time I wouldn't bother if I was he. Where's the use, you know?"

"Were you there at the time?" Minola asked, with some curiosity.

"Yes, I was there. I'd been in the Oregon country, and I met with an accident, and got a fever, and all that; and I wanted a little rest and a mild climate, you know; and I made for

San Francisco, and some fellows there told me to go to these Settlements of ours in the Pacific, and I went. I saw a good deal of Heron—he was very hospitable and that, and then this row came on. He behaved like a deuced young fool, and that's a fact."

"He was not understood," said Minola, "and he has been treated very badly by the Government."

"Of course he has. I told him they would treat him badly. They wouldn't understand all his concern about black fellows—how could they understand it? Why didn't he let it alone? The fellow who's out there now—you won't find him bothering about such things, you bet—as we say out West, if you will excuse such a rough expression, Miss Grey. But of course Heron has been treated very badly, and we are going to run him for Duke's-Keeton."

Several visitors had now come in, and Mr. Heron contrived to change his position and cross over to the part of the room where Minola was.

"Look here, Heron," Mr. St Paul said; "you have got a staunch ally here already. Miss Grey means to wear your colors, I dare say—do they wear colors at elections now in England?—I don't know—and you had better canvass for her influence in Keeton. If I were an elector of Keeton, I'd vote for the Pope or the Sultan if Miss Grey asked me."

Meanwhile Lady Limpenny was pleading her cause with Mr. Money. It may be said that Lady Limpenny was the wife of a physician who had been knighted, and who had no children. Her husband was wholly absorbed in his professional occupations, and never even thought of going anywhere with his wife, or concerning himself about what she did. He knew the Money women professionally, and except professionally, he could not be said to know anybody. Lady Limpenny, therefore, indulged all her whims freely. Her most abiding or most often recurring whim was an anxiety for the salvation of her soul; but she had passionate flirtations

meanwhile with china, poetry, flowers, private theatricals, lady-helps, and other pastimes and questions of the hour.

"You'll never part with that china," Mr. Money said—"you know you can't."

"Oh, but my dear Money, you don't understand my feelings. You are not, you know—an old friend may say so—you are not a religious man. You have not been penetrated by what I call religion—not yet, I mean."

"Not yet, certainly. Well, why don't you send to Christie and Manson's at once?"

"But, my dear Money, to part with my china in *that* way—to have it sent all about the world perhaps. Oh, no! I want to part with it to some friend who will let me come and see it now and again."

"Have you thought of this, Lady Limpenny? Suppose, when you have sold it, you go to see it now and then, and covet it—covet your neighbor's goods—perhaps long even to steal it. Where is the spiritual improvement then?"

"Money! You shock me! You horrify me! Could that be possible? Is there such weakness in human nature?"

"Quite possible, I assure you. You have been yourself describing the influence of these unregulated likings. How do you know that they may not get the better of you in another way? Take my advice, and keep your china. It will do you less harm in your own possession than in that of anybody else."

"If I could think so, my dear Money."

"Think it over, my dear Lady Limpenny; look at it from this point of view, and let me know your decision—then we can talk about it again."

Lady Limpenny relapsed for a while into reflection, with a doubtful and melancholy expression upon her face. Money, however, had gained his point, or, as he would himself have expressed it, "choked her off" for the moment.

"I don't like your new friend," said Minola to Victor.

"My new friend? Who's he?"

"Your friend Mr. St. Paul."

"Oh, he isn't a new friend, or a friend at all. He is rather an old acquaintance, if anything."

"Well, I don't like him."

"Nor I. Don't let yourself be drawn into much talk with him."

"No? Then there is somebody you don't like, Mr. Heron. That's a healthy sign. I really thought you liked all men and all women, without exception."

"Well, I am not good at disliking people, but I don't like *him*, and I didn't like to see him talking to you."

"Indeed? Yet he is a political ally of yours and of Mr. Money now."

"That's a different thing; and I don't know anything very bad of him, only I had rather you didn't have too much to say to him. He's a rowdy—that's all. If I had a sister, I shouldn't care to have him for an acquaintance of hers."

"Is it a vice to know him?"

"Almost, for women," Heron said abruptly; and presently, having left Minola, interposed, as if without thinking of it, between Lucy Money and St. Paul, who was engaging her in conversation.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MIDNIGHT CONFIDENCE.

MR. ST. PAUL stayed to dinner that day, being invited by Money without ceremony, and accepting the invitation in the easiest way. Victor Heron declined to remain. The family and Minola, with Mr. St. Paul, made up the party. St. Paul was very attentive to Mrs. Money, who appeared to be delighted with him. He talked all through the dinner—he hardly ever stopped; he had an adventure in Texas, or in Mexico, or in the South Sea Islands, *apropos* of everything; he seemed equally pleased whether his listeners believed or disbelieved his

stories, and he talked of his own affairs with a cool frankness, as if he was satisfied that all the world must know everything about him, and that he might as well speak bluntly out. He could not be called cynical in manner, for cynicism presupposes a sort of affectation, a defiance, or a deliberate pose of some kind, and St. Paul seemed absolutely without affectation—completely self-satisfied and easy. Victor had spoken of him as “a rowdy—that’s all.” But that was not all. He was—if such a phrase could be tolerated—a “gentleman rowdy.” His morals and his code of honor seemed to be those of a Mexican horse-stealer, and yet anybody must have known that he was by birth and early education an English gentleman.

“I don’t think I know a soul about town,” he said. “I looked in at the club once or twice—always kept up my subscription there during my worst of times—and I didn’t see a creature I could recollect. I dare say the people who know my brother won’t care to know me. I did leave such a deuce of a reputation behind me; and they’ll all be sure to think I haven’t got a red cent—a penny, I mean. There they are mistaken. Somehow the money-making gift grows on you out West.”

“Why don’t you settle down?” Money asked. “Get into Parliament, marry, range yourself, and all that—make up with your brother and be all right. You have plenty of time before you yet.”

“My good fellow, what do you call plenty of time? Look at me—I’m as bald as if I were a judge.”

“Oh, bald! that’s nothing. Everybody is bald nowadays.”

“But I’m thirty-five! Thirty-five—think of that, young ladies! a grizzled, grim old fogey—what is it Thackeray says?—all girls know Thackeray—who on earth would marry me? My brother and his wife have given me such a shockingly bad character. Some of it I deserved, perhaps; some of it I didn’t. They think I have disgraced the family name, I dare say.

What did the family name do for me I should like to know? Out in Texas we didn’t care much about family names.”

“I entirely agree with your view of things, Mr. St. Paul,” Mrs. Money said in her soft melancholy tone. “England is destroyed by caste and class. I honor a man of family who has the spirit to put away such ideas.”

“Oh, it would be all well enough if one were the eldest brother, and had the money, and all that. I should like to be the Duke, I dare say, well enough. But I can’t be that, and I’ve been very happy hunting buffaloes for months together, and no one but an old Indian to speak to. I don’t disgrace the Duke’s family name, for I’ve dropped it, nor any courtesy title, for I don’t use any. I believe they have forgotten me altogether in Keeton. Miss Grey tells me so.”

“Excuse me,” Minola said. “I didn’t say that, for I didn’t know. I only said I didn’t remember hearing of you by your present name; but I didn’t know any of the family at the Castle. We belonged to the townspeople, and were not likely to have much acquaintance with the Castle.”

“Except at election time—I know,” St. Paul said with a laugh. “Well, I’m worse off now, for they won’t know me even at election time.”

Then the talk went off again under St. Paul’s leadership, and almost by his sole effort, to his adventurous life, and he told many stories of fights with Indians, of vigilance committees, of men hanged for horse-stealing, and of broken-down English scamps, who either got killed or made their fortune out West. A cool contempt for human life was made specially evident. “I like a place,” the narrator more than once observed, “where you can kill a man if you want to and no bother about it.” Perhaps still more evident was the contempt for every principle but that of comradeship.

After dinner Mr. St. Paul only showed himself in the drawing-room

for a moment or two, and then took his leave.

"Papa," Lucy said instantly, "do tell us all about Mr. St. Paul."

"Are you curious to know something about him, Miss Grey?" Money asked.

"Well, he certainly seems to be an odd sort of person. He is so little like what I should imagine a pirate of romance."

"Not a bad hit. He is a sort of pirate out of date. But he represents, with a little exaggeration, a certain tendency among younger sons to-day. Some younger sons, you know, are going into trade; some are working at the bar, or becoming professional journalists; some are rearing sheep in Australia, and cattle in Kansas and Texas. It's a phase of civilization worth observing, Miss Grey, to you who go in for being a sort of little philosopher."

"Dear papa, how can you say so? Nola does not go in for being anything so dry and dreadful."

"The tendencies of an aristocracy must always interest a thoughtful mind like Miss Grey's, Lucy," Mrs. Money said gravely. "There is at least something hopeful in the mingling of classes."

"In young swells becoming drovers and rowdies?" Money observed. "Hum! Well, as to that——" and he stopped.

"I think I am a little interested in him," Minola said; "but only personally, not philosophically."

"Well, that's nearly all about him. He was a scamp, and he knocked about the world, and settled, if that can be called settling, out West for a while; and he has made money, and I hope he has sown his wild oats; and he has come home for variety, and, I think, to annoy his brother. I met him in Egypt, and I knew him in England too; and so he came to see me, and he found a sort of old acquaintance in Heron. That's all. He's a clever fellow, and not a bad fellow in his way. I dare say he would have

made a very decent follower of Drake or Raleigh if he had been born at the right time."

Minola's attention was drawn away somewhat from the character, adventures, and philosophical interest of Mr. St. Paul to observe some peculiarity in the manner of Lucy Money. Although Lucy had set out by declaring herself wildly eager to know something about St. Paul, she very soon dropped out of the conversation, and drew listlessly away. After a while she sat at the piano, and began slowly playing some soft and melancholy chords. Minola had been observing something of a change in Lucy this present visit, something that she had not seen before. Mr. Money presently went to his study; the women all dispersed, and Minola sat in her bedroom, and wondered within herself whether anything was disturbing Lucy's bright little mind.

It was curious to note how Lucy Money's soft ways had won upon Minola. Lucy twined herself round the affections of the stronger girl, and clung to her. Mrs. Money was pleased, amused, and touched by the sight. The calm Theresa was a little annoyed, considering Lucy to show thereby a lack of the composure and dignity befitting a woman; and Mary Blanchet was sometimes disposed to be jealous. Minola herself was filled with affectionate kindness for the overgrown child, not untampered with a dash of pity and wonder. She was sometimes inclined to address the girl in certain lines from Joanna Baillie, forgotten now even of most readers of poetry, and ask her, "Thou sweetest thing that e'er didst fix its lightly-fibred spray on the rude rock, ah! wouldst thou cling to me?" For whatever the outer world and its lookers-on may have thought of her, it is certain that Minola did still believe herself to be cold, unloving, hard to warm toward her fellow-beings. The unrestrained, unaffected love of Lucy filled her at once with surprise and a sweeter, softer feeling.

So when she heard the patter of feet at her door she hardly had to wait for the familiar tap and the familiar voice to know that Lucelet was there. Minola opened the door, and Lucelet came in with her hair all loosely around her, and her eyes sparkling.

"May I sit a little and talk?" and without waiting for an answer she coiled herself on the hearthrug near the chair on which Minola had been sitting. "You sit there again, Nola. Are you glad to see me?"

"Very, very glad, Lucy dear."

"Do you love me, master? no?" For Minola had, among other things, been teaching Lucy to read Shakespeare, and Lucy had just become enamored of Ariel's tender question, and was delighted to turn it to her own account.

"Dearly, my delicate Ariel," said Minola, carrying on the quotation; and Lucy positively crimsoned with a double delight, having her quotation understood and answered, and an assurance of affection given.

"Why don't you let down your hair, Nola? Do let me see it now completely down. I'll do it—allow me." And she sprang up, came behind Minola, and "undid" all her hair, so that it fell around her back and shoulders. Minola could hardly keep from blushing to be thus made a picture of and openly admired. "There, that is perfectly beautiful! You look like Lady Godiva, or like the Fair One with Locks of Gold, if you prefer that. Did you ever read the story of 'The Fair One with Locks of Gold,' when you were a little girl? Oh, please leave your hair just as it is, and let me look at it for awhile. Do you remember Lady Limpenny's nonsense to-day?"

Minola allowed her to please herself, and they began to talk; but after the first joy of coming in, Lucy seemed a little *distracted*, and not quite like herself. She fell into little moments of silence every now and then, and sometimes looked up into Minola's face as if she were going to say something, and then stopped.

Minola saw that her friend had something on her mind, but thought it best not to ask her any questions, feeling sure that if Lucy had anything she wished to say, Lucy would not keep it long unsaid.

After a moment's pause, "Nola!"

"Yes, dear."

"You don't much like men in general?"

"Well, Lucy dear, I don't know that anybody much likes men in general, or women either. Good Christians say that they love all their brothers and sisters, but I don't suppose it's with a very ardent love."

"But you rather go in for not liking men as a rule, don't you?"

Minola was a little amused by the words, "go in for not liking men." They seemed to be what she knew Lucy never meant them for—a sort of rebuke to the affectation which would formally pose itself as misanthropic. Minola had of late begun to entertain doubts as to whether a certain amount of half-conscious egotism and affectation did not mingle in her old-time proclamations of a dislike to men.

"I think I rather did go in for not liking men, Lucy; but I think I am beginning to be a little penitent. Perhaps I was rather general in my ideas; perhaps the men I knew best were not very fair specimens of the human race; perhaps men in general don't very much care what I think of them."

"Any man would care if he knew you, especially if he saw you with your hair down like that. But, anyhow, you don't dislike *all* men?"

"Oh, no, dear. How could I dislike your father, Lucelet?"

"No," Lucy said, looking round with earnest eyes; "who could dislike him, Nola? I am so fond of him; I could say almost anything to him. If you knew what I have lately been talking to him about, you would wonder. Well, but he is not the only man you don't dislike; I am sure you don't dislike Mr. Heron." Her eyes grew more inquiring and eager than before.

"No, indeed, Lucy; I don't think any one could dislike him either."

"I am delighted to hear you say so; but I want you to say some more. Tell me what you think of Mr. Heron; I am curious to know. You are so much more clever than I, and you can understand people and see into them. Tell me exactly what you see in Mr. Heron."

"Why do you want to know all this, Lucy?"

"Because I want to hear your opinion very particularly, for you are not a hero-worshipper, and you don't admire men in general. Some girls are such enthusiastic fools that they make a hero out of every good-looking young man they meet. But you are not like that, Nola."

"Oh, no! I am not like that," Nola echoed, not without a thought that now, perhaps, there were moments when she almost wished she were.

"Well, then, tell me. First, do you think Mr. Heron handsome?"

"Yes, Lucy; I think he is handsome."

"Then do you like him? Do tell me what you think of him."

"In the name of heaven," Minola asked herself, "why should I not speak the truth in answer to so plain and innocent a question?" She answered quietly, and looking straightforward at the fire:

"I like Mr. Heron very much, Lucy. I don't know many men—young men especially—but I like him better than any young man I have met as yet."

"As yet. Yes, yes. I am glad to hear you say that," Lucy said with beaming eyes, and growing good-humoredly saucy in her very delight. "As yet. Yes, you put that in well, Nola."

"How so, dear?"

"Oh, you know. Because of the one yet to present himself; the not impossible He—nearly impossible though—who is to be fit for my Nola. I tell you I shall scrutinize him before I allow his pretensions to pass. Well, now, about Mr. Heron?"

"I think him a very brave, generous, and noble-hearted young man. I think he has not a selfish thought or a mean purpose about him, and I think he has spirit and talent; and I hope one day to hear that he has made himself an honorable name."

Lucy turned now to Minola a pair of eyes that were moist with tears.

"Tell me, Nola"—and her voice grew a little tremulous—"don't you think he's a man a woman might fall in love with?"

There was a moment's silence, and Lucy leaned upon Nola's knees, eagerly looking into her face. Then Nola answered, in a quiet, measured undertone,

"Oh, yes, Lucy; I do indeed. I think he is a man a woman might fall in love with."

"Thank you, Nola. That is all I wanted to ask you."

There was another pause.

"Nola!"

"Yes, Lucy."

"You don't ask me anything."

"Perhaps, dear, because there is nothing I want to know."

"Then you *do* guess?"

"Oh, yes, dear, I do guess."

"Well—but what?"

"I suppose—that you are—engaged to Mr. Heron."

Lucy started up with her face all on fire.

"Oh, no, Nola, dear darling! you have guessed too much. I wish I had told you, and not asked you to guess at all. We're not engaged. Oh, no. It's only—well, it's only—it's only that I am in love with him, Nola—oh, yes, so much in love with him that I should not like to live if he didn't care about me—no, not one day!" Then Lucy hid her head in Minola's lap and sobbed like a little child.

Perhaps the breakdown was of service to both the girls. It allowed poor Lucy to relieve her long pent-up feelings, and it gave Minola time to consider the meaning of the revelation as composedly as she could, and to think of what she ought to say and do.

Lucy presently looked up, with a gleam of April brightness in her eyes.

"Do you think me foolish, Nola, for telling you this?"

"Well, dear, I don't know whether you ought to have told it to me."

"I couldn't do without telling it to somebody, Nola. I think I must be like that king I read about somewhere—I forget his name; no, I believe it was not the king, but his servant—who had to tell the secret to some listener, and so told it to the reeds on the seashore. If I had not told this to somebody, I must have told it to the reeds."

Minola almost wished she had told it to the reeds. There were reeds enough beneath the little bridge which Nola loved in Regent's Park, and had they been possessed of the secret she might have looked over the bridge for ever, and dreamed dreams as the lazy water flowed on beneath, and even noted and admired the whispering reeds, and they would never have whispered that secret to her.

"I think papa guesses it," Lucy said. "I am sure he does, because he talked to me of—oh, well, of a different person, and asked me if I cared about him, and I told him that I didn't. He said he was glad, for he didn't much like him; but that I should marry any one I liked—always provided, Nola, that he happened to like me, which doesn't at all follow. I know papa likes Mr. Heron."

"Then, Lucy, would it not be better to tell Mr. Money?"

"Oh, Nola! I couldn't tell him that—I could tell him almost anything, but I couldn't tell him that. Are you not sorry for me, Nola? Oh, say you are sorry for me! The other day—it only seems the other day—I was just as happy as a bird. Do say you are sorry for me."

"But, my dear, I don't know why there should be any sorrow about it. Why should not everything prove to be perfectly happy?"

"Do you think so, Nola?"

She looked up to Nola with an expression of childlike anxiety.

"Why should it not be so, Lucy? If I were a man, I should be very much in love with you, dear. You are the girl that men ought to be in love with."

There was a certain tone of coldness or constraint in Minola's voice which could not escape even Lucy's observation.

"You think me weak and foolish, I know very well, Nola, because I have made such a confession as this. For all your kindness and your good heart, I know that you despise any girl who allows herself to fall in love with a man. You don't care about men, and you think we ought to have more dignity, and not to prostrate ourselves before them; and you are quite right. Only some of us can't help it."

"No," said Minola sadly; "I suppose not."

"There! You look all manner of contempt at me. I should like to have you painted as the Queen of the Amazons—you would look splendid. But I may trust to your friendly heart and your sympathy all the same, I know. You will pity us weaker girls, and you won't be too hard on us. I want you to help me."

"Can I help you, Lucy? Shall I ask Mr. Heron if he is in love with you? I will if you like."

"Oh, Nola, what nonsense! That only shows how ridiculous you think me. No, I only mean that you should give me your sympathy, and let me talk to you. And—you observe things so well—just to use your eyes for my sake. Oh, there is so much a friend may do! And he thinks so much of you, and always talks to you so freely."

Yes, Minola thought to herself; he always talks to me very freely—we are good friends. If he were in love with Lucy, I dare say he would tell me. Why should he not? She tells me that she is in love with him—that is a proof of her friendship.

We can think in irony as well as speak in it, and Minola was disposed at present to be a little sarcastic. She did not love such disclosures as Lucy

had been making. There seemed to be a lack of that instinctive delicacy in them, which, as she fancied, might be the possession of a girl were she brought up naked in a south sea islet. Fresh and innocent as Lucy was, yet this revelation seemed wanting in pure self-respect. Perhaps, too, it was in keeping with Minola's old creed to believe that this was just the sort of girl whom most men would be sure to love. At any rate, she was for the moment in a somewhat bitter mood. Something of this must have shown itself in her expression, for Lucy said, in a tone of frightened remonstrance—

"Now, Nola, I have told you all. I have betrayed myself to you, and if you only despise me and feel angry with me, oh, what shall I do? Isn't it strange—you both came the same day here—you and he, for the first time—I mean the first time since I saw you at school. Am I to lose you too?"

There was something so simple and helpless in this piteous appeal, with its implied dread of a love proving hopeless, that no irony or anger could have prevailed against it in Minola's breast. She threw her arm round the child's neck and petted and soothed her.

"Why should you lose both—why should you lose either?" Minola said. "I can promise you for one, Lucy dear; and if I could promise you for the other too, you might be sure of him. He must be a very insensible person, Lucy, who fails to appreciate you. Only don't make it too plain, dear, to any one but me. They say that men like to do the love-making for themselves—and you have not the slightest need to go out of your way. Tell me—does he know anything of this?"

"Oh, no, Nola."

"Nor guess anything at all?"

"Oh, no—I am sure not—I don't think so. You didn't guess anything—now, did you?—and how could he?"

Minola felt a little glad to hear of this—for the dignity of womanhood, she said to herself. But she did not know how long it would last, for Lucy was not a person likely to accomplish

great efforts of self-control, for the mere sake of the abstract dignity of womanhood. For the moment, all Minola could do was to express full sympathy with her friend, and at the same time to counsel her gently not to betray her secret. Lucy went to her bedroom at last, much fluttering and quivering, but also relieved and encouraged, and she fell asleep, for all her love pains, long before Minola did.

"She will be very happy," Minola sat thinking, when she was alone. "She has a great deal already: a loving father, and mother, and sister; a happy home, where she is sheltered against everything; a future all full of brightness. He will love her—I suppose. She's very pretty, and sweet, and obliging; and he is simple and manly, and would be drawn by her pure, winning ways; and men like him are fond of women who don't profess to be strong. Well, if I can help her, I will do so—it will be something to see her completely happy, and him too."

Whereupon, for no apparent reason, the tears sprang into Minola's eyes, and she found a vain wish arising in her heart that she had never renewed her acquaintance with Lucy Money, never been persuaded by Mary Blanchet to visit her, never stood upon her threshold and met Victor Heron there.

"Why not wish at once that I had never been born?" she said, half tearful, half scornful of her tears. "One thing is as easy now as the other, and as useful, and not to have been born would have saved many idle hours and much heartache."

CHAPTER XV.

A MORNING CONFIDENCE.

MINOLA rose next morning with a bewildering and oppressed sense of disappointment and defeat. The whole of her scheme of life had broken down. Her little bubble world had burst. All her plans of bold independence and of contented life, of isolation from

social trammels, and freedom from woman's weaknesses, had broken down. She had always thought scorn of those who said that women could not feel friendship for men without danger of feeling love—and now, what was she but a cruel, mocking evidence of the folly of her confidence? Alas, no romantic schoolgirl could have fallen more suddenly into love than Minola had done. There was but one man whom she had ever seen with whom she had coveted a friendship, and she now knew, only too well, that in her breast the friendship had already caught fire and blazed into love. Where was Alceste now, and the Alceste standard by which she had proposed to test all men and women, well convinced beforehand that she would find them wanting? She could not even flatter herself that she had been faithful to her faith, and that if she had succumbed at the very outset, it was because the first comer actually proved to be an Alceste. No, she could not cram this complacent conviction into her mind. Victor Heron was a generous and noble-hearted young man, she felt assured; but she had not fallen in love with him because of any assurance that he was like the hero of her girlhood. She made no attempt to deceive herself in this way. In her proud resentment of her weakness she even trampled upon it with undeserved scorn. "I fell in love with him," she said to herself, "just as the silliest girl falls in love—because he was there, and I couldn't help it."

It was not merely Lucy's revelation which had forced upon Minola a knowledge of her own feelings. This had perhaps so sent conviction home as to render illusion or self-deception impossible any longer, but it was not that which first told her of her weakness. That had long been more and more making itself known to her. It was plain to her now that since the first day when she stood upon the bridge with him in the park, and looked into the canal, she had loved him.

"Oh, why did I not know it then?" she asked wearily of herself. "I could have avoided him—have never seen him again—and it might so have come to nothing, and at least we should not have to meet."

Amid all her pain of the night and the morning, one question was ever repeating itself, "Will this last?" That the fever which burned her was love—genuine love—the regular old love of the romances and the poets—she could not doubt. She knew it because it was so new a feeling. Had she walked among a fever-stricken population, refusing to believe in the danger of infection, and satisfied that the fearless and the wise were safe, and had she suddenly felt the strange pains and unfamiliar heats, and found the senses beginning to wander, she would have known that this was fever. The pangs of death are new to all alike when they come, but those who are about to die are conscious—even in their last moments of consciousness—that this new summons has the one awful meaning. So did Minola know only too well what the meaning was of this new pain. "Will it last?" was her cry to herself. "Shall I have to go through life with this torture always to bear? Is it true that women have to bear this for years and years—that some of them never get over it? Oh, I shall never get over it—never, never!" she cried out in bitterness. She was very bitter now against herself and fate. She did not feel that it is better to love vainly than not at all. Indeed, such consoling conviction belongs to the poet who philosophizes on love, or to the disappointed lover who is already beginning to be consoled. It does not do much good to any one in the actual hour of pain. Minola cordially and passionately wished that she had not loved, or seen any one whom she could love. She was full of wrath and scorn for herself, and believed herself humbled and shamed. Her whole life was crossed; her quiet was all gone; she was now doomed to an existence of

perpetual self-constraint and renunciation, and even deception. She had a secret which she must conceal from the world as if it was a murder. She must watch her words, her movements, her very glances, lest any sudden utterance, or gesture, or blush should betray her. She would wake in the night in terror, lest in some dream she might have called out some word or name which had roused Mary Blanchet in the next room, and betrayed her. She must meet Victor Heron, heaven knows how often, and talk with him as a friend, and never let one gleam of the truth appear. She must hear Lucy Money tell of her love, and be the *confidante* of her child-like emotions. Not often, perhaps, has a proud and sensitive girl been tried so strangely. "I thought I hated men before," she kept saying to herself. "I *do* hate them now; and women and all. I hate him most of all because I know that I so love him."

All this poor Minola kept saying or thinking to herself that morning as she listlessly dressed. It is not too much to say that the very air seemed changed for her. She had only one resolve to sustain her, but that was at least as strong as her love, or as death—the resolve that, come what would, she must keep her secret. Victor Heron believed himself her friend, and desired to be nothing more. No human soul but her own must know that her feeling to him was not the same. She would have known the need of that resolve even if she had never been entrusted with poor dear little Lucy's secret. But the more calmly she thought over that little story the more she thought it likely that Lucy's dream might come to be fulfilled.

The world—that is to say, the breakfast room and the Money family—had to be faced. The family were as pleasant as ever, except Lucy, who looked pale and troubled, and at whom her father looked once or twice keenly, but without making any remark.

"I have had a letter from Lady Lim-

penny already this morning," Mr. Money observed.

All professed an interest in the contents of the letter, even Theresa.

Mr. Money began to read:

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear Money——"

"We are very friendly, you see, Miss Grey," he said, breaking off.

"But it's not any peculiar friendship for me. She always calls men by their names after the first interview."

"She generally addressed papa as 'my dear,' without any proper name appended," said Lucy, who did not much like Lady Limpenny. "She always likes the men of a family and always hates the women."

"Lucy, my dear," her mother pleaded, "how can you say so? Laura Limpenny and I are true friends."

"She is giving us good help with our schools and our church," Theresa Money said; "and Reginald" (Theresa's engaged lover) "thinks very highly of her."

"She always praises men, and they all think highly of her," Lucy persisted; "and it is something to be Lady Anything."

"I assure you, Miss Grey," Mrs. Money said, "that Lady Limpenny is the most sincere and unpretending creature. She is not an aristocrat—she has nothing to do with aristocracy; if she had, there could be little sympathy, as you may well believe, between her and me, for you know my convictions. The aristocracies of this country are its ruin! When England falls—and the hour of her fall is near—it will not be due to beings like Laura Limpenny."

"There I agree with you, dear," Mr. Money gravely said. "Shall I go on?"

He went on:

"Thank you a thousand times, my dear Money, for your wise and Christianlike advice. I will keep my china. I am convinced now that my ideas of yesterday were wrong, and even sinful. I had a charming talk with a

dear æsthetic man last evening, after I saw you, and he assures me that my china is a collection absolutely unique; and that, if I were to part with it, Mrs. De Vallancey would manage, at any cost, or by any contrivance, to get hold of it; and your darling wife knows how I hate Mrs. De Vallancey. I now feel that it is my duty to keep the china, and that a love for the treasures of art is in itself an act of homage to the Great Creator of all.

"My sweetest love to your darling wife and angel girls. Kind regards to the young lady with the hair; and when you see our dear friend Heron do tell him that I expect him to call on me *very soon*."

"Ever yours,

"LAURA LIMPENNY."

"Our dear friend Heron," exclaimed Lucy in surprise and anger. "Does she know Mr. Heron so well as that?"

"She met him here yesterday for the first time," Mr. Money said; "but that's quite enough for Lady Limpenny. She has taken a violent liking to him already, and enrolls him among her dear friends. Seriously, she would be rather a useful person for Heron to know. She knows every one, and will do anything. Her husband attends all the old women of quality, and a good many of the young women too. I shouldn't be surprised if Sir James Limpenny—or his wife—could get Heron a hearing from some great personage."

"I am sure he won't do that," said Lucy warmly. "I don't believe Mr. Heron would condescend to be helped on in that sort of way."

"Why not?" Minola asked. "I think Lady Limpenny is a more creditable ally than a person like Mr. St. Paul. If a man wants to succeed in life, I suppose he must try all the usual arts."

"I didn't think you would have said that of Mr. Heron, Nola," said Lucy, hurt and wondering.

Nola did not think she would have

said it herself twelve hours ago. Why she said it now she could not tell. Perhaps she was womanish enough to feel annoyed at the manner in which Lucy seemed to appropriate Victor Heron's cause, and womanish enough too to relieve her mind by saying disparaging things of him.

Mr. Money's eyes twinkled with an amused smile.

"See how you wrong a man sometimes, you ladies—even the most reasonable among you. Heron is more Quixotic than you think, Miss Grey. I have had a letter from him this very morning about St. Paul. I'll read it if you like—it need not be kept secret from anybody here."

Mrs. Money and Lucy earnestly asked to have the letter read, and Mr. Money read it accordingly:

"MY DEAR MONEY: I don't like St. Paul, and I won't march through Coventry with him. I think he is unprincipled and discreditable, and if I can't get in for Keeton without his helping hand, I'll stay out of Keeton, and that's all about *that*. I know you will agree with me when you think this over. Excuse haste and abruptness. I want to make my position clear to you without any loss of time.

"Yours faithfully,

"VICTOR HERON."

"Now, Nola, you see you were wrong," the triumphant Lucy exclaimed.

"I do not like Mr. St. Paul," the quiet Theresa observed. "He seems to me godless and demoralized. He spake in the lightest and most scoffing way of the labors of the Church among the heathen populations."

"I liked him," Mrs. Money sighed. "I liked him because he had the spirit to resign his rank and fling away his title."

"I think his rank rather resigned him," Mr. Money observed. "Anyhow, one must in the ordinary world consent to take up with a scamp now and then. Heron says he won't have

anything to do with St. Paul, and Lucy undertakes to say for him that he won't be patronized by Lady Limpenny. I ask you all calmly, as civilized and Christian beings, how is a young fellow to get on in London who won't consent to be helped by scamps and old women."

"Mr. Heron represents a political cause," the eager Lucy began.

Heron looked quietly round at her.

"Why, Lucelet, my dear, when did you come to know anything about political causes, or to care about them? I thought you only cared for the renaissance of art—isn't it renaissance you call it? I understood that politics were entirely beneath the notice of all your school. Pray tell me, Mistress Politician, to which side of politics your father belongs?"

"Oh, papa, for shame! What nonsense! As if I didn't know. Of course you are a Liberal—an advanced Liberal."

"Good; and our friend Heron?"

"An advanced Liberal too. Of course I know that you are on his side."

"That I am on his side? That he is on my side wouldn't do, I suppose, although I am somewhat the elder, and I am in Parliament while he is not in, and is not particularly likely to be if he continues to be so squeamish. What are the political views of our young friend the artist, the poet, the bard, or whatever you please to call him?"

"Mr. Blanchet?" Lucy slightly colored.

"Mr. Blanchet, yes. Am I on his side?"

"Oh, he has no side. He knows nothing of politics," Lucy said contemptuously.

"Stupid of him, isn't it?"

"Very stupid. At least, I suppose so; I don't know. Oh, yes; I think every man ought to understand politics."

Mr. Money smiled, and let the subject drop.

When breakfast was over, Mr. Money suddenly said,

"Miss Grey, you always profess to know something about politics. Anyhow, you know something about Keeton folks, and you can give me some useful hints about their ways with which I can instruct our dear friend Heron, as Lady Limpenny calls him. Would you mind coming to my study for a quarter of an hour, away from all this womankind, and answering me a few questions?"

Minola was a little surprised, but showed no surprise, and only said that she would be delighted, of course. Mr. Money offered her his arm with a somewhat old-fashioned courtesy which contrasted not unbecomingly with his usual cheery bluntness of manner to women and men alike.

"Not many ladies come here, Miss Grey," Money said, offering her a chair when they were in the study.

"Lucelet looks in very often, to be sure, but only as a messenger; she doesn't come into council."

"Do I come into council?" Minola asked with a smile and a little of heightened color. "I shall feel myself of great importance."

"Well, yes, into council. First about yourself. I have been looking into your affairs a little, Miss Grey—don't be angry; we are all fond of you in this house, and you don't seem to have any one in particular to look after your interests."

"It was very kind and good of you. I have not many friends, Mr. Money; but I am afraid the word 'interests' is rather too large for any affairs of mine. Have I any interests? Mary Blanchet understands all my affairs much better than I do."

"Yes, they may be called interests, I think. You know that anybody who likes can find out everything about people's wills, and all that. Do you know anything about your father's will?"

"No," Minola said, with a start, and feeling the tears coming to her eyes. "I don't, Mr. Money. At least, not much. I know that he left me some money—so much every year; not

much—it would not be much for Lucy—but enough for me and Mary Blanchet. Mary Blanchet manages it for me, and makes it go twice as far as I could. We never spend it all—I mean, we haven't spent it all this year. I should never be able to manage or to get on at all only for her."

Minola spoke with eagerness now, for she was afraid that she was about to receive some of the advice which worldly people call wise, and to be admonished of the improvidence of sharing her little purse with Mary Blanchet.

"And, indeed, I ought to do something for her—something particular," she hastened to add, for she was seized with a sudden fear that Mr. Money might have heard somewhere of her resolve to have Mr. Blanchet's poems printed at her own expense, and might proceed to remonstrate with her.

Mr. Money smiled, seeing completely through her, and only thinking to himself that she was a remarkably good girl, and that he much wished he had a son to marry her.

"Do you know what I was thinking of?" he asked bluntly.

"I am sure you were thinking about me, for you laughed—at my ignorance of business ways, I suppose?"

"Not at all; I was thinking that I should like to have a son, and that I should like you to marry him."

Minola laughed and colored, but took his words as they were meant, in all good humor and kindness.

"If you had a son, Mr. Money, I am sure I would marry him if you asked me, and he——"

"Thank you. Well, I am only sorry I can't take you at your word. But that wasn't exactly what I brought you here to tell you. What I want to tell you is this. You are likely to have a good deal of property of one kind and another, Miss Grey. Your father, I find, made a good deal of money in his time, and saved it; bought houses and built houses; bought up annuities, insurances, shares in companies—all manner of things. He only left his property to his present

wife for her use of what it brings every year during her life. At her death it all comes to you, and I'm told she can't live long."

"Oh, but she may. I hope and pray that she may," Minola exclaimed. "It seems shocking to watch for a woman's death, especially when we were not very friendly to each other. I don't want the money; I have enough—quite enough. I shouldn't know what to do with it. I don't care much about new dresses, and bonnets, and the fashions, and all that; and what could I do with money, living alone in my quiet way? I think a girl of my age, living all to herself, and having much money, would be perfectly ridiculous. Why could not her husband get it, if the poor creature dies? That would be only right. I am sure he may have it for me."

"He mayn't have it for me though," Mr. Money said. "You have no one, it seems to me, to look after your interests, and I'll take the liberty to do so, for lack of a better, whether you like it or not. However, we can talk about that when the time comes."

Minola gave a sort of shudder.

"When the time comes. That seems so dreadful; as if we were only waiting for the poor woman to be dead to snatch at whatever she left behind her. Mr. Money, is there really no other way? must I have this property?"

"If she dies before you, yes—it will come to you. Of course you know that it isn't great wealth in the London sense. It won't constitute you an heiress in the Berkeley Square sense, but it will give you a good deal of miscellaneous property for a young woman. Well, as to that, I'll see that you get your rights; and the only thing I have to ask is just that you will not do anything decided, or anything at all, in this business, without consulting me."

"Oh, indeed, I can faithfully promise you that. I have no other friend whom I could possibly consult, or who would take any interest in me."

"Come, now, I can't believe that. If you wish, you can be like the young lady in Sheridan's song—friends in all the aged you'll meet, and lovers in the young."

"I don't want to be like her in that."

"In having friends in all the aged?"

"Oh, I don't know; in anything. I am well content with the friends I have."

"Well, some of them, at least, are well content with you. Now, Miss Grey, I want to speak to you of something that concerns me. You and my daughter Lucy are great friends?"

Minola almost started.

"I am very fond of Lucy."

"And she is very fond of you. We all are for that matter. Did you ever hear of an old Scottish saying about a person having a face like a fiddle—not in shape, you know, but in power of attracting people, and rousing sympathy?"

"Yes. I think I remember it in some of Scott's novels."

"Very well. I think you have a face like a fiddle; all our sympathies are drawn to you. Now that is why I speak to you of something which I wouldn't talk about to any other woman of your age—not even to my own daughter Theresa, an excellent creature, but not over sympathetic. I am very fond of my Lucelet. She isn't strong; she hasn't great intelligence. I know my little goose is not a swan, but she is very sweet, and sensitive, and loving: the most affectionate little creature that ever was made happy or unhappy by a man. I am morbidly anxious about her happiness. Now, you are her friend, and a thousand times cleverer and stronger than she, and she looks up to you. She would tell you anything. Has she told you anything lately?"

Minola hesitated.

"Oh, you needn't hesitate, or think of any breach of confidence. You may tell me. I could get it all from herself in a moment. It isn't about that I want to ask you. Well, I'll save you all trouble. She has told you something."

"She has."

"She is in love!"

Minola assented.

Mr. Money ran his hand through his hair, got up and walked a turn or two up and down the study.

"The other day she was a child, and cared for nobody in the world but her mother and me! Now a young fellow comes along, and, like the Earl of Lowgave's lassie in the old song, she does not love her mammy nor she does not love her daddy."

"Oh, but I don't think that at all," Miss Grey said earnestly. "No girl could be fonder of her father and mother."

Mr. Money smiled good-humoredly, but with a look of pity, as one who corrects an odd mistake.

"I know that very well, Miss Grey, and I was not speaking seriously, or grumbling at my little lassie. But it does astonish us elderly parents, when we find out all of a sudden that there are other persons more important than we in the eyes of our little maidens, and we may as well relieve our minds by putting the feeling into words. Well, you know the hero of this little romance?"

Minola was looking steadily at the fire, and away from Mr. Money. She did not answer at once, and there was a pause. The suddenness of the silence aroused her.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Money. I know who he is," she said, without looking round.

"Very well. Now comes the delicate part of my questioning. Of course you can't be expected to read the secrets of other people's hearts, and I suppose you are not in *his* confidence."

"No, indeed," she said very quietly?

"No—you couldn't tell how he feels toward my Lucelet?"

Minola shook her head.

"If I were a man, I am sure I should be in love with her," she said.

"You think so? Yes, perhaps so; but in this case, somehow— Well, Miss Grey, another question, and then I'll release you, and speak to me frank-

ly, like a true girl to a plain man, who treats her as such. Is there any woman, as far as you know, who is more to him than Lucelet?"

Mr. Money had now come near to where Minola was sitting. He stood leaning against the chimney-piece, and looking fixedly into her face. At first she did not even understand the meaning of his question. Then suddenly she felt that her cheeks began to burn and her heart to beat. She looked up in wonder and pain, but she saw so much of earnestness and anxiety in Mr. Money's face that it would have been impossible not to understand and respect his purpose. In his anxiety for his daughter's happiness his whole soul was absorbed. Minola's heart forgot its own pain for the moment. Her own memory of a father was not of one thus unselfishly absorbed. She answered without hesitation, and with quiet self-possession.

"Oh, no, Mr. Money. I know of no such woman. So far as I can guess, none such exists."

Mr. Money drew a deep breath, and his eyes brightened.

"Miss Grey," he said, "I think any other woman in the world would have told me she wasn't in Mr.—in *his*

secrets, or given me some evasive or petulant answer. I thank you a thousand times. We may then—I may—pursue without compunction my match-making schemes. They are not very selfish; they are only for Lucelet's happiness. I would ask one of my office clerks to marry her if she loved him and he was likely to make her happy; and I would set them up in life. You may guess, then, whether this idea pleases me. But I confess I didn't think—well, of course, your assurance is enough, but I began to think of something different."

Minola rose to go away.

"One word, Miss Grey. Pray don't say anything to my wife about this. She is the truest and kindest of women, as you know, but she can't understand keeping anything a secret, and she always begs of us to leave her out of the smallest plot of the most innocent kind, because she must let it all out prematurely. Now I'll release you, and you have, at all events, one friend in life to be going on with—friend among the aged I mean; the rest will come fast enough."

With a bewildered head and a bursting heart, Minola found her way to her own room.

MOHEGAN-HUDSON.

WHERE the northern forest flings
Its shadows over weeping hills,
Rivulets rise in myriad springs
And run to meet in roaring kills.
Soon from these a great stream grows;
Grows—and grows more strong and free,
Till a noble river flows;
Flows majestic to the sea.

Born of Adirondac tears,
Nursed by storms of Katterskill,
Yet a smiling face it wears,
Rolls in tranquil silence still.
Gliding first o'er sands of glass,
Then 'midst grassy meads estray,
Now it shoots the highland pass,
Hurrying southward on its way.

River, but the sea as well;
 Steady drift and changing tide;
 Here may float a cockle-shell,
 Or the ocean navies ride.
 'T is the sea in landscape set;
 'T is the sea, by limits bound;
 But it is the river yet,
 Flowing through enchanted ground.

Countless wealth its currents bear,
 Wrought from forest, field, and mine;
 Giant steamships o'er it fare,
 Clouds of sails in sunlight shine.
 Through the darkness, as in light,
 Sail the constant fleets the same;
 While along the shores at night
 Furnace fires perpetual flame.

In the bright October days,
 While I float upon the stream,
 Mellowed by transfiguring haze,
 All is like a fairy dream:
 Groves and gardens, towns and towers,
 Mountain tops and vales between,
 As the gods had builded bowers
 Scarce concealed and scarcely seen.

Thine no borrowed glories! thine,
 Matchless river! are thy own!
 O'er thy scenes no false lights shine
 From the ages dead and gone.
 Round no castles' crumbling walls
 Troops of knightly spectres throng,
 And within no ruined halls
 Thrills the spectre maiden's song;

Save when dusky phantoms glide,
 Still intent on savage rites,
 Or when he of Sunnyside
 Marshals his fantastic sprites:
 Then we seem again to hear
 War-whoops echoing 'midst the hills,
 And old Hendrick's lusty cheer
 As the wind his canvas fills.

As Mohegan, ages old,
 Though for ever self-renewed,
 Through unbroken forests rolled
 All thy floods in solitude:
 But as Hudson, now and ever,
 Distant lands repeat thy name,
 And the world, O glorious river!
 Stands the guardian of thy fame.

JAMES MANNING WINCHELL.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

MANY a mickle makes a muckle, says the proverb, and whoever looks into the operations of society on the great scale will find how true the saying is. A national debt, a national crop, the cattle feeding on the hills of a broad continent, the school-going children of a populous commonwealth, the number of its vagabonds and criminals at large or in jail, all need such an array of figures for their expression that the amounts really convey no impression to the mind. The number of books collected in public libraries does not reach such unwieldy proportions as these, but it is still very large. The information gathered by the Bureau of Education for the purpose of exhibiting the condition of American society at the end of the first century of our independence shows that the libraries which are classed as "public" number 8,682 in the United States, and contain 12,276,964 volumes and 1,500,000 pamphlets.

Of our private libraries little is known. In 1870 the census-takers reported 107,678 collections of this class, containing in all 25,571,508 volumes, but these numbers are known to be much below the truth. The acute and practical superintendent of the ninth census declared that this part of his work had no value, and even said that "the statistics of private libraries are not, from any proper point of view, among the desirable inquiries of the census." What a commentary upon the progress of society is contained in this opinion of the most accomplished statistician ever engaged in studying our social movements! It is but a short time since the owning of books was a mark of superior station in the world. What has produced the change?

We can perhaps learn the cause of it better by a comparison than by direct study of bibliographical history. In

Voltaire's time thermometers were so great a rarity that the owner of one of them was considered to be a savant. Time and social progress have so completely altered this state of things that thermometers are now made in factories, are owned by all classes, and applied to the commonest uses. The thermometers hanging on our walls no longer indicate familiarity with science, but merely that a new tool has been added to household appliances. So in book-making. The art which once served chiefly to record discoveries in knowledge, conduct controversies in polemics, philosophy, and politics, and for other grave and important purposes now adds to these a multitude of common uses. A library may contain scores and even hundreds of volumes, and yet have nothing but those books which have served in the education and amusement of the children in an ordinary family. Or it may be the result of a chance aggregation of "railway literature," bought to relieve the tediousness of travel. Or it may consist, as is sometimes the case, of the small and precious collections in frontier log huts, of the gratuitous contributions of the patent medicine vender, the plough-maker, and the lightning-rod man, mingled with the dear-bought subscription books of the wandering peddler! Books are so common that the possession of them is no longer an indication of the intellectual tendency of their possessors.

With libraries open to the public the case is different. Their condition affords one standard by which the character and tastes of the people may be measured.

The United States are considered to be far behind foreign countries in their book collections. We have nothing to compare with Dresden, Berlin, and Paris, with their 500,000, 700,000, and 2,000,000 volumes. We do not reach

the wealth of even such second-rate places as Wolfenbüttel, Breslau, and Göttingen, if their collections are correctly reported at 300,000, 340,000, and 400,000 volumes. And yet each year witnesses the purchase of more than 400,000 volumes for our public libraries, taken collectively, a number that is larger than any one collection in this country! The permanent fund of our libraries, so far as known, amounts to \$6,105,581 and their annual income to \$1,398,756. These figures do not, in fact, represent anything like the truth, for not half the libraries reported their permanent fund, or their yearly purchases, and only one-quarter reported their yearly income. About one-fifth of the whole number (769 exactly) report their expenditures for new books at \$562,407, and in 742 libraries the use of books amounts to 8,879,869 volumes yearly. In these figures Sunday-school libraries, one of the most constantly used kinds, are not included. Looking at the magnitude of the numbers reported, and considering all that is omitted, we obtain an inkling of the immense exchange of books among the people from these public distribution points.

The existing public libraries, excluding all under 300 volumes, and all in Sunday-schools of whatever size, may be considered as belonging to six principal divisions. These, with the number of libraries and the volumes in each, are as follows:

<i>Class.</i>	<i>No. Libraries.</i>	<i>No. Volumes.</i>
Educational.....	1,577	3,442,799
Professional.....	300	1,408,759
Historical.....	51	421,794
Government.....	123	1,532,397
Proprietary Public.	1,109	3,228,555
Free Public.....	343	1,903,444
Miscellaneous.....	181	305,016
	3,632	12,276,944

The "miscellaneous" class contains the libraries of secret and benevolent societies, and some others difficult to arrange. On the whole it might be better to class them with the proprietary public libraries.

Educational libraries are the oldest in the country, and the most venerable

of them is naturally that of the oldest educational institution, Harvard University, which dates from 1638. Before the end of that century three others had been started, and singularly enough, all at about the same time: King William school at Annapolis, 1697, King's Chapel Library at Boston, 1698, and Christ church at Philadelphia, 1698. Yale and William and Mary Colleges began their collections in 1700, and then proprietary libraries began their existence. The Proprietors' Library in Pomfret, Conn., was founded in 1737, Redwood, in Newport, 1747, and the Library Society, Charleston, S. C., 1748. Philadelphia was especially active at that early period, establishing no less than five, the Library Company in 1731, Carpenters', 1736, Four Monthly Meetings of Friends, 1742, Philosophical Society, 1743, and Logania, 1745. Fifty-one of these enterprises were begun in the second half of the eighteenth century, but failure and consolidation brought the number of living libraries in 1800 down to forty-nine. In 1776 twenty-nine were in existence, and from that time the growth has been as follows:

<i>Libraries formed.</i>	<i>Number</i>	<i>Present size.</i>
From 1775 to 1800.....	30	363,171 vols.
" 1800 to 1825.....	179	2,056,113 "
" 1825 to 1850.....	551	2,807,218 "
" 1850 to 1875.....	2,240	5,431,068 "

This little table brings out very strikingly the distinctive peculiarity of libraries in this country. Their strength does not lie so much in the importance of individual collections as in the existence of a large number of young, active, and growing institutions which are unitedly advancing to a future that must evidently be tremendous. More than seventy per cent. of our existing libraries have been formed within the last twenty-five years, and contain about 2,500 volumes each. Of the older libraries those which were founded in the last quarter of last century have an average of about 8,000 volumes, those of the following quarter about 11,500 volumes, and those of the third quarter about 5,000 vol-

umes each. It is plain that library work has been remarkably active since 1850. In fact it has been so active as to open a new profession to the educated classes of this country. A large number of highly trained men are engaged in library work, and the discussion of library science is carried on with energy. It is quite probable that a few more years will see the introduction of this study into American colleges, as a preparation for a promising branch of industry. But let us return to our classification, which covers some interesting points.

Educational libraries are of three kinds:

1. Academy and school...1,000, with 1,270,497 vols.
2. College. 312 " 1,940,105 "
3. Asylum and Reformatory..... 206 " 228,197 "

District school libraries form a very modern part of the general system, having been first suggested by Governor Clinton of New York in 1827, and introduced by law in 1835. Since then twenty other States have adopted the plan, but some, like Massachusetts, have abandoned it for that of town libraries. The greatest difficulties it labors under are found in country districts, where the funds are applied to other purposes, and the books are recklessly lent out and lost, both evils being due to the fact that few persons can be found who are able and willing to keep the work in good order. In cities the success of these district libraries is much greater. They now report an aggregate of 1,270,497 books, but their statistics are very incomplete. College libraries are among the most important in the country, that of Harvard being the largest we have, after the Congressional library in Washington. As to asylum and reformatory libraries, it would be hard to find circumstances under which books could be more usefully collected than in those institutions, where in 1870 32,901 prisoners were confined, and 116,103 paupers housed habitually or at times. If we consider that only one-fifth of the criminals are in jail, and allow for the natural

increase of criminals and paupers, it will be apparent that the population which may derive benefit from these libraries must now number at least 300,000 persons. To meet their wants there are 206 libraries, with 228,197 volumes. The Pennsylvania State Penitentiary has the largest collection, 9,000 volumes, besides 1,000 school books. The other end of the line is occupied by Florida, which maintains 40 volumes in its Penitentiary.

Some interesting information has been gathered concerning the literary taste of convicts. Story books, magazines, and light literature generally are the favorite choice, but history, biography, and travels are also well patronized. In the Massachusetts State prison Humboldt's "Cosmos" and other philosophical works are called for. In fact the value of prison libraries is vouched for by all authorities, and one says that no convicts, except those really idiotic, leave a prison where there is a library without having gained some advantage. The greatest defects in the system are the lack of books and of light to read them by at night. There are but forty prison libraries, with 61,095 volumes, and in American prisons the cells are not lighted. Lights are placed in the corridors so that only a small number of the inmates have light enough to read by. The Joliet (Ill.) prison is a cheering exception to this gloomy state of things. Each cell has its own catalogue, and lights are allowed up to nine o'clock. Public charities of several kinds have lately suffered from exposures that prevent charitably disposed persons from giving aid which they would otherwise gladly contribute. It may be useful to suggest that money sent to any prison for the benefit of its library could hardly fail to be helpful.

In reformatories, where the effort is to cultivate the moral faculties, the library is an essential part of the system. Forty-nine of them have collections containing 51,466 books. In these institutions we have an indication of what the library, and other

moral forces like it, is worth as an educator. Mr. Sanborn thinks that the proportion "of worthy citizens trained up among the whole 24,000 in preventive and reformatory schools would be as high as seventy-five per cent."

Professional libraries are—

1. Law....	125, with	320,353 volumes
2. Medical	64 "	159,045 "
3. Theological. 58 "		633,309 "
4. Scientific....	76 "	263,008 "

Here we have two surprises. One is that lawyers, with their interminable "reports" falling from nearly every court in the country, and never becoming really obsolete (a peculiarity that hardly any other professional works enjoy), should have so few and such small libraries. The reason probably lies in the assiduity with which each lawyer collects the works needed in his line of practice. The other surprise is that a profession so old and active as that of medicine should be so poorly represented in books. The lawyers have an average of about 2,400 books in their libraries, and the largest collections in the list are that of the Law Institute in New York, 20,000 volumes; Harvard School, 15,000; Social Law Library, Boston, 18,000; and Law Association of San Francisco, 12,500. No other reaches 10,000 volumes, and in fact the above deductions leave the others with about 2,000 volumes each. The medical gentlemen are still worse off. There are in the Surgeon General's office 40,000 volumes; Philadelphia College of Physicians, 18,758; Pennsylvania College of Physicians, 12,500; and New York Hospital, 10,000; leaving an average of 1,300 volumes to each of the other institutions. In these figures we have an indication of the excellent work done by the Army Bureau at Washington. Its 40,000 bound volumes are supplemented by 40,000 pamphlets, making a collection which the profession greatly needed. The theologians seem to have attended as energetically to the collection as to the making of books. In the last division of this

class belong the engineering, agricultural, mining, botanical, military, and naval schools and societies, and they appear to give considerable importance to their libraries. Though they are mostly young institutions, the average number of books is 8,800. In addition to the bound volumes mentioned above, the societies own 218,852 pamphlets and 2,169 manuscripts, the proportion of these two kinds of literary works being naturally large in scientific collections. The largest libraries are those of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., 80,655 volumes, 105,408 pamphlets, and "many" MSS.; Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, 80,000 volumes and 35,000 pamphlets; Wagner Free Institution of Science, Philadelphia, 15,000 volumes; Museum of Comparative Zoölogy (Harvard), 18,000; Illinois Industrial University, 10,000; School of Mines, New York, 7,000; Sheffield Scientific School, 5,000.

Historical societies have been much more actively employed in collecting than the table we have given indicates. Since the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 no less than one hundred and sixty societies have been formed, and Dr. Homes of the New York State Library reports their collections to aggregate more than 482,000 volumes and 568,000 pamphlets. The number of MSS. is 88,771, besides 1,361 bound volumes of them. The largest accumulations are:

	<i>Volumes. Pamphlets. MSS.</i>		
Am. Antiq. Soc., Worcester.....	60,497		
New York Historical.....	60,000	12,000	15,000
Wisconsin Historical.....	33,347	31,633	300
Long Island Historical.....	26,000	25,000	
Massachusetts Historical.....	23,000	45,000	1,000 v.
Congregational Library, Boston..	22,995	95,000	550
Connecticut Historical.....	16,063	20,000	
Amer. Philosoph., Philadelphia..	20,000	15,000	100 v.
German Society, Philadelphia...	16,000		
Pennsylvania Historical.....	16,000	20,000	25,000

It is among these societies that we find the largest average of any class, excepting the Government. Historical libraries contain about 8,400 bound volumes, 7,000 pamphlets, and 1,000 MSS. to each collection. In spite of this the public collections are often surpassed in completeness in special branches by private ones. In this country a public institution can rarely compete successfully with an eager and determined private buyer.

Government libraries include others than those for the use of officials, as the following list shows:

	Libraries.	Volumes.
1. Government	35	605,683
2. State and Territorial....	47	834,219
3. Garrison.....	40	32,745

The official libraries are of several kinds, and as many of them are of prime importance, we may be permitted to specify them more minutely than those of any other class:

	Volumes.
Library of Congress.....	300,000
“ House of Representatives.....	125,000
“ Surgeon General.....	40,000
“ State Department.....	29,000
“ Senate.....	25,000
“ Patent Office.....	23,000
“ War Department.....	13,000
“ Attorney General.....	12,000
“ Treasury	8,440
“ Solicitor of Treasury.....	6,000
“ Post Office.....	6,301
“ Hydrographer's Office.....	7,000
“ Dep't. Agriculture.....	7,000
“ Bureau Statistics.....	6,000
“ Naval Observatory.....	7,000
“ Coast Survey.....	6,000

Many of these are scientific collections and the only large ones of their kind in the country. Their presence, in conjunction with the Smithsonian Institution, has made Washington one of the most active scientific centres in the country. Government publications are sometimes referred to as mere trash, but aside from the remarkably thorough and admirable reports which the several public surveys have produced within a few years, and aside from such notable publications as the reports of Wilkes, Perry, and Kane, the ordinary issues of the Government printing office are anything but undeserving documents. They

are in most cases necessary, useful, and interesting to some one. As special reports, made to cover some field that is narrow, however necessary it may be, and limited to that range by the law which authorizes them, they cannot possibly often be publications of general interest. In fact it is their extremely special character that gives them value. We are sometimes told that a government may be obliged to publish its State papers as matter of record, but it is noticeable that these volumes of documentary history are less inquired for than almost any others. The surveying, engineering, geological, astronomical, and other scientific reports published by the Government are in much greater request, and bring the highest prices in old bookstores. The explanation is, of course, that the scientific reports are useful to a larger class than the others. They appeal to “bread-winners” in several important professions, to students of pure science the world over, and to the already large and increasing body of teachers. For the “Smithsonian Contributions” one hundred and fifty dollars, or more than first cost, is demanded, and the first volume brings twenty dollars, or two and a half times its original price. The Mining Industry volume of the Fortieth Parallel Report brought forty dollars in the shops (whenever it could be found) even while the Engineer Corps was still gingerly distributing its limited edition *gratis*. Many more examples could be adduced, but these are sufficient to show that the Government does bring out works that are sorely wanted. We wish its method of distribution were better. At present the workers in a profession have great difficulty in obtaining the most needed publications of Government, while Congressmen, who are politicians and nothing else, are flooded with books they cannot understand, and only sneer at. The distribution of professional reports through members of Congress, who are not professional men, has never produced any-

thing but dissatisfaction. There is no part of the country where Government publications can be found. Even New York city cannot produce them. This is all wrong. The Government should maintain a collection of all its publications in at least four States. They could be established either in connection with existing libraries or with the army headquarters that are maintained permanently in such places as New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and New Orleans. Such documentary libraries would not be deserted, as some may suppose. The Patent Room of the Boston Public Library was visited last year by 1,765 persons, and a collection of the engineering, scientific, and official publications of the Government in New York would be a centre for professional study, and be visited by thousands yearly. To house the Government publications would require so much space that an ordinary library could hardly be expected to undertake the task without aid. The patent specifications alone of three countries, Great Britain, France, and the United States, with their increase for ten years to come, require an apartment at least thirty feet square.

Proprietary public libraries are the second of the six kinds in size, and would be the first if the "miscellaneous" were counted among them, as they probably should be. Under this head we have grouped all public collections the access to which is in any way limited, as by a yearly payment, by membership in a society, or otherwise. The large total in the table is made up of:

	<i>Number.</i>	<i>Volumes.</i>
1. College Society L.....	200	474,648
2. Mercantile.....	15	542,930
3. Social.....	708	2,052,496
4. Y. M. Christian A.....	87	157,537

In this class we first reach the libraries that deal directly with the "people"; that is, adults of moderate means. These collections have been well styled the "colleges of the poor," and in them all persons who are industrious enough to be able to spare a dollar or two yearly may obtain useful knowl-

edge or innocent amusement. Classes for study of languages, literature, and the arts, and lectures by prominent persons are frequently added to the library system, the whole forming one of the most potent of modern social forces. It seems quite natural that this democratic system of intellectual improvement should owe its origin to the people's philosopher, Poor Richard. Benjamin Franklin founded the first proprietary library in Philadelphia, in 1731, and his plan included not merely coöperation for the sake of pecuniary strength, but also discussion and mutual improvement.

Free public libraries are in character much like the last class, but are maintained usually by State or town grants, or by private gifts. It is probably in connection with these institutions that the dream of some enthusiasts for uniting art museums to the collections of books will be realized.

Only twelve States have a quarter of a million volumes in their public libraries, taken together. They are:

<i>Libraries.</i>	<i>Volumes.</i>
Massachusetts.....	454 2,308,304
New York.....	615 2,131,377
Pennsylvania.....	364 1,321,065
District of Columbia.....	63 761,133
Ohio.....	337 634,069
Illinois.....	177 463,696
Connecticut.....	121 414,396
Maryland.....	79 368,350
California.....	85 306,973
New Jersey.....	91 280,931
Missouri.....	85 260,108
Virginia.....	65 248,156

This order will, no doubt, rapidly and constantly change. It will be observed that in respect to number of libraries the succession is not the same as for the number of volumes. It can hardly be doubted that such States as Ohio, Illinois, California, and Missouri will advance up the line, while others that now do not possess a quarter of a million volumes, as Indiana, with 137 public libraries, Michigan, with 94, Iowa, with 80, Tennessee, with 74, and Kentucky, with 71, will soon be in the list. As a matter of State "rivalry," such summaries are valueless, even if any rivalry of the kind could be proved. But they do

have some interest and value as social statistics.

More significant, perhaps, are the libraries of ten principal cities, in which one-quarter of all the books in the country within public reach are gathered:

<i>Libraries.</i>	<i>Volumes.</i>	<i>Pop'n 1870.</i>
New York.....123	878,665	942,292
Boston.....68	735,900	250,026
Philadelphia.....101	708,447	674,028
Baltimore.....36	237,034	58,180
Cincinnati.....30	200,800	216,200
St. Louis.....32	173,875	310,864
Brooklyn.....21	168,198	308,000
San Francisco.....26	162,716	140,473
Chicago.....24	144,060	208,079
Charleston.....6	26,800	48,966
500	3,431,800	3,240,628

In these ten cities, therefore, are collected 7.3 per cent. of the public libraries, 28 per cent. of the books, and 8.66 per cent. of the population in this country. If Washington had been included instead of Charleston, the concentration of books in cities would have been more strikingly marked.

A proper conception of American libraries cannot be obtained without assorting them according to size, which is done in the following table:

<i>Number.</i>	<i>Volumes.</i>
50-1,000 Volumes...925	592,510
1,000-2,000 " ...792	938,903
2,000-3,000 " ...362	816,928
3,000-4,000 " ...226	768,010
4,000-5,000 " ...156	687,374
5,000-10,000 " ...264	1,708,271
10,000-20,000 " ...152	2,013,660
20,000-50,000 " ...83	2,329,305
50,000-100,000 " ...10	640,617
100,000-200,000 " ...7	928,727
Over 200,000 " ...2	590,869

What is to be the future of American libraries? The most obvious discernible facts are that the popular energies are likely to be given to the support of free town libraries, and that the aggregate of book accumulations will be enormous, though no individual collection now presents the likelihood of rising to extreme proportions; the increase will come by the growth of the numerous small libraries. The mercantile institutions have done and are continuing a good work, but they have prepared the way for a step beyond. Free town libraries are quite

in sympathy with American ideas, and will be supported. They are capable of being made good means of disseminating information. It is fortunate that in this country novels belong to the cheapest publications, most of the good ones appearing in fifty-cent and dollar editions. More solid works are also costlier, so that a popular library can with good reason give its energies to the collection of really good works, leaving the people to supply themselves with the cheaper novels.

Numerous as are the views which have been expressed upon the proper scope and quality of the library of the future, we propose to add one to the list of suggestions. It is that the next founder of a library should confine it entirely to *periodicals*. It is through current literature that every kind of science and every tendency of thought now finds expression. The profoundest discussions in philosophy, discoveries in knowledge, keenest studies of life and character, are now made through the world's weekly and monthly publications. Books are often no more than summaries of what has been printed before in separate magazines. We have in fact heard of one gentleman who broke up the library he had spent years in collecting, and gave his attention to periodicals, because they were the original sources of knowledge in his profession. The libraries which we have styled "professional" are compelled to spend large sums on these issues, which were once styled "ephemeral," but are now found to be of lasting value.

Under these circumstances, why not have a library of this periodical literature? Just as some men refuse to read translations, learning a new language if a book they need is printed in a tongue unknown to them, so let us reject summaries and accumulate original materials. As to the cost of such a library, the five thousand important periodicals which are said to be published will require probably \$30,000 a year for their purchase, and if as much more is added for rent,

binding, salaries, etc., we have an income required which demands a capital of more than a million dollars, to say nothing of half a million for back numbers!

Some readers may be curious to know what chance there is of making a collection that shall be fairly representative of the world's literature. We can safely answer, *none*. Herr Hottinger, who has issued the prospectus of a universal catalogue of all books published, thinks there are about three million titles, and his critics say this estimate is too low. Twenty-five thousand new works are said to be added each year to this number. Now the largest number of *volumes* (and therefore a less number of titles) added to libraries in this country yearly, is: Boston Public Library, 18,000; Philadelphia Mercantile, 17,004; Congressional, 15,400; Chicago Public, 11,881; Cincinnati Public, 11,398; New York Mercantile, 8,000; and Harvard, 7,000. The numbers reported by the Mercantile and public libraries are of little value, since these institutions often buy a dozen or a score copies of a popular work. It is therefore evident that no library in this country is even attempting to keep up with the current issue of books.

It has been found impossible to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, the amount of money spent on new books by the libraries, as more than half of them fail to make any report on this point. Permanent funds, amounting to \$6,105,581, are held by 858 libraries, and 1,364 have none; 1,960 make no report. The endowments are divided very unevenly among the classes, as this table shows:

<i>Number Reporting.</i>	<i>Amount.</i>
Educational..... 54	\$775,901
Professional..... 54	695,610
Historical..... 96	742,572
Government..... none	
Proprietary Public..... 124	1,079,360
Free Public..... 98	2,804,964
Miscellaneous..... 7	7,275

This, however, does not show what is spent yearly in buying books, an item which only one in about twenty-three of the libraries report. The amount is \$562,407, and at \$1.25 per volume, which is Mr. Winsor's estimate of the average cost of books, the yearly acquisitions by purchase are limited to about 450,000 volumes.

Figures such as we have presented are really no guide to the worth of an individual library, or of a library system, to the people. That can be learned only by the comparison of experiences by the men who have charge of the books and their distribution, but the elements for such an analysis are wanting. The yearly use of books in 742 libraries in 1875 was 8,879,869 volumes, or from two to two and a half times the number of volumes on the shelves of the reporting libraries. Great differences exist in this respect. Few libraries are so eagerly sought as the military post library on Angel Island, California, which distributed its 772 books so often that its yearly circulation was 4,500! The Chicago Public Library, with 48,100 volumes, circulated 403,856; Boston Athenæum, with 105,000 volumes, circulated 33,000; Boston Public Library, with 299,869 volumes, circulated 758,498.

These statistics are sufficient. It is probable that the libraries of the country, costing say \$16,000,000 for books, and spending more than \$1,400,000 yearly, afford to the people the use of from twenty-four to thirty million volumes every year. It cannot be doubted that they form a very important factor in our social and national economy.

More than a thousand librarians are engaged in the conduct of the public libraries, many of them men of great ability and culture. There can be no doubt that their study of this important problem will result in the establishing of an intelligent and harmonious system of supplying a nation with the reading matter it requires.

JOHN A. CHURCH.

HOW NATIONAL BANK NOTES ARE REDEEMED.

THERE are few divisions in the United States at Washington less known to the public, and more interesting to visitors, than that over the entrance to which is displayed the legend "National Bank Redemption Agency." It is a matter of the most common knowledge throughout the country, that the various forms of national currency and securities are by some process, popularly esteemed more or less miraculous, printed at the Treasury, and that greenbacks are by some method, presumably more within the laws of nature, redeemed there. The ordinary money-holder, who has in his pocket his tens or hundreds of legal tenders, is passably familiar with the history, past and to come, of each note. But to his national bank notes the average financier is more of a stranger. Each note, if he can read as well as reckon cash, tells him whence it cometh, but ten to one he has only the vaguest notion of whither it goeth. Hence it is that of the thousands of ejaculatory comments delivered, during the centennial summer and autumn, through the wire gate opposite to the second assortment teller's desk, at the agency, so many were of a nature tending to make that industrious clerk smile with amusement or stare in amazement.

The throngs of centennial visitors who daily passed through the halls of the Treasury saw various things at the agency to attract their notice. They saw their entrance barred by the gate above alluded to, put there for the double purpose of securing ventilation and excluding "the great unwashed"; they saw a small-sized room converted into a perfect labyrinth by means of wirework partitions; they saw in each of the apartments so set off hundreds of thousands, and even millions of dollars, in the various pro-

cesses of handling in bulk, piled upon counters and tables, constructed evidently with a view to use rather than ornament; and they saw through the entrance to an adjoining room national bank notes of all denominations, passing with wonderful rapidity under the deft fingers of counters of both sexes. But what chiefly imposed upon the imagination of the country visitor were two massive safes, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. In the interests of truth, let a revelation be made to a public too prone to believe their eyes. Those safes, for at least the upper third of their ponderous height, are of inch pine boards. The crowded condition of the Treasury building renders space very valuable. A place of storage was needed for the various forms of stationery in use at the agency. The floor was already covered with desks, tables, and counters, the intricate passages between which would have defied the attempts of the Minotaur to escape; but there were at least a hundred cubic feet of space above each of the iron safes, absolutely going to waste. The genius of the officials and the skill of the departmental cabinet makers triumphed over the difficulties of the situation. As for the inconvenient height, is it not annihilated by a ladder?

By act of Congress, the Treasurer of the United States is constituted the agent of the national banks for the redemption of their notes. The agency, since July 1, 1875, is one of the divisions in his office. Regular provision is made by Congress in the appropriation bills for the salaries of the force of this division. Careful accounts are kept of every item of expense incurred during the year, and at the end of the twelvemonth the sum disbursed is apportioned among the banks according to the number of the notes of each that have been handled, and ascer-

ments are made for the several amounts. The circulation of national banks being redeemable in greenbacks, each bank is required by law to keep on deposit with the Treasurer legal tenders to the amount of five per cent. of its outstanding issue as a fund for the redemption of its notes.

The present law provides for ninety-eight clerks in the agency, ranging in grade from the messenger to the superintendent. Of this number, those employed in handling money are divided into two forces, under the direction, respectively, of the receiving teller and the assorting teller. The business of the former force is to receive the shipments coming from the various banks and sub-treasuries for redemption, count the money, and report the amounts for return remittances; that of the latter force is to assort the notes and prepare them for delivery to the Comptroller of the Currency for destruction or to the banks for reissue. This double process may seem at first sight very simple and easy; but in fact it is extremely complex and difficult; and the division in which it is carried on may fairly be counted among the most thoroughly organized and systematically conducted parts of all the machinery devised by the Government for the transaction of the manifold public business. And no wonder, when it is recollected that there are now in circulation nine denominations of national bank notes, the issue of twenty-three hundred and forty individual institutions, amounting in the aggregate to three hundred and twenty millions of dollars; and that every one of these notes, and every dollar of this total, must ultimately, by those ninety-eight clerks and their successors, be separated from the mass, and assigned, under the proper description, with unerring precision, each to the bank by which that particular unit of this vast volume was emitted and must be redeemed.

The bulk of the currency sent in for redemption comes through the Adams Express Company, who have a con-

tract for making all shipments of money for the Government, and who for convenience have an office in the basement of the Treasury. The agency occupies four rooms on the main floor along the west wall, and one on the opposite side of the passage. Early visitors to that part of the building may have noticed a wooden box, much resembling a carpenter's tool chest, trundled along upon a cart by a porter, and followed by a man with a book under his arm. The box contains the day's delivery of national bank currency for redemption, ranging ordinarily from half a million to a million and a half of dollars, and the book contains a receipt for the amount, to be signed by the receiving clerk of the agency. The money comes in perhaps a hundred or as high as two hundred and fifty packages, from as many places throughout the country. On being opened these packages display a miscellaneous aggregation, of which the following items may be mentioned: Thousands of notes of all the denominations and all the banks, perhaps a little soiled, but perfectly sound, and for all the purposes of currency in as good a condition as when they left the printers' hands; a somewhat smaller bulk of others in every state of mutilation and uncleanness; hundreds, clean, crisp, and unwrinkled, that have not been counted three times outside of the division of issues; scores torn, cut, ground, burned, charred, boiled, soaked, chewed, and digested, until a skilful eye is required to recognize that they have ever been intended for money; and scattered singly through this mass, counterfeits, stolen notes, "split" notes, "raised" notes, and now and then a stray greenback.

The packages, after an entry of them has been made on the books, are distributed singly among women counters, each of whom gives her receipt. A counter, upon receiving a package, takes it to her desk, breaks the seals, and first takes an inventory of the money to see whether the ag-

gregate of the sums called for by the straps around the various parcels of notes corresponds with the amount claimed for the whole. Should she find a discrepancy, she makes a certificate of the difference for return to the sender. Next she proceeds to count the money, carefully keeping the notes and straps of each parcel separate. If she discovers an error of count, she notes upon the strap, over her initials and the date, the sum which she finds the package to be "over" or "short." Spurious or other notes, for any reason excluded by the rules, are thrown out, pinned to the straps in which they came, and returned. After finishing her count she makes a statement of the amounts of "overs," "shorts," counterfeits, and other rejected notes, and of the amount for the credit of the sender, and from this statement return remittance is made. The next duty of the counter is to assort the notes into the two classes of such as are unfit for circulation and such as are fit, and into the various denominations. When a hundred notes of one denomination and class are counted she surrounds them with a white strap, on which she pencils her initials and the date. Straps printed for full packages of a hundred notes of the different denominations are provided. Less than a hundred notes make a package of "odds." The "odds" arising from a day's count are delivered to "odd" counters, who mass them into full packages. Each counter, having finished this portion of her work, enters, in duplicate, upon a leaf of the blank book furnished her for this purpose, the various items into which she has divided her cash, and delivers this with the money to the teller. He takes an inventory of the amount by straps, and finding the counter's statement to be correct, tears off the half leaf on which the duplicate account is made, and signs the original as a receipt. After all the full packages resulting from the day's count have been delivered in this manner, the teller makes them up into

bundles of ten, or one thousand notes, keeping each denomination and class separate, and in this shape, on the evening of the day on which the money was received, they are ready for delivery to the assorting teller's room. Here the amount is inventoried and receipted for, and the money is locked up for the night in the iron portion of one of those wonder-waking safes.

None but the most experienced and skilful counters are employed in this first process, the responsibility both to the Government and the employee being too great to be imposed upon any but experts. It will readily be seen not only that correctness of count is of vital importance, but also that the knowledge and skill necessary to detect irredeemable notes are indispensable. A counter, when she puts her initials upon a package of notes, assumes the responsibility for the correctness of the amount as shown upon the strap; and any differences, if against her, will be made good at the end of the month out of her salary. The degree of accuracy reached by the present force is surprising considering the bulk of money handled daily. Counterfeits which, like the fives on the Traders' National Bank of Chicago, the Hampden of Westfield, Massachusetts, and the Merchants' of New Bedford, Massachusetts, have passed current all over the country, and become so worn that some unsuspecting village banker thinks proper to have them redeemed, are laid aside without a second glance. All the tricks practised by operators in "queer" are discovered instantly.

Among the means known to these gentry for expanding illegally the value of genuine currency, that most frequently resorted to is known as "splitting." Nine notes, for example, of a single denomination, are taken, and of the first one-tenth is cut off from the upper portion with a sharp knife by a line parallel to the margin. From the second two-tenths are cut, and so on, the divisions being made successively lower by tenths of

the width, until from the last note the lower tenth is cut. The upper portion of the first note is then joined, by pasting, to the lower portion of the second, the upper portion of the second to the lower portion of the third, and this plan being carried out with all the others, the result is the production of ten notes, each of which lacks one-tenth of its face, but which will pass with little question, among the inexperienced, at full value. The original notes being, however, very likely of different banks in several States, one effect of this operation, in the cases where the lines of division pass through the titles, is the creation of banks not found on the lists of the Treasury. When a note of this composition is presented for redemption the joined portions are separated, and being genuine are treated as parts of notes, and redeemed accordingly. The rules of the department applying to national bank currency are that notes lacking less than two-fifths are redeemed at their face. When more than two-fifths are missing the amount allowed for is proportionally reduced. The only exception to this rule is in cases where there is satisfactory evidence that the missing portion has been destroyed and can never be presented for redemption.

Another trick of counterfeiters is that of "raising." The original numerals and letters denoting the value of the note are carefully scraped off with a sharp instrument. By this means the paper is made thin, and over the places are pasted the figures and words of a higher denomination, often so neatly as to defy detection except on critical examination. Fives are in this way often converted into fifties, and ones into hundreds. Of course the alteration will readily be discovered by any one in the habit of handling money. Such notes are redeemed at the original face value.

But of all irredeemable notes those which appeal most strongly to the ill feelings of counters are of the description known as "stolen." Read-

ers of newspapers will doubtless recollect accounts of a heavy robbery perpetrated not many months ago upon the Northampton National Bank of Northampton, Massachusetts. Among the booty there secured by the burglars were one hundred and forty-five new five-dollar notes, of the issue of that bank, unsigned, which had never been paid over the counter. The cashier had taken the precaution to make a memorandum of the numbers printed on the faces, and was therefore enabled to describe each note as he would his watch taken from his fob by a pickpocket. Notice was given to the department, and though the notes came in shortly after by the dozen, it is safe to say that not one has been charged to the account of the bank. The notes are perfectly genuine, excepting the signatures; the most skilful expert would hardly discover anything suspicious in their appearance; the only irregularity connected with them is the way they were put in circulation. The fact of their existence renders necessary to every counter who would secure herself against loss an examination of the numbers printed on every five-dollar note of that bank passing through her hands; for the bank, never having issued those stolen, cannot be made to redeem them. Other banks have currency in circulation upon a similar basis, the number of notes varying in different instances from one upward. Occasionally a straggler of this description makes its way some distance into the agency, but it is sure to be detected sooner or later by some of the many vigilant eyes under which it must pass—eyes perhaps made all the more vigilant by costly experience of the consequences of carelessness. Such notes when discovered to have been redeemed become the property, in exchange for a like amount in greenbacks, of the person last concerned in their redemption.

It has been seen that the greater portion of the currency received is fit for circulation. Out of an aggregate

of \$178,121,855, assorted during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, \$97,-478,700 was of this description, and was returned to the banks for reissue. Originally it was the expectation that none but worn and mutilated notes would be offered for redemption, and for a long while all redeemed currency, in whatever condition, was destroyed, and new issued instead. But the proportion of sound notes became at length so great that the new plan was adopted as an evident measure of economy, and now no piece of paper money is withdrawn from circulation until worn out, unless at the desire of the bank. Many financial institutions within easy reach of the capital make a custom of forwarding for redemption all their receipts of currency for the day, getting in return new notes just from the printers. This method is pursued as an accommodation to the business public, who prefer clean and crisp notes; and while a day's deposits of any large bank must include much currency perhaps just out of the Treasury, the whole bulk is often shipped off to avoid the labor of assorting. Besides, remittances for redeemed notes of national banks being made, if desired, in greenbacks, the agency furnishes a convenient means to city banks for keeping up their legal tender reserves. Under the effect of heavy redemptions the condition of the currency of the country is constantly improving, and the proportion of "fit" notes received at the agency is gradually increasing.

The next process which the redeemed currency undergoes is that of assorting, and is carried on in a large room extending through about one-fourth of the length of the building. Along the walls, on both sides of an aisle, are arranged three rows of assorters' tills, by means of which the labor is carried on. These tills are rectangular in shape, and are divided into fifty-two compartments or "boxes," in four rows of thirteen each. These boxes are four inches in depth, and a little larger in length and width

than the surface of a note. The tills are mounted at an inclined angle upon stands, very much like a printer's case. At one end, attached by a hinged support, is a small table at which the assorter, seated upon a stool, does his counting and writing, and which, when not needed for this purpose, is swung underneath the till. A woven-wire folding screen is fastened to the upper portion of the stand, and may be locked down over the boxes, or thrown back out of the way. Padlocks of improved construction are part of the equipment, no two keys being interchangeable. Below the till is a shelf of the width of the stand, for the convenience to the assorter next in front. Each till is supplied with a blank book in duplicate forms for the assorter's accounts, an array of different colored printed straps, a box of bank pins, and all the appliances necessary for handling money with ease and rapidity.

For convenience in assorting, the twenty-three hundred and forty banks are arranged alphabetically, according to the name of their location, into forty-four groups, which are distinguished numerically, there being from forty to upward of sixty banks in each group. The operation of assorting notes into these groups is known as the first assortment; that of assorting the notes of the groups by individual banks, as the second assortment. The bundles of redeemed currency, having been passed to the assorting room, are delivered to the first assortment teller, who distributes them among the twelve or fifteen first assorters, taking receipts. Each of these persons carries his money to his till, and after making an inventory by straps, proceeds to count the notes. He unpins a package and lays the strap flat on the table before him. If the contents of that package are found to be correct, he lays the money upon the strap. The next strap is laid on top of this pile, and so on. By this method the several packages are kept distinct, and if he afterward finds an irredeemable note in

his money, he may know from whom it comes. All errors discovered, not only in this process, but in all others, are required to be reported immediately. Should a package be found "over," the assorter makes a memorandum, over his initials and the date, upon the strap, and returns this with the superfluous note to the teller. The note is put in the "cash till" to the credit of the counter whose signature is on the strap. "Short" packages are returned for verification to the counter, and the deficiency is made good out of the "cash till" and charged to the counter. Spurious and stolen notes are in like manner exchanged for genuine. An account is kept of all the "overs," "shorts," etc., of each person, and on pay day the clerk who has a preponderance against him will find in the envelope enclosing his month's salary the superintendent's certificate of the balance "short," and any counterfeit or stolen notes found in his straps, reckoned as so much legal tender. This system is rigidly enforced not only in the agency, but throughout the department. It seems hard that the penalty of accident or inexperience should be so summary; but no other means has yet been devised to secure the Treasury from loss. And after all, the rule is the same as that enforced in some manner in the outside world of business, where every one must trust to his own knowledge and skill for security against loss.

The first assorter having satisfied himself that his money is correct in amount and passible in character, next proceeds to assort the notes. He rises from his stool, swings his table out of the way, folds back the cover of his till, takes up a package and deposits the notes one by one in the box whose number corresponds to that of the group to which they severally belong. We will say that long practice has made him familiar not only with the scheme of the assortment, so that he need not refer to the printed lists, but also with the face of the notes of

every bank in the country, and that the briefest glance is all that he requires to recognize a note and determine where it belongs. The rapidity of some of these assorters is remarkable, being limited only by the rate at which it is possible to move the hand over the rather large area of a till. Much, however, depends on the natural aptitudes of the person. Many who have had no previous experience in handling money never become expert. They are tried for six months or a year, and then dismissed as incompetent. Even those by nature well qualified may hope to attain moderate rapidity only after months of persevering effort.

The manipulations of the beginner often cause much merriment among the older employees. He has too many fingers, or too few, to fix a secure grasp upon the "bills." He seizes a note with one or both hands, and stretching it before him proceeds to read over the face. Then he resolves himself into a committee of the whole on the state of his till, to consider where the note is to be put. He refers from the note to the printed schedule before him, and from the schedule to the note again, hunts from one side of his till to the other for the box he wants, but is now uncertain of the number, and recurs once more to the note and the schedule. At length he cautiously deposits the money in a box. Presently, after going through this process once or twice more, he is convinced that he has been wrong. He institutes search throughout his till to find his note again, and at last this cause of all his perplexity settles in a box not to be again disturbed until that remote hour of the day when he shall be ready to "count out." In the evening, when he is expected to "turn in" his cash, he finds himself from one to eighty or a hundred notes "over" or "short." His knuckles are more or less raw from collision with the partitions of his till, his face is flushed, and his hand trembles. In high excitement, seeing himself waited for, he

takes up a package which he put up for a hundred notes, but which in his opinion may possibly contain a hundred and eleven or only ninety-nine. He counts it through with an attempt at aptness, and as he lays down the last note he whispers "fifty-five." In the end two or three experts are set to help him, and in a few moments the inconsiderable number of notes which formed his chaos are reduced to order. In the later experience of the agency, however, instances of this extreme bewilderment are rare. Every consideration is shown the beginner, and the perfect organization of the office enables him to be led up by the slowest and easiest gradations to the more difficult labor. Besides, in appointments, which latterly are of infrequent occurrence, a decided preference is given to bank clerks and others whose previous training serves in some sort as an education.

When a clerk has finished assorting his cash, he next proceeds to count out the contents of each box, putting up the notes in packages of even hundreds of dollars, and pinning round them yellow straps, if he has unfit money, and pink if fit. On the strap of each package he writes in pencil the amount, the group number, his initials, and the date. The notes of all the groups in excess of even hundreds of dollars are thrown together and finally counted and put up as "odds." This process complete, the full packages are done up, by means of cardboards and rubber bands, into bundles of a thousand notes each. The aggregate being found to correspond with the sum received in the morning, the assorter enters on his book in duplicate the amount of full packages and of "odds," and delivers his cash with the book to the first assortment teller. That clerk makes an inventory of the money by straps, and finding it to agree with the book, tears off the duplicate entry to guide him in his own accounts, and puts his initials to the original as a receipt to the assorter. When all the money put in the hands

of the assorters has been returned in this manner, the total cash is balanced and locked up until next day. The "odds" arising from the day's work are kept separate for redistribution among the assorters on the following morning.

An expert will handle ten thousand notes between the hours of nine and three, in the manner here described—no light task, for besides the labor of assorting, every note must be counted twice. Persons of both sexes are employed at this work, but the physical endurance required makes it too heavy for women of weak frame.

It will be understood that after passing through the first assorters' hands the notes are in two lots of "fit" and "unfit," each lot being in bundles of one thousand notes of one denomination, and each bundle composed of packages of notes of single groups. The next operation is to mass all the packages of all denominations composing the day's assortment by groups. This is done by the first assortment teller, who distributes the packages on a low table, according to the marks of the assorters, and straps the packages of each group into a bundle on which he marks the number of the group and the amount. The distinctions of "fit" and "unfit" are still maintained. There are then forty-four bundles of "fit" notes and a like number of "unfit," each bundle containing all denominations of notes of the banks composing a single group. In this shape the money is on the day following put in the vault of the agency. This receptacle is a room whose massive iron walls would not be likely to tempt burglars even in the most inviting surroundings. It is situated in the basement of the north wing of the Treasury. The ponderous double doors are secured by two combination locks of the most approved construction, one of which is set and can be opened only by the superintendent and the chief bookkeeper, and the other only by the assorting teller and his assistant. There is, besides, on

the outer door a chronometer lock which would defy the efforts of all those officials together, and of all other persons whatsoever until the appointed hour when the vault is to be opened in the ordinary course of business. Along the interior of the walls are compartments in which are stored redeemed notes, those of each group by themselves, until they shall be removed for assortment by individual banks. The vault usually contains about ten millions of dollars. The money which we have followed thus far is packed into a cart and hauled into this place, where it is deposited group by group with the rest.

It is customary to assort the currency of from one to four groups by banks each day. Let us follow rapidly one of these groups through the remainder of the processes. The money of a group accumulated from day to day in the vault is in the morning transported to the assorting room, where it is delivered to the second assortment teller. By him the bundles are opened, the inventory verified, and the packages separated by denominations, reference being had in this process to the upper note of each package. The packages of each denomination are then strapped together by means of cardboards and rubber bands, and the group number, the denomination, and the amount marked upon each bundle. Next morning the money is delivered in this shape to the second sorters.

It will be understood that each of these persons thus receives notes of a single denomination issued by from forty to sixty banks. The second assorter first counts his money to be sure of the amount, and then assort the notes into his till in the manner already described, putting, however, only the notes of one bank into a box. For his guidance each assorter is provided with a printed list of the banks composing his group, the number of the box assigned to each being set opposite to the title. For convenience of handling about the tills, these lists are

mounted upon thick cardboards. The existence of stolen notes or counterfeits on a bank is noted upon these lists, and special directions for assortment are conveyed in the same manner. When a bank is in liquidation or is withdrawing part of its circulation, an "I," denoting "inactive," is set opposite the title. The notes of such banks are thrown together into box 52, and from this circumstance are known in the nomenclature of the office as "52's." These are counted together and put up in packages by means of orange-colored straps, properly marked for delivery, through a regular channel, to another division of the Treasurer's office, where the money is assorted and destroyed and the amount retired from circulation. At present more than half the banks of some groups are on the inactive list, and notwithstanding the clamor from the West for more paper currency, that part of the country is in the lead in the contraction which is rapidly going on. Of the Chicago banks, the notes of all but three have been ordered to be destroyed and withdrawn as they are redeemed, and in St. Louis and St. Paul only a few banks remain on the active list. Of the eastern cities, New York alone is pursuing the same line of policy to any considerable extent, more than half the banks there being either liquidating or reducing their circulation. The motives which induce this step in the case of solvent and unembarrassed institutions are diverse; but the effect is always the same. The amount of currency retired in this manner ranges ordinarily from twenty thousand to a hundred thousand dollars a day.

The labor of assorting finished, the clerk's next duty is to count up the money of each bank. In doing this he examines each note to be sure that they all bear the same title. In some groups great care is required to ensure correctness in this process. For instance, a clerk will tell you that there are Springfield banks in every State in the Union. He exaggerates a little,

but group 88 is nevertheless the *déte noir* of the assorting room. In the second assortment, as in the first, even hundreds of dollars make a full package. Notes of active banks are pinned up, the "fit" in blue straps and the "unfit" in green, each package marked with the group number, the bank number, the amount, the assorter's signature, and the date. Notes wrongly grouped are thrown together and put up in white straps, for return next day to the first assorter. "Odds" are enveloped in yellow or pink straps, accordingly as they are "unfit" or "fit," and are ultimately put in the vault until the group is next brought up for assortment. When the contents of a till have all been counted out, the assorter's cash is in the four items of full packages of notes of active banks, "52's," "errors" of first assortment, and "odds." The money of each of these items is strapped up in a bundle properly marked, and the amounts entered in the book. Delivery is made to the second assortment teller in a manner similar to that already described.

Of course, in a room where one or two millions of dollars are handled daily, rigid discipline is required to prevent loss through carelessness or speculation. A clerk on leaving his till must lock up his money. No assorter is allowed to leave the room during business hours except on a pass, to be taken up by the doorkeeper. This is obtained from the superintendent of assorters, who, before issuing it, examines the till of the applicant to see that everything is in shape. Slips of paper, perforated by a punch, are the sops which placate the Cerberus of the agency. Each assorter is provided with a card on which are printed two sets of numbers, from one to thirty-one, and a certificate that the holder's cash was properly balanced and his till in order at the close of business on the day of the month last punched. On this card the teller, after examining the assorter's money, makes one punch, and the su-

perintendent of assorters another, after a minute inspection of the till and its surroundings. Thus the assorter receives the only passport on which he may leave the office for the day. In the afternoon, when all the money handled has been deposited in the safes, the superintendent of the agency makes a tour of all the rooms. The safes are then closed, and finally the Treasurer tries all the locks.

The work of the second assortment is by most clerks pretty easily learned, and upon this beginners are usually placed. The mechanical difficulties are, however, the same as those already noticed in connection with the first assortment; and speed can be acquired only by long and diligent practice. The agency offers few attractive positions to a clerk, whatever his grade. Currency long in circulation becomes so mutilated as to be difficult to handle. It is soiled and dusty, and often emits the most disgusting smells. One memorable shipment of several millions from San Francisco still lingers in the recollection of the unfortunate clerks, who spit and sneezed over the filthy mass. The notes were begrimed with every soil of the Pacific slope, and made odorous by association with every species of vice and uncleanness to which human flesh is subject. The labor of the assorter and counter, even at the best, is severe and unpleasant; while from motives of economy the task is heaped up to the maximum and the pay cut down to the minimum.

The next process after assortment is to "make up" all the packages of all denominations into bundles, each containing only notes of a single bank. For this purpose the currency of active banks is delivered from the assorters through the teller to a "maker-up" who takes an inventory. Next day he assorters the packages of a group in a till similar to those already described, except that it is laid flat upon a low counter. Then he takes the contents of a box, ascertains, by examining the upper note of each package, that the

money is all the issue of a single bank, and writes in ink upon a blank label the title of the bank, the amount of each denomination, and the total of all, signs and dates this, and straps it upon the bundle. Having emptied all the boxes of his till in this manner, he prepares a list of the amount of each bank's money made up, and verifies his work by comparing the footing with the total charged to him on the previous evening. This list is delivered to the bookkeepers, and upon it the accounts of the agency are based. From motives of saving in express charges, when the total of a bank's currency in the till is less than five hundred dollars, the money is not made up, but thrown aside as "odds," together with all excess over even thousands of dollars, when such excess is less than five hundred. These "odds" are returned, after account, to the vault. The work of making up employs from two to four persons constantly. Absolute correctness is of high importance, and great painstaking is required. Even a moment's relaxation of attention is likely to produce an error which, if not discovered, would involve the misplacement of hundreds or thousands of dollars. Fortunately, the system of checks and proofs is so thorough that all errors are discovered unfailingly, and the consequences confined to the agency. The different colored straps noticed in use for packages are but one feature of a general scheme by which currency in the office is made to indicate, at a glance, its description, proper place, and future course. The possibility of error or confusion in large amounts is thus reduced to the last degree. And minute precautions will hardly be deemed superfluous, when it is considered that all the processes described in this article are going on simultaneously every day at the heaped-up tills and counters.

On leaving the hands of the maker-up, the money is taken to the proving-

room. Here the bundles are distributed among a force of women, who recount all the notes for the purpose of verifying the amount, the description, and the assortment. If, among the notes of a bank, is found one of another, the estray is exchanged, through the superintendent of assorters, for a note of the proper description. The prover, having ascertained that her money is correct according to the accompanying label, puts her initials to the latter, as well as upon each package of notes, wraps and ties the bundle, and carries it to a table, where, in her presence, the knots are sealed. First, however, the unfit notes are cancelled by removing a triangular piece from each of the lower corners. This is done by means of a knife, which is moved by hand with a lever, which easily cuts through two hundred notes at a time. The sealed packages are then put in the hands of the delivery clerk. At his counter the fit parcels are enveloped in a stout outside wrapper and directed to the various banks whose notes are contained in each. In this shape these parcels are taken to the office of the Adams Express Company for shipment. The unfit notes are delivered to the Comptroller of the Currency, by whose clerks they are again counted. When there is no longer any possibility of incorrectness either in the amount or the description, orders are made out for the issue of new currency, and the redeemed notes are carried to the basement of the Treasury, where they are put in a machine and reduced to pulp. This product is sold to paper-makers, who, in consideration of its quality, are willing to buy it at a good price. There is a possibility, therefore, that the banker who several months ago forwarded his shipment of currency for redemption, may have the substance of his note return to him in these pages, bearing this account of the experiences of the journey.

FRANK W. LAUTZ.

UNKNOWN PERSONS.

I WAS wandering through the Uffizi gallery in Florence one day, with my guide-book open in my hand, when I met the subjects of this story. They were by a large window, nine of them, framed in a little gilt frame a foot or so square. I looked at them, and then, by force of habit, I looked at the guide-book. "Portraits of nine unknown persons," it said. I went nearer and looked at them again, and after that I saw the guide-book no more. They were not portraits or unknown persons, but nine new friends who told me the story of their lives as I stood by the window gazing.

There were eight brothers of them, of a noble family, and dwelling in happy Tuscany. They lived in the country. Their mother was dead—died when Barnaba first opened his wondering eyes at her. Their father was a student, and loved his boys, and his books, and nature, and determined to keep them all together. "If we live in town," he said, "I can't do this; I am not very rich, so I will remain in my country home, and my boys and I will have a life of our own." Such a merry, merry life as the boys had together. Everything was turned to play for them, even their studies. Their principal delight was acting, and in their little plays, queer compounds of Grecian dramas and childish dreams, each one had his regular part. It was Pietro who was always the main figure, made the grandest speeches, and prayed the longest prayers—for they had religious dramas sometimes—and strutted around the most. They made Giuseppe their hero for all that, carried him in on their shoulders from battle, and crowned him with laurel at the end of the fourth act regularly. Domenico played the scholar: he had so grave an air, so learned a mien. Guido was the soldier boy. Let him but throw his cap on his wavy hair, or

toss his coat over his shoulder and strut upon the mimic stage, and you would have sworn he was armed to the teeth, and that you could hear the click of his spurs.

How Barnaba loved Guido! How he would twirl his long hair over his finger secretly, hoping 'twould wave, and try to strut in on the stage heroically too. But he was sure to blunder a bit, poor Barnaba. He was the youngest, you see, and had poor parts given him that he didn't suit. He was not meant for a page, and sometimes, while Pietro would strut around and puff and declaim, little Barnaba was clenching his nervous hands tightly behind him, and longing that he might speak out like a man too. But no one ever dreamed that the stiff little page, with the long hair and the wondering eyes, had any wishes other than to make a good page. For Barnaba had a firm mouth, spite of the tremble at the corners, and it was always readier to shut than to open.

The other three boys, Luigi, Leonardo, and Leone, were good boys and happy boys, but they were by nature "the populace." They were always ready to come in on the stage as "the excited crowd" or "the hooting rabble." They threw up their hats and cried, "Sì, sì" splendidly, but then they would cry, "Nò, nò" just as well if it was their part to do so. So you can see they made a capital populace. Very near them, in a beautiful villa, there lived for a while in the summer time, once a little girl. Henrighetta she was called by her friends, but the boys' father bade them call her la signorina, "because," said he, "it is well to respect women." "But Henrighetta is only a little girl," said Barnaba. "Pshaw, she'll be a woman some day," laughed Guido, and twirled on his toes, "and I'll be a man." And he pulled away at some very

make-believe moustaches, and raised his eyebrows until even his grave father laughed. For at this time Guido was only eleven and Barnaba seven. Pietro, the eldest—he was seventeen—very aged indeed, the lads thought. So Henrichetta became their playmate.

Shortly before she left the villa they had a great play. It was the best they had ever had. There was a prologue and an epilogue, written and spoken by Pietro, and ever so much shouting, and a very bloody scene in which Guido rescued Henrichetta from the ruffians, who were being led by a traitor page (Barnaba, of course) to kill her for her jewels. "Luigi," said Barnaba, "I hate to be mean, even in a play. I wish you would be the page and let me be a ruffian." Then Luigi laughed hard, and told his brothers. And they said, "Fancy Barnaba a ruffian," and laughed until poor Barnaba looked sadder than ever. "Oh, you'll make a real good page, and you know you have to kiss Henrichetta's long dress," said Guido, as he whittled a little gun. "So I will," said Barnaba, and was quite happy.

Now, really Henrichetta was a good deal like other girls, not very pretty or very wise, but fresh and happy. But with the eight boys she was a queen indeed—dared even to speak threateningly to Pietro, though she was but ten years old, and stamped her foot one day at Guido. Oh, how vexed he was! Yet she was always kind to Barnaba, and on the night of the play bade him kiss her hand instead of her dress, if he wished. It was very inappropriate, but Barnaba thought it angelic, and imprinted just the most serious and tender kiss on Henrichetta's chubby fingers at the moment when Guido carried her off from her terrible fate. They had quite an audience that night. Henrichetta's friends were many, and they all said how beautifully she looked when she was married to Guido at the close of the play, as she was, of course, with Pietro for a cardinal and Barnaba as page, to hold up my lady's train.

Well, the boys grew up, and though they wandered off to see the world and study, they found their way home often and often. Barnaba alone stayed there all the while. He grew of use to his father in writing, became his private secretary, and seemed to be as much a part of the home as the olive grove near by, or the long, shaded walks he loved so well. Barnaba's hair was as straight as ever, and his white collar grew crumpled sooner than it ought, and he looked as if he belonged somewhere else. Observing people wondered sometimes, but only a little, and Barnaba's brothers would have told you he was a shy, good boy, and his father would have said the same, and I dare say Barnaba himself might have replied a little in like manner, had he replied at all. But Barnaba did not talk much. He read, and dreamed, and walked in the woods. Sometimes at evening he would take off his cap, and the wind would blow his hair, and a light would burn in his eyes, and you would have thought, "Barnaba will do something surely." But he never did.

It was in the summer time, twelve years later than the play time, that Henrichetta came again to the villa. It was a little dull for her, for all the boys were away from home but Giuseppe and Barnaba. Giuseppe was older and angelic. He went to see the poor, and he had written a beautiful book about the Cross, and he slept in a little room on a hard bed, and said his prayers a great deal. His brothers would cross themselves often in speaking of him. "Giuseppe is a holy man," they would say. There was a verse in Giuseppe's book that Barnaba loved. He said it often to himself. It was this: "There is a road, and the name of it is Patience; the flowers that grow by it are few, but they are very sweet; and if you pluck them and weave them into a crown, the fragrance shall last for ever."

Barnaba was in the woods one day, saying these words softly to himself,

when the lady Henrichetta approached. She was dressed all in white, and Barnaba thought her very beautiful and proud. Yet she spoke so sweetly to him. "Are you not my old friend Barnaba?" she asked. Had he been patient, and had he plucked one of the rare sweet flowers? It seemed so, truly. She spoke so sweetly, and she smiled at him, and she seated herself by him. "I am going to make a wreath for myself," she said, "while my father talks to your brother near by, and you shall get me flowers and tell me about your brothers—where you all are and what you are doing." Such dainty commands! How Barnaba flew for the flowers! How oddly he looked with his long hair flowing, and his eager hands clutching up the sweetest herbs, and grasses, and blossoms, all for her. "May I make your wreath?" he said, for Barnaba knew well what flowers loved each other.

What a happy Barnaba! How the sun shone, and the trees whispered that day, and how she talked to him, told him of all the years, of her travels, for she had seen much, and he sat and listened, and wove the flowers together, and watched her white hands and her full, soft throat. And after the lady Henrichetta talked she sang a little. It was such a fair day, so dreamy, and shady, and restful. She sang scraps of old Italian songs. When Barnaba had finished the wreath he handed it to her to place upon her head. "What shall I give you for this?" she said, and held out her hand. It was only a moment, yet it was a long enough moment to have placed a kiss upon it, and Barnaba was a man, and Barnaba longed to do it, but did he dare? While he wondered Giuseppe and her father joined them, and they all walked home to Henrichetta's together, talking of the olden times. Then they bade her good-by. She lingered at the doorway to watch them go. Barnaba looked back once and saw her standing there, all in white, with the wreath he had made crowning her dark hair. "And the fragrance shall last for ever," he whis-

pered so softly that Giuseppe did not hear.

The next day Guido came home. He was a real soldier now, with spurs and a jaunty cloak, and such a twinkle in his eye and swing in his walk and laugh in his voice that you longed to see him enter the room, and wished for him to speak—not that he said so much, but he said it so well. The quiet home was always changed when Guido arrived. Merry songs were heard all over the house, horns, and racing, and laughter. And this time Guido was more than ever gay. He and the lady Henrichetta grew to be great friends. They would ride and walk, and although there were always people with them; they seemed to talk for each other all the time, and to smile for each other all the time. Every one saw it and smiled too—every one but Barnaba. He was very busy during this while with his father, correcting proofs for a new book on archæology.

It was not until twelve long days had gone by that he again saw the lady Henrichetta. Then he went over one evening to her father's villa, "where we are to have some plays as we used to do," said Guido. Barnaba's heart beat hard, and he longed to see the lady Henrichetta again. She was getting ready for the play. "Barnaba, you are to be page, please," said Guido, "and hold my lady's train." So Barnaba was page, and the play began. There were many strange faces and voices in it, and it was a studied play, each part learned by rote. It did not seem like old times at all. Barnaba began to feel very far away, when suddenly he was called to where the lady Henrichetta was, and bidden to follow her as her page. She greeted him kindly. "All you have to do is to stand by my side," she said. To stand by her side! And then the curtain rose again, and the lady Henrichetta, clad in regal robes, sailed forward, and Barnaba, clad as a page, followed her meekly and stood at her side.

What a little hum there was when she appeared! and when Guido strode

rapidly in toward her and pressed her passionately, how the applause rang! It was an intense scene, and Guido seemed intensely in earnest. "How well he plays," thought Barnaba. Then, as Guido looked at Henrichetta and Henrichetta really blushed a little and dropped her eyelids, Barnaba's soul rose. It was a strong soul; it was a man's soul; and it was in a white heat of rage now. If he, the page, had but a sword to kill him, the lover! Just then he heard a little whisper which the others did not hear. It was too low. Guido had said, not "Leonora, mia cara," as the play said, but "Henrichetta, mia cara." There was a sudden movement on the stage. It was the page who had turned quickly, frantically. He had nearly reached the door when he turned again and came back, white but firm, with a strange smile on his lip, and resumed his place. Guido swore. The pretty tableau was spoiled. I am afraid even my lady sighed softly, but Barnaba did not know that. She had told him to stand by her side, and her command must be obeyed.

The scene over, however, Barnaba rushed from the house, out into the fresh air. He turned and gazed back through the window. There they stood together, side by side, smiling, happy, Guido and Henrichetta, and here was poor Barnaba, still in the trappings of livery, with his heart all torn in his hands. Out in the darkness he dropped his head toward the earth. Giuseppe saw the face, and came toward him. "What is it, brother?" asked he softly. "What have you lost?" Barnaba looked up at him. His brave, firm lips trem-

bled once. "My life," he said; "I have lost my life." There was a silence. "He that loseth his life shall find it," said Giuseppe. "These are the words of the Lord." And the two brothers crossed themselves and walked homeward together in silence.

It was six months after, at the time of the wedding, that the portrait was painted. Giuseppe is in the centre. The brothers all said 'twas his place. Pietro has his cowl over his head, you see, but he is fat and hearty for all that. Domenico leans on a book, as ever, and the populace smile pleasantly and in a well-bred manner. Guido and his wife are side by side—the darling, jaunty, happy man and his high-born, full-throated, soft-eyed wife. And where is Barnaba? Just over her. Below her, even in the picture, he should have been, he thinks, and beside her, never, but once, in a play. Dear, poor, brave Barnaba! He has changed in the six months. His collar is as twisted, his hair as long and straight, and his eyes as full of wonder; but there are two new turns to his lips—smiling turns. "I've lost," they seem to say, "and I might have won. Life has treated me poorly, but I owe her no grudge. Guido and his wife have gone away. Giuseppe is visiting the poor. Pietro is at his priestly work—what is it? The others are back in their lives. Barnaba walks in the grove alone, and repeats to himself: "There is a road, and the name of it is Patience. The flowers that grow by it are few, but they are very sweet; and if you pluck them and weave them into a crown, the fragrance shall last forever." And Barnaba smiles.

MARY MURDOCH MASON.

THE DEAD STAR.

YONDER in empty dark

Wanders, somewhere, a wasted sun, whose light,
Ere breathed abroad with life-creating spark,
Made hanging gardens of the circling night:

Through Time's dark emptiness
Some soul, that genius lit, goes, withered, wane,
Its flame to blackness fallen, purposeless—

The dead star wanders with the fire-spent man!

THE LONDON THEATRES.

A PERSON taking up his residence in a foreign city is apt, I think, to become something of a playgoer. In the first place he is usually more or less isolated, and in the absence of complex social ties the theatres help him to pass his evenings. But more than this, they offer him a good deal of interesting evidence upon the manners and customs of the people among whom he has come to dwell. They testify to the civilization around him, and throw a great deal of light upon the ways of thinking, feeling, and behaving of the community. If this exotic spectator to whom I allude is a person of a really attentive observation, he may extract such evidence in very large quantities. It is furnished not by the stage alone, but by the *theatre* in a larger sense of the word: by the audience, the attendants, the arrangements, the very process of getting to the playhouse. The English stage of to-day, of which I more particularly speak, certainly holds the mirror as little as possible up to nature—to any nature, at least, usually recognized in the British islands. Nine-tenths of the plays performed upon it are French originals, subjected to the mysterious process of “adaptation”; marred as French pieces and certainly not mended as English; transplanted from the Gothic soil into a chill and neutral region where they bloom hardly longer than a handful of cut flowers stuck into moist sand. They cease to have any representative value as regards French manners, and they acquire none as regards English; they belong to an order of things which has not even the merit of being “conventional,” but in which barbarism, chaos, and crudity hold undisputed sway. The English drama of the last century deserved the praise, in default of any higher, of being “conventional”; for there

was at least a certain method in its madness; it had its own ideal, its own foolish logic and consistency. But he would be wise who should be able to indicate the ideal, artistic and intellectual, of the English drama of to-day. It is violently and hopelessly irresponsible. When one says “English drama” one uses the term for convenience’ sake; one means simply the plays that are acted at the London theatres and transferred thence to the American. They are neither English nor a drama; they have not that minimum of ponderable identity at which appreciation finds a starting-point. As the metaphysicians say, they are simply not cognizable. And yet in spite of all this, the writer of these lines has ventured to believe that the London theatres are highly characteristic of English civilization. The plays testify indirectly if not directly to the national manners, and the whole system on which play-going is conducted completes the impression which the pieces make upon the observer. One can imagine, indeed, nothing more characteristic than such a fact as that a theatre-going people is hopelessly destitute of a drama.

I ventured a month ago to record in these pages a few reminiscences of the Comédie Française; and I have a sort of feeling that my readers may, in the light of my present undertaking, feel prompted to accuse me of a certain levity. There is a want of delicacy, they may say, in speaking of the first theatre in the world one day and of the London stage the next. You must choose, and if you talk about one, you forfeit the right to talk about the other. But I think there is something to be done in the way of talking about both, and at all events there are few things it is not fair to talk about if one does so with a serious desire to understand. Removing

lately from Paris to the British metropolis, I received a great many impressions—a sort of unbroken chain, in which the reflections passing through my fancy as I tried the different orchestra-stalls were the concluding link. The impressions of which I speak were impressions of outside things—the things with which in a great city one comes first into contact. I supposed that I had gathered them once for all in earlier years; but I found that the edge of one's observation, unlike that of other trenchant instruments, grows again if one leaves it alone. Remain a long time in any country, and you come to accept the manners and customs of that country as the standard of civilization—the normal type. Other manners and customs, even if they spring from the same soil from which you yourself have sprung, acquire by contrast an unreasonable, a violent, but often a picturesque relief. To what one may call a continentalized vision the aspect of English life seems strange and entertaining; while an Anglicized perception finds, beyond the narrow channel, even greater matter for wonderment.

The writer of these lines brought with him, at the outset of a dusky London winter, a continentalized, and perhaps more particularly a Parisianized, fancy. It was wonderful how many things that I should have supposed familiar and commonplace seemed strikingly salient and typical, and how I found, if not sermons in stones and good in everything, at least examples in porter-pots and reflections in coal-scuttles. In writing the other day of the Théâtre Français, I spoke of M. Francisque Sarcey, the esteemed dramatic critic; of the serious and deliberate way in which he goes to work—of the distance from which he makes his approaches. During the first weeks I was in London, especially when I had been to the play the night before, I kept saying to myself that M. Francisque Sarcey ought to come over and

“do” the English theatres. There are of course excellent reasons why he should not. In the first place, it is safe to assume that he comprehends not a word of English; and in the second, it is obligatory to believe that he would, in the vulgar phrase, not be able to “stand” it. He would probably pronounce the English stage hopelessly and unmitigably bad and beneath criticism, and hasten back to Delaunay and Sarah Bernhardt. But if we could suppose him to fight it out, and give the case a hearing, what a solid dissertation we should have upon it afterward at the bottom of the “Temps” newspaper! How he would go into the causes of the badness, and trace its connections with English civilization! How earnestly he would expatiate and how minutely he would explain; how fervently he would point the moral and entreat his fellow countrymen not to be as the English are lest they should lapse into histrionic barbarism!

I felt, to myself, during these days, in a small way, very much like a Francisque Sarcey; I don't mean as to the gloominess of my conclusions, but as to the diffusiveness of my method. A spectator with his senses attuned to all those easy Parisian harmonies feels himself, in London, to be in a place in which the drama cannot, in the nature of things, have a vigorous life. Before he has put his feet into a theatre he is willing to bet his little all that the stage will turn out to be weak. If he is challenged for the reasons of this precipitate skepticism, he will perhaps be at loss to give them; he will only say, “Oh, I don't know, *cela se sent*. Everything I see is a reason. I don't look out of the window, I don't ring the bell for some coals, I don't go into an eating-house to dine, without seeing a reason.” And then he will begin to talk about the duskiest and oppressive-ness of London; about the ugliness of everything that one sees; about beauty and grace being never attempted, or attempted here and there only to

be wofully missed; about the visible, palpable Protestantism; about the want of expression in people's faces; about the plainness and dreariness of everything that is public and the inaccessibility of everything that is private; about the lower classes being too miserable to know the theatre, and the upper classes too "respectable" to understand it.

And here, if the audacious person we are conceiving is very far gone, he will probably begin to talk about English "hypocrisy" and prudery, and to say that these are the great reason of the feebleness of the stage. When he approaches the question of English "hypocrisy" you may know that he is hopelessly Gallicized, or Romanized, or Germanized, or something of that sort; and indeed his state of mind at this point strikes me myself with a certain awe. I don't venture to follow him, and I discreetly give up the attempt. But up to this point I can see what he may have meant, in the midst of his flippancy, and I remember how to my own imagination at first everything seemed to hang together, and theatres to be what they were because somehow the streets, and shops, and hotels, and eating-houses were what they were. I remember something I said to myself after once witnessing a little drama of real life at a restaurant. The restaurant in question is in Piccadilly, and I am trying to think under which of the categories of our Gallicized observer it would come. The remarkable façade, covered with gilded mosaics and lamps, is certainly a concession to the idea of beauty; though whether it is a successful one is another question. Within it has, besides various other resources, one of those peculiar refectories which are known in England as grill-rooms, and which possess the picturesque feature of a colossal grid-iron, astride of a corresponding fire, on which your chops and steaks are toasted before your eyes. A grill-room is a bad place to dine, but it is a convenient place to lunch. It always

contains a number of tables, which accommodate not less than half a dozen persons; small tables of the proper dimensions for a *tête-à-tête* being, for inscrutable reasons, wholly absent from English eating-houses.

The grill-room in question is decorated in that style of which the animus is to be agreeable to Mr. William Morris, though I suspect that in the present application of his charming principles he would find a good deal of base alloy. At any rate, the apartment contains a number of large medallions in blue pottery, pieced together, representing the heathen gods and goddesses, whose names are inscribed in crooked letters in an unexpected part of the picture. This is quite the thing that one would expect to find in one of those cloisters or pleasantries, or "pleached gardens," in which Mr. Morris's Gothic heroines drag their embroidered petticoats up and down, as slow-pacedly as their poet sings. Only, in these pretty, dilettantish cloisters there would probably be no large tickets suspended alongside of the pictorial pottery, inscribed with the monstrous words, *Tripes! Suppers!* This is one of those queer eruptions of plainness and homeliness which one encounters at every turn in the midst of the massive luxury and general expensiveness of England—like the big, staring announcement, *Beds*, in the coffee-house windows, or *Well-aired Beds* painted on the side walls of taverns; or like a list of labels which I noticed the other day on a series of japanned boxes in a pastry-cook's shop. They seemed to me so characteristic that I made a note of them.

The reason of my being in the pastry-cook's shop was my having contracted in Paris the harmless habit of resorting to one of these establishments at the luncheon hour, for the purpose of consuming a little *gateau*. Resuming this innocent practice on English soil, I found it attended with serious difficulties—the chief of which was that there were no *gateaux* to con-

sume. An appreciative memory of those brightly mirrored little shops on the Paris boulevards, in which tender little tarts, in bewildering variety, are dispensed to you by a neat-waisted *patissière*, cast a dusky shadow over the big buns and "digestive biscuits" which adorn the counter of an English bakery. But it takes a good while to eat a bun, and while you stand there solemnly disintegrating your own, you may look about you in search of the characteristic. In Paris the pastry-cooks' shops are, as the French say, coquettish—as coquettish as the elegant simplicity of plate glass, discreet gilding, polished brass, and a demonstrative *dame de comptoir* can make them. In London they are not coquettish—witness the grim nomenclature alluded to above; it was distributed over a series of green tin cases, ranged behind the counters: Tops and bottoms—royal digestives—arrow-root—oat-cake—rice biscuit—ratafias.

I took my seat in the grill-room at a table at which three gentlemen were sitting: two of them sleek British merchants, of a familiar and highly respectable type, the other a merchant too, presumably, but neither sleek nor British. He was evidently an American. He was a good-looking fellow and a man of business, but I inferred from the tentative, experimental, and even mistrustful manner with which he addressed himself to the operation of lunching, and observed the idiosyncrasies of the grill-room, that he found himself for the first time in England. His experiment, however, if experiment it was, was highly successful; he made a copious lunch and departed. He had not had time to reach the door when I perceived one of the British merchants of whom I just now spoke beginning to knock the table violently with his knife-handle, and to clamor, "Waiter, waiter! Manager, manager!" The manager and the waiter hastened to respond, while I endeavored to guess the motive of his agitation, without connecting it with our late

companion. As I then saw him pointing eagerly to the latter, however, who was just getting out of the door, I was seized with a mortifying apprehension that my innocent compatriot was a dissembler and a pickpocket, and that the English gentleman, next whom he had been sitting, had missed his watch or his purse. "He has taken one of these—one of these!" said the British merchant. "I saw him put it into his pocket." And he held up a bill of fare of the establishment, a printed card, bearing on its back a colored lithograph of the emblazoned façade that I have mentioned. I was reassured; the poor American had pocketed this light document with the innocent design of illustrating his day's adventures to a sympathetic wife awaiting his return in some musty London lodging. But the manager and the waiter seemed to think the case grave, and their informant continued to impress upon them that he had caught the retiring visitor in the very act. They were at a loss to decide upon a course of action; they thought the case was bad, but they questioned whether it was bad enough to warrant them in pursuing the criminal. While this weighty point was being discussed the criminal escaped, little suspecting, I imagine, the perturbation he had caused. But the British merchant continued to argue, speaking in the name of outraged morality. "You know he oughtn't to have done that—it was very wrong in him to do it. That mustn't be done, you know, and you know I ought to tell you—it was my duty to tell you—I couldn't *but* tell you. He oughtn't to have done it, you know. I thought I *must* tell you." It is not easy to point out definitely the connection between this little episode, for the triviality of which I apologize, and the present condition of the English stage; but—it may have been whimsical—I thought I perceived a connection. These people are too highly moral to be histrionic, I said; they have too stern a sense of duty.

The first step in the rather arduous enterprise of going to the theatre in London is, I think, another reminder that the arts of the stage are not really in the temperament and the manners of the people. This first step is to go to an agency in an expensive street out of Piccadilly, and there purchase a stall for the sum of eleven shillings. You receive your ticket from the hands of a smooth, sleek, bottle-nosed clerk, who seems for all the world as if he had stepped straight out of a volume of Dickens or of Thackeray. There is almost always an old lady taking seats for the play, with a heavy carriage in waiting at the door; the number of old ladies whom one has to squeeze past in the stalls is in fact very striking. "Is it good?" asks the old lady of the gentleman I have described, with a very sweet voice and a perfectly expressionless face. (She means the play, not the seat.) "It is thought very good, my lady," says the clerk, as if he were uttering a "response" at church; and my lady being served, I approach with my humbler petition. The dearth of places at the London theatres is a sufficient indication that play-going is not a popular amusement; three dollars is a high price to pay for the privilege of witnessing any London performance that I have seen. (One goes into the stalls of the Théâtre Français for eight francs.) In the house itself everything seems to contribute to the impression which I have tried to indicate—the impression that the theatre in England is a social luxury and not an artistic necessity. The white-cravatted young man who inducts you into your stall, and having put you into possession of a programme, extracts from you, masterly but effectually, the sixpence which, as a stranger, you have wondered whether you might venture to give him, and which has seemed a mockery of his grandeur—this excellent young man is somehow the keynote of the whole affair. An English audience is as different as possible from a French, though the difference is altogether by no means

to its disadvantage. It is much more "genteel"; it is less Bohemian, less *blasé*, more *naïf*, and more respectful—to say nothing of being made up of handsomer people. It is well dressed, tranquil, motionless; it suggests domestic virtue and comfortable homes; it looks as if it had come to the play in its own carriage, after a dinner of beef and pudding. The ladies are mild, fresh colored English mothers; they all wear caps; they are wrapped in knitted shawls. There are many rosy young girls, with dull eyes and quiet cheeks—an element wholly absent from Parisian audiences. The men are handsome and honorable looking; they are in evening dress; they come with the ladies—usually with several ladies—and remain with them; they sit still in their places, and don't go herding out between the acts with their hats askew. Altogether they are much more the sort of people to spend a quiet evening with than the clever, cynical, democratic multitude that surges nightly out of the brilliant Boulevards into those temples of the drama in which MM. Dumas, *filz*, and Sardou are the high priests. But you might spend your evening with them better almost anywhere than at the theatre.

As I said just now, they are much more *naïf* than Parisian spectators—at least as regards being amused. They cry with much less facility, but they laugh more freely and heartily. I remember nothing in Paris that corresponds with the laugh of the English gallery and pit—with its continuity and simplicity, its deep-lunged jollity and its individual guffaws. But you feel that an English audience is intellectually much less appreciative. A Paris audience, as regards many of its factors, is cynical, skeptical, indifferent; it is so intimately used to the theatre that it doesn't stand on ceremony; it yawns, and looks away and turns its back; it has seen too much, and it knows too much. But it has the critical and the artistic sense, when the occasion appeals to them; it can judge and discriminate. It has

the sense of form and of manner; it heeds and cares how things are done, even when it cares little for the things themselves. Bohemians, artists, critics, connoisseurs—all Frenchmen come more or less under these heads, which give the tone to a body of Parisian spectators. These do not strike one as "nice people" in the same degree as a collection of English patrons of the drama—though doubtless they have their own virtues and attractions; but they form a natural, sympathetic public, while the English audience forms only a conventional, accidental one. It may be that the drama and other works of art are best appreciated by people who are not "nice"; it may be that a lively interest in such matters tends to undermine niceness; it may be that, as the world grows nicer, various forms of art will grow feebler. All this *may* be; I don't pretend to say it is; the idea strikes me *en passant*.

In speaking of what is actually going on at the London theatres I suppose the place of honor, beyond comparison, belongs to Mr. Henry Irving. This gentleman enjoys an esteem and consideration which, I believe, has been the lot of no English actor since Macready left the stage, and he may at the present moment claim the dignity of being a bone of contention in London society second only in magnitude to the rights of the Turks and the wrongs of the Bulgarians. I am told that London is divided, on the subject of his merits, into two fiercely hostile camps; that he has sown dissension in families, and made old friends cease to "speak." His appearance in a new part is a great event; and if one has the courage of one's opinion, at dinner tables and elsewhere, a conversational godsend. Mr. Irving has "created," as the French say, but four Shakespearian parts; his Richard III. has just been given to the world. Before attempting Hamlet, which up to this moment has been his great success, he had attracted much attention as a picturesque actor of melodrama, which he rendered with a

refinement of effect not common upon the English stage. Mr. Irving's critics may, I suppose, be divided into three categories: those who justify him in whatever he attempts, and consider him an artist of unprecedented brilliancy; those who hold that he did very well in melodrama, but that he flies too high when he attempts Shakespeare; and those who, in vulgar parlance, can see nothing in him at all.

I shrink from ranging myself in either of these divisions, and indeed I am not qualified to speak of Mr. Irving's acting in general. I have seen none of his melodramatic parts; I do not know him as a comedian—a capacity in which some people think him at his best; and in his Shakespearian repertory I have seen only his Macbeth and his Richard. But judging him on the evidence of these two parts, I fall hopelessly among the skeptics. Mr. Henry Irving is a very convenient illustration. To a stranger desiring to know how the London stage stands, I should say, "Go and see this gentleman; then tell me what you think of him." And I should expect the stranger to come back and say, "I see what you mean. The London stage has reached that pitch of mediocrity at which Mr. Henry Irving overtops his fellows—Mr. Henry Irving figuring as a great man—*c'est tout dire*." I hold that there is an essential truth in the proverb that there is no smoke without fire. No reputations are altogether hollow, and no valuable prizes have been easily won. Of course Mr. Irving has a good deal of intelligence and cleverness; of course he has mastered a good many of the mysteries of his art. But I must nevertheless declare that for myself I have not mastered the mystery of his success. His defects seem to me in excess of his qualities and the lessons he has not learned more striking than the lessons he has learned.

That an actor so handicapped, as they say in London, by nature and culture should have enjoyed such prosperity, is a striking proof of the ab-

sence of a standard, of the chaotic condition of taste. Mr. Irving's *Macbeth*, which I saw more than a year ago and view under the mitigations of time, was not pronounced one of his great successes; but it was acted, nevertheless, for many months, and it does not appear to have injured his reputation. Passing through London, and curious to make the acquaintance of the great English actor of the day, I went with alacrity to see it; but my alacrity was more than equalled by the vivacity of my disappointment. I sat through the performance in a sort of melancholy amazement. There are barren failures and there are interesting failures, and this performance seemed to me to deserve the less complimentary of these classifications. It inspired me, however, with no ill will toward the artist, for it must be said of Mr. Irving that his aberrations are not of a vulgar quality, and that one likes him, somehow, in spite of them. But one's liking takes the form of making one wish that really he had selected some other profession than the histrionic. Nature has done very little to make an actor of him. His face is not dramatic; it is the face of a sedentary man, a clergyman, a lawyer, an author, an amiable gentleman—of anything other than a possible *Hamlet* or *Othello*. His figure is of the same cast, and his voice completes the want of illusion. His voice is apparently wholly unavailable for purposes of declamation. To say that he speaks badly is to go too far; to my sense he simply does not speak at all—in any way that, in an actor, can be called speaking. He does not pretend to declaim or dream of declaiming. Shakespeare's finest lines pass from his lips without his paying the scantiest tribute to their quality. Of what the French call *diction*—of the art of delivery—he has apparently not a suspicion. This forms three-fourths of an actor's obligations, and in Mr. Irving's acting these three-fourths are simply cancelled. What is left to him with the remaining fourth is to be "picturesque"; and this

even his partisans admit he has made his specialty. This concession darkens Mr. Irving's prospects as a Shakespearian actor. You can play hop-scotch on one foot, but you cannot cut with one blade of a pair of scissors, and you cannot play Shakespeare by being simply picturesque. Above all, before all, for this purpose you must have the art of utterance; you must be able to give value to the divine Shakespearian line—to make it charm our ears as it charms our mind. It is of course by his picturesqueness that Mr. Irving has made his place; by small ingenuities of "business" and subtleties of action; by doing as a painter does who "goes in" for color when he cannot depend upon his drawing. Mr. Irving's color is sometimes pretty enough; his ingenuities and subtleties are often felicitous; but his picturesqueness, on the whole, strikes me as dry and awkward, and, at the best, where certain essentials are so strikingly absent, these secondary devices lose much of their power.

Mr. Fechter in *Hamlet* was preponderantly a "picturesque" actor; but he had a certain sacred spark, a heat, a lightness and suppleness, which Mr. Irving lacks; and though, with his incurable foreign accent, he could hardly be said to declaim Shakespeare in any worthy sense, yet on the whole he spoke his part with much more of the positively agreeable than can possibly belong to the utterance of Mr. Irving. His speech, with all its fantastic Gallicisms of sound, was less foreign and more comprehensible than that strange tissue of arbitrary pronunciations which floats in the thankless medium of Mr. Irving's harsh, monotonous voice. Richard III. is of all Shakespeare's parts the one that can perhaps best dispense with declamation, and in which the clever inventions of manner and movement in which Mr. Irving is proficient will carry the actor furthest. Accordingly, I doubt not, Mr. Irving is seen to peculiar advantage in this play; it is certainly a much better fit for him than *Macbeth*. He has had the good

taste to discard the vulgar adaptation of Gibber, by which the stage has so long been haunted, and which, I believe, is played in America to the complete exclusion of the original drama. I believe that some of the tenderest Shakespearians refuse to admit the authenticity of "Richard III."; they declare that the play has, with all its energy, a sort of intellectual grossness, of which the author of "Hamlet" and "Othello" was incapable. This same intellectual grossness is certainly very striking; the scene of Richard's wooing of Lady Ann is a capital specimen of it. But here and there occur passages which, when one hears the play acted, have all the vast Shakespearian sense of effect.

—To hear the piteous moans that Edward made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him.

It is hard to believe that Shakespeare did not write that. And when Richard, after putting an end to Clarence, comes into Edward IV.'s presence, with the courtiers ranged about, and announces hypocritically that Providence has seen fit to remove him, the situation is marked by one or two speeches which are dramatic as Shakespeare alone is dramatic. The immediate exclamation of the Queen—

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !
—followed by that of one of the gentlemen—

Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?
—such touches as these, with their inspired vividness, seem to belong to the bruskwork of the master. Mr. Irving gives the note of his performance in his first speech—the famous soliloquy upon "the winter of our discontent." His delivery of these lines possesses little but hopeless staginess and mannerism. It seems indeed like staginess gone mad. The spectator rubs his eyes and asks himself whether he has not mistaken his theatre, and stumbled by accident upon some prosperous burlesque. It is fair to add that Mr. Irving is here at his worst, the scene offering him his most sustained and exciting piece of declamation. But the

way he renders it is the way he renders the whole part—slowly, draggingly, diffusively, with innumerable pauses and lapses, and without a hint of the rapidity, the intensity and *entrain* which are needful for carrying off the improbabilities of so explicit and confidential a villain and so melodramatic a hero.

Just now, when a stranger in London asks where the best acting is to be seen, he receives one of two answers. He is told either at the Prince of Wales's theatre or at the Court. Some people think that the last perfection is to be found at the former of these establishments, others at the latter. I went first to the Prince of Wales's, of which I had a very pleasant memory from former years, and I was not disappointed. The acting is very pretty indeed, and this little theatre doubtless deserves the praise which is claimed for it, of being the best conducted English stage in the world. It is, of course, not the *Comédie Française*; but, equally of course, it is absurd talking or thinking of the *Comédie Française* in London. The company at the Prince of Wales's play with a finish, a sense of detail, what the French call an *ensemble*, and a general good grace, which deserve explicit recognition. The theatre is extremely small, elegant, and expensive, the company is very carefully composed, and the scenery and stage furniture lavishly complete. It is a point of honor with the Prince of Wales's to have nothing that is not "real." In the piece now running at this establishment there is a representation of a boudoir very delicately appointed, the ceiling of which is formed by festoons of old lace suspended tent fashion or pavilion fashion. This lace, I am told, has been ascertained, whether by strong opera glasses or other modes of inquiry I know not, to be genuine, ancient, and costly. This is the very pedantry of perfection, and makes the scenery somewhat better than the actors. If the tendency is logically followed out, we shall soon be having Romeo drink real poison and Medea mur-

der a fresh pair of babes every night.

The Prince of Wales's theatre, when it has once carefully mounted a play, "calculates," I believe, to keep it on the stage a year. The play of the present year is an adaptation of one of Victorien Sardou's cleverest comedies—"Nos Intimes"—upon which the title of "Peril" has been conferred. Of the piece itself there is nothing to be said; it is the usual hybrid drama of the contemporary English stage—a firm, neat French skeleton, around which the drapery of English conversation has been adjusted in awkward and inharmonious folds. The usual feat has been attempted—to extirpate "impropriety" and at the same time to save interest. In the extraordinary manipulation and readjustment of French immoralities which goes on in the interest of Anglo-Saxon virtue, I have never known this feat to succeed. Propriety may have been saved, in an awkward, floundering, in-spite-of-herself fashion, which seems to do to something in the mind a violence much greater than the violence it has been sought to avert; but interest has certainly been lost. The only immorality I know on the stage is the production of an ill-made play; and a play is certainly ill made when the pointedness of the framework strikes the spectator as a perpetual mockery upon the flatness of the "developments." M. Sardou's perfectly improper but thoroughly homogeneous comedy has been flattened and vulgarized in the usual way; the pivot of naughtiness on which the piece turns has been "whittled" down to the requisite tenuity; the wicked little Jack-in-the-Box has popped up his head only just in time to pull it back again. The interest, from being intense, has become light, and the play, from being a serious comedy, with a flavor of the tragic, has become an elaborate farce, salted with a few coarse grains of gravity. It is probable, however, that if "Peril" were more serious, it would be much less adequately played.

The Prince of Wales's company contains in the person of Miss Madge Robertson (or Mrs. Kendal, as I believe she is nowadays called) the most agreeable actress on the London stage. This lady is always pleasing, and often charming; but she is more effective in gentle gayety than in melancholy or in passion. Another actor at the Prince of Wales's—Mr. Arthur Cecil—strikes me as an altogether superior comedian. He plays in "Peril" (though I believe he is a young man) the part of a selfish, cantankerous, querulous, jaundiced old East Indian officer, who has come down to a country house to stay, under protest, accompanied by his only son, a stripling in roundabouts, whom he is bringing up in ignorance of the world's wickedness, and who, finding himself in a mansion well supplied with those books which no gentleman's library should be without, loses no time in taking down Boccaccio's "Decameron." Mr. Arthur Cecil represents this character to the life, with a completeness, an extreme comicality, and at the same time a sobriety and absence of violence which recalls the best French acting. Especially inimitable is the tone with which he tells his host, on his arrival, how he made up his mind to accept his invitation: "So at last I said to Percy, 'Well, Percy, my child, we'll go down and have done with it!'"

At the Court theatre, where they are playing, also apparently by the year, a "revived" drama of Mr. Tom Taylor—"New Men and Old Acres"—the acting, though very good indeed, struck me as less finished and, as a whole, less artistic. The company contains, however, two exceptionally good actors. One of them is Mr. Hare, who leads it, and who, although nature has endowed him with an almost fatally meagre stage presence, has a considerable claim to be called an artist. Mr. Hare's special line is the quiet natural, in high life, and I imagine he prides himself upon the propriety and good taste with which he acquits himself of those

ordinary phrases and light modulations which the usual English actor finds it impossible to utter with any degree of verisimilitude. Mr. Hare's companion is Miss Ellen Terry, who is usually spoken of by the "refined" portion of the public as the most interesting actress in London. Miss Terry is picturesque; she looks like a pre-Raphaelitish drawing in a magazine—the portrait of the crop-haired heroine in the illustration to the serial novel. She is intelligent and vivacious, and she is indeed, in a certain measure, interesting. With great frankness and spontaneity, she is at the same time singularly delicate and lady-like, and it seems almost impertinent to criticise her harshly. But the favor which Miss Terry enjoys strikes me, like that under which Mr. Henry Irving has expanded, as a sort of measure of the English critical sense in things theatrical. Miss Terry has all the pleasing qualities I have enumerated, but she has, with them, the defect that she is simply *not* an actress. One sees it sufficiently in her face—the face of a clever young Englishwoman, with a hundred merits, but not of a dramatic artist. These things are indefinable; I can only give my impression.

Broadly comic acting, in England, is businesslike, and high tragedy is businesslike; each of these extremes appears to constitute a trade—a *métier*, as the French say—which may be properly and adequately learned. But the acting which covers the middle ground, the acting of serious or sentimental comedy and of scenes that may take place in modern drawing-rooms—the acting that corresponds to the contemporary novel of manners—seems by an inexorable necessity given over to amateurishness. Most of the actors at the Prince of Wales's—the young lovers, the walking and talking gentlemen, the housekeeper and young ladies—struck me as essentially amateurish, and this is the impression produced by Miss Ellen Terry, as well as (in an even higher

degree) by her pretty and sweet-voiced sister, who plays at the Haymarket. The art of these young ladies is awkward and experimental; their very speech lacks smoothness and firmness.

I am not sorry to be relieved, by having reached the limits of my space, from the necessity of expatiating upon one of the more recent theatrical events in London—the presentation, at the St. James's theatre, of an English version of "Les Danicheff." This extremely picturesque and effective play was the great Parisian success of last winter, and during the London season the company of the Odéon crossed the channel and presented it with an added brilliancy. But what the piece has been reduced to in its present form is a theme for the philosopher. Horribly translated and badly played, it retains hardly a ray of its original effectiveness. There can hardly have been a better example of the possible infelicities of "adaptation." Nor have I the opportunity of alluding to what is going on at the other London theatres, though to all of them I have made a conscientious pilgrimage. But I conclude my very desultory remarks without an oppressive sense of the injustice of omission. In thinking over the plays I have listened to, my memory arrests itself with more kindness, perhaps, than elsewhere, at the great, gorgeous pantomime given at Drury Lane, which I went religiously to see in Christmas week. They manage this matter of the pantomime very well in England, and I have always thought Harlequin and Columbine the prettiest invention in the world. (This is an "adaptation" of an Italian original, but it is a case in which the process has been completely successful.) But the best of the entertainment at Drury Lane was seeing the lines of rosy child faces in the boxes, all turned toward the stage in one round-eyed fascination. English children, however, and their round-eyed rosiness, would demand a chapter apart.

H. JAMES, JR.

SOUNDING BRASS.

BEING A RIGHTE TRUTHFULL HISTORIE OF YE ANCIENT TIME.

“**T**HOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity”—which is love—“I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.”

It was Sergeant Wright who repeated the words thoughtfully to himself, nearly two hundred years ago, while his gaze was riveted upon the glowing rim and cavernous hollow of a ponderous brazen object. It was not a bell, though there was metal enough in it to have formed a very respectable one for the village church.

At that early day bells were not common in New England; in the seaport towns, that formed the colony of Plymouth, the faithful were summoned to church by the blowing of a conch shell; at other towns there are records of a “*peee*” being fired, or of a drummer being paid to beat a reveille for sleepy souls. In Deerfield, where the events we are about to chronicle took place, the practice seems to have been to simply hoist a flag at the time appointed for public service. Any of these means, except the drum, appears on some accounts preferable to the modern church bell. To any one who has resided in a Catholic country, where the ringing of bells, from matins to vespers, is incessant, to one with recent memories of college days, of being rung up in the morning before having his sleep out, rung to prayers before he had finished his breakfast, rung to recitation before he had mastered his lesson, and rung to bed before reaching the “*Yours truly*” of his love letter, the Sabbath bell is not likely to suggest ideas of a devotional character. After all, is it not essentially a relic of barbarism, a pagan institution like the beating of gongs in the Chinese ceremony of chinchinning the moon? The blowing of the conch shell is not open to

the objection of degrading association; it must have called to mind the trumpets and rams’ horns in the awe-inspiring Hebrew ceremonial. Fancy instead of the ding-dong of sounding brass in most village churches, that can sometimes hardly be distinguished from the locomotive bell, the clear liquid notes of a silver bugle, similar in character to one of the musical infantry calls, flung by the echoes from hill to hill, and dying faintly away over the meadows and along the river. Even the custom of firing a cannon, one great noise, heard at the furthest boundaries of the parish, and then done with, would be better than the continual repetition of the strokes of a bell, now violent and quick, as though calling out all the hose and hook and ladder companies of the fire department, now slowly dying away, tantalizing the listener with the expectation that now at last they are really going to cease, only to bitterly disappoint him by breaking out again with renewed clamor. Most beautiful of all must have been the silent lifting of the flag, a symbol which evangelist Bliss has taken from the signal service in “Hold the Fort”:

Wave the answer back to heaven,
By Thy grace we will.

And how popular such a summons would be with the ungodly—leaving them in peace to enjoy their Sunday morning nap!

But we are wandering from our subject. Suffice it to say that the object of sounding brass into which Sergeant Wright was looking was not a bell. Neither was it a cannon, for a howitzer of that calibre, or a few smaller pieces of sounding brass, would have prevented the sad tragedy of the Indian captivity, and in that case the events herein chronicled would never have transpired. Sergeant Judah

Wright was looking at Mr. Hoyt's brass kettle. He was billeted upon the family, and had so won the hearts of all but the mother, by his ready helpfulness and kindness of manner, that they had come to consider him as one of their own number, and had almost forgotten the arbitrary way in which their acquaintance had begun. His frequent presence in the kitchen, and assistance in the labors of the family, was not, however, altogether of a disinterested nature, being prompted by the same feeling that caused Jacob's fourteen years of servitude for Rachel to seem but a day—"the love he bore her."

If Jean Ingelow had lived and written at that time, the Sergeant might have borrowed a verse or two to explain his love for Goodman Hoyt's kitchen:

For there his oldest daughter stands,
With downcast eyes and skilful hands,
Before her ironing board.

She comforts all her mother's days,
And with her sweet, obedient ways
She makes her labor light:

So sweet to hear, so fair to see!
Oh, she is much too good for me,
That lovely Mary Hoyt.

She has my heart, sweet Mary Hoyt:
I'll e'en go sit again to-night
Beside her ironing board!

Ah, that flat-iron! It was while beneath her deft fingers it passed swiftly over the smoking linen, that "the iron entered his soul"; iron, we mean, of the nature from which Cupid forges his arrow-heads.

Matters came to a crisis in the spring of 1703. The family had "gone a-sugaring" in Mr. Hoyt's "plantation" of maples, and the Sergeant and Mary had been left to watch the great kettle of sap as it seethed and boiled over the coals. The text which heads our story was one from which the Rev. John Williams had preached on the preceding Sunday, and the sermon had been the subject of conversation that day.

"I fear me much that thou art but as that kettle, Judah," was the remark of Goodwife Hoyt as she moved away

after another bucket of sap—"mere sounding brass and a tinkling cow-bell!"

Roguish Sally Hoyt, the younger sister of modest Mary, could not forbear a saucy fling at the lovers.

"Yea, Judah, art thou like the kettle," she said, striking it a rap with the paddle with which she was stirring its contents. But the kettle, full to the brim of syrup, failed to respond with its usual resonant ring. "Hear'st thou, Sergeant? It is no more 'sounding brass,' the reason thereof being that it is so filled with fire and sweetness that it can hold no more. The same being a token, brethren, as our godly pastor would say, that the heart of our beloved brother Sergeant Wright is so filled with that charity which is love, that he hath lost his proper and natural brazen-facedness, and can no more convey the knowledge of his condition to the lady of his choice than can this kettle utter the clamor which is natural unto it."

"Go thy ways for a saucy hussy," exclaimed Mary, with sudden consciousness, and with a mocking laugh the merry girl was gone. But the fat was in the fire, and when Goodwife Hoyt returned with more sap, she found the syrup there too, and the Sergeant kissing the unresisting Mary behind a neighboring maple. For which wanton proceeding the good woman, since she could not banish him from her family, sent away her daughter to dwell with a distant relative, saying ere she went:

"I do prophesy that this silly affection will presently fail; so long as I have a tongue in my mouth I will speak against it, for the knowledge that I have of Sergeant Wright tendeth not to edifying."

The Sergeant did not reply verbally; but when Mary in her exile opened her Bible to the chapter containing the text which had led to a declaration, she was attracted by another which bore marginal notes in a well known hand and which seemed to answer for him:

"Charity," which is love, "*never* faileth; but whether there be *prophecies*, they shall fail; whether there be *tongues*, they shall cease; whether there be *knowledge*, it shall vanish away."

Time passed on, and one winter's night the French and Indians burst upon the little town of Deerfield, and carried it away captive. The last sight that the Sergeant caught through the open kitchen door was of the great brass kettle which he and Mr. Hoyt had the night before filled with wort or new beer, standing by the side of Mary's ironing-board; then the blazing timbers fell over both with a deafening crash, and he was marched away with pinioned arms.

The horrors of that captivity are too well known to need repetition. Through them all Sergeant Wright, by his manly heroism and patient endurance, his care for Sally, and filial devotion to Mrs. Hoyt, at last so won her unwilling heart that she was constrained to admit that the old prejudicial knowledge which she had of him had vanished away.

The efforts put forth by the French to induce the captives to remain in Canada are notorious. A young French officer having fallen in love with Sally Hoyt, a Jesuit priest endeavored to persuade her to the marriage. After a sermon from the texts Deuteronomy xxi., 10-13: "When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive, and seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire that thou wouldest have her to thy wife, then she . . . shall remain in thine house, and thou shalt be her husband and she shall be thy wife," and 1 Timothy v., 14: "I will, therefore, that the younger women marry," etc., he addressed her personally before the congregation. Sally, remembering how her random shaft had in time past stirred up Sergeant Wright to an expression of his feelings, and having in mind a bashful lover, a certain

shock-headed Ebenezer Nims, more generally known as "the Nims boy," for whom she had an inexplicable good will and who had been "captivated with her," as the ancient chronicle stated with more truth than it knew, answered adroitly that she had no ill will toward marriage as a state, but that she preferred to wed with one of her own people, and requested that "inquisition should be made" whether there were not one willing to become her husband among the captives. A cold shudder ran down Sergeant Wright's spinal column. Who could the child mean but him? Had she misinterpreted his brotherly care and affection? And yet she knew of his love for her sister. It was with a great sigh of relief that he saw "the Nims boy" suddenly start from his seat, a timid, shrinking boy no longer, but transformed on the instant by the girl's challenge to as brave a knight as ever tilted in tourney for lady's love, and running the gauntlet of the eyes of friend and foe, place himself at her side.

The wily Jesuit was caught in his own toils; he acknowledged it by marrying them upon the spot, and adding by way of benediction to the usual Latin formula—"Mulier hominis confusio est."

When the younger sister marries before the elder it is the custom, in some parts of the country, to bring in the brass kettle and make the slighted one dance in it. Neither sister nor kettle were present on this occasion, but the time was not far distant when both would be found again. The captives were to be returned. Sergeant Wright had believed all along, in spite of the mountains of difficulty in the way, that this would be; and yet he said to himself on that homeward march, "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity," which is love, "it profiteth me nothing." And in the joy of their first meeting, the only words that Mary Hoyt could utter were: "Charity suffereth long—

beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; charity *never* faileth."

On their wedding day they visited the site of the old homestead. There, in the hollow that had been the cellar, lay the old brass kettle, and in it a flat-iron that had fallen off Mary's ironing-board. The wort with which the kettle had been filled had prevented it from entirely melting, and since she could not dance in it at her sister's wedding, she was lifted in it now by her husband and danced in it at her own.

The kettle has been preserved as

a relic by the Wright family. It hangs in the upper part of the old mansion, and is so arranged that by pulling a cord below, the flat iron strikes against it, and so awakens the servants. And this story, which began with a tirade against bells, ends in finding its beloved kettle transformed into one; yet to the whole line and genealogy of the Wrights, by whom it has been cherished, it has brought its blessing of faith and hope, and though but a bit of sounding brass, yet in all its history to these presents it lacketh not that charity which is love.

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

A ROMAN PICTURE.

CLOSE to the window I wheel my chair,
In the afternoon, when my work is done,
To get my breath of the scented air,
To take my share of the Roman sun:
The air that, over yon mossy wall,
Brings me the sweetness of orange bloom,
The sun whose going carries us all
Out of a glory into a gloom.

Calm in the light of the waning day,
And peaceful, the convent garden lies;
There, on the hillside cold and gray,
The frowning walls and the old towers rise.
To and fro in the wind's soft breath
The bending ivy sways and swings;
To and fro on the slope beneath
The Roman pine its shadow flings.

To and fro the white clouds drift
Over the old roof gray with moss,
Over the sculptured saints that lift
Each to the sky his marble cross,
Over the stern old belfry tower,
Where, from its prison house of stone,
A pale-faced clock marks hour by hour
The changes that the years have shown.

Free glad birds this prison share,
White doves in this old tower dwell.
Not for them the call to prayer,
Not for them the warning bell.

As they flit about the eaves,
How their white wings catch the sun!
While below through orange leaves
Gleams the white cap of the nun.

Spotless kerchief, gown of gray,
Forehead wrapped in band of white:
These must labor, watch, and pray,
These must keep the crosses in sight;
These are they who walk apart,
Who, with purposes undefiled,
Seek to fill a woman's heart
Without home or love or child.

Is it true that many hands
Find that rosary a chain?
True that 'neath these snowy bands
Throbs, full oft, a restless brain?
True that simple robe of gray
Covers oft a troubled breast?
True that pain and passion's sway
Enters even to this rest?

True, that at their holiest shrine,
In their hours of greatest good,
Comes to them a voice divine,
Of a sweeter womanhood?
It may be—how can I tell
Who, outside the garden wall,
Only hear the convent bell,
Only see the shadows fall?

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

THE consideration of the interesting subject which I now take up is not new to me. Long ago I found myself thinking about it when occasion to do so presented itself; and in this I was helped by the views of English society presented in the literature of the day, some of the most interesting studies of which are furnished in the novels written by Englishwomen. Indeed, the whole subject of English life and character has long been of the profoundest interest to me; and a recent visit to England is rather the occasion than the cause of much of what I shall write upon it. To say this is due to myself if not to my readers.*

One day a lady whom I had had the pleasure of taking in to dinner in a country house near London, and whom I had soon found to be one of those simple-minded, good-natured, truth-telling women who are notably common in England, spoke to me about some ladies who on a previous day had attracted her attention, adding, "I knew they were Americans." "How?" I asked. "Oh, we always know American women!" "But how, pray?" She thought a moment, and answered: "By their beauty—they are almost always pretty, if not more—by their fine complexions, and by their exquisite dress." I did not tell her that I thought that she was right; but that she was so I had by that time become convinced. And yet I should say that the most beautiful women I had ever seen were Englishwomen, were it not for the memory of a Frenchwoman, a German, and a Czech. But

the latter three were rare exceptions. Beauty is very much commoner among women of the English race than among those of any other with which I am acquainted; and among that race it is commoner in "America" than in England. I saw more beauty of face and figure at the first two receptions which I attended after my return than I had found among the hundreds of thousands of women whom I had seen in England.

The types are the same in both countries; but they seem to come nearer to perfection much oftener here than there. Beauty of feature is, however, sometimes more clearly defined in England than here. The mouth in particular when it is beautiful is more statuesque. The curves are more decided, and at the junction of the red of the lips with the white there is a delicately raised outline which marks the form of the feature in a very noble way. This may also be said of the nostril. It gives a chiselled effect to those features which is not so often found in "America"; but the nose itself, the brow, and the set and carriage of the head are generally finer among "Americans." In both countries, however, the head is apt to be too large for perfect proportion. This is a characteristic defect of the English type of beauty. Its effect is seen in Stothard's figures, in Etty's, and in those of other English painters. Another defect is in the heaviness of the articulations. Really fine arms are rare; but fine wrists are still rarer. Such wrists as the Viennese women have—of which I saw a wonderful example in the Viennese wife of a Sussex gentleman—are almost unknown among women of English race in either country. It is often said, even in England, that "American" women have more beautiful feet than Englishwomen have. This I am inclined to doubt. The feet

* My article in the April number of "The Galaxy" happened to be sent in without a title; and in hastily adding that with which it appeared both the editor and myself forgot for the moment that it was the title of Mr. Emerson's well-known book. My silent adoption of it was an unintentional violation of courtesy which I regret.

may be smaller here; and they generally look smaller because Englishwomen wear larger and heavier shoes. They are obliged to do so because they walk more, and because of their moister climate. But mere smallness is not a beauty in a foot more than in any other part of the body. Beauty is the result of shape, proportion, and color; and feet are often cramped out of shape and out of proportion in other countries than China. A foot to be beautiful should seem fit for the body which it supports to stand upon and walk with. It is said by some persons, who by saying it profess to know, that nature, prodigal of charms to Englishwomen in bust, shoulders, and arms, is chary of them elsewhere, and that their beauty of figure is apt to stop at the waist. Upon this point I do not venture to give an opinion; but I am inclined to doubt the judgment in question upon general physiological principles. The human figure is the development of a germ; and it is not natural that, whatever may be the case with individuals, the type of a whole race in one country should present this inconsistency. Possibly those who started this notion were unfortunate in their occasions of observation and comparison.

There is more beauty in the south of England than in the north. When I left Birmingham on my way southward, although in addition to my observation northward I had there the opportunity of seeing the great throngs chiefly of women called together by the triennial musical festival, my eyes had begun to long for the sight of beauty. The women were hard-featured, coarse in complexion, without any remarkable bloom, but rather the contrary, and ungainly in figure. I found a great improvement in this respect in the lower counties; and in London of course more than elsewhere. For it is remarkable that according to some law, which has never yet been formulated, or from some cause quite undiscovered, perhaps undiscoverable, beautiful women are always found in

the greatest numbers where there are the most men and the most money.

Much has been said about the complexion of the women of England, which has been greatly praised. I have not found it exceptionally beautiful. It is often fresh, oftener ruddy, but still oftener coarse. A delicate, finely-graduated bloom is not common. The rosy cheeks when looked at closely are often streaked with fine lines and mottled with minute spots of red; and the white is still oftener not like that of a lily, or, better, of a white rose, but of some much coarser object in nature. It is true that in making these odious comparisons I cannot forget certain women, too common in "America," who seem to be composed in equal parts of mind and leather, the elements of body and soul being left out so far as is consistent with existence in human form. But such women are also to be found in England, although perhaps in fewer numbers than here.

As to dress, that, as a man, I must regard as a purely adventitious and an essentially unimportant matter. If a woman be beautiful, or charming without actual beauty, a man cares very little in what she is dressed, so long as she seems at ease in her clothes, and their color is becoming to her and harmonious. There is no greater mistake than the assumption that being dressed in good taste is indicative of good breeding, of education, or of social advantage of any kind. Nor is it even a sign of good taste in any other particular. You shall see a woman who has come out of the slums, and whose life is worthy of her origin and her breeding, although it may have become gilded and garish, and she shall dress herself daily, morning, noon, and night, with such an exquisite sense of fitness in all things, with such an instinctive appreciation of harmony of outline and color, that your eye will be soothed with the sight of her apparel; and she shall nevertheless be vulgar in mind and manners, sordid in soul, in her life equally

gross and frivolous. And the converse is no less true. Women most happy in the circumstances of their birth and breeding, intelligent, cultivated, charming, of whose sympathy in regard to anything good or beautiful you may be sure, will dress themselves in such an incongruous, heterogeneous fashion that the beauty which they often possess triumphs with difficulty over their effort to adorn it.

I feel, therefore, that I am saying very little against Englishwomen when I say that in general they are the worst dressed human creatures that I ever saw, except perhaps the female half of a certain class of Germans. The reputation that they have in this respect among Frenchwomen and "Americans" is richly deserved. Good taste is simply absent. The notion of fitness, congruity, and "concatenation accordingly" does not exist. In form the Englishwoman's dress is dowdy, in color frightful. If not color-blind, she seems generally to be blind to the effect of color, either singly or in combination. At the Birmingham festival I saw a lady in a rich red-purple (plum color) silk—high around the neck of course, as it was morning—and over this swept a necklace of enormous coral beads. It made one's eyes ache to look at her. This was not an uncommon, but a characteristic instance. Such combinations may be justly regarded as the rule in Englishwomen's dress. For purple they have strong liking. They not only wear it in gowns, but they use it for trimming, in bands and flounces, in ribbons, in feathers. They combine it with all other colors. An Englishwoman seems to think herself "made" if she can deck herself in some way with purple silk or velvet, or ribbons or feathers. Of course I am excepting from these remarks a few who have intuitive good taste, and other few who employ French *modistes*, and who submit implicitly to their authority. The latter condition is essential; for even when the main body of an Englishwoman's dress is in good taste she

is very apt to destroy its effect by some incongruous addition from her stores of heterogeneous jewels, or by some other ornament—a collar, a cape, a *fichu*, or a ribbon. They have a sad way of putting forlorn things about their necks and on their heads which is very depressing, unless it is astonishing, which happens sometimes. An Englishwoman will be tolerably well dressed, and then will make a bundle of herself by tying up her neck and shoulders in a huge piece of lace; or she will wear specimens of two or three sets of jewels; or she will put a colored feather in her hair, or a bonnet on her head, that would tempt a tyrant to bring it to the block. I remember seeing a marchioness whose family was noble in the middle ages riding with an "American" lady who had not as much to spend in a year as the other had in a week; but the marchioness was so obtrusively ill dressed and the American with such good taste and simplicity that both being unusually intelligent, both perfectly well bred and self-possessed, and both fine healthy women, a person ignorant of their rank would have been likely to mistake the latter for the noblewoman.

It has been said that Englishwomen dress better in full evening dress than in what is known as *demi-toilette*. I cannot think so. It is not the English dress that then looks better, but the Englishwoman; that is, if she has fine shoulders, breasts, and arms. It is the beauty that is revealed, the woman pure and simple, that pleases the eye, just as is the case elsewhere. For the things that an Englishwoman will put on, or put half-off herself, in the evening, are amazing to behold. An Englishwoman in full dress who has not a fine figure is even more dowdy than she is in the morning. For then she is likely to be at least neat and tidy, and she may wear a gown that is comparatively unobtrusive in form and color. Indeed, the best dress that the average Englishwoman wears is her simple

street dress, which is apt to be of some sober color—black, gray, light or dark, or a dark soft blue, and to be entirely without ornament—not a flounce or a bow, or even a button except for use, with a bonnet, or oftener a hat, equally sober in tint and in form. And this is best for her; in this she is safe. If she would not risk offence, let her enfold herself thus. Let her by no means wander forth into the wilderness of mingled colors: “that way madness lies.” This outward show is in no way the consequence of carelessness. No one in England seems to be careless about anything, least of all a woman about her dress. It is helpless, hopeless, elaborated dowdiness. And yet as I write there rise up against me, with sweet, reproachful faces, figures draped worthily of their beauty; and more could not be said even for the work of Worth himself. One of many I particularly remember with whom I took five o’clock tea at the house of one of the Queen’s chaplains, and who bore a name that may be found in the “Peveril of the Peak.” Her bright intelligence and her rich beauty (her oval cheek was olive) would have made me indifferent to her dress had it been a homespun bedgown. But shall I ever forget the beautiful curves and tint of that soft-gray broad-leafed felt hat and feather, the elegance of the dark carriage dress that harmonized so well with it, or the perfect glove upon the hand that was held out so frankly to bid me good-by? No, fair British friends, it is not you that I mean; it is those other women whom I saw, but did not know.

It is because of the average Englishwoman’s sad failure in dressing herself that the notion has got abroad that Englishmen are finer looking than Englishwomen. For the dress of the men is notably in good taste. It is simple, manly, neat; and although sober in tint and snug in cut, it is likely to have its general sobriety lightened up with a little touch of bright,

warm color. On the other hand, the dress of “American” men is generally far, very, very far, inferior to that of the women in the corresponding conditions of life. This helps to produce the corresponding mistaken notion that the women in “America” are handsomer than the men; upon the incorrectness and essential absurdity of which I have already commented.

As to another attributed superiority of the Yankee woman I must express my surprised dissent. I have not only read, but heard their intelligence and social qualities rated much higher than that of their sisters in England. Fair countrywomen, heed not this flattery. It is not true. The typical Englishwoman of the upper and upper middle class has in strength of mind and in information no type counterpart in “America.” She may not know Latin, and she may, and get little good by it; she may not be brilliant, or quick, or self-adaptive, and she generally is not; but she is well informed both as to the past and the present; she shows the effect rather of true education than of school cramming, of culture inherited and slowly acquired, and of intercourse with able, highly educated, and cultivated men. She generally has some accomplishment which she has acquired in no mere showy boarding-school fashion, but with a respectable thoroughness. England is full of ladies who paint well in water colors, or who are musicians, not mere piano players, or who are botanists, or who write well, and who add one or more of such acquirements to a solid general education, a considerable knowledge of affairs, and the ability to manage a large household.

The conversation of the society in which such women are found is far more interesting, far worthier of respect than that which is heard in fashionable society (and these women are fashionable) in “America.” And this without any reproach to the latter. For how could it be otherwise than

that women who are the daughters, sisters, and wives of men who are themselves highly educated, and who have the affairs of a great empire, if not in their hands, at least upon their minds, should in all that can be acquired by intercourse with such men be superior to others most of whom bear the same relations to men who are necessarily inferior in all these respects, who are absorbed in business, and know little beyond their business except what can be learned from the hurried reading of newspapers? In England there is not only accumulated wealth, but accumulated culture; and of this the result appears not only in the men, but in the women. It could not be otherwise. Englishwomen are companions, and friends, and helps to their fathers, their husbands, to all the men of their household. They are not absorbed in the mere external affairs of society; and society is not entirely in their hands. Men, men of mature years, form the substance of English society; they give it its tone; women its grace and its ornamentation. Even in the Englishwoman's drawing-room the Englishman is looked up to and treated with deference. The talk and the tone must be such as pleases him. She finds her pleasure as well as her duty in making it such as pleases him. She is even there his companion, his friend, his help. No matter how clever or brilliant she may be, she does not seek *tenir salon* like the French female *bel esprit*. No matter how beautiful or how fashionable she may be, she does not leave him out of her society arrangements; unless, indeed, in either case, she chooses to set propriety at naught and brave an accusation of "bad form." And indeed, should she attempt this she would probably soon be checked by a very decided interposition of marital authority. The result of all this is a soberer tone in mixed society than we are accustomed to, and the discussion of graver topics in general conversation.

And yet in the household the Englishwoman is quite supreme—much

more so, I think, than she is in "America." She really manages all household affairs, troubling her husband with no details, but being careful to manage in such a way as to please him. For, as I have said before, the wish of the master of an English household is the law of that household. Notwithstanding all this, I have been led to the firm belief that hen-pecking is far more common in England than it is with us, and that certain lectures are much oftener delivered there than here. "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" would hardly have suggested themselves to an American humorist, although the thing itself—if not in its perfection, in its germ—is sufficiently known here to make the humor and the satire of that series perfectly appreciated. And, strange to say, the average English husband seems to be a less independent creature than the "American." English wives more generally insist upon their prerogative of sitting solemnly up for their husbands at night; and latch-keys are regarded as a personal grievance. What American wife would think of making a fuss about a man's having a latch-key? Not a few of them, indeed, have one themselves. And yet I have seen an Englishwoman of the lower middle class flush and choke and whimper when the subject of the inalienable right of a man to a latch-key to his own house was broached, and begin to talk about the worm turning when it is trampled upon.

The devotion of Englishwomen to their families, and particularly to their children, cannot be surpassed. I believe that they are the best, the most self-sacrificing daughters, wives, and mothers in the world, except the good daughters and wives and mothers in "America"; and even them I believe they generally surpass in submissiveness and thoughtful consideration. But this is the result of the general subordination which in all things pervades English society.

It is generally believed in England, I cannot tell why, that women in "America" take part in public affairs

and are much more in the eye of the world than Englishwomen are. Of this belief I met with an amusing instance. One day at dinner in a "great house" I had on one side of me a gentleman who had come in alone for lack of ladies enough to "go round"; it was a small family party. He was the brother of my hostess, a fine, intelligent fellow about twenty-five years old, who had just taken his bachelor's degree at Oxford. As I turned from his sister to him, in a pause of conversation, he asked me with great earnestness, almost with solemnity, "Is—it—true—that—in—America—the—women—sit—on—juries?" I answered instantly, and with perfect gravity, "Yes; all of them who are not on duty as sergeants of dragoons." For one appreciable delightful moment doubt and bewilderment flashed through his bright, handsome eyes, and then he, as well as others within ear-shot, appreciated the situation, and there was a hearty laugh and an ingenuous blush mantled his cheeks—for young men can blush in England. When I explained that in no part of that strange country "America" with which I was acquainted did women sit on juries, or take any part in public affairs, or even vote or go to public meetings, and that nine in ten of the women that I knew would be puzzled to tell who represented in Congress the districts in which they lived, who were the Senators from their States, and possibly who were their Governors, I was listened to with profound attention; and the surprise of my hearers was very manifest, and was strongly expressed. It could hardly have been otherwise; for nothing that I could have said would have brought into clearer light the fact that women in America are very much less informed upon public affairs and take very much less interest in them than is the case with almost all Englishwomen of the cultivated classes. In England almost all intelligent women of the upper and upper middle classes take a very lively interest in politics, are tolerably well informed upon the public questions of

the day, and in many cases they have no inconsiderable influence upon them. The reason of this is that political life and the social life of the upper classes there are so thoroughly intermingled. Politics form the chief concern of the members of those classes; apart, of course, from their own private affairs. Hardly a woman of that class is without a husband, brother, kinsman, or friend who is, or who has been, or hopes to be a member of Parliament, or who is in diplomacy, or connected in some way with colonial affairs. Politics there are intimately connected with the great object of woman's life in modern days—social success. It is difficult for women in England, and even for men, to understand the entire severance of politics and society which obtains in "America," and to believe that a man may be a member of Congress or even a Senator, and yet be entirely without social position. Politics there are the most interesting topic of conversation among intelligent and cultivated people in general society, and such an acquaintance with political questions and party manoeuvres as is here confined to a very few women indeed, whose relations to public men are peculiar, and who "go to Washington," is there very common among all women of superior position.

Of this I met with a striking illustration on my way from Warwick to Coventry. As I was about entering the railway carriage, a friend, an Englishman, who was kindly travelling with me for a day or two, and "coaching" me, told the porter who had my portmanteau to put it into the carriage. This, by the way, is permitted there. If there is room, and no one objects, you may take a huge trunk into a first-class railway carriage. Indeed, one could hardly be taken into a second-class carriage for lack of room; and a third-class carriage is hardly larger than that marvellous institution known to American women—but to no others—as a Saratoga trunk. I objected to my friend's proposal because there was a lady in the carriage. She was standing with her back to me as

I spoke, but she immediately turned and said, in a clear, sweet voice, "Oh, yes; bring it in; never mind me; there's quite room enough." I never saw a more elegant woman. She was about forty years old, still very handsome, tall, with a fine lithe figure, and a gentle loftiness of manner which I might have called aristocratic, had she not reminded me strongly in every way of an "American" woman whom I had known from my boyhood. Nothing could have been more simple, frank, and good-natured than the way in which she made me and my luggage welcome. Her maid, who was standing by her, and who was herself a very lady-like person, soon left us to take her place in a second-class carriage, and we three were left in possession.

The train started with that gentle, unobtrusive motion which is usual on English railways, and we fell into the chat of fellow travellers. I was charmed with her. Her voice and her manner of speech would have made the recitation of the multiplication table agreeable. She had a son at Oxford, which I had left a few days before, and it proved that we had common acquaintances there. She showed, with all her superiority of manner, social and personal—for she was what would have been called in the last generation a superior woman—that deference to manhood which I have mentioned before as a trait of Englishwomen. Ere long my companion mentioned that we had been at Kenilworth that day. She replied, "Oh, I must go there. I have never been. Why! It is just like Americans to go to Kenilworth. All the Americans go to Kenilworth, and to Warwick Castle, and to Stratford." My companion replied that we had been at all those places. She laughed merrily, and said, "You ought to have been Americans to do that." My friend then told her that I was an "American." She turned upon me almost with a stare, and after a moment of silence spoke to me again, but with a perceptible and very

remarkable change of manner. It was very slight—of a delicate fineness. Her courtesy was not in the least diminished, nor her frankness; but the perfectly unconscious and careless expression of her face was impaired, and her attention to me was a little more pronounced than it had been before. She inquired if I had been pleased with my visit to Kenilworth, and told me that a novel had been written about it by Sir Walter Scott. "But perhaps you have read it," she added. "Have you met with it?" I answered, "I have heard of it"; and my inward satisfaction was great when I saw that I had done so with a face so unmoved that she replied with a gracious instructiveness of manner, "Oh, you should have read it before you went to Kenilworth; it would so have increased your pleasure. But the next best thing for you is to read it now." I thanked her, and said that I should like to do so. I think that she would have gone on to recommend a perusal of the works of William Shakespeare to me in connection with my visit to Stratford on Avon, although she looked at me in a puzzled way once or twice. But my companion, although I saw he was amused at something in her talk, marred whatever hopes I had of further instruction by breaking in with some remark upon the politics of Warwickshire. She rose to his fly like a trout on a hazy day, and in a minute or two she had forgotten my existence in her discussion with him of a topic which plainly was to her of far more interest than all the Scotts that could have dwelt in Kenilworth, and all the Shakespeares that could have stood in Stratford. He was a Birmingham magnate, and knew everything that was going on in the country; but she was his equal in information, and it seemed to me his superior in political craft. To every suggestion of his she made some reply that showed that the question was not new to her. She knew all the ins and outs of the politics of the county: who could be expected to support this mea-

sure, who was sure to oppose that. She knew all about the manufacturing interests of Birmingham: who had retired from active management; who was coming in; what money had been taken out of this establishment, what changes had taken place in the other, and had an opinion as to what effect this was going to have upon Parliament. I never heard the beginning of such political talk from a woman in America, even from one whose husband was in politics. The train stopped; her maid appeared, and she bade us courteously good-by, with the puzzled look in her eye as it rested upon the fellow passenger to whom she had recommended the perusal of "Kenilworth"; and then my companion told me, what indeed I had been sure of all along, that she was a member of the governing class.

A few days before, I had observed in Oxford, where a local election was impending, small posters addressed to "The Burgesses," and these invariably began "*Ladies* and Gentlemen," a form of "campaign document" as foreign to us as it would be to peoples subject to the Salique law—than which worse laws have long prevailed in many countries.

Not only in politics but in business women appear much more prominently than they do in "America." If they do not keep hotels, which they sometimes do, they manage them, whether they are great or small. The place which in "America" is filled by that exquisite, awful, and imperturbable being, the hotel clerk, is filled invariably in England by a woman—so at least I always found it, and I found the change a very happy one. To be met by the cheery, pleasant faces of these bright, well-mannered women, to be spoken to as if you were a human being whom, in consideration of what you are to pay, it was a pleasure to make as comfortable as possible, instead of being treated with lofty condescension, or at best with serene indifference, was a pleasant sensation. And these women did their

work so quietly and cheerfully, and yet in such a businesslike way, that it was a constant pleasure to come into contact with them. Dressed in black serge or alpaca, they affected no flirting airs, and directed or obeyed promptly and quietly. And yet their womanhood constantly appeared in their manner and in their thoughtfulness for the comfort of those who were in their care. They always had a pleasant word or a smile in answer to a passing remark, were always ready to answer any question or give any information, and were pleased at any acknowledgment of satisfaction. Naturally it was so; for they were women; and they were chosen, it seemed to me, for their pleasant ways as well as for their efficiency. From not one of them, from one end of England to the other, in great cities or in quiet country towns and villages, did I receive one surly word or look, or anything but the kindest and promptest attention. I can say the same of the shop women, who waited upon customers not as if they were consciously condescending in the performing of such duties, but cheerfully and pleasantly, and with a show of interest that a purchaser should be satisfied. Their dress was almost invariably the same black unornamented serge or alpaca, which, by the way, is the commonest street dress of all women of their condition. In the telegraph offices the clerks are generally women; and indeed, women seem to do everything except plough, drive omnibuses and railway engines, and be soldiers and policemen. They keep turnpikes, where turnpikes still exist; and in Sussex I saw a woman's name with her husband's upon the pike-house. Indeed, it seemed to me that in all public affairs, from politics down to turnpike keeping, women were very much more engaged and before the world in England than in America, although I saw no jury-women or she sergeants.

As to the manners of Englishwomen, they are, like the manners of other women, good, bad, and indifferent.

And chiefly they are indifferent; being in this particular also like others, especially of the Teutonic races; which races, my readers may like to be reminded, are the Deutsch (which we call German), the Hollanders, the Anglo-Saxon (or better, the English), and the Scandinavians (Swedes, Norsemen, Danes, and Icelanders). The average manners of these peoples, even of the women among them, are on the whole truly indifferent. They are not coarse, but as surely they are not polished. Manner, however, is a very different thing from manners; and in manner Englishwomen, from the highest class to the lowest, are all more or less charming—strong-minded women and lodging-house keepers being of course excepted. This charm, like all traits and effects of manner, is not easy to describe; but it left upon me at this time, as it had left before, an impression of its being the outcoming of an intense consciousness of womanhood, and with this a feeling of modest but very firm self-respect. The most intelligent Englishwoman, even in her most exalted moments, never seems to resolve herself into a bare intelligence. Her mind is always clad in woman's flesh; and her body thinks. Thus conscious of her own womanhood, she keeps you conscious of it, not merely by the facts that her hair is long, her face beardless, and that her body (in the evening the lower part of it at least) is covered with voluminous and marvellous apparel—in a word, not merely by outer show.

All this is but the outward sign; and it might exist—as it so often does, I shall not say where—in women, without the least of that grace, not of movement or of speech, or even of thought, but of moral condition, which is to me the chiefest charm in woman. How often have I sat by one of such women talking—no, talked at (for it reduces me to silence)—in such a splendid and overwhelming manner, and with such a superior consciousness of intellectuality, that I could not but think that except for the silk and the

lace, and the lack of moustaches, and the evident expectation of a compliment, I might as well have been talking with a man (only a man would have said more with less fuss), and that I longed for the companionship of some pretty, well-bred ignoramus, whose head was full only of common sense, and whose soul as well as whose body was of the female sex. England is not without women of the other kind, I suppose, but they are so rare that I met with none; while all the women that I did meet had the soft, sweet charm given by the contented consciousness of their womanhood. Womanhood looks out from an Englishwoman's eyes; it speaks in every inflection of her voice. No matter how clever she may be, how well informed, she never utters mind pure and simple; she never lays a bare statement of thought or of fact before you. She is too modest. A piece of her mind she does, indeed, sometimes give you. But then, be sure, she is, of all times, the most thoroughly womanlike and absolved from intellectuality; being, however, thus in her excitement not peculiar among her sex. At all other times she leaves an impression of gentleness, and a lack of intellectual robustness; and, if you are a man at least, she, without any seeming intention of so doing, keeps you constantly in mind that she is trusting to you—to your strength, your ability, your position—to ensure that she shall be treated with respect and tenderness, and taken care of; and that therefore she owes you deference, and that it becomes her to be not only as charming but as serviceable as possible. Even in the hardest women there is a remnant at least of this. An Englishwoman shall be a sort of she-bagman, a traveller for manufacturers, and in the habit of riding second or even third class alone, from one end of England to the other (and I talked with such women), and she shall yet show you this gentle, womanly consciousness. A woman's eye there never looks straight and steady into yours,

saying, "I am quite able to take care of my own person, and interests, and reputation. Don't trouble yourself about me in those respects. Meantime, sir, I am taking your measure." There is always a mute appeal from her womanhood to your manhood. This charm belongs to the Englishwoman of all ranks, and beautifies everything that she does, even if she does it awkwardly, which is not always. She shows it if she is a great lady and welcomes you, or if she is a housemaid and serves you. Not actually every Englishwoman is thus of course; for there are hard, and proud, and cruel, and debased women there, as there are elsewhere. But, apart from these exceptions, this is the manner of Englishwomen; and, in so far as a man may judge, this manner, or the counterpart of it, does not forsake them when they are among themselves.

This soft charm of the Englishwoman's manner is greatly helped and heightened by her voice and her manner of speaking. In these she is not only without an equal, but beyond comparison with the women of any other people, except the few of her own blood and tongue in this country, who have like voices and the same utterance. The voices and the speech of Englishwomen of all classes are, with few exceptions, pleasant to the ear—soft and clear; their words are well articulated, but not precisely pronounced. They speak without much emphasis, yet not monotonously, but with gentle modulation. Their speech is therefore very easily understood—much more so than that of persons who speak louder and with stronger emphasis. You rarely or never are obliged to ask an Englishwoman to repeat what she has said because you have failed to catch her words. This soft, yet crisp and clear and easily flowing speech, is, as I have said, common to the whole sex there.

I remember that in one of my prowlings about London I found myself in a little, dingy court that opened off Thames street—a low, water-side street

that runs under London Bridge. It was Sunday morning, and I had come down from Charing Cross in one of the little Thames steamers, to attend service at St. Paul's, and had half an hour to spare. The street was almost deserted, and so quiet that my footsteps echoed from the walls of the dull and smoke-browned houses. In this court I found two women talking. One was Sairey Gamp. I am sure it was Sairey. The leer upon her heavy face could not be mistaken, and she had grown even a little stouter than when I was so happy as to make her acquaintance years ago. The other was probably Betsey Prig; she was a mere wisp of a woman; or, indeed, she may have been Mrs. Harris herself—her shadow-like figure being the next thing in woman form to nonentity. As I passed these two humble people, I was struck by the tone and manner of their speech as they talked earnestly together. Their words and their pronunciation were vulgar enough; but, as a whole, the speech of both was rich and musical. The whole of that otherwise silent court was filled with the soft murmur of their voices. I had no business there, but I pretended to have, and went from dingy door to dingy door, lingering and loitering all round the court, that I might listen. They did not stare at me any more than I did at them—plainly, they would not have thought of such rudeness—but they went on with their talk, speaking their language and mine with tones and inflections that I never heard from two women of like position in "America."

I was reminded of this afterward when one morning, at a great house, a country seat, I lingered with my hostess at the breakfast table after all the rest of the family had risen. She touched a bell, and a maid, an upper servant, answered the summons. No servants, by the way, wait at breakfast there, even in great houses. After you are once started, and the tea is made, you are left alone, to wait upon yourselves—a fashion full of comfort, making breakfast the most sociable

meal of the day. When the maid appeared the lady spoke at once, and the servant stopped at the door and replied, and there was a little dialogue about some household matter. The young woman's answers were little more than, "Yes, my Lady," and, "No, my Lady," but I was charmed by them—more so than I have ever been by a lecture or a recitation from the lips of one of the sex. She spoke in a subdued tone; but every syllable was distinct, although she was at the further end of a large dining-room. Her mistress's voice was no less clear and sweet and charming, and as they talked, in their low, even tones, with perfect ease and understanding at this distance, the whole of the great room resounded sweetly with this spoken music. When English is spoken in this way by a woman of superior breeding and intelligence there is, of course, an added charm, and it is then the most delightful speech that I ever heard, or can imagine. Compared with it, German becomes hideous and ridiculous, French mean and snappish, Spanish too weak and open-mouthed, and even Italian, noble and sweet as it is, seems to lack a certain firmness and crispness, and to be without a homely charm that it may not lack to those whose mother tongue is bastard Latin.

One reason of this beauty of the speech of Englishwomen is doubtless in the voice itself. An Englishwoman's voice is soft, but it is not weak. It is notably firm, clear, and vibrating. It is neither guttural nor nasal. While it soothes the ear, it compels attention. Like the tone of a fine old Cremona violin, its softest vibrations make themselves heard and understood when mere noise makes only confusion. Such voices are not entirely lacking among women in "America"; but, alas! how few of the fortunate possessors of such voices here use them worthily! For the other element of the beauty of the Englishwoman's speech is in her utter-

ance. "Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman." Shakespeare knew the truth in this, as in so many other things. One of the very few points on which we may be sure of his personal preferences is that he disliked high voices and sharp speech in women. Singular man! I fear that his ears would suffer here. The Englishwoman's voice is strong as well as sweet, but her speech is low. She rarely raises her voice. I do not remember having ever heard an Englishwoman try to compel attention in that way; but I have heard French and Spanish and Italian women, ladies of unquestionable position and breeding, almost scream, and that, too, in society. Nor does the Englishwoman use much emphasis. Her manner of speech is calm, although without any suggestion of dignity, and her inflections, which rise often, although they are full of meaning, are gentle. I remarked this difference in her speech of itself, but much more when I heard again the speech of my own countrywomen. I had not been in their company five minutes—not one—when I was pierced through from ear to ear. They seemed to me to be talking in italics, to be emphasizing every word, as if they would thrust it into my ears, whether I would or not. They seemed to scream at me. They did scream. I am sure that to their emphatic and almost fierce utterance is due, in a very great measure, the inferior charm of their speech, when compared with that of their sisters who have remained in the "old home." If they would be a little more gentle, a little less self-asserting, a little less determined, and a little more persuasive in their utterance as well as in their manner, I am sure that, with all their other advantages, they need fear no rivalry in womanly charm, even with the truly feminine, sensible, soft-mannered, sweet-voiced women of England.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE most certain, and at the same time the most uncertain of events, is the period of the termination of human life. This is a seeming paradox; nay, it is more than seeming. The time when any member of the human family will shuffle off this mortal coil no science can forecast, no art discover; but the successive numbers out of any thousand men of given ages who will, year after year, die, has been ascertained by actual count in so many instances and verified by experience for so long a time, that it is safe to say that no law in nature is better established by proof. Given these elements, how easy to erect the fabric of life insurance—how easy to spread among the many the misfortunes of the individuals who die untimely deaths, their numbers being known beforehand.

Upon this paradox life insurance rests. It is at once one of the most simple and one of the most beneficent methods ever invented for alleviating the evils necessarily incident to our complex civilization. For a trifling sum, a man may make provision for his family against untimely death, and thus gain the quiet of soul and peace of mind necessary for the pursuit of his avocation.

But I do not mean to sing a pæan to life insurance. It may be safely said that the subject is not new, or the field uncultivated. On the contrary, the topic has been said and sung in prose and verse for so long that it ceases to attract for novelty's sake; while we have all heard the ubiquitous agent sound its praises in our ears, until it appeared to our excited imagination as if there were no need of any further want, or care, or trouble in the world, and that life insurance was, or was about to be, or at least

Might be the be-all and the end-all here.

The object of the present writer is to suggest the spots upon the sun, to

point out the fallacies, the faults, and the frauds which have been allowed to grow up around the system, and to make some suggestions for the cure of the evils and their prevention.

To begin with, the frauds in life insurance date from the period when companies were started for the purpose of making money, and with the appearance of being philanthropical institutions. Savings banks have gone through the same experience, and it is a sad one. Men who attempt to lead the public to believe that they are engaged in an enterprise based, not upon the selfish principle of profit, but upon the unselfish principle of doing good, and who then deliberately go to work to fill their own coffers by means of the business, are, to say the least, obtaining their money by false pretences.

The capital of the Continental Life Insurance Company was \$100,000, and although, by the original charter, the stock-holders were entitled to share with the policy-holders in the profits of the business, yet some years ago an arrangement was made, upon the transfer of the risks of another company to the Continental, that only seven per cent. should be paid to stock-holders. Ever since the yearly statement to the State authorities set forth under oath that only seven per cent. had been paid to stock-holders, all the rest of the profits being presumably divided among the policy-holders. But now, when the light is let in upon this company, it appears that it always paid its stock-holders eighteen to twenty-eight per cent., and that while, of late years, only seven per cent. was charged on the books, yet the money was paid just the same. Then, too, lest the policy-holders should get too much profits to be divided among them, princely salaries were paid to the officers and agents, and upon these salaries annuities were predicated, which were also commut-

ed, capitalized, and surrendered to the company each year. I hardly know how to characterize this scheme. It came out in the evidence of an officer, who said he had \$2,000 per annum, with an annuity of five per cent. That sounds quite simple, and persons not fully informed on the subject of life insurance would hesitate to expose their ignorance by asking questions. The annuity turns out to be \$100 per annum for life, which at the time it is granted the company capitalized and purchased back, paying about \$1,000 therefor. But next year there is another annuity for life granted, of the same amount, which is again purchased, and so on continually. The effect is to add to the officers' salaries, yearly, about fifty per cent., and at the same time conceal it from the public, the State department, and the policy-holders. The president's \$17,500 thus became over \$26,000, without attracting attention. Besides, it helps demonstrate the scientific principles upon which life insurance and life annuities are based, and by practically illustrating to the managers themselves the potency of algebraic formula in figuring large sums out of small, convinced them of the truth of the arguments which they are to make to the agents, and the agents to the public, by which the money is to be brought in to keep this fine system going.

You will say that this is only one case, and that it is an exception, and that companies honestly managed will not permit such things. I grant you the latter part of your answer, but ask you to show me an honestly managed company; I know but very few. It will be found, on investigation, that these practices, or others quite as bad, flourish in every company, in this State at least, with few exceptions.

Commuted commissions is another item under the thin disguise of which the policy-holders are robbed, but I defer the consideration of that topic for that of changing policies, to which more pressing interest attaches.

When a life policy has run for a

certain number of years, and the company has received upon the policy a large number of premiums, it is obliged, both by prudential reasons and by law, to hold against the liability upon it a certain sum of money. This sum is called the reserve. It is also called the reinsurance fund. It is in fact the sum which the company has been improving at compound interest against the day when the policy must be paid. If for any reason the policy lapses—say for non-payment of premium—this sum becomes the property of the company. No policy-holder knows what the reserve on his policy is, and the company will not tell him. It is one of those interesting facts which you are not expected to ask questions about. It requires a complicated calculation to arrive at it. The officers tell you so. The fact is that every company has a book of tables which will tell you the reserve at any moment, and the policy register should show the reserve returned to the department the previous January. It will be seen that if the company can induce the policy-holder to sell his policy to them for a sum less than the reserve, it makes the difference in profit. This is what is known as freezing out. This is open, notorious, bold robbery. But there is a secret method which accomplishes the same result. This is known as changing. If the company is not ready to incur the odium of attempting to purchase its policies, it sends accomplished agents to persuade its policy-holders that some new form of policy is more desirable than the old. Hence the numerous plans of insurance. In the change, it is safe to say that the reserve on the old policy is pretty well used up, and out of it the agent takes a slice, and a pretty good slice, and who takes the rest of it is no mystery. Every policy-holder in a life insurance company who is asked to surrender his policy and take money for it, or another policy, may rest assured that there is a fraud at the bottom of the transaction, and that whoever will make money by it,

he will not. In the reinsurance of companies, and the consequent changes of policies from one company to another, this has been the method by which the promoters of the scheme have realized large amounts of money.

Leaving the fertile subject of changing policies, and the frauds of which that operation has been made the vehicle, let me examine the subject of supervision by the State over the companies, and the effect which such supervision has had upon the business. Of course the theory of a State department is that of supervision. It is based upon the power of visitation, as exercised by the founders of hospitals and colleges, for the purpose of seeing that the corporation is carrying out the will of the founder. Here the State, having conferred a corporate franchise, has the right to see that the franchise is properly exercised. To that end an officer is appointed, to whom each corporation is to make annual, detailed reports of its operations, and who is vested with the power of examining the companies, to ascertain if their reports be correct, and if the laws have been complied with. There is no doubt but that if the power were properly exercised, the action of the Superintendent of Insurance would have a beneficial effect. The great difficulty in carrying out the supervision effectively has been, however, the imperfect character of the legislation on the subject. The laws fix an arbitrary standard of solvency, which binds the Superintendent hand and foot.

Insurance experts differ very widely as to the correctness of this standard. It obliges the companies to have on hand invested a sum of money, being a certain arithmetical proportion to the amount of outstanding insurance. A company may not have this amount and yet be solvent, and have before it a long and prosperous career of usefulness. Another company may have the technical amount of assets and yet be rotten to the core. It is said that the very largest and best managed

companies have passed through periods when if this criterion were to have been applied to their condition, they would have been weighed and found wanting. The mere amount of assets at any given time cannot be a positive test of the condition of the business. The expense of doing business in one company may be small, and all of it taken out of the premium for the first year, in which case the technical reserve at the end of the year may be very much impaired; yet the company may be in a most promising and flourishing condition, with a good business on its books, and a large future income secure without further cost. On the other hand, a company may have the full technical reserve and yet have acquired its business at ruinous application, out of its future premiums, of large commissions. With laws so imperfect, with no provision for examining the commercial condition of a company, it is not strange that State supervision should gradually fade into an empty form. It is true the department has been for some years kept in full apparent efficiency. There has been a respectable head, and a very full body of clerks duly appointed at the suggestion of members of the Senate. These clerks have been agreeably employed in receiving, folding, and filing the reports of the various companies; in receiving applications for licenses from agents of foreign companies; in issuing such licenses; in furnishing printed copies of the charters of companies to all who apply for the same, and also copies of the reports of the companies. These duties are supplemented by that of collecting the fees for the various services, and by the composition of answers to letters of policy-holders of the most Delphic character. The head of the department, I suppose, is meantime fully employed in digesting the statements of the companies and preparing his annual report of their condition, to be presented to the Legislature, and afterward printed and bound in gilt covers, for distribution among

his constituents. These reports are quite pleasant reading. You will find year after year faint and delicate suggestions as to amendatory laws, opinions that there is doubt of the legality of amalgamations, and other twaddle. Not a word, however, denunciatory of the frauds being perpetrated under the very nose of the department, and which every man in the State can see quite plainly but himself. Of the epistolary productions of the Superintendent, it is hard to speak. If language be given to conceal thought, how well it is used by the Department of Insurance. Complaints, charges, requests to examine—all are met so politely, so evasively, that while you feel you are being put off, and that your request will not be granted, you know not why you are refused.

Thus the Department of Insurance ran its natural course. It became a storehouse of heaps of meaningless figures. The companies soon found that their mistakes were not corrected, and it became convenient to make mistakes. Gradually false statements grew out of exaggerated ones. Cash in bank would continue to represent money which had been lost by a bank failure. In one sense it was cash in bank—cash that would never again come out. Then money in the hands of agents is an item which could rise and sink with great facility. In some companies it grew to such proportions as to warrant the suspicion that pretty soon all the money of the company would be in the hands of agents, and very bad hands to be in they have generally proven, have these agents' hands. The books of the Continental Company show about a million of dollars in the hands of those gentlemen, with very little chance of any considerable portion of it ever getting into the hands of the receiver.

And the worst of this condition of affairs with respect to the Insurance Department is that it is a delusion and a snare. If there were no supervision, people would exercise their judgment themselves, uninfluenced by annual

reports and all the apparently officially recognized, columnar, battalions of carefully disposed statistics. Then instead of producing certificates with the departmental seal authenticating solvency, the life insurance solicitor would be forced to prove his company entitled to credit by other and more convincing arguments. Naturally enough, the plain people suppose that when the State undertakes to regulate the business, it will do the work which it undertakes well and honestly. It has in fact done neither. While saying to the country, our companies are under strict supervision; they are obliged to make annual reports; and if there is any item in that report which leads the Superintendent to believe the company should be examined, it is immediately done, and we permit no company to continue in business unless it has assets enough to reinsure all its outstanding contracts. That is what in effect the State of New York says. How far otherwise are its actual doings let the history of the Continental and the Security answer. The receiver of the first named says it has been insolvent for five or six years, and insurance people gravely suspected that for some time. As to the Security, any boy in a life company will tell you that its absolute insolvency has been well known for at least two years to all persons having any knowledge of the business at all, who have read their annual reports. Nevertheless the department did not interfere. The Continental let it be understood in California that they were insolvent, so that they could buy in their contracts at a low price. At home they keep up the appearance of solvency, go through the solemn farce of making out reports and filing them in the department, showing a surplus of nearly a million, when in fact there was a deficiency of two millions.

What an efficient department! What a splendid system! How careful of the interests of the public! What a fatherly State to its expectant widows and orphans!

Just here is the vice of the whole system. Relying on the care of the State officers, the policy-holder takes out his policy and continues his payments year after year. Relying on a broken reed!

Can it be conceived possible that the real owners of two hundred millions of dollars would abandon to directors the entire charge of their interests and the interests of those dear to them, unless they were inspired by faith in that governmental supervision which they were led to believe would be effectual to protect their interests, and to make safe the provision which they had made, not for themselves, but for those helpless ones whom it is the duty of the State to care for, and the boast of our system of jurisprudence that it protects with jealous care?

The result of all this faithlessness is seen in the present condition of life insurance affairs. Is the remedy to be found in legislation, in new attempts to make supervision on the part of the State more than a name, or in the abandonment of the whole scheme of supervision and in leaving the business to be carried on without any State control or supervision? This is really the momentous question of the hour, and one that cannot be too thoroughly discussed or too carefully considered.

In its consideration the status of a policy-holder in a life insurance company must be taken into consideration. To thoroughly understand what that status is, it is necessary to examine carefully the contract on which it rests. Each policy in a life insurance company provides for a life-long engagement on the part of the assured. He is to continue to pay premiums as long as he lives, if he does not anticipate them by a single payment, or by several payments. On its part the company

agrees to pay to the assured, or rather to his nominee at the death of the assured, a certain sum. In addition, however, to this simple contract, the policy-holder is entitled to a share in the profits of the company. That share is greater or less as the case may be, as the organization of the company provides. The policy-holder is thus in a certain sense a partner in the business. He has an expectation of profits, either in the shape of reduced premiums, increased insurance, or actual money. The contract is not one of indemnity merely. It is a contract to pay at death a fixed sum, in consideration of the payment during life of certain sums known as premiums. It is an arrangement by means of which the pecuniary hardships incident to premature death are borne by a great number of persons instead of the family of the person who dies before his expectation of life has been reached. It is apparent from this contract that the company which issues it must in the nature of things have the custody and management of large sums of money. It is contemplated by the parties that accumulations in the hands of the company must exist, and it is an incident of the contract that the officers of the company shall have the management of that fund. Is the fund a trust to be held by the company for the benefit of the policy-holders? If it be, then the courts of equity have complete and entire jurisdiction, and to them it should be left. They are competent to enforce the proper execution of other trusts, and presumably of this. Give perfect freedom of individual action to each policy-holder, take off the leading-strings of State supervision, and leave the parties to a life insurance contract where the parties to other contracts are left, to themselves and the courts.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

CONCERNING SOME IRREGULARITIES IN IT.

IT is a somewhat singular fact that although the United States assumed all the rights, powers, and dignities of a nation on the Fourth of July, 1776, no great seal was adopted until about five months before the signing of the preliminary treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1782. This is the more remarkable when we consider that our forefathers were brought up under the shadow of the English law, which prescribed that no grant nor charter was *factum* until it was sealed, and of English custom, which taught that even the sign manual of the sovereign must be authenticated by an impression from the privy seal.

But the inception of our government was attended with other informalities than the neglect to provide a seal. Silas Deane, our first political agent to France, wrote from Paris to the secret committee of Congress, under date of November 28, 1776, acknowledging the receipt of the committee's letter of August 7, enclosing a copy of another letter of July 8, the original of which never came to hand, and also a copy of the Declaration of Independence, which, he complains, had been circulated in Europe two months before. This last letter conveyed what was intended to be the official notification to the court of France of the act of separation of the colonies, but was so unofficial in form that Mr. Deane was prompted to say in answer that he would have supposed that "some mode more formal, or, if I may say, respectful, would have been made use of, than simply two or three lines from the committee of Congress. . . . I mention this as something deserving of serious consideration, whether in your applications here and your powers and instructions of a public nature, it is not always proper to use a seal ?

This is a very ancient custom in all public and even private concerns of any consequence."

But although Congress neglected to provide a seal, it was not because it had not anticipated the need of one, for this record appears in its journal, under date of Thursday, July 4, 1776:

Resolved, That Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams, and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a device for a seal for the United States of America.

We obtain an insight of the acts of this committee in a letter from John Adams to his wife, under date of Philadelphia, August 14, 1776.

After discussing matters irrelevant to the question at issue, he says:

I am put upon a committee to prepare . . . devices for a great seal for the confederated States. There is a gentleman here of French extraction, whose name is *Du Samitère*, a painter by profession, whose designs are very ingenious, and his drawings well executed. He has been applied to for his advice. I waited on him yesterday, and saw his sketches. . . . For the seal, he proposes the arms of the several nations from whence *America* has been peopled, as *English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German*, etc., each in a shield. On one side of them, Liberty with her pileus; on the other, a Rider in his uniform, with his rifle-gun in one hand, and his tomahawk in the other: this dress, and these troops, with this kind of armour, being peculiar to *America*, unless the dress was known to the Romans. Dr. Franklin showed me a book containing an account of the dresses of all the *Roman* soldiers, one of which appeared exactly like it. . . . Doctor Franklin proposes a device for a seal: Moses lifting up his wand, and dividing the *Red Sea*, and *Pharaoh* in his chariot overwhelmed with the waters. This motto, "*Rebellion to Tyrants is obedience to God.*"

Mr. Jefferson proposed the children of *Israel* in the wilderness, led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and on the other side *Hengist* and *Horsa*, the *Saxon* chiefs from whom we claim the honor of being descended, and whose political principles and form of government we have assumed.

I proposed the choice of *Hercules*, as engraved by *Gribelin*, in some editions of Lord *Shaftesbury's* works. The hero resting on his club; *Virtus* pointing to her rugged mountain on one hand and persuading him to ascend; *Slack*, glancing at her flowery paths of pleasure, wantonly reclining on the ground, displaying the charms both of her eloquence and person, to seduce him

into vice. But this is too complicated a group for a seal or medal, and it is not original.

On August 20 the committee reported to Congress as follows:

The great seal should on one side have the arms of the United States of America, which arms should be as follows:

The shield has six quarters, parts one couple two. The first or, a rose, enamelled gules and argent for England; the second argent, a thistle proper for Scotland; the third vert, a harp or, for Ireland; the fourth azure, a flower de luce, for France; the fifth or, the imperial eagle, sable, for Germany, and the sixth or, the Belgic lion, gules, for Holland; pointing out the countries from which the States have been peopled. The shield within a border, gules, entwined of thirteen escutcheons, argent, linked together by a chain or, each charged with initial sable letters as follows: 1st, N. H.; 2d, Mass.; 3d, R. I.; 4th, Conn.; 5th, N. Y.; 6th, N. J.; 7th, Penn.; 8th, Del.; 9th, Md.; 10th, Va.; 11th, N. C.; 12th, S. C.; 13th, Geo.; for each of the thirteen independent States of America.

Supporters, *dexter* the Goddess of Liberty, in a corselet of armour, alluding to the present times; holding in her right hand the spear and esp, and with her left supporting the shield of the States; *sinister*, the Goddess of Justice, bearing a sword in her right hand, and in her left a balance.

Crest. The eye of Providence in a radiant triangle, whose glory extends over the shield and beyond the figures. Motto, *E Pluribus Unum*.

Legend round the whole achievement: Seal of the United States of America, MDCLXXVI.

On the other side of the said great seal should be the following device:

Pharaoh sitting in an open chariot, a crown on his head, and a sword in his hand, passing through the divided waters of the Red Sea in pursuit of the Israelites. Rays from a pillar of fire in the cloud, expressive of the Divine presence and command, beaming on Moses, who stands on the shore, and extending his hand over the sea, causes it to overthrow Pharaoh.

Motto, "Rebellion to Tyrants is obedience to God."

Mr. Adams's letter fortunately gives us the key to this elaborate blazon, else we might have been left for ever in the dark in regard to its authorship. In the general achievement we easily recognize the hand of the "gentleman of French extraction," M. du Simi-tière, who perhaps was induced to adopt the Goddess of Justice, with her sword and balance, in lieu of his "Rifler with his rifle-gun," in deference to Mr. Adams's taste for allegory. Dr. Franklin's happy if not original design, illustrative of the preservation of the children of Israel from the maw of Pharaoh and the Red sea, with a squint

also at the deliverance of the colonies from George III. and the billows of tyranny, though sent to the rear, was adopted in whole, as well as his motto. The pillar of fire in the cloud was doubtless taken from the design of Mr. Jefferson, who perhaps had to be propitiated because his children of Israel were discarded in favor of Dr. Franklin's. It needed but the addition of his Hengist and Horsa, and of Mr. Adams's irresolute Hercules between Vice and Virtue, to make a great seal such as the world had never looked upon.

We, who look back through the gloze of a hundred years and are accustomed to regard this trio of patriots as men with whom the degenerate legislators of the present have little in common, may well express astonishment that their work did not meet with immediate approval. But history is a stern mistress, and we cannot efface the record. The journal of Congress shows that the report of the committee was ordered "to lie on the table," and we hear no more of it for three long and momentous years.

On March 25, 1779, it was ordered that the report of the committee on the device of a great seal for the United States, in Congress assembled, be referred to another committee. On May 10 this committee reported as follows:

The seal to be four inches in diameter, on one side the arms of the United States, as follows: the shield charged in the field with thirteen diagonal stripes alternately red and white.

Supporters, *dexter*, a warrior holding a sword; *sinister*, a figure representing Peace bearing an olive branch.

The Crest, a radiant constellation of thirteen stars.

The motto, *Bello est Pax*.

The legend round the achievement, "Seal of the United States."

On the Reverse the figure of Liberty, seated in a chair, holding the staff and cap.

The Motto, "Semper," underneath MDCLXXVI.

This report was taken into consideration on May 17, and after debate ordered to be recommitted. The result was another report:

The seal to be three inches in diameter, on one side the arms of the United States, as follows: the shield charged in the field azure, with thirteen diagonal stripes, alternate rouge and argent.

Supporters, *dexter*, a warrior holding a sword; *sinister*, a figure representing Peace, bearing the olive branch.

The Crest, a radiant constellation, of thirteen stars.

The motto, *Bello vel Pace*.

The legend round the achievement, "The Great Seal of the United States."

On the Reverse, *Vertute Perennis*, underneath MDCCCLXXVI.

A miniature of the face of the great seal and half its diameter to be prepared and affixed as the less seal of the United States.

But our critical forefathers were still dissatisfied, and exhibited no more disposition to adopt the false heraldry of the committee of 1779 than the allegorical and Biblical monstrosity of that of 1776. Three years more of incubation were needed to hatch the "bird o' freedom," and it is not until 1782 that we hear of a further movement. On June 18 of that year, William Barton of Philadelphia proposed the following for the arms of the United States:

Arms, Paleways of thirteen pieces argent and gules; a chief azure, the escutcheon placed on the breast of the American (the bald-headed) eagle, displayed proper; holding in his beak a scroll inscribed with the motto, viz., *E Pluribus Unum*, and in his dexter talon a palm or olive branch, in the other a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper.

For the Crest, over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or, breaking through a cloud, proper, and surrounding thirteen stars forming a constellation, argent on an azure field.

In the exergue of the great seal, "Jul. IV. MDCCCLXXVI."

In the margin of the same, "Sigil. Mag. Repub. Confed. Americ."

Mr. Barton proposed also a second device, which needs no notice, as it did not meet with approval.

On the same day, the committee of Congress, then composed of Messrs. Middleton (S. C.), Boudinot (Penn.), and Rutledge (S. C.), reported a modification of Mr. Barton's device. The reports of the several committees were then referred to the Secretary of Congress, and on June 20, 1782, the Secretary reported the following device for an armorial achievement and reverse of the great seal of the United States, which was formally adopted:

Arms. Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules, a chief, azure; the escutcheon on the breast of the American eagle displayed proper, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch, and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper, and in his beak a scroll inscribed with this motto, *E Pluribus Unum*.

For the Crest. Over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or, breaking through a cloud, proper, and surrounding thirteen stars forming a constellation, argent, on an azure field.

Reverse. A pyramid unfinished. In the zenith an eye in a triangle, surrounded with a glory, proper. Over the eye these words, *Annuit Cœptis*. On the base of the pyramid the numerical letters MDCCCLXXVI. And underneath the following motto, *Novus Ordo Seclorum*.

The interpretation of these devices is as follows: The escutcheon is composed of the chief and pale, the two most honorable ordinaries. The pieces pale represent the several States, all joined in one solid, compact, and entire, supporting a chief which unites the whole and represents Congress. The pales in the arms are kept closely united by the chief, and the chief depends on that union and the strength resulting from it, for its support, to denote the confederacy of the United States of America, and the preservation of their union through Congress.

The colors of the pales are those used in the flag of the United States of America; white signifies purity and innocence; red, hardness and valor; and blue, the color of the chief, signifies vigilance, perseverance, and justice.

The olive branch and arrows denote the power of peace and war, which is exclusively vested in Congress. The constellation denotes a new State taking its place and rank among the sovereign powers; the escutcheon is borne on the breast of the American eagle, without any other supporters, to denote that the United States of America ought to rely on their own virtue.

Reverse. The pyramid signifies strength and duration: the eye over it and the motto allude to the many and signal interpositions of Providence in favor of the American cause. The date underneath it is that of the Declaration of Independence; and the words under it signify the beginning of the new era, which commences from that date.

After the ratification of the Constitution, this seal was formally declared to be the seal of the United States, on September 15, 1789, and on March 2, 1793, its custody was given to the Secretary of State, who was empowered to affix it to such commissions, etc., as had previously received the signature of the President.

Lossing, in his "Field Book of the Revolution," has the following, in relation to the origin of the device on the seal: "In a manuscript letter before me, written in 1818, by Thomas Barritt, Esq., an eminent antiquary of

Manchester, England, addressed to his son in this country, is the following statement: 'My friend, Sir John Prestwich, Bart., told me he was the person who suggested the idea of a coat of arms for the American States to an ambassador [John Adams] from thence, which they have seen fit to put upon some of their moneys. It is this he told me—party per pale of thirteen stripes, white and red; the chief of the escutcheon blue, signifying the protection of heaven over the States. He says it was soon afterwards adopted as the arms of the States, and to give it more consequence, it was placed upon the breast of a displayed eagle.'"

But it is far more probable that the colors of the shield were suggested by the stripes and union of the flag, which was adopted nearly a year before Mr. Adams's first visit to Europe. Yet it is worthy of note, in this connection, that the stripes in the flag are arranged alternately red and white, which gives seven of the former and six of the latter; while in the arms they are white and red, thus making seven white and six red pales. In the seal of the Board of Admiralty (now the Navy Department), adopted May 4, 1780, the stripes are arranged as in the flag.

The critical reader will not fail to note a few heraldic lapses in the arms as blazoned by the secretary of Congress, such as the omission of the tincture of the scroll, and the denominating the collection of stars a crest. By a somewhat similar error in the law by which our flag was adopted, no method of arrangement of the stars in the union is prescribed.

Notwithstanding that the great seal as adopted had an obverse and a reverse, there is nothing to show that the reverse was ever made. Why this was neglected does not appear of record. Nor does there seem to be any

means of ascertaining by what authority one half of the seal is made to do duty for the whole. It is certainly not authorized by any law. Is not its use then by the State department technically illegal?

But this is not all. The seal as originally engraved was in accordance with the requirements of the law, but in 1841, Daniel Webster then being Secretary of State, a new seal was made, probably because the old one had become worn, and for some reasons not now discoverable, several alterations were made in the design. In the shield of the seal thus made, the red pales are twice the width of the white ones, so that it reads heraldically, *argent, six pales gules*, instead of "*palewise of thirteen pieces, argent and gules*," as expressed in the adopted report. In the original, too, the eagle held in his sinister talon a "*bundle of thirteen arrows*," but the poor bird grasps but a meagre six in the new seal. There was some significance in the former number, all of which is lost in the change. Application to the State department for the reasons for these deviations from the original seal resulted in only the following: "This change does not appear to have been authorized by law, and the cause of it is not known."

Is it possible that an arbitrary alteration can be made in the great seal of the United States by officials temporarily in charge of it? And if so, what is to prevent some future Secretary of State, with notions of his own in regard to heraldic bearings, from discarding the old seal altogether, in favor of some creation of his own? The nation was providentially saved from the artistic efforts of Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin; but what guaranty have we for the future?

JOHN D. CHAMPLIN, JR.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE TIMES AND THE CUSTOMS.

It will be four years in September since the crash of Jay Cooke announced that hard times had come. During the *debacle* continuing from that day to this, the exposed rascalities of swindling corporations have shown how full the world still is of sheep eager to be fleeced, of geese to be plucked. Government officers prey on the people; the people, on each other; the giant plunderer is the stock company, to whose vast gobblings the pilfering of a Tweed or Winslow is a mere sugar-plum. The individual swindler feels himself a rogue, whereas the chartered thief holds a high head, builds him a palace from the spoils of his victims, and curses their impudence when they complain. They are legion, these mismanaged or fraudulent mining companies, land improvement companies, artificial light companies, normal food companies (for introducing camel-hump steaks to the American breakfast-table), and, above all, railroad companies, savings funds, and life insurance companies.

Satirists lash the sham enterprises—"Universal Association for Squaring the Circle," "American and Asiatic Consolidated Perpetual Motion Society," and what not; nowadays the main mischief is done not by these transparent humbugs, but by the genuine companies, that fairly invite trust and then betray it. Salted mines, watered stocks, lying prospectuses, bribed experts, bought legislatures, packed meetings, borrowed dividends, thimble-rig reports—we all know the tricks of "substantial" enterprises. It is not the seedy adventurers, the Jeremy Diddlers and Montague Tiggs of our day, that entrap the thrifty and ruin the intelligent, but the high-toned trust and commercial companies, seeming to be solid. These have wheels within wheels, rings within the ring, whereby many shareholders can be tricked by few; for, as the shellfish has foes that bore through his tough house and suck out the unfortunate tenant within, so *crédit* mobiliers, fast freight lines, super-salaried officers, contractors for supplies, construction agents, and the like, suck

out the value of a stock company, and leave the shareholders the shells. Let not a posterity of *laudatores temporis acti* sigh over ours as the Golden Age of commercial honesty. It is only the Greenback Age. It is not even the Silver Age, unless, haply, the German Silver—that is to say, the Plated or Pinchbeck Age. We might perhaps style it the Brazen Age, in view of the all-pervading brass of corporation claqueurs and drummers; or we might very well call it the Shoddy or the Peter Funk Jewelry Age.

Still, our ancestry were worse beset with quack corporations. Mackay mentions over eighty speculative companies that rose with the South Sea bubble and were all crushed in a bunch by the privy council: one, a company for getting silver out of lead; another, for developing perpetual motion; a third, for insuring householders against losses by servants—capital, \$15,000,000; a fourth, "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is"—capital, \$2,500,000 in 5,000 shares of \$500 each, on \$10 deposit per share, which deposit nearly a thousand persons actually paid on the first half day the books were opened, so that before night the rascally manager was off with \$10,000 booty. Besides the matured projects, many companies existing only on paper were able to sell "privileges to subscribe," when formed, at \$200 or \$300 each; for in that day of manias people in Great Britain paid premiums for the first chance to put their money into companies for freshening salt water, extracting oil from sunflowers, buying forfeited estates, capturing pirates, insuring children's fortunes, fattening hogs, fishing for wrecks, and importing jackasses from Spain—which last was surely bringing coals to Newcastle. As for such really solid enterprises as the South Sea bubble, their shares rose to a thousand per cent. above par.

Perhaps another South Sea bubble could not easily be blown; the Darien canal will hardly excite a fever of speculation like William Paterson's Darien

project of one hundred and eighty years ago, for which prayers were offered in the Edinburgh churches; we are not likely to see a Mississippi scheme of the sort which caused cooks to struggle with courtiers for places in the Rue de Quinquempoix to buy John Law's shares, while office rents in that stock-jobbing thoroughfare rose from five hundred to sixty thousand livres a year. But our late American experience shows how swift men are to trust their hard-earned gains to corporate enterprises simply on the reputation of the managers. Insurance frauds and railroad wreckings thrive on the trustfulness of professional men and the narrow scope of tradesmen. The latter find sufficient occupation in the little gains of each day, and often are puzzled how to employ the surplus. To spend it would be unthriftly; to roll it in a napkin, bad stewardship; they are apt to be caught by the popular stock companies or by some scheme of speculation. These glittering prizes also attract sapient "men of business" who have been entrusted with investing the funds of widows and children. From such sources flow the rills that make the mighty rivers of stock enterprises, so that, having gathered up the spare cash of the shopkeepers and the annuitants, their bursting makes wide havoc.

Goodman Thompson's simple skill and joy are to gain five cents here, ten there, a dollar yonder; three customers have bought at nine o'clock to-day, at eleven the sales number fifteen, at noon no fewer than two dozen; whereas at midday yesterday they were only twenty-three. Brooding over these statistics, worthy Thompson fills up the day, the year, the lifetime in modest local glory, until the name of John Thompson, grocer, is taken from his door and put upon his coffin-plate, and John Thompson's son continues the trade in his stead. Absorbed, I say, in such details, some men seem strangely careless what the gross of their gains is, or how secured—their pleasure is "doing business" rather than growing rich, and equal fortunes by bequest would hardly give them the same comfort; others, and the majority, are not so careless, but are as surprisingly stupid, incautious, and gullible in investing their daily gains as they are sharp and shrewd in getting them. That is why they put their trust in treacherous princes

of finance and railroad kings; that is why sharpers of good moral character in savings and insurance companies make many victims. It is wonderful how many tradesmen, subtle and sagacious in their callings, thrive in the hard task of driving bargains, only to lose their earnings to palpable knaves, or else by making hap-hazard investments. Their faculty of accumulation seems like that of the bee or the ant, good only to a given point, and within the use of given methods; it seems to fail when sober judgment on speculative fevers is called for.

But the hard times have temporarily taught first, caution; next, economy. Caution unluckily has run to suspicion, while economy has issued in a dearth of employment: thus the correctives applied to hard times have perpetuated them. People are buying not only less, but sometimes at second hand, so that every trade suffers—unless it be that of the coffin-makers; I never knew anybody who wanted a second-hand coffin. The economy that America usually needs is perhaps less that of refraining from buying than that of turning things to account. The man who needlessly cuts down his expenses is hardly so praiseworthy as the one who only makes every thread yield its best uses.

A national fault of ours is that of not getting the full use of things. European cities, for example, earn millions a year by selling their street dirt. American cities pay millions to get rid of it. In Europe it dresses sterile soil; in America it is dumped into channels to obstruct navigation. One can almost admire the humble Paris *chiffonniers*, as being a guild employed in redeeming to a hundred services what has been thrown away as useless—they rescue vast fortunes yearly. On the Pennsylvania oil lands twenty men put up a derrick, sink a test well, and fail. Sixteen out of the twenty reorganize, sink a new well within fifty rods of the other, build a new derrick, and never touch the old one, leaving it to rot. The expense of this kind of machinery is great; and yet out of the abandoned derricks in the oil regions you could almost build a timber track from Corry to New York. It is, I say, almost a national trait to accumulate what will be left to rust unused—although it is doubtless not American ladies alone that fill their wardrobes

with garments never worn out. When a European friend of mine came to travel in this country, one of his first surprises was the hundreds of miles of expensive fences he saw enclosing very ordinary fields; next he noted the unused ground along the tracks of railroads. "That land would all be covered with vegetables in our country," he said. At his hotels he thought there was more wasted in labor, food, and superfluities than would have sufficed to reduce the cost of living by a third; indeed, I fancy he believed that despite our cry of "hard times" and "enforced economy," the sheer current waste of America would pay the national debt in a year.

VICTOR HUGO.

WHAT freshness and fecundity in the veteran poet who signalizes his seventysixth birthday by publishing the "*Légende des Siècles*"! Hugoesque alike in its grand apostrophes and its gentle idylls, in its resounding declamation and its simple pathos, this new outcome of an old mint has every coin stamped with the image and superscription of its creator—Hugo's in thought, feeling, audacious style, easy versification, quaint novelty of metaphor; Hugo's in its cadence by turns joyous and mournful, now in sonorous, thrilling ballads of battle, anon in charming genre fireside pictures, here riotous in rhetoric, there pedantic in research, everywhere lofty in aspiration, though pushing oddity almost to madness.

Through all his works, what a mixture of genius and grotesqueness, of majesty and absurdity in that wonderful man! Take his "*Ninety-Three*"—a novel monstrously nonsensical and surprisingly splendid—a novel demonstrating that to pass from the ridiculous to the sublime, as well as the other way, needs but a step. With what magnetic power one of its first incidents, the rushing about of the loose gun on shipboard, is wrought out! You begin by despising the frivolity of the scene, and momentarily wait to see the writer ludicrously break down in his preposterous attempt at imposing on your credulity. By degrees the situation is filled in till each successive objection of skepticism is somehow spirited away, and even the foreign reader, sympathetically following the working of the French mind, is startled at his own yield-

ing. This episode of the roving cannon ranks with the devil-fish scene in the "*Toilers of the Sea*," where also the reader finds appreciative horror overcoming his first impulse of contemptuous incredulity.

Or, again, if you take the boat scene in "*Ninety-Three*," between the sailor and count, you agree, at the end, that it is not overstrained. Yet think of that frail skiff in the open British Channel, with the waves running high, and say if the scene was possible. When Halmalo put down his oars and the old man stood up at full height in the bow, the boat must have swung into the trough of the sea and capsized in an instant; if lack of steering failed to upset her, the old man's performance would have done so; but we forget that trifle in the dramatic intensity of the situation. The learned Sergeant Hill, talking with a young law student regarding the will of "*Clarissa Harlowe*," told him, "You will find that not one of the uses or trusts in it can be supported." A sergeant of artillery would be equally severe on the evolutions and skirmishes in "*Ninety-Three*"; but the genius of Hugo triumphs over such blunders, like Shakespeare's over the seaports in Bohemia.

"A poet is a world shut up in a man," says the "*Légende*," whose own variety of theme helps to justify the definition. We have here the majestic conceptions of the "*Mur des Siècles*," the "*Vanished City*," the "*Hymn to Earth*," the "*Epic of the Worm*"; therewith we also have the music and beauty of the "*Groupe des Idylles*." On one page the reader is touched with sympathy by the "*Cemetery of Eylau*" and the "*Guerre Civile*"; on another he is stirred by the scorn in the "*Anger of the Bronze*," or by the hate in "*Napoleon III. after Sedan*":

*Cet homme a pour prison l'ignominie immense.
On pouvait le tuer, mais on fit sans clémence.*

The city whose praise Victor Hugo never tires of sounding, and that has adored and lampooned him for almost half a century, breaks out in a prolonged concord of eulogy for these old-age strains, which recall no little of the force, fire, and finish of twenty, forty years ago. Well may the Parisians laud this man of mingled ruggedness and delicacy, whose imagination has not yet lost its boldness with age, nor the heart its warmth—the

bard, in mockery of whom, nevertheless, they were lately repeating with gusto the comical parody of a local wit:

*Oh, huho, Hugo ! où huchera-t-on ton nom
Justice encore rendue que ne l'a-t-on ?
Et quand sera-ce qu'au corps qu' Académique on
nomme,
Grimperas-tu de roc en roc, rare homme ?*

EVOLUTIONARY HINTS FOR NOVELISTS.

We have Sheridan's authority that an oyster may be crossed in love—in fact, Miss Zimmern has written a story about an oyster that actually was a prey to the tender passion; we have Shakespeare's authority that a hind will die of it, if she unfortunately seeks to be mated with a lion; while it is a regular thing in the land of the cypress and myrtle (if Lord Byron can be trusted) for the rage of the vulture to madden to crime.

Still it was reserved for Darwin himself to give the great modern cue to novelists in their study of human nature, by his "Descent of Man," where he says that "injurious characters tend to reappear through reversion, such as blackness in sheep; and with mankind some of the worst dispositions which occasionally without any assignable cause make their reappearance in families, *may perhaps be reversions to a savage state from which we are not removed by many generations. This view seems recognized in the common expression that such men are the 'black sheep of the family.'*"

Now, whatever we may think of the odd logic of this passage, it clearly stakes out a ground and preëmpts a claim for evolution as applied to romantic literature. None of us could really blame the modern lover if, in making a woful ballad to his mistress's eyebrow, he should slyly but anxiously examine whether that eyebrow contained "a few hairs larger than the rest, corresponding to the vibrissæ of the lower animals." This does occur in some eyebrows, we know; and as it is also clear from the authorities first quoted, and many more that might be cited, that the lower animals are capable of human passions, the cautious and scientifically disposed lover of the modern epoch can hardly be asked to take a mere manifestation of the heavenly instinct as proof of many grades of remov-

al, in his Dulcinea, from the condition of the oyster, the hind, or, alas ! the vulture.

Hence, even in protesting that his lady's beauty hangs on the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear, naturally the modern Romeo may not avoid a glance to see whether his Juliet's ear contains that fatal auricular "blunt point" denoting assimilation to the lower animals. And so it is with the work henceforth laid out for novelists: the stereotyped heroine, with coral lips, pearly teeth, eyes of a gazelle, raven locks, swan-like neck, and so on, should be carefully guarded from too great animal resemblances, and above all from "rudiments" or signs of reversion.

Perhaps it would be going too far to announce bluntly that "Lady Amarantha's toes had not the remotest indication of ever having been webbed," or to put on record the official declaration of Fifi, the maid, that her fair mistress never had been able to erect her ears; still the novelists might do well to take note of those two or three points in which Mr. St. George Mivart and Mr. Wallace have pointed out the great distinctions between men and apes, and so adroitly work them up in those personal descriptions which form a delicious part of modern novels, as to give their heroes and heroines a pedigree impregnable to the most critically scientific scrutiny. Hints, also, I think, might be gathered from the treatment of love on the evolution hypothesis, which has been essayed by no less an authority than Herbert Spencer, who has besides traced the changes in the methods of expressing passionate emotions by gestures and cries, as our humble ancestry developed to women and men.

Physiology, too, is not the only department into which the novelist of the future must extend his studies. Under the doctrine of evolution, sexual selection is at the basis of the variation of species; and what new fields are open to the novelist, when he reflects for a moment that his main task is only to depict the prosperities and adversities attending such a mutual selection on the part of Albert and Angelina !

PHILIP QUILBERT.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE TELEPHONE.

GREAT interest in telegraphic subjects has lately been aroused in the American public by exhibitions of the telephone, an instrument for transmitting sound vibrations by electricity. Two general forms of this instrument are known, in one of which a series of tuning forks communicates with a precisely similar series at the other end of the wire, and the signals made to one are repeated by the other. A more interesting form, and the one that has lately attracted so much attention, is that which receives and transmits ordinary vocal sounds. The operator talks to a membrane, and at the other end of the wire is a resonator of some kind which talks to the auditor there. The fundamental idea of the machine is not new. It was at first proposed to use it for transmitting electric signals without a wire, and in that view a trial was made with it during the siege of Paris. The armistice interrupted the operations, but M. Bourbouze, the experimenter, and other inventors have continued to study the subject, Mr. A. G. Bell, professor of vocal physiology in Boston, being among them. M. Bourbouze used a vibrating needle the movements of which were effected by sound waves, and another Frenchman, M. Reuss, introduced the sounding box with its membrane. This is a box with a membrane stretched over the top and a short tube of large diameter in the side. The operator talks to this tube, and the box strengthens the sound, which finally affects the membrane, causing it to vibrate. Resting upon this membrane is a thin copper disc attached to a wire leading from the electrical battery. Above and very near it hangs a metallic point, which forms the end of a wire leading to the place to which the message is to be sent. The membrane rises slightly with every vibration, and touching the point, a current is established and communication effected with the distant point; but this communication ceases as soon as the vibration stops, and the membrane assumes a state of rest. As every simple

note is produced by a definite number of air vibrations, and every compound sound is made up of the sum of several simple notes, the apparatus transmits a definite number of vibrations for each sound which it receives; and if those vibrations can be communicated to the air at any point, however distant, the original sounds will be reproduced. In short, the instrument may be explained as one invented to transmit air vibrations by electricity.

The receiver consists of an iron rod about the size of a knitting needle, wound with insulated copper wire, and supported on a wood box having very thin sides. The rod vibrates with every passage of the current, and the thin box increases the amount of these vibrations and makes them audible. It is found best to introduce several rods into the insulated coil, as with only one the sound produced is rather snuffing. In either case, however, the vibrations of the rod are exactly the same as those of the membrane, and even the character of the sound is automatically reproduced.

The description here given is that of Reuss's instrument, which was illustrated last year in the French paper "La Nature." The exact construction of Mr. Bell's telephone has not been made public, but it seems to be quite similar. He is said to make his vibrating membrane of metal. The greatest distance to which sounds have been sent is one hundred and forty-three miles, from Boston to North Conway, N. H. The instrument is not yet perfect, the sounds being frequently indistinct. With a private wire and two persons accustomed to each other's voices it would probably be a greater success. It is therefore likely to be quickly introduced into business uses. At present some rather wild anticipations are indulged in by the daily press, but the instrument probably has a really remarkable future before it.

DAMAGES BY AN INSECT.

TRAFFIC on railways and canals has diminished, public taxes do not pay for

collection, and poverty, privation, and misery have come upon twenty-five departments of France from the ravages of the phylloxera insect which attacks the roots of the grapevines. Such is the official report of a committee appointed by the Academy of Sciences. The important districts of Champagne, Burgundy, the Loire, and the Cher, are now threatened, and from the greatly extended foothold which the insect has now gained it is feared that its operations will be very rapid. It is not impossible that the principal industry of France will be crippled for years. In spite of all this, wine is now quite cheap. The hard times have lessened consumption, and the product is so huge—900,000,000 litres, or 180,000,000 gallons yearly from France alone—that the stock in the market is maintained in spite of the great ravages of the insect. The cheapest claret is sold in New York for \$40 a cask, or about 66 cents a gallon. Of this 24 cents is for duty.

THE SUMMER SCIENTIFIC SCHOOLS.

SUMMER schools of science proved very popular last year, and are to be continued this season. A lady who studied in the botanical school at Harvard said that work began properly at nine o'clock and continued to twelve; but the pupils were so eager to reap all possible benefit from the six weeks' course, that some were in the laboratory by 7:30 in the morning. One lady made herself sick in a week by over study, and many others injured themselves by too close application. The Professor finally prohibited work out of the regular hours. The schools will be reopened July 6, and continue to August 17, the term being six weeks long; applications to be made by June 1. The courses will be five in number, as follows: General chemistry and qualitative analysis, under Mr. C. F. Mabery, to whom (at Cambridge) applications must be sent; fee, \$25 and cost of supplies. Phænogamic botany, by Prof. George L. Goodale; fee, \$25. For lectures without laboratory practice the charge is \$10. Cryptogamic botany will be taught by Prof. W. G. Farlow; fee, \$25. Microscopes, etc., are provided by the university. Students in this course should have a previous knowledge of phænogamic botany. In addition to lab-

oratory practice excursions will be made and lectures given. Prof. Farlow's address is 6 Park Square, Boston.

Prof. N. S. Shaler and Mr. Wm. M. Davis, Jr., will give a course in geology, including instruction in Cambridge, and a trip through Massachusetts to New York. The tuition fee is \$50, and other costs about \$50 for board and lodging, and \$35 for travelling expenses. When the regular excursion is finished a more extended trip will be made if desired, to the Mammoth Cave and other localities, on the way to Nashville, where the American Association will have its next meeting.

Lastly, the school provides a course on zoölogy, by Mr. W. Faxon and Mr. W. K. Brooks; fee, \$25. It will comprise lectures, laboratory work, and excursions to the neighboring seashores. Apply to Mr. W. Faxon, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Cornell Excursion.

Cornell university also has its summer school of natural history, and it will take a peculiar form this year. Prof. Theodore B. Comstock proposes, if sufficient encouragement is given before May 1, to charter a steamer and spend six weeks on the great lakes. The cheapness of steamer travel makes a trip of this kind in very comfortable style possible at moderate expense. The price is fixed at \$125, which includes tuition fee and every other expense, for thirty days; and \$2.50 per day for ten days more. The time may be extended beyond forty days by a majority vote of the excursionists. Buffalo or Cleveland will be the starting point, and the line of travel will be around the south shore of the lakes Erie, Huron, and Superior, returning by the north shore. The steamer will be a free rover, and visit places outside of the usual lines of travel. Lectures will be given and dredging done, the results of which will be distributed among the pupils, and shares may also be subscribed for by schools, teachers, and others. These shares will entitle the holders to part of the botanical and zoölogical collections made.

Williams Rocky Mountain Excursion.

A more private but very extended excursion will be made by Williams college

students, under the care of Prof. Sanborn Tenney, who holds the chair of natural history in the college. No fees are charged, and Prof. Tenney receives no compensation. The number of students is limited to fifteen, who will for the most part pay their own expenses, and the expedition is not open to the public. The students are selected with reference to the study of geology and mineralogy, botany, and the various departments of zoölogy, entomology, ornithology, ichthyology. Extensive collections will be made in all departments of natural history, which will be deposited in the Williams college natural history museum and the lyceum of natural history in the college. The excursion will start early in July and return in time for the regular autumn college opening. This is evidently intended to be one of the most important enterprises of the year for field instruction.

A Texas Trip.

Butler college, Irvington, Indiana, will send an expedition to Texas, with headquarters at Dallas in that State. Studies in geology and natural history will be mainly pursued, and collections made of birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, plants, and fossils. The number of students will be from ten to twenty-five, and they will leave Indianapolis June 20, under the charge of Prof. John A. Myers. Mammoth Cave, Lookout mountain, and other places of interest in Tennessee and Alabama, will be visited, and the party will return in time for the Association for the Advancement of Science meeting at Nashville. Dallas, which is to be the centre of operations, is a thriving town in the grazing region of Texas, and is a good place for the study of botany and zoölogy.

Another lake excursion is projected by the Institute of Mining Engineers, who expect to spend two weeks in visiting the famous mining districts of that region. Though not precisely a "summer school," this will be both a professional and social excursion.

A committee of Wisconsin teachers recommend the introduction of this system of summer schools in that State. They want to have a class formed under Prof. T. C. Chamberlin, State geologist, to commence at St. Croix Falls, and make geological, zoölogical, and botanical

studies down the Mississippi to Rook Island. Headquarters would be on a large boat.

Directors of other summer schools are requested to send notices of the work they are planning to do to the office of this magazine.

AN INTELLIGENT QUARANTINE.

THE quarantine history of New York was quite remarkable in 1876. Yellow fever was epidemic at several ports along the Gulf and Atlantic coast, and no less than 363 vessels came into New York from those ports, ninety-nine of which had the disease on board, either during the voyage or in port. Under these circumstances, it may be supposed that the authorities were not disposed to encourage commerce between the city and the infected towns. Philadelphia and Baltimore adopted an interdiction of all trade with Savannah, as a precaution. But a bolder and wiser policy has gradually been introduced into the New York quarantine. Instead of being a loser by the yellow fever, that city was called upon to take the whole trade, and did so without hesitation, though the voyage from Charleston and some other ports occupied less time than the average incubation period of the disease, which might be introduced unnoticed into the city unless preventive measures were taken. Orders were given to receive no passengers from the afflicted cities, so that the quarantine authorities had only the cargo and crew to deal with. The ship was thoroughly fumigated and the cargo discharged as rapidly as was consistent with safe supervision. This rapid discharge is advised because a ship's heated hold is just the place for the full development of the fomites. If the cargo does carry the germs of the disease, the worst thing that can be done is to leave it in the ship, which is then likely to become a pest-house. Prompt removal reduces the danger to a minimum. By this intelligent course New York was able to keep open her communication with Savannah in the height of the epidemic, and she was the only city on the Atlantic to do so. More cotton than ever came to her harbor. The hygienic results are noticeable. Although more than a thousand deaths occurred in Savannah, not one case of yellow fever reached the city of New York by water. Two or three cases of sickness

from vessels occurred in that city and Brooklyn; but though these were said to be yellow fever, their subsequent history did not sustain the supposition. They were probably a form of malarial fever which so nearly resembles the more dreaded disease that time is required to distinguish between them. Two cases of real yellow fever reached the city by rail, but all others were stopped at quarantine, which contained patients from January to the latter part of October, excepting one month—May. In all, sixty were treated there, most of whom were supposed to have yellow fever; but of these only thirty-nine really had that disease, the remainder having the peculiar form of malarial fever before spoken of. These results sustain the intelligent action of the quarantine officers who have stripped off the terrors which once hung about the name quarantine, and still do in so many parts of the world and of our own country.

THE "GRASSHOPPER COMMISSION."

THE last Congress made an appropriation of \$18,000 for an Entomological Commission, and for once the Government has made a perfectly satisfactory series of appointments. Prof. C. V. Riley, the distinguished and experienced State entomologist of Missouri, is the chief of the commission, while Prof. Cyrus Thomas, State Entomologist of Illinois, one of the most noted American authorities, and Dr. A. S. Packard, author of several works on insect and other morphology, are its other members. They will have their headquarters at Dr. Hayden's office, in Washington, and also a Western office in St. Louis. In the division of work Prof. Riley takes the country east of the Rocky mountains and south of the forty-eighth parallel, Prof. Thomas has Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota, and East Wyoming, and Dr. Packard the remainder of the country west of these two areas. The object of the commission may be stated to be the discovery of the best means of lessening the ravages of insects upon American crops; but to learn this it will be necessary to study not only the life histories of the grasshopper and Colorado beetle, but also their climatic and geographical relations. The damage done by insects probably amounts to some

scores of millions yearly; and it has long been apparent that one of the next services demanded of scientific men would be efficient aid and direction in the warfare of man against his smallest foes in the animal world. In the early history of a country, it is possible to provide against these losses by cultivating an excess of land, but when population becomes concentrated it is necessary to avoid the loss. The destructiveness of insects has never attracted so much attention as within the last half century, which is also notable as a period of extraordinary increase in the population of the civilized portions of the world. Now that the welfare of a great empire has been seriously threatened by the operations of one insect, and several States in our own country have been so overrun with another insect that both the States concerned and the general Government have been compelled to modify their laws in order to afford relief to farmers, the important relation of insect to human life has become clear, and is receiving due attention.

SURVEYING PLANS FOR THE SEASON.

THE work of the Government surveys will not be stopped by the unfortunate failure of Congress to pass an appropriation for the army. Hayden's party will be in field by the middle of May, and Wheeler will, no doubt, be equally prompt. The former will confine his work to the region north of the Pacific railroad and east of the Yellowstone Park. The triangulating party, under Mr. A. D. Wilson, will survey a system of triangles, and locate the principal peaks. Mr. Henry Gannett will take charge of the topographical work in the western and Mr. G. B. Chittenden in the eastern half of the field. A fourth division, under Mr. G. R. Bechler, will survey in the northern portion, near the Yellowstone Park. Each of these divisions contains about ten thousand square miles, so that if the parties are able to complete their work, the ground covered will be quite large.

THE CAUSES OF VIOLENT DEATH.

THE violent deaths in Great Britain in 1874 were no less than 17,930, the highest number ever registered. There were 16 executions and 1,509 suicides, so that 16,810 may be classed as unex-

pected. Railways killed 1,249, horse conveyances 1,313, and it is noted that those modes of conveyance which are mostly peculiar to cities were not responsible for this great slaughter. Street, or so-called horse railroads, killed 63 persons, omnibuses 55, cabs 61, and carriages 83, and these numbers show how great is the skill and care exercised in the crowded streets of cities. The source of the remaining 1,053 deaths by horses is not given in our authority (a Scotch paper), but it is probable that exercise in the saddle had much to do with them. There were 942 deaths in coal mines, and 118 in copper, tin, iron, and other mines. Lightning killed 25, sunstroke 90, and cold 114. There were 461 persons poisoned, about one-third being suicides. The bite of a fox, of a rat, of a leech, the scratch of a cat, and the sting of a hornet each killed one person, and two were stung to death by wasps. Of other noteworthy causes of death, it is mentioned that a girl fourteen years old died in childbirth.

A NEW INDUCTION COIL.

THE largest induction coil ever made has lately been constructed for Mr. Wm. Spottiswoode by Mr. Apps. It has two primaries, of which the one used for long sparks weighs sixty-seven pounds and is formed of a bundle of iron wires 44 inches long and 3.5635 inches in diameter. The wire is 0.032 inch in diameter. This primary has 660 yards of copper wire 0.096 inch in diameter, and wound in 1,344 turns in six layers. The spark obtained with this primary is remarkably long in proportion to the battery power used. With five Grove's quart cells the spark was 28 inches, with ten cells 35 inches, with thirty cells 37.5 inches and 43 inches, and it is thought that even better results could be obtained. The insulation is so good that seventy cells have been used without injury. The condenser is smaller than usual, being of the size commonly used with a ten-inch coil. It has 126 sheets of tinfoil, 18 by 8 1-4 inches, separated by two sheets of varnished paper. The other primary is heavier than the above described, weighing 92 pounds. The secondary coil contains 280 miles of wire, in 341,860 turns. It is used for spectroscopes and for short sparks. The power of this instrument is

really comparable to that of lightning. A block of flint glass three inches thick has been pierced with the 28-inch spark.

FRENCH PROPERTY OWNERS.

THE financial strength of the French is a constant marvel to other nations. Political economists point to the single standard of coinage or to the double standard, according as they consider France to adhere to one or the other of these systems, as the source of this strength. But the difference between that and other nations is probably more conspicuous in the management of government loans than in any other thing. The French government does not depend on syndicates. More than four million French men and women have subscribed to the public debt, and whatever arrangements are made with great bankers, the common people of France are always invited to take a part of the bonds at a fixed and fair price. That country is noticeably distinguished from Great Britain by the equally wide distribution of land. There are more than five million peasant proprietors in France, while the United Kingdom is owned by about 200,000 persons. In England one person in 180 probably owns land, as distinguished from mere house property, and outside of London one in 80 owns a house. In Scotland one in 400 is a landowner, and one in 28 has a house in his name. In Ireland one in 815 owns land, but only one in 180 has title to a house.

TRIGONOMETRICAL SURVEY OF NEW YORK.

THE board of commissioners in whose charge is placed the projected trigonometrical survey of New York State report that preparations have been made for beginning the work in ten counties westward from the line of the upper Hudson river to Seneca lake. The starting points are the four United States Coast Survey stations at Mt. Rafinesque, near Troy, Helderberg, Princetown, and Greenwich. The position of these points has been very accurately ascertained by means of two independent lines of triangles carried from New England and Fire Island through Connecticut and Massachusetts. The State Survey, therefore, enjoys the advantage of starting from points that belong to the great chain of stations es-

tablished by the general Government, and these are so placed that the first line of triangles which crosses the State will connect directly with another chain of similar stations on the great lakes. The plan followed includes the selection of prominent elevations of land for principal stations. An earthen vessel of peculiar shape and markings will be sunk below the first line, and its centre clearly marked. Above this will be placed a squared stone projecting from the ground. The latter will be the visible base of operations in common use, but the former will be the permanent and authoritative reference in case of any difficulty or doubt. It is intended to establish these points about twelve miles apart, and their positions will be determined by careful astronomical observations, checked by accurate measurements of their distance from neighboring stations. Wherever the nature of the ground compels the placing of these stations at distances inconveniently great, subordinate points will be established in the intermediate ground. In the present working ground the highlands which bound the Mohawk valley on the north and south afford admirable positions for these stations.

The director of the survey reports that the work is well received by farmers, and he gives some excellent reasons why it should be. Boundary marks have so generally disappeared that in tracing the boundaries of eleven counties where sixty corners had been made, only two were found. It is a part of Mr. Gardner's plan to preserve these old lines, marking them in a permanent manner. The cost of bad work appears to have been very large to the people. The citizens of the State spend \$40,000 for maps that are really worthless. Designing persons obtain aid for improper enterprises by exhibiting false maps, and there is no means of disproving their assertions. Counties and towns have contributed large sums to such projects, and the total is estimated at forty million dollars. Half of this was paid for the Oswego Midland railroad, which Mr. Gardner says would never have been built had its supporters known the character of the country it would cross and the ruinous original cost and running expenses involved in its heavy cuttings and high

grades. The cost of surveying the whole State is estimated at \$200,000 for the trigonometrical work, which is all that is now projected. To this must eventually be added topography and mapping, though these are not necessary for fixing boundaries. Still, the whole sum required, distributed as it would be over ten years' time, would be a light burden and a remunerative expenditure.

THE USE OF AIR IN ORE DRESSING.

A CORRESPONDENT, Mr. M. F. M. Casin, writes us that the article on "Hot Water in Dressing Ores" in the March number "is another good illustration of how great men will stumble over little things. Permit me to express a principle with regard to the same matter, by which without Rittinger's profound calculations, without Ransom's laboratory experiments, the entire question about the best medium (liquid or fluid) for separating two equal sized particles of solids according to their density (specific gravity) can be settled for every special case." His "principle" is that the ideal fluid for this purpose is one that is more dense than the lighter of the two particles and less dense than the heavier. But this is no new revelation. The difficulty is that there is but one fluid of the kind, and only one metal (disregarding the very rare ones) to which it can be applied. The fluid is mercury and the metal gold. The latter has a specific gravity of say 19, and therefore sinks when it is carried upon a bath of fluid quicksilver, with a specific gravity of say 13.6. The sand with which the metal is mixed has a specific gravity of only 2.6 to 5, and floats over the mercury bath and away into the waste, thus effecting the desired separation. This operation, and the fact that there is such a thing as a theoretically ideal fluid, was clearly pointed out by Rittinger, for whom Mr. Casin appears to have so little respect. The latter gentleman does bring forward one new point, and it is an important one. He asserts that air can be made to act as an "ideal" fluid, in the sense referred to here, by imparting motion to it. This conclusion depends on the consideration that "motion of the fluid in an opposite direction to the fall of the solid particles is equivalent (by friction, adhesion, resistance) to an increase of density of the

fluid. Therefore air may by imparted motion have the same separating effect, in a specified case, as water would have without motion."

If Mr. Casin would state his case differently, he would see more clearly the place that air has as a separating medium. It cannot be made an *ideal* fluid, but it is comparable with water, which also is never an ideal fluid, for there is no ore of common occurrence that is lighter than water. The question in ore dressing really is whether air can be made to work as well as water. Theoretically we can see no objection, but in practice a great many obstacles arise. The cost is greater both for machinery and operating expenses; the ore has to be dried either before or after crushing, and the efficiency of the apparatus is still doubtful. It may be possible to save more fine dust than by the wet methods, but this point remains unproved.

This subject is a very important one, and involves very great interests. It is a singular fact that the mechanical treatment of ores, which is a fundamental part of mining science and practice, is not taught in any of the American mining schools. English scientific men occasionally point to America as the land of sound and general scientific teaching, but we fear that a nearer acquaintance with our schools would rob us of that reputation. It is difficult to imagine a less complete system of instruction than that in some of our technical schools, or a more erratic sense of industrial needs than among some of our school managers.

POLAR COLONIZATION.

CONGRESS did not appropriate the \$50,000 asked for by Capt. Howgate, but from the peculiar state of politics in the last Congress this is not thought to indicate an unfavorable reception of his scheme. The bill was not reported from the naval committee. It will probably be brought up next December. That will of course be too late to accomplish anything this year, so that the summer is lost to the main expedition, but Capt. Howgate now proposes to send out an agent to settle upon a site for the proposed camp, engage Esquimaux, and make other preparations. In fact, it is proposed to spend as much as \$17,000 in

preliminary work and stores, and it is thought that this can be done without increasing the ultimate cost of the expedition more than four thousand dollars. We regret to see that the newspapers are apt to talk about "a dash to the pole" when they speak of this scheme. It is to be hoped that no such dash will be attempted. Capt. Hewgate should start out with the fixed determination of making no attempt whatever to reach the pole the first year or two. The dashing style has been the only one used in the centuries through which the history of Arctic exploration runs. What is now of most importance is the inauguration of tentative methods. They are pretty certain to win in the end, and the other method of management is about as certain to fail.

The Government commission appointed to investigate the conduct of the English expedition has reported that its failure was principally due to the omission of lime-juice from the provision of the sledge parties. The reason for leaving it out was that fuel would have to be carried to thaw it, and with a load of 287 pounds to the man, the sledge parties were already weighted down. This shows how the most labored and extensive preparations for a "dash" may be defeated by failure in even one apparently small item.

Now that the subject of Arctic colonization is so energetically discussed in this country, it may be worth while to republish the recommendations of a German government commission appointed to consider the scheme, when it was first proposed by Weyprecht. These were as follows:

"1. The exploration of the Arctic regions is of great importance for all branches of science. The commission recommends for such exploration the establishment of fixed observing stations. From the principal station, and supported by it, are to be made exploring expeditions by sea and by land.

"2. The commission is of opinion that the region which should be explored by organized German Arctic explorers is the great inlet to the higher Arctic regions situated between the eastern shore of Greenland and the western shore of Spitzbergen.

"Considering the results of the second German Arctic expedition, a principal

station should be established on the eastern shore of Greenland, and at least two secondary stations, fitted out for permanent investigation of different scientific questions, at Jan Mayen and on the western shore of Spitzbergen. For certain scientific researches the principal station should establish temporary stations.

"8. It appears very desirable, and so far as scientific preparations are concerned, possible, to commence these Arctic explorations in the year 1877.

"4. The commission is convinced that an exploration of the Arctic regions, based on such principles, will furnish valuable results, even if limited to the region between Greenland and Spitzbergen; but it is also of opinion that an exhaustive solution of the problems to be solved can only be expected when the exploration is extended over the whole Arctic zone, and when other countries take their share in the undertaking.

"The commission recommends, therefore, that the principles adopted for the German undertaking should be communicated to the governments of the States which take interest in Arctic inquiry, in order to establish, if possible, a complete circle of observing stations in the Arctic zones."

It will be observed that the Germans looked forward to occupying the adjacent parts of Greenland and Spitzbergen as their share of a line of outposts to be established by different nations around the Arctic circle. In any such scheme America would necessarily be called on to bear a part, and by Captain Howgate's plan her station would be the line of Smith's Sound and its northern prolongations. This is certainly her natural field, and is not only the roadway by which most of our explorers have made their attempts to reach the pole, and therefore hallowed by their historical struggles, but it is also that portion of the Arctic region which lies nearest us. It is emphatically a home field to us.

TWENTY-SEVEN meteors fell in the United States, and two earthquake shocks were experienced, in February.

WHEN the Great Eastern was recently cleaned 800 tons of barnacles were scraped from her bottom, an area of more than 52,000 square feet.

DURING the hurricane of January 30 the waves in the British channel were forty feet high as measured by a mareograph.

IN December, while the snow was blocking the roads of this country, Australia enjoyed a temperature of 110 to 116 in the shade.

SEARCH has again been made for the planet Vulcan, the existence of which is indicated by Leverrier's calculations, but without success.

AMONG the results of Nordensjöld's last trip to the Jenisei river in Siberia was a piece of mammoth hide found with some bones of that animal.

HYGIEA, "the city of health," is to be built on the Courtland's estate, about a mile and a half west of Worthing, Sussex, England. Work will be commenced this spring.

THE "Big Bonanza" yielded \$20,106,958 gold and \$25,700,083 silver from its discovery to September 30, 1876. In this deposit the usual preponderance of gold over silver is reversed.

THE Mammoth Cave is but one among many caverns in the subcarboniferous limestones of Kentucky, the total length of which Prof. Shaler thinks is at least 100,000 miles.

DURING the continuance of the Centennial, the Pennsylvania railroad carried nearly five millions of passengers to Philadelphia, and out of their 760,496 trunks, valises, bags, boxes, and bundles only 26 were mislaid.

THE opening of the safes, more than twenty in number, which were exposed in the great fire at the American Watch Company's New York building proved that safes, as now made by good firms, are really fire-proof under ordinary circumstances. Watch movements, bank bills, diamonds and jewelry, all came out in good order from most of them, though in some cases the outside plates were red hot. In one safe was a delicate lace shawl, worth \$1,500, which was quite uninjured.

Two French astronomers, MM. André and Angot, have asked to be sent to San Francisco to observe the transit of Mercury on May 5, 1878. They hope to obtain data which will make the next transit of Venus more fruitful.

DURING the last year the Signal Service extended its telegraph lines across the Staked Plain to San Diego, California. Two continuous lines of telegraph now extend across the country, one in the northern and one in the southern region.

ADDITIONS of interesting animals are frequently made to the New York Aquarium. The blind Proteus from Austria, Axolotl from Mexico, Salamanders from Germany, and some curious fish from China are among the latest additions to the tanks.

THE combined Signal and Life-Saving Service at Cape Henry is reported to have saved \$500,000 worth of property in the storms which marked the end of March. Telegraphic connection is found indispensable to efficient work in watching the coast.

THE bullion product of the United States from July 1, 1875, to June 30, 1876, was about \$35,250,000, of which \$46,750,000 was gold and \$38,500,000 silver. The annual gold product of the world is supposed to be about \$25,000,000 greater than that of silver.

THE copper-bearing rocks of Lake Superior are reported by the geologist of Wisconsin to extend almost uninterruptedly across that State. In the Nemadji river masses of native copper have been found, and that country may become a rich copper region.

THE second congress of Americanists will meet in Luxembourg September 10 to 13 next. Information and tickets may be had in England of Mr. F. A. Allen, 15 Fitzwilliam Road, Clapham, S. W. It is to be hoped there will be less speculation and more research than at the last congress.

PERSONS desirous of procuring brook and salmon trout for restocking the waters of New York State can do so by addressing Seth Green at Rochester, who will send them on the payment of the travelling expenses of a messenger and the giving of full directions as to route and whom to call on.

A CLASS in plain cooking was lately formed at the New York Cooking School. The course consisted of twelve lessons. The tuition fees for girls who bear their own expenses are fifty cents for a single lesson, or \$5 a course; for charitable societies, in behalf of their protégées, \$5 a course; for ladies sending their cooks for instruction, \$10 a course.

A SHOWER of stones is reported to have fallen February 16 in Social Circle, Walton county, Georgia, varying in size from a hen's egg to that of a man's two fists, irregular in shape, dark grayish color, interspersed with a bright, shiny substance resembling mica. The shower was brief, extended over about four acres of ground, and followed an explosive sound.

PANIC fears are likely to prove the destruction of the Spitz dog. The belief that this species is peculiarly liable to hydrophobia, and inclined to bite on small provocation, has led a great many owners to deliver up their Spitz dogs to the police for destruction. In one city, East Brooklyn, there was said to be 4,000 of them, but the number is now much reduced. Is it not possible that a similar panic among brutes may account for the extinction of some wild species of animals?

ACCORDING to one of the German papers, the Zoölogical Garden at Cologne has been the scene of a tremendous fight between two Polar bears. They were male and female, and the latter, being overcome, was finally dragged by the male to the reservoir of water in the den, and held down until she was dead. Then her lifeless body was dragged around the place for some time by her furious conqueror.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MISS MARTINEAU'S "Autobiography,"* which comprises two-thirds of this voluminous publication, is an interesting specimen of an interesting sort of book. It appeals much more to the general reader than most of the multitudinous volumes which she gave to the world during her lifetime, and we shall not be surprised if it takes its place among the limited number of excellent personal memoirs in the language. (For this purpose, however, we must add, it would need to be disembarassed of the biographical appendage affixed to it by the editor, which, though carefully and agreeably prepared, we cannot but regard as rather a dead weight upon the book. It repeats much of what the author has related, and envelopes her narrative in a diffuse, eulogistic commentary which strikes the reader sometimes as superfluous and sometimes as directly at variance with the impression made upon him by Miss Martineau's text.) Miss Martineau was indeed, intellectually, one of the most remarkable women who have exhibited themselves to the world. She was not delicate, she was not graceful, or imaginative, or æsthetic, or some of the other pretty things that literary ladies are expected to be; but she was extraordinarily vigorous; she had a great understanding—a great reason. She gives, intellectually, a great impression of force. She was a really heroic worker, a genuine philosopher, and she made her mark upon her time. Her reader's last feeling about her is that she was thoroughly respectable. He will have had incidental feelings of a less genial kind; he will have been irritated at the coarseness of some of her judgments and the complacency of some of her claims; at her evident want of tact and repose; at a disposition to which he will even permit himself, perhaps, to apply the epithet of meddling. But he will have a strong sense of Miss Martineau's care for great things—her sustained desire, prompting her always to production

of some kind, to help along and enlighten the human race. She was a combatant, and the whole force of her nature prompted her to discussion. Such natures cannot afford to be delicate—to be easily bruised and scratched; neither can they afford to have that speculative cast of fancy which wastes valuable time in scruples that are possibly superfluous and questions that are possibly vain. In spite of any such apologetic view of her disposition as may be put forth, however, it is probable that Miss Martineau's autobiography will give offence enough. She speaks out her mind with complete frankness upon most of the persons that she has known, subject to the single condition of her book being published after her death. Of its being postponed until the death of the objects of her criticism we hear nothing, though this would have been more to the point. Miss Martineau deals out disapproval with so liberal a hand, that among those persons concerned who are still living much resentment and disgust must inevitably ensue. Downright and vigorous as she is in spirit, there is no mistaking the degree of her censure, and as (whatever else she may be) she is not a flippant writer, it has every appearance of being deliberate and premeditated. We do not pretend to decide upon the propriety of her hard knocks, or to point out the particular cases in which they might have been a little softer; but we cannot help saying that there is something in Miss Martineau's general attitude toward individuals which inspires one with a certain mistrust. She was evidently always judging and always uttering judgments. Her business in life was to have opinions and to promulgate them, and as objects of opinion she seems to have regarded persons very much as she regarded abstract ideas—attributing to them an equal unconsciousness of denunciation. This eagerness to qualify her fellow members of society would have been perhaps a great virtue if Miss Martineau's powers of observation had been of extraordinary fineness; but in spite of an occasional very happy hit, we

* "*Harriet Martineau's Autobiography.*" With Memorials by MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN. In 3 vols. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

hardly think this to have been the case. Sometimes, evidently, she went straight to the point, and often, independently of the justice of her appreciation, this is expressed with an extremely vigorous neatness. But frequently her descriptions of people strike us as both harsh and superficial, and more especially as *heated*, even after the lapse of years. She goes out of her way to pronounce very unflattering verdicts upon men and women who have apparently had little more connection with her life than that they have been her contemporaries. This is apart from the rightful spirit of an autobiography, which, it seems to us, should deal only with people who have been real factors in the writer's life. The latter pages of Miss Martineau's first volume contain a series of portraits, some brief, some more extended, of which it must be said that their very incisive lines make them extremely entertaining. Miss Martineau's style is always excellent for strength and fullness of meaning, and at times she has a real genius for terseness. Lord Campbell "was wonderfully like the present Lord; was facetious, in and out of place; politic; flattering to an insulting degree, and prone to moralizing in so trite a way as to be almost as insulting." That has almost the condensation of Saint-Simon. There is a very vivid, satirical portrait in this same chapter of a certain Lady Stepney, who wrote silly novels of the "fashionable" type which Thackeray burlesqued, and boasted that she received £700 a piece for them; and there are sketches of Campbell, Bulwer, Landseer, and various other persons, which if they are wanting in graciousness, are not wanting in spirit. Miss Martineau gives *in extenso* her opinion of Macaulay, and a very low opinion it seems to be. It is, however, very much the verdict of time—save in regard to the "dreary indolence" of which the author accuses him, and which will excite surprise in the readers of Mr. Trevelyan's "Life." Of Lockhart and Croker and their insolent treatment of herself and her fame in the early part of her career, she gives a lamentable, and apparently a just account; but stories about the underhandedness and truculence of these discreditable founders of the modern art of "reviewing" are by this time old stories. There is also a story about poor Mr. N. P. Willis, which,

though it consorts equally with the impression which this *littérateur* contrived to diffuse with regard to himself, it was less decent to relate. When Miss Martineau left England for America, Mr. Willis gave her a bundle of letters of introduction to various people here; and on arriving in this country and proceeding to present Mr. Willis's passports, she found that the gentleman was unknown to most of the persons to whom they were addressed. A fastidious delicacy might have suggested to Miss Martineau that her lips were sealed by the fact that, of slight value as these documents were, she had at least accepted and made use of them. We suppose there was no case in which, even when repudiated, they did not practically serve as an introduction. But Miss Martineau was not fastidiously delicate.

This copious retrospect appears to have been written about the year 1855, when the author had ceased to labor; having earned a highly honorable repose, and being moreover incapacitated by serious ill health. She appears then, at fifty-three years of age, to have thought her death very near; but she lived to be a much older woman—for upward of twenty years. Her motive in writing her memoirs is affirmed to be a desire to take her good name into her own hands, and anticipate the possible publication of her letters, an event which, very properly, she sternly deprecates. As to these letters, however, Mrs. Chapman publishes several, and makes liberal use of others. The reader wonders what her correspondence would have been, since what she destined to publicity is occasionally so invidious. Another motive with Miss Martineau appears to have been a desire to set forth, in particular, the history of her religious opinions—the history being sufficiently remarkable. Born among the primitive Unitarians (the city of Norwich, her paternal home, was, we believe, a sort of focus of this amiable form of Dissent), she passed, with her advance in life, from a precocious and morbid youthful piety to the furthest limits of skepticism. The story is an interesting one, and it forms both the first and the last note that she strikes; but we doubt whether (even among persons as little "theological" as herself) her reflections on this subject will serve to ex-

emply her judgment at its best. Her skepticism is too dogmatic and her whole attitude toward the "superstition" she has cast off too much marked by a small eagerness for formulas in the opposite direction, and a narrow complacency in the act of ventilating her negations. She cannot keep her hands off affirmations about a future state, and she lacks that imaginative feeling (so indispensable in all this matter) which suggests that the completest form of the liberty which she claims as against her theological education is tacit suspension of judgment. In general Miss Martineau is certainly not superficial, but here, in feeling, she is. This however is the penalty of having been narrowly theological in one's earlier years; it always leaves a bad trace somewhere, especially in reaction. The chapters in which Miss Martineau describes these early years are admirable; they place before us most vividly the hard conditions of her childish life, and they describe with singular psychological minuteness the unfolding of her character and the growth of her impressions. They have a remarkable candor, and it certainly cannot be said that the author's portrait of her youthful self is a flattered one. We doubt whether, except Rousseau, any autobiographer ever had the courage to accuse himself of so ungraceful a fault as infant miserliness. "I certainly was very close," says Miss Martineau, "all my childhood and youth." Her account of the circumstances which led to and accompanied her first steps in literature, of the first money she earned (she was in sore need of it), and of the growth of her form and development of her powers, and her confidence in them—all this is extremely real, touching, and interesting. She succeeded almost from the first, but her success was the result of an amount of unaided exertion which excites our wonder. What fairly launched her was the publication of her "Tales in Illustration of Political Economy," and there was something really heroic in the way that as a poor young woman with "views" of her own and without helpful companionship, she explored and mastered this tough science. Her views prevailed, and floated her into distinction. We have no space to allude to the details of the rest of her career, one of the principal events of which was her

visit to America in 1834. It lasted more than two years, and was commemorated by Miss Martineau, on her return, in no less than six volumes. Mrs. Chapman deals with it largely in her supplementary memoir, treating chiefly, however, of the visitor's relations with the Abolition party. Miss Martineau evidently exaggerates both the odium which she incurred and the danger to which she exposed herself by these relations. They were natural ones for an ardently liberal Englishwoman to form, for the Abolitionists, to foreign eyes, must at that time have represented the only eminent feeling, the only sense of an ideal, visible amid the commonplace prosperity of American life. In her last pages Miss Martineau indulges some gloomy forebodings as to the future of the United States, which offers, she says, the only instance on record "of a nation being inferior to its institutions." This was written in 1855; we abstain from hazarding a conjecture as to whether she would think better or worse of us now.

WE have two good novels, one very foreign and the other very domestic. The first is by Auerbach,* whose high purpose and truly ideal treatment of the narrative all who have read "On the Heights" will remember with pleasure. He preserves the same style essentially in this story, although it is of an entirely different character. A painter visiting a country village in company with a young scholar and philosopher who is an assistant librarian and is called the collaborator, paints as a Madonna the beautiful daughter of the keeper of the village inn. He falls in love with her, attracted no less by her unconcealed love for him than by her beauty. He takes her to town with him, a town where there is a little German court, very refined *esthetik*, and very high-dried old manners. The poor girl drives him almost mad with her awkwardness, her ignorance of polished life, and her independence. It does not help the matter that in the latter respect she wins the favor of others, even of the Prince himself. After a while he avoids her, takes to wine-drinking, and comes home drunk. She sees her position, and from what he is suffering, and

* "*Lorley and Reinhard*." By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. 16mo, pp. 377. New York: Henry Holt.

she goes back to her parents, leaving behind her an unrepentant, fond, and most touching letter of farewell. Poor girl! sad as it was for her, what else could she do? It was the best course under the circumstances; for although her heart broke over it, she at least kept her love for him, and that by remaining she might have lost. After a while she dies, and he after a long time betrothes himself to another woman, who loves him, and to whose love he responds with such a feeling as beauty and sweetness and devotion might raise in the breast of a man whose heart is really in the grave of his dead wife. He dies before a second marriage from injuries received in a dispute with his brother-in-law. It will be seen that this simple story of humble life presented temptations to treatment in the most literal and realistic way. But in Auerbach's hands it is ideal. Its likeness in certain respects to the story of "A Princess of Thule" will strike all the readers of William Black's most charming novel. But the treatment is as unlike as the incidents and the localities. Auerbach's little novel is essentially German in thought, in feeling, in purpose, in treatment. We have never read a more thoroughly German book. This character is given to it, and its ideality is very much enhanced by the character of the collaborator, who is constantly looking upon every incident of life from a lofty philosophic point of view; serious generally, sometimes humorous, often serio-comic. "Wilhelm Meister" itself is not a more thoroughly characteristic production of the German mind. But it is nevertheless a sweet, simple, touching story, the sentiment diffused through which has a peculiar charm. It forms one of Mr. Henry Holt's well selected "Leisure Hour Series." The translation is marked by idiomatic vigor and a very skilful adaptation of the rustic phraseology of one language to that of the other.

—As unlike to this as can be is a novel by an author whose name is entirely new to us, but whose work bears the traces of some literary experience.* Its double title is very well chosen. In it a number of people, young and middle-aged, are gathered together for the summer in the

beautiful Connecticut country house of one of them—a wealthy young bachelor. There they all fall in love. We can hardly say that everybody falls in love with everybody else; but it is pretty nearly that. Everybody is in love with some one else; and the consequence is, after a good deal of cross-purposing and some suffering, half a dozen marriages. The change that has taken place in the purpose of the novel and in the manner of treatment of character by the novel writer could not be more clearly exemplified than by "Love in Idleness." It is absolutely without plot, has hardly enough coherence to be called a story, is entirely without incident. And yet it is very interesting from the first page to the last, although its interest is not of the highest kind even in the novel range. To give our readers any notion of it is quite impossible without telling them almost all that happens, all that is said, thought, and felt by the various personages. The book is strongly American; but its Americans are of the most cultivated classes; and it is guiltless of hard-fisted farmers, Southern slave-drivers, and California gold-diggers. It is entirely free from that irritating intellectual eruption sometimes called American humor. In fact, its personages are taken both from the Old England and the New; and side by side, one set can hardly be distinguished from the other as in real life. He who must perforce be called the hero is a Senator forty-eight years old, who is engaged to marry a rather cool, reserved, and stately woman of thirty, but is loved almost at first sight by Felise Clairmont, a girl of nineteen, half French, half American, of enchanting beauty, and still more captivating ways. She is loved by almost every other man in the book; but her avowed lover is the Senator's younger brother, who is the host of the assembled company, exclusive of Felise, who lives near by with her guardian, a certain judge. The Senator loves the young girl as fondly as she loves him, and still more deeply, and what the result is we shall leave our readers to find out from the book itself, which will richly repay the novel reader. It is exceedingly well written, and its social machinery is managed with skill; but it is a little too much elaborated in the conversations, which are rather excessively epigram-

* "Love in Idleness. A Summer Story." By ELLEN W. OLNEY. 8vo (paper), pp. 181. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

matic at times. The author of such a novel, if not an old hand, should give us something better and stronger ere long.—"The Man Who Was Not a Colonel"* is an amusing story of that kind that may be denominated "light" even in fiction. The author rattles on through a variety of incidents, and adventures, and true-love tangles, without trying the reader's intellect with any particularly severe infliction of character study. It is a model of that literature which has received the distinctive title of *railway*, because in travelling we do not care to be bothered with thinking on our own part or others.

MR. WALLACE has done well in selecting the comprehensive title "Russia"† for his book. It is no mere record of a journey, or description of a country or people as a traveller sees them. The author spent six years in the land of the Tsars, studied the language, and lived with the people, and now he endeavors to show the origin and composition of the nation, its past history and present struggles, besides making minute studies of the serf system, the communes, emancipation in its methods and results, the peculiar conjunction of autocracy and democracy in the principles and practice of government, the agriculture, the religion, politics, population, and other important factors of a great empire. The book is sufficiently praised when we say that all these subjects are well treated. The author is careful to point out, as an analyst should, where his studies are incomplete, and he modestly tells us that his work is not presented as an unsailable summation of truth, but as the conclusion to which an unprejudiced observer came after long and careful study. We could not ask for better evidence of his sincerity than in the defence which he, an Englishman, makes of the Tsar's policy of foreign annexation! He tells us that this is not the result of autocratic choice, but is the only available one of three modes of restraint against marauding tribes. These three are a great wall, a military cordon, and annexation. The first is impossible in a country that for hundreds

of miles has no durable building material, the second has been tried and found impracticable. As to the last, there is a choice between an armed frontier and occupation of the marauder's country, and the latter course is followed because it is cheaper in a pecuniary sense. To the question so often asked in England, How far is Russian "aggrandizement" to go? Mr. Wallace answers that the Russian arms cannot stop until they reach the frontier of some stable power. In short, to those Russophobists in England who look with such alarm upon the approach of the Russians toward India, he calmly replies that this approach is both inevitable and desirable! No wonder he tells his countrymen that it is their duty to know Russia better. It is plainly impossible to even review in the most concise manner the numerous important discussions in this remarkable book, without producing another book in doing so. Mr. Wallace's work is one of the most valuable studies in social and governmental economy ever written, and several causes, aside from his personal fidelity and fitness, combine to make it so. In general, Russian society exhibits, so far as the peasantry are concerned, a simplicity of life and thought that carries the imagination irresistibly back to prehistoric times. No civilized race, no *culturvolk*, presents such aboriginal relations in its family and commonwealth. The nobles, on the other hand, and all the cultured class, are fermenting with great views and plans of social reform. The ideas that made such havoc in the early days of the French revolution have again swept within human vision, but this time they were caught up by a practical-minded Emperor and crystallized into the greatest premeditated political reform of this century! The wonderful feat of quietly emancipating forty million bonded servitors, at one stroke, the institution on a tremendous scale of what the dreamers have declared to be the classic relation of social man—communism, the division of land, taking about one-half from the rich and giving it to the poor—such marvels as these throw a halo of Arabian magic about the history of this simple people since 1861. When to these attractions is added the fact that this land of social classicity and political ideals is entirely accessible to study, as no other nation of like simple culture is, we think that reasons

* "The Man Who Was Not a Colonel." By a High Private. Loring, publisher. \$0.50.

† "Russia." By D. MacKENNIE WALLACE. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

enough have been given for saying that our author has chosen the ripest field in the world for his harvest labors. He has shown himself a most conscientious and able worker in it, and our own country will be fortunate if the social revolution that has taken place in its Southern States ever finds so unprejudiced and painstaking a historian as he. To Americans Mr. Wallace's book should be more interesting and valuable than to any other readers, for many of these questions which he discusses so thoroughly have been settled in precisely the opposite way in this country! For instance, emancipation here was violent, the severance of master-and-slave relations complete, the future *status* of the two interested parties was not previously fixed, and no compensation was given to either. Here land is held solely by individual tenure; no person has enforced local bonds, but is free to move everywhere—that is, with the sole exception of Indians. We reject the colonization plan of dealing with marauding enemies, and adopt the armed frontier system. In short, we are diametrically opposite in our conclusions, and yet we have a national problem that is in two important respects essentially the same as Russia's. The settlement of a continent and the amalgamation of races is the double task imposed on us as well as them. One mode of accomplishing it we can see going on about us; its precise opposite is well exhibited in Mr. Wallace's "Russia."

MR. ANDERSON cannot be considered a model traveller. His "Six Weeks in Norway"* gives hardly anything but the starting out on each morning, the names of places passed, and the arrival at night. But the traveller in that country needs something of just this kind, and this book will therefore do very well for a guide. Indeed, it is well filled with facts suitable to such a service. Norway is a hard country to travel in. The frequent rains and steady fish diet are depressing to dry foreigners with a previous sufficiency of phosphorus, and like our own country there is little besides the scenery to engage attention. Nor is the interior the best part of the country. It looks best in a profile view seen from the wa-

* "Six Weeks in Norway." By E. L. ANDERSON. Robert Clarke & Co.

ter. Whoever would see Norway must visit the fiords in a yacht, and not trouble the land much.

THE discussion of the mutual attitude of religion and science, particularly in regard to what is known as the theory of development, goes ceaselessly on. Books upon the subject follow each other so rapidly that it would seem that they must long since have ceased to find any considerable number of readers, much more of buyers. We confess that we are somewhat weary of the controversy; particularly as it is kept up chiefly on the side of those who call themselves religionists, who mostly seem to be unable to bring forward any new arguments, and no less to fail to appreciate the attitude and the purpose of those whom they have made their antagonists. Science, as we believe, did not seek this controversy, but was forced into it by the attacks of the champions of religion, and is now necessarily kept somewhat on the defence. It would seem that nearly all that can be said, and all that need be said, has already been brought forward. But each new disputant that enters upon the defence of theological dogma seems to be convinced that he is the man of men who is to protect religion against what he believes to be the danger in which it is placed by the observation of nature and the speculation upon discovered facts which now occupies so many physicists, including some of first-rate ability.

We may as well say, if we have not already said in our previous remarks upon the books upon this question which have been reviewed in the pages of "The Galaxy," that we do not regard the theory of evolution as established. Facts of great interest bearing upon it have been discovered, and deductions from those facts have been made and set forth with great ingenuity and plausibility, so that it demands serious attention *from the scientific point of view*. But this seems to us all that has been done. Our feelings and our convictions, not to say our creed, are all against it. It is a degrading and a hopeless view of the universe, and particularly of man. Hlm it places in the attitude of a mere physical item in the cosmos—one link, although the last and a golden one, in a chain of events the beginning and the future of which are alike unknown. All our instincts revolt against it. We

don't believe it; and we candidly confess that we are in the position, abhorrent and ridiculous to the scientific mind, of not wishing to believe it. We believe, and we desire to believe, that man was made, however and when, as man; and that however inferior he may have been in his first condition to what he is now, he was never anything less than human.

Feeling thus and believing thus, we nevertheless cannot see that those who are resisting science on the ground that its assumed discoveries are at war with the assumed teachings of revealed religion are doing wisely, or that they, even the best of them, have written one word which in the least impairs the value or the significance of the facts and the deductions which science has set forth. Science is only to be met by science. Theology cannot touch it. A beast and a fish cannot fight: one must stay on land and the other must stay in the water. Religionists, on the one hand, say that if science has discovered, or professes to have discovered, anything at variance with the Mosaic cosmogony, it is not to be believed. Scientific observers say on the other that if theology teaches anything at variance with fact and logic, so much the worse for theology. This attitude of the two will be maintained. It is natural, and in a certain sense right, that it should be maintained. Each will hold its position. Neither can accept the conclusions of the other or its methods without both ceasing to be what they are. Notwithstanding this difficulty, which is radical, the controversy will go on, until it is decided, not by argument, but by time, experience, and the moral and intellectual development of mankind.

A laborious contribution to the controversy has been made by Clark Braden,* who announces himself as president of Abingdon college, Illinois. It is our own fault, probably, that we have never heard before of the president or of the college. Neither he, however, nor his publishers will fail through lack of confidence to make themselves known, or because they have any misgivings as to the sufficiency of their work. The author, in a prefatory note addressed

"to reviewers and critics," invites the most searching criticism of his book, but earnestly requests that it shall be carefully read, and asks to have all criticisms, particularly those which are adverse, sent to him, that they may, as he says, "aid him in his search for truth." But plainly he has little doubt that he has settled "the question of the hour," and what he wishes is to enjoy the spectacle of science vainly struggling in his giant grasp. His tone throughout the book is one of overweening self-confidence. Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Carpenter, and the rest are to be snuffed out by the president of Abingdon college, Illinois; nay, their very methods of research and modes of reasoning are to be swept into the intellectual dust-bin of that institution by his besom. And in a long address which accompanies his book, in which the publishers speak, but the style of which bears a remarkable resemblance to that of Mr. Braden, it is pointed out with unction that while much has been written by the advocates of the theory of creation by intelligence, in refutation of the evolution hypothesis, yet "no thoughtful reader has ever felt satisfied with any one book"; "no one has attempted to present, in all its infinity, mystery, and unfathomable depth, the problem for which evolution is offered as a solution. This is a fundamental failure." Of course this great need is to be supplied, this fundamental failure made good, by Mr. Clark Braden's book. And then the publishers break forth in words which seem to be the genuine utterances of their own feeling: "The book is a compactly printed volume of four hundred and eighty pages, printed on the best quality of paper, and printed and bound in the best style of art. It contains as much matter as most three-dollar books, and more than many of them. . . . Every preacher and believer of the Bible should have a copy. All who profess to believe these theories of evolution should, above all others, have a copy. We want to place a copy in the hands of all parties." Doubtless. This is delicious. Every one who believes the Bible should "have a copy," and every one who don't believe it should "have a copy." In a word, to "have a copy" of this book is the chief end of man, the first requisite to reasonable existence for every human being. And then the pub-

* *"The Question of the Hour, and its Various Solutions, Atheism, Darwinism, and Theism."* By CLARK BRADEN. 8vo, pp. 490. Cincinnati: Chase & Hall.

lishers wind up with a request for copies of the reviews of the book, as "we desire to use them in the sale of the book, and in selecting papers in which we will advertise." Innocent creatures! that last touch shows how guileless they are; how they wouldn't think of such a thing as offering a bribe to editors and publishers of newspapers; and how purely disinterested they are in their desire to place "a copy" in the hands of "all parties."

We fear that our pages will not be selected for the advertising of this book; which, by the way, is commonly printed and meanly bound. Candidly we do not think that it is the end of all things. Possibly there may be some controversy hereafter; some men may go on investigating nature and believing in facts alone. The book reminds us of a social sketch in "Punch," which shows two dilapidated field preachers, evidently among the most ignorant and feeble-minded of their class, meeting on the edge of a heath from which people are going away. One says to the other, "Been on the 'eath? What did you preach about?" "Oh," is the reply, "I give it to Darwin an' 'Uxley to rights." Not that Mr. Braden is in any sense ignorant, or in any way to be compared to "Punch's" field preacher except in his evident belief that he has "give it to Darwin an' 'Uxley to rights," and in the perfect indifference with which Darwin and Huxley will regard his performance. Briefly, nothing worthy of particular remark in Mr. Braden's book. Those who wish to find the whole question between science and revealed religion set forth as it appears to Mr. Braden, and the facts and arguments of science met by the usual stock-in-trade weapons of the theologian and the metaphysician, may find all this in Mr. Braden's book, in which the author certainly does go pretty well over the whole ground. What is really his theme is found in this passage of one of his appendices (p. 883): "The issue between theist and atheist is: What is the necessary, absolute, uncaused, unconditioned being or substance? What is it that is the self-existent, independent, self-sustaining and eternal? What is the ground, source, origin, or cause of all existences and phenomena? This is the problem of problems, that determines all systems of science, philosophy, and thought." Well, to these questions science answers, We don't know; we don't pre-

tend to know, and we probably never shall know. We have discovered by patient observation certain facts, and, according to the laws of right reason, we think that between these facts there are such and such relations. In this we may be mistaken. If we are, very well; we shall be glad to correct our error. In either case we shall go on observing, considering, and reasoning, but confining ourselves strictly to fact. If any dogma or transcendental notion that you know of is at variance with fact or with reason, we may be sorry or we may not; but in either case we can't help it. Dogmas and notions are nothing to us. And as to that self-existent, unconditioned, eternal intelligence that you talk about, pray tell us what you know about it. We shall be glad to learn. Don't tell us what you think, believe, or have an inward conviction of, but what you know. What *do* you *know* about it? Give us at least a solid basis of absolute knowledge to stand upon and to start from, and we are ready to listen to you. If you cannot do this, good morning; look you after your dogmas, and we will keep to our facts. The truth is that not Paul and Barnabas were more driven to part company than the disputant who sets up as of any authority a theological dogma, no matter what, or a metaphysical abstraction, no matter what, and the man who studies nature scientifically. One believes because he believes, and really at bottom from no other reason; the other is in a chronic state of inquiry; he believes nothing in regard to any subject of inquiry but that which rests upon the ground of absolute knowledge. Mr. Braden's book, although it is filled with evidences of wide reading and high education, reads like a book of metaphysical and theological commonplace. It reminds us of our college days in the lecture room of the professor of moral philosophy. It is well enough in its way, but it will attract little attention in the pending controversy. Of its style we must say that, considering the position of its author, we wish it were better, and that in the use of language it were an example more worthy to be followed. Its first sentence is: "One of the *wise* utterances of one *whom* his contemporaries declared spoke as never man spoke, was that no *wise* man would begin," etc. On the next page we have such

vulgar error as "*transpiring* before our eyes," "decay and dissolution *transpiring* in every department of nature"; and as to *shall* and *will* the author seems to have no conception of their proper functions in English speech. This, for the president of Abingdon college, is not well. —Of a somewhat different character, and of much greater importance, is a little book which presents James Martineau's last utterances on this subject.* It is made up of an address delivered in Manchester New College, October 6, 1874, and two papers which appeared subsequently in the "Contemporary Review." Dr. Bellows, in his introduction, expresses the feeling with which religious minds will read these papers when he says, "it is refreshing in the midst of the crude replies which alarmed religionists are hastily hurling at the scientific assailants of faith in a living God, to hear one thoroughly furnished scholar, profound metaphysician, and earnest Christian entering his thoughtful and deeply considered protest against the tendencies or conclusions of modern materialism." Mr. Martineau may now be justly regarded as the leading champion of faith. He has this distinction because he is not hampered by creeds, or articles, or hierarchal responsibility; he is yet an earnest believer in the essentials of the Christian religion as it is accepted by all orthodox Protestant denominations, while to these qualifications he adds a wide range of knowledge and eminent ability as a reasoner. He is able to meet the men of science on their own ground, and he does so. They will not acknowledge themselves vanquished; and perhaps from the very nature of the case, as we have already remarked, they cannot be vanquished by any argument in which revelation or metaphysics enters as a premise; but they will not refuse their admiration at the union of subtlety and strength, of ability and courtesy with which they are treated. We find many admirable passages in this book marked for reference, as we went through it; but we must pass them by. During the last few months we have devoted so many pages of our department of literature to

* "*Modern Materialism in its Relations to Religion and Theology.*" By JAMES MARTINEAU, LL. D. With an Introduction by Henry W. Bellows, D. D. 16mo, pp. 211. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the discussion of this subject, that readers with whom it is not a hobby might reasonably object to a further continuance of the subject here. We content ourselves with recommending this little, thoughtful, strongly written book to the attention of our readers. They will find the best array of arguments with which to meet scientific materialism.

—From the same publishers, who seem very catholic in their reception of authors, we have a volume which, the more because of its ability and its calmness of tone, Mr. Martineau would regard with sadness, and with horror, and perhaps with dread.* Mr. Frothingham has undertaken the task of studying the records of the foundation of Christianity from a purely literary point of view and with all the aids that can be derived from criticism. The result of his studies may be said to be the satisfaction of his own mind that Jesus of Nazareth was not and did not intend to be the founder of a new religion; that he believed himself to be and set himself up as the Messiah, the temporal Messiah, expected by the Jews; and that Christianity was founded by Paul. His conception of Paul is striking, and however he may fail in establishing his position in regard to him, it certainly must be admitted that he has made of him a very interesting and energetic figure, and one which is consistent with itself and with all that we are told of the great apostle to the Gentiles. He calls him both Jew and Greek—Jew by parentage, nurture, training, and genius, Greek by birth-place, residence, and association, an enthusiast, even to fanaticism, by temperament, and yet freed from extreme narrowness of mind by intercourse with the people and the literature of other nations. He was a Jew whose feeling upon the Christ question was always intense, so much so that he worried and tormented the people who did not believe as he did. He was a Messianic believer of the school of the Pharisees, or strict Jews; but all at once, as such things do happen to such men, another aspect of the Messianic expectation burst upon him with the splendor of a revelation,

* "*The Cradle of the Christ: A Study of Primitive Christianity.*" By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM 12mo, pp. 233. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and determined his career. To the conception of the Messiah and of Jesus's conformity to it which suddenly took possession of Paul, Mr. Frothingham assigns the origin of the Christian religion as it was known in the second century. With a cool and almost humorous adaptation of a political phrase of the day, he calls this Paul's "new departure." That Mr. Frothingham's book is clear in thought, interesting in substance, agreeable and good in style every one acquainted with his writings will readily believe. As to the points that he has undertaken to establish, we are pretty sure that after reading his book few will think with him who were not ready to do so before they began it.

DR. WATSON F. QUINBY of Wilmington has written an odd pamphlet on mongrelism in races. His belief is that population tends to become homogeneous, but this is not an averaging process. When two races mingle and intermarry, the mongrel product does not exhibit the balanced characteristics of both, but the traits of the higher race are absorbed and hid in those of the lower. Asia, he says, "was formerly powerful, with white peoples all along its northern and eastern borders, and far into the interior. But they first enslaved the black race, then mingled their blood, and have finally become merged in them." The resulting mongrel people always lacks the intellectual force necessary to maintain the civilization of the higher. Arts decline and national decay sets in. In this way is explained the existence of noble ruins among inefficient and barbarous nations, who practise a much ruder style of architecture. The Mexicans are the type of this retrogression. Dr. Quinby predicts for them an increasing decline until Aztec civilization is restored. If the Doctor's theories could be established, there are enthusiastic ethnologists who would not hesitate to say that the Mexicans could not be put to a better use than this. Shut them up and compel them to breed themselves back into Aztecs! Dr. Quinby's speculations are, to a great extent, based on studies of language, and of lingual affinities he is a bold, not to say reckless, expounder. Some of his work reads as if Mark Twain had turned philologist. For instance:

Eighty miles from the mouth of the Indus was a place called Hingliz. The people of this part celebrate the festival of Bhavani on the first day of May, when their custom is to erect a pole in the field and adorn it with pendants and garlands. They also celebrate another festival on the last day of March, called Huli (Phulee), when they amuse themselves by sending one another on foolish errands. *All this has a very Hinglish look!* This is probably the place where the Hinglish people came from, for though the Romans called themselves angles, they call themselves English."

To explore libraries, to sift out from masses of irrelevant matter what alone is of value to the naval student, to subject the poetical descriptions of great battles to the cold eye of professional criticism, and to give the results in a condensed, well written, and interesting form, is the task Commodore Parker has assumed, and so far as the volume under consideration is concerned*—the first of a series—the task has been well and faithfully performed. The amount of labor involved is immense! The author passes rapidly over the navies of antiquity for the reason, probably, that we are more familiar with that history than with the naval history of a period nearer to us both in time and relationship. What schoolboy has not read of Xerxes sitting in his golden chair overlooking the Piræus and the galleys of his immense fleet strung along the coast of Attica as far as the eye could reach?

He counted them at break of day,
But when the sun set where were they?

Such was Salamis.

When his narrative reaches the navies of the Italian republics of the middle ages, however, our author seems all aglow with love of his theme, and well he may be! Venice, in her day of glory, possessed the finest navy of the times. Captain Pantero Pantera, writing of it in 1614, speaks with enthusiastic admiration of its fine arsenals, numerous stores, and numbers of workmen on permanent pay. These things, he says, were always most "carefully attended to by the republic of Venice, which indeed in this respect not only equals, but excels all the naval powers of the Mediterranean. There is so much of romance and poetry, indeed, in connection with the naval his-

* "*The Fleets of the World.*" By Commodore FOXHALL A. PARKER, United States Navy. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

tory of Venice, that it requires a cool head and steady hand to steer along the courses of sober truth; but that truth we must not be surprised to find, in that clime of sunshine and beauty, often out-vieing the wildest efforts of fiction. Very similar is the history of the sister republic of Genoa. Unfortunately these lovely sisters were great rivals, and during wars which covered a period of about one hundred and thirty years wasted each other's strength and resources without achieving a particle of good to either. As a judgment, it would almost seem, for such stupendous and long-continued folly, the seeds of destruction were planted without their own bosoms. Both attained the pinnacle of earthly glory, but from both issued forth a wanderer who was destined in time to set his seal upon the fate of his native city. The Genoese Columbus, followed by the Venetian Cabot, led the way to the great western continent which, by diverting the course of trade and commerce from its old channels, caused the loss of wealth and the final decay of the Italian republic. The spirit of discovery once aroused, other navigators followed, and Vasco da Gama, by opening the road to the East Indies by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, so injured the trade of Venice with the east as to render her downfall inevitable. But the history of the old sea kings of the north, and the tracing of their line of descent through old England to the hardy seaman of New England, is still more interesting to our naval students.

The Vikings—"sons of the firds"—were undoubtedly the most arrant pirates of all history. They were the dread of all Europe. "*A furore Normanorum librera nos Domine*," prayed the Church throughout Christendom. Many of these piratical princes became, through habitual success, so devoted to their calling that they never extinguished it, but rather gloried in passing their lives on board their ships. It was their fond boast that they never reposed under an immovable roof, nor drank their beer in peace by their fireside, and the ships in which they had led their wild and adventurous lives formed in death their sepulchre. Passing over the discovery of North America by Eric the Red (about 700 B. C.), we may come at once to Harold

Harfagra—Harold the Fairhaired, or Harold Fairfax, a name so well represented to-day in our own navy. Having made himself master of all Norway, the restless young spirits of the realm took themselves off on one of their accustomed expeditions. Led by a youth named Rollo, son of the celebrated sea-rover Jarl Ragnvald, they ascended the Seine and laid siege to Paris. So successful were these Normans that Charles the Simple ceded to Rollo that part of Neustria since called Normandy. By the terms of the treaty, Charles was to give his daughter Gisele in marriage to Rollo, together with the province of Normandy, provided he would do homage, and embrace the Christian religion. To do homage was to kiss the feet of the king. All that the sturdy Rollo could be prevailed upon to do, however, was to place his hand in that of the king, and to depute one of his followers to do homage for him. The gentleman to whom this duty was assigned raised the king's foot so high that his majesty was thrown upon his back; whereupon the rude Normans burst out laughing, so little respect for royalty had these wild rovers of the sea. Two hundred years later the descendants of these same Normans achieved the Conquest of England. They became by the heat of much and continued contest and attrition gradually fused, with the Angles and the Saxons, already inhabitants of the island, into the modern Englishman and his representative on the shores of New England.

This volume not only shows the reader—the general as well as professional reader—the large scope embraced in a proper study of history, but it also demonstrates that naval archeology is not a mere idle amusement, suited to the elegant leisure of the scholar. It has a great and practical value, enabling an officer to understand his own profession the more thoroughly in all its branches. Commodore Parker has conferred a material benefit on his profession by the valuable contribution he has made to its literature. He has, moreover, by his straightforward narration, pleasant style, and copious illustrations from standard authorities, rendered agreeable and entertaining to the general reader what otherwise might have proved technical, and of too special a character.

MR. PERKINS's book* almost disarms criticism by its very character, for it is impossible to make a selection of books that is at the same time limited in size and adapted to diverse and contrary necessities. Private libraries want the best books, public libraries the books most called for by the general and often indiscriminating public. "The Best Reading" contains the titles of about ten thousand books, and as that is less than half the number printed every year, the work is confessedly incomplete from whatever point of view we look at it. Still it is useful to librarians, of whom there are several hundred inexperienced ones in the country, and to professional essayists, or magazine writers, a class that must contain thousands of persons. With every allowance for unavoidable imperfections, we think Mr. Perkins can revise the list with advantage, taking out some obsolete writers and putting in some new ones in their place—Herbert Spencer for example.

BOTH Mr. Loftie's "Plea for Art in the House" and the Misses Garrett's advice on "House Decoration"† belong to the best kind of works on the very important subject of cultivating good taste in the furniture of the home. They are very direct and clear, and their authors are entirely competent to instruct us all on this subject. Especially are they free from what we consider to be the worst fault a book of this kind can show, an obtrusive pretension to superior taste. It is a great mistake to suppose that we can elevate people by showing them that we consider ourselves far above them in taste and judgment; but this mistake is not unfrequently made. That may be

the fact, but if there is no evidence of it but a patronizing treatment of others, there is little hope that much good will be done. Both these books are free from that error, and Mr. Loftie especially takes his readers into a survey of a good many branches of decorative art, exhibiting a familiar acquaintance with them all, talking alternately of the blunders and successes of collectors, real and would-be, and all with a natural enthusiasm and freedom from superciliousness. The Garrett sisters also give a great number of valuable suggestions and some very taking illustrations of tasteful decoration. We wish they had given less of their work to criticism of the conventional London house and more to the description of what is good. So far as we are acquainted with books of this class, they abound in two faults, discursiveness and inordinate discussion of bad models. Artistic house decoration is a technical art, and must be taught like all other arts—by the exhibition of good precedents. Strictly speaking, there can be no theories in matters of taste. All the so-called laws or canons of taste are obtained by observing what has been well done. From that we may learn what is well doing, and the educated taste produces good work. There is nothing in art so implicit as the surveyor's dependence upon the law of magnetic attraction. The notes of a survey well made to-day can be given to a surveyor a century hence, and he will bring the lines out to within half an inch, and put his hand upon each boundary mark that has been made. But it is not so in art. In all the reconstructions of ancient Grecian buildings not one has been rebuilt. Neither the Madeleine nor the Valhalla repeat the art of the Parthenon, however faithfully they repeat its form and measurements. Good taste is a thing that no French surveyor can secure with any refinement whatever of the metric system. But still there is a soil in which this plant can be grown, and that soil is the collective evidences of good taste in the past. Let us have a book so full of good illustrations that didactic instruction shall not be needed.

* "The Best Reading: Hints on the Selection of Books, on the Formation of Libraries, Public and Private, on Courses of Reading," etc. With a Classified Bibliography. By FREDERICK BEECHER PERKINS. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† "A Plea for Art in the House." By W. J. LOFTIE, F. S. A. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. (Art at Home Series.)

"Suggestions for House Decoration in Painting Woodwork and Furniture." By RHODA and AGNES GARRETT. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. (Art at Home Series.)

NEBULÆ.

— OUR discussion of life insurance management, in this part of "The Galaxy," was but preliminary to the thorough article upon the subject which we present to our readers in this number. It is a subject of great importance, and one which concerns multitudes of the very best class of our citizens, to whom we recommend this article for thoughtful perusal. Its writer has a more thorough acquaintance with life insurance management than is probably possessed by any other one man in the country. He *knows*, he does not infer or conjecture, and he has learned by experience the only way in which to bring life insurance companies to an effective responsibility. What they are, even when they are not managed in a manner undeniably fraudulent, has been shown by the recent investigations at Albany, which brought to light the payment of salaries and bonuses of monstrous extravagance and the use of proxies by the thousand on the part of the officers who took these great sums out of the pockets of clerks and clergymen, widows and orphans. Something must be done, and that speedily, to correct this abuse even among the honest companies, and the way to doing it is pointed out in the article to which we refer.

— SINCE we prepared our last nebulous notes, General Grant has passed into private life. The country has accepted the event as a matter of course; it has elicited very little comment. The end of his administration was made the occasion of some retrospection and some criticism, it is true; but that did not, in either case, touch the subject which presents itself to us in connection with the change which took place in Washington on the 4th of March. General Grant, by becoming then a mere private citizen, closed one of the most remarkable careers in modern history. Men, a very few men, have done more, or been more, than he has done or has been; but it would be difficult to name a man in modern times who rose from obscurity to such a height, passed through such a

series of events, held such power, and who passed peaceably, and in full possession of his health and all his faculties, into an absolutely powerless and private condition, and all this in sixteen years. The experiences of Cromwell and Washington were most nearly like Grant's. But Cromwell fought six years ere he won his crowning victory at Worcester; and although he was made Lord Protector in 1657, was known to all England as an able and energetic member of the Long Parliament, and one of the leaders of the popular party in 1640, seventeen years before. Washington also saw six years pass from the time when he drew his sword under the old elm at Cambridge, as Commander-in-Chief of the colonial forces, to that when he received Lord Cornwallis's at the surrender of Yorktown; and, made President in 1789, he retired in 1797, twenty-three years after he took command. But he was a prominent citizen of Virginia thirty-five years before that date, and was nominated deputy to the colonial congress in 1774. The position of our retiring President was very different, and his career was briefer and more crowded with events. In March, 1861, except his old West Point comrades and his few personal acquaintances, there were probably not twenty people in the country who knew of the existence of ex-brevet Captain Grant, U. S. A. Three years saw him the victor in hard-fought fields, in which the forces on either side more than trebled all that ever Cromwell or Washington commanded, and in 1864 he became General-in-Chief of the immense army of one of the great powers of the world; one year more saw him absolute victor, and the saviour of the Union. Four years passed, and he voluntarily laid down his sword and his supreme military command, to become President of the United States, doing so because he was regarded as the only man who could save in peace what he won in war. At the end of four years, he received, like Washington and Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, the honor of a reflection, and three years later he

seemed likely to have the unprecedented distinction of an election to a third term. Now, although we may not say there is none so poor to do him honor, he is entirely without position, military or civil, and it is certainly true that many a mousing politician has far more influence than the victor of Appomattox and he who was once dreaded by many people, and looked to by others without dread, as the coming "man on horseback."

— SUCH a career in these days was possible only in this country, and here it will probably be impossible hereafter. Of civil war we have, we may be sure, seen the last, as it was really the first, that was ever fought on our soil. And indeed it was big enough to suffice for our share of that sort of thing for ever. That we shall ever be called upon to wage war with a foreign foe is in the extremest degree improbable. No other power wants any of our territory, at the price, at least, which it would cost to get it; and we have taken all that we want from other people. Cuba, if we get it—the advantage of which is not clear to all minds—we shall get by purchase. We shall, therefore, it would seem, never be so greatly indebted again to a successful general. In case we should be so, and he should be one of General Sherman's successors, it may be reasonably doubted if, with General Grant's experience before his eyes, he will give up the assured life position of General-in-Chief for the temporary honors and troubles of the Presidential chair. It is not necessary to be a blind admirer of General Grant, or a member of the party which made him twice President, to do him the justice of admitting that his resignation of the office which he won with such éclat, and held with such general honor, the world over, was a sacrifice to the good of the Union for which he fought. He had for life a position equally honorable with that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and more striking in its distinction. He had no superior but the President of the United States; not a certain man, but the incumbent of the office for the time being. He might, and probably would, have seen a succession of such men rise, and pass into powerless privacy, while he maintained his high position. He gave up this permanent

distinction, with its well-assured emoluments, at what we must admit that he regarded as the call of duty, of patriotism. And now he is, so to speak, a nobody. Admitting all the errors that have been charged against him—and he doubtless committed many—admitting even that the party which he represented is hostile to the best interests of the country (we do not say that it is so, for we speak for no party and in no political interest in these pages)—the spectacle of the passage of such a man into absolute public insignificance, without any public care or public thought for his future, is a very impressive one, and one not in all respects admirable. As his career was possible only in this country, so also was the close of it. The government, the people of no other great nation, would drop a man who had done what he did, and held the positions which he held, into an unprovided, obscure future, putting him off, like an old shoe. Once the victorious commander of an army of half a million of men, a man whose name was in the mouths of all the civilized world, for eight years the ruler, with more than kingly power, of a nation of forty millions, and a country which stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which covered the temperate zone in a continent, he has been remitted again, as far as the nation is concerned, into his former unimportance, we cannot say obscurity, to live a private life upon a very moderate competence. It may be right that this should be so; but none the less is the spectacle one of great interest and significance; all the more is his brief career one of the most remarkable in the history of civilized peoples.

— GENERAL GRANT'S successor seems to be in earnest upon one subject, in his apparent purpose in regard to which he must have the hearty approval of good men of all parties—civil service reform. In this there is no doubt that General Grant himself was at first quite as earnest. But the Republican politicians were too much for him; his own military habits of thought and his devotion to his personal friends also led him to adopt a course of action in this respect inconsistent with the purpose which he first avowed in regard to it; and the great

and much needed reform still remains to be worked out. After all, the principal point, the great good, to be attained is the suppression of office-seeking as a sort of business, the extinction of office-seekers as a class. Our politics are sadly in need of purification. The corruption which disgraces our Government in the eyes of all good men at home and abroad taints both parties. In this respect there is nothing to choose between them. Now nothing would tend so much to better our condition in this respect as the absolute removal from the arena of political strife of the tens of thousands of minor offices at the disposal of the party in possession of the Government. Let them no longer be the prizes of victory at the polls, and the men who now make politics a trade would find their occupation gone, and they would no longer concern themselves much about nominations and elections. The political affairs of the country would then naturally fall into the hands of the honest, intelligent, and thrifty men who now have little influence upon them. Let it be once understood that, whatever party is in power, no man in office, except those directly around the President, is to be removed except for incompetence, neglect, or malversation, and the first great step will have been taken toward our political regeneration. Nor is its influence upon politics the only great benefit which would thus be secured. The existence of a great body of men who are withholding themselves from the ordinary business and work of life in the hope that something will turn up in politics which will enable them to live, and perhaps to get money in irregular ways, by office-holding, is demoralizing. It tends to make and to keep in existence a body of shiftless men who otherwise would be obliged to turn their attention to mechanics, to trade, to agriculture. It helps to increase our too great tendency to speculative and unstable habits of life. It is bad in every way. As to the particular method by which the much-needed change is to be brought about there may be various opinions; but among sensible and decent men there is none as to the prime necessity of the extinction of office-seeking. In whatever he may do to effect this the new President will have the best wishes even of

the greater number of those who cast their votes against him.

— FROM civil service to domestic service is a great leap; but there is this likeness between the two, that both, in this country at least, are in a deplorable condition of inefficiency. And as to domestic service, the complaints of householders in England are hardly less loud and grievous than those which go up daily in America. In both countries there is a great cry for provision for unemployed women; and yet in both countries the procurement of women capable and willing to give good household work in return for good wages seems to vibrate between the not remote points of difficulty and impossibility. Disorder, dirt, waste, and cooking which is only the destruction of good viands by reducing them to an unpalatable and indigestible condition are, according to all accounts, the lot of all housekeepers whose means do not enable them to procure the most skilful and highly trained domestic servants. In England a strange remedy has been proposed, adopted in a measure, and thus far with success. It is the introduction of what are called, even in England, "lady helps." There is something amusing in seeing our cousins, who used to sneer at the Yankee phrase "helps," and also at the Yankee help herself, who would not be regarded (unwisely it may be) as a servant, turn in despair to the word and the thing as the only relief in their domestic perplexity. The scheme was first proposed by Mrs. Crayshaw, of Cyfarthfa Castle, the wife of one of the wealthiest iron masters in England. Considering the fact, known to everybody there, that there were thousands of poor gentlewomen—that is, of women born and bred in the comparatively wealthy and cultivated classes—who were absolutely penniless, living in want, in suffering, or in a pitiful and oppressive dependence, she thought that many of these women would be willing to enter domestic service under certain conditions. She made inquiries; she was encouraged; and she set herself to work to effect what promises to be a great and beneficent reform. The conditions which she exacted for her *protégées* were that they should have comfortable and separate rooms, that they

should be called upon to do none of the rough work, like scrubbing, for example, or boot-cleaning (although they were responsible for its being well done), and that they should be treated with personal respect. They were to be called "lady helps." She started her project only about two years ago; and although it was met at first with incredulity and with ridicule, already it is so successful that although the applicants for such employment are many, she cannot supply the demand by housekeepers for her helpful ladies. For it is found that these ladies give what is wanted, intelligent, conscientious service. They are truthful; they can be trusted; they learn easily; they work well; they are quiet, pleasant in manner; and, strange to say, they are cheerful. To the last one other of her conditions may contribute largely. They are to be hired only in couples, so that they have companionship of their own sort. What will be the end of all this who can tell? The prospect, however, is cheering to that class of householders who have not large means and who yet require faithful, well-trained, intelligent domestic servants for their daily comfort, and no less to a large class of respectable and educated women, who may find under the new domestic regime a refuge from the woes of extremest poverty—poverty which presses the more hardly upon them because they are educated and respectable. There is nothing in itself degrading in the performance of domestic labor; quite the contrary. No woman who is worthy of her sex hesitates to perform it for her husband, her children, or herself, or feels in the least degraded thereby, or is so regarded by her acquaintances. The feeling against performing it for others is a mere prejudice born of custom, of fashion. Let it once be understood that no woman loses the respect of others or need diminish her own by doing it for others as a means of livelihood, and the ranks of lady helps will be crowded.

— In illustration and in furtherance of Mrs. Crayshaw's truly, and, it would seem, wisely benevolent scheme, a little book has just been published in England, and reprinted in this country. It is by Mrs. Warren, who is the writer of some half a dozen excellent hand-books of household management. It professes to tell the

story of the troubles of a small household, that of a professional man, whose wife is reduced to despair by the incompetence, the neglect, the wastefulness, the untruthfulness, and the dishonesty of the servants, who come to her one after another, each worse than the other. The causes of complaint are exactly those from which American housewives suffer. Depending upon her servants, whose deficiencies she is incapable of supplying herself, she is sometimes unable to give her husband a wholesome meal, decently served; and this preys upon her to such a degree that when he happens to be kept away she fancies that he remains away voluntarily because his home is unattractive. In her despair she proposes a "lady help" to him. He scouts the suggestion. The thing is impossible, ridiculous. She practises a pious deceit upon him; gets a lady help surreptitiously into the house, and keeps her out of sight until order, and cleanliness, and good dinners have subdued him into a proper frame of mind to receive with meek acquiescence the announcement of the origin of this beneficent change. Then all goes on happily. Money is saved, comfort supplants wretchedness and confusion, and domestic life becomes enjoyable upon a small income. It must be admitted that the authoress has it all her own way. The lady help is a paragon. She is the niece of a distinguished man of science, well bred, highly educated, self-respecting, but humble and modest, kind-hearted, and without the least pride or false shame. She is an angel of goodness to the under servant, who does the coarse work of the house, and teaches her as if she were her younger sister. She herself, although invited into the parlor and to sit at the family table, prefers to remain in the kitchen, which she brings into such a condition of neatness and order that it is a sort of little culinary palace. Plainly such women cannot be always looked for in "lady helps," and, moreover, there is this difficulty: If it should get about, as it surely would, that such a paragon of womanhood and house-keeping skill was to be found, if she had only moderate personal attraction, the kitchen over which she "presided" would be besieged by an army of bachelors, among whom it would be quite out of the order of nature that there should

not be one that would victoriously carry her captive and put her in a parlor somewhere, with "helps," lady or other, to do her bidding.

— A STORY quoted by Mrs. Warren in illustration of the imperfect apprehension and confused memory of many people, particularly those of the class from which servants usually come, is too good to be passed by. The Rev. Dr. McLeod relates in his journal that he once received from two intending communicants the following replies to the following questions:

Who led the children of Israel out of Egypt ?
—Eve.

Who was Eve ?—The mother of God.

What death did Christ die ? [After a long time came the answer]—He was hanged on a tree.

What did they do with the body ?—Laid it in a manger.

What did Christ do for sinners ?—Gave his Son.

Do you know of any wonderful works that Christ did ?—Made the World in six days.

Any others ?—Buried Martha, Mary, and Lazarus.

What became of them afterwards ?—Angels took them to Abraham's bosom.

What had Christ to do with that ?—He took Abraham.

Who was Christ ?—The Holy Spirit.

Are you a sinner ?—No.

Did you never sin ? and do you love God perfectly ?—Yes.

This reminds us of the Cambridge (England) student who, on his divinity examination, being called upon to give the parable of the Good Samaritan, after reciting the benevolent man's promise to the host, "and when I come again I will repay thee," wound up with "This he said, knowing he should see his face no more."

— EX-MAYOR HALL has made a very needless stir in New York and throughout the country, and seems to have managed his disappearance very bunglingly. Is it not, indeed, very commonly the case that men who wish to go away secretly and have their whereabouts unknown—perpetrators of great frauds, robberies, murders, and the like—neglect what seems to disinterested persons the easiest, most obvious, and most sure means of concealment, while they lay themselves out with great labor and ingenuity upon others which are of secondary importance, and which seem not likely to present themselves to the inquiring mind under such peculiar circumstances?

Mr. Hall, we assume for good reasons, wished to leave New York suddenly, to live in retirement, and not to have the place of his retreat known. He therefore gathers a little money together, and without saying a word to any one, takes ship at Boston and goes to England. He simply disappears. Consequently within twenty-four hours suspicion is aroused, within forty-eight anxiety is felt, and in the course of three or four days a hue and cry is sent over the whole country. It goes to England, of course, by telegraph, and when the steamers arrive a prying, mousing gentleman, whose business it is to find out things for the New York press, visits them one by one, passes the passengers under inspection, and of course finds Mr. Hall, spectacles and all. It is strange that a man of Mr. Hall's experience of the world, a criminal lawyer, an ex-mayor, a political associate of Tweed, Sweeney, and Connelly, should not have seen that such would be the inevitable course of events if he should leave New York as he did. But how natural for him to say that he was called East, or West, or South by important business which would keep him away ten days or a fortnight, to provide his family and his clerk with that response to inquiries, even if the former suspected the true state of the case, and then to start for England. True enough, in the end his flight would be known, which was inevitable; but he would have had a full fortnight's start, and would have been comfortably on the continent or hidden in the wilderness of London, probably the best place in the world for the concealment of a fugitive person who is not very singular in appearance and in habits, and who is not known at all to the London police. Mr. Hall might, with a little forethought, have so arranged his affairs that he would have been out of reach and past recognition before suspicion was aroused, not to say before a hue and cry was raised. But as it was, this astute lawyer, this crafty politician, who has been familiar with the ways of tricky people all his life, who knows by constant intercourse with them the habits of men that fly and men that pursue, who is practically acquainted with journalism, does just what defeats his purpose—whatever was the occasion of his leaving New York so suddenly, as to which we say nothing.

THE GALAXY.

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SPRING LONGING.

What art thou doing here, O Imagination? Go away, I entreat thee by the gods, as thou didst come, for I want thee not. But thou art come according to thy old fashion. I am not angry with thee—only go away.—*Marcus Antoninus.*

LILAC hazes veil the skies.
Languid sighs
Breathes the mild, caressing air.
Pink as coral's branching sprays,
Orchard ways
With the blossomed peach are fair.

Sunshine, cordial as a kiss,
Poureth bliss
In this craving soul of mine,
And my heart her flower-cup
Lifteth up,
Thirsting for the draught divine.

Swift the liquid golden flame
Through my frame
Sets my throbbing veins afire.
Bright, alluring dreams arise,
Brim mine eyes
With the tears of strong desire.

All familiar scenes anear
Disappear—
Homestead, orchard, field, and wold.
Moorish spires and turrets fair
Cleave the air,
Arabesqued on skies of gold.

Lo, my spirit, this May morn,
Outward borne,
Over seas hath taken wing:
Where the mediæval town,
Like a crown,
Wears the garland of the Spring.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by SHELDON & CO., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Light and sound and odors sweet
 Fill the street;
Gypsy girls are selling flowers.
Lean hidalgos turn aside,
 Amorous-eyed,
'Neath the grim cathedral towers.

Oh, to be in Spain to-day,
 Where the May
Recks no whit of good or evil,
Love and only love breathes she!
 Oh, to be
'Midst the olive-rows of Seville!

Or on such a day to glide
 With the tide
Of the berylline lagoon,
Through the streets that mirror heaven,
 Crystal paven,
In the warm Venetian noon.

At the prow the gondolier
 May not hear,
May not see our furtive kiss;
But he lends with cadenced strain
 The refrain
To our ripe and silent bliss.

Golden shadows, silver light,
 Burnish bright
Air and water, domes and skies;
As in some ambrosial dream,
 On the stream
Floats our bark in magic wise.

Oh, to float day long just so!
 Naught to know
Of the trouble, toil, and fret!
This is love, and this is May:
 Yesterday
And to-morrow to forget!

Whither hast thou, Fancy free,
 Guided me,
Wild Bohemian sister dear!
All thy gypsy soul is stirred
 Since yon bird
Warbled that the Spring was here.

Tempt no more! I may not follow,
 Like the swallow,
Gayly on the track of Spring.
Bounden by an iron fate,
 I must wait,
Dream and wonder, yearn and sing.

A PROGRESSIVE BABY.

LETTER III.

18 STANFIELD GARDENS,
SOUTH KENSINGTON, }
May 28, 1875. }

AND there you have us down to date, my Susie. The sunshine and the crisp breezes, the innocent early teas with cresses and prawns, the grand long nights full of sleep, have put us all right with the world again; but after all Brighton's only a bit of West End moved off down by the sea, and if one must live in London at all, why, it's at its best for three or four weeks to come. And we're to get off early to Switzerland this year, for fear that it mayn't be so easy next summer. For Ronayne's father is clearing away to make him stand for that dreary territory of hovels and bogs in which the paternal mansion is situate. Fancy Ronayne an M. P.! And an Irish M. P.! I fight against it—under cover. The dream of my heart is an *appartement avec tenasse* in Paris, and in summer to turn vagrants and tramps as now. It's so unlucky Ronayne should have been the eldest son: duty, respectability, and the proprieties have such a much stronger gripe upon him, and we're born vagabonds, both.

But, what must be, must. Meanwhile I console myself with my window-gardening. And you should see the house-front!—the balcony that will be a perfect bower presently. My window-boxes, the gayest mosaics of color, and the vestibule lined with callas, acacias, and heath—against a background of ferns and ivy. We were never so magnificent before, and it was Ronayne's surprise for me when we came back from the sea—he having given our florist *carte-blanche*; whereas I, bearing a conscience, have bargained with him always, and carefully counted my pots.

Mrs. Malise's disciplinary Johanna brought her charge for a little visit to my nursery yesterday. And my heart aches so for that baby! He's a great child, well made, and with his mother's wonderful eyes—but so heavy, listless—"Meek as a work'us' child brought up on skilly," Ronayne renders it—and though he's perfectly clean now, and comfortably clad, nobody would dream he was a young mother's first baby, so ornamentless and sombre-hued are his little garments.

Nurse brings back indignant accounts of the way he's left to amuse himself, or cry his fill, when out for an airing in Kensington Gardens. "Hours, ma'am, she keep that poor thing a-frettin' or a-sleepin' in his perambulator, the east wind a-cuttin' about him as draughty as draughty, while she sits on a bench a-makin' her foolish lace or talkin' to some of them German bandmen. He never gets taken out, nor played with, nor has any playthings. It's just cruelty to animals—that's what it is!" finishes my nursery dragon, who is as soft-hearted as she is grim of exterior and grammatically independent in speech.

Mrs. Malise has been absent at suffrage meetings in Scotland and Ireland for a month past, Miss Hedges told me when dining here just after our return. Mrs. Stainton, the porcelain widow, was invited also, and a curious and wonderfully interesting person we find her: the daintiest small creature—complexion like an ivory painting, deep-set, seeress eyes, and looking fairly spirit-like for fragility, in her long black dress and white lace shawl. Nothing could well be more piquant than to hear this filmy little thing, in a voice that would have fitted Queen Mab, recount her experiences in the most widely separated circles of life and thought, or quietly give utterance to quaint, audacious speculations, as

to mysteries that perplex so many of us concerning this existence and the eternity it preludes. "If there be a hereafter!" I heard some one answer to a remark of hers. "Ah, that was never a doubt to me save for a very brief space," she replied. "I am like the Curé de Ars—'I know some one who would be finely taken in if there were no Paradise!'" Her exquisiteness of look, the fascinating talk, the soft, helpless manner are so appealing that one is disposed to treat her as some wandered denizen of the air and skies, though she hangs effortless, her whole weight upon one, and there is scarce a limit to her fine-lady and delicate-organization requirements.

The daughter of a Low Church dean, she became, in her husband's time, first broad church, then rationalist; after his death, because of extraordinary, extra natural occurrences that befell her, a spiritualist, and now she seems to be turning toward Catholicism, though Miss Hedges, who is a Catholic, shakes her head, and says she always feels very hopeless of people essentially given to all manner of vague interpretations, fanciful twistings of simple doctrine, and æsthetic sentimental mysticism.

"Obedience is in the order of existence," says the little lady. "I long for authority; I long for a voice I shall not question, to whose decision I can submit all the questions that torture me."

"I tried to stay my soul with ritualism," she said, talking to Miss H. and myself when we were alone after dinner, "and at first I thought I was going to get some comfort out of it. I made my father furious by entering one of Miss ——'s famous sisterhoods. But it wouldn't do. Ritualism of course was not more illogical then than now, but the actors weren't as well up in their parts, and how queer some of our performances at —— were! I remember a retreat I made there, in which I was put into a cell bare of everything save a table and chair, and a Testament upon the table, and there

I was left alone the whole day, seeing no creature save a Sister who, speechless, thrust my dinner and tea in at me! You may imagine the imbecile condition in which night found me.

"And as a punishment for some fault I was ordered to go to communion for four months without going to confession! Miss ——, our Reverend Mother, behaved exactly as if she had taken her notions of the external character and dignities of her office from some swelling, stern, ridiculous Lady Abbess in a no-popery novel! We undertook everything—teaching, the care of hospitals, training of servants, district work, Magdalen houses, and to these active employments we joined the contemplative, strictly cloistered life! We had no special training for either one of our labors; we had no completed constitutions or rule, and one was liable, at any moment, to be whisked from one's quiet cell and sent alone at night, across the kingdom, to some duty for which one was no more fitted than a baby or a savage.

"I was set, in the beginning, to clean lamps, and black-lead the grates, but failed in this business so completely that I was given a district in East London to afflict with visitations and instructions. Trying one day to convey some idea of the Real Presence to a voluble old woman who was one of the sisterhood's most devoted *protégées*, I said, 'Then, Sally, since you know *who* is in the church, I hope you never go in or out without showing proper respect.' 'Oh, yessum, yessum!' she assured me. 'Indeed, 'm, I allays bobs to the eagle!' (the brass eagle of the lectern!). With all Sally's bobbing to the eagle and to us sisters, she was a dreadful old harpy, and made me think always of two old women my father overheard talking one day at Cirencester. There is a fund there which was long ago bequeathed by some pious person for the furnishing small stipends to such aged poor people as should daily devoutly hear mass. Of course since the revenues have lapsed into Anglican hands this

sum is used now for those who attend the early service. And this was what my father heard:

"First old crone, *loquitur*: 'These be hard times, Betty. How d'ye think of getting a livelihood this winter!'

"Second old crone: 'They be hard, for shore, Anne, and I'm a-thinking of taking to yorly priors (early prayers) for a quarter!'

"One of my droll, dreadful district visitor experiences I shall never forget. In the process of my visitations I stumbled, one day, into the room of a woman very haggard and very yellow, but as the woman was dressed and moving actively about, I had no idea of her having any special ailment, save dirt. But as soon as she knew who I was, a visiting Sister, she began to tell me how ill she was—ill of a disease that not another person in the whole kingdom had—the doctor said so—spotted leprosy. And how physicians came constantly to see her, and brought, each one, other physicians—how, in short of a horrible long, she was a sort of gruesome doctor's pet!

"The woman's husband—for she was married, had eleven children, and another baby coming soon—was working away at a cobbler's bench in the room's only window, and she constantly appealed to him: 'Dr. So-and-So said there wasn't another case like mine in this country, didn't he, Jim? And he didn't see how it was it hadn't killed me off long ago—you remember, Jim? And that young Scotch doctor that was so astonished to see what a family I had—you haven't forgotten him, have you, Jim?' And the man corroborated all her statements with a pride in having a wife so uniquely afflicted impossible to describe! Then she insisted I must see and dress the awful sores that made her shoulders and one breast a great wound, telling me, as I half fainted over the task, that I didn't do it half so well as any of the doctors, and begging me, when I had finished, to stop long enough for her to give me a cup of tea in that place, insufferable at best with the dirty cob-

bler and five or six of the wretched babies, but become, after my *mauvais quart d'heure* with the terrible woman, a chamber of horrors in which to delay one further instant would, I felt, make me daft, or shudderingly sea-sick, for life!

"I stopped a year and a half in the sisterhood, trying, as I said, to make it do; but either I'm too logical, or have too keen a sense of the ridiculous, for the farce of our active-uncloistered-severely-contemplative-enclosed life, a religious order without a constitution, frowned on by all the bishops, carrying on its dearest devotional practices in hiding from all proper ecclesiastical authority, became intolerable to me; and when, one fine day, there came from 'Reverend Mother' an order to go and nurse a man ill with typhus—an agricultural laborer living alone in his cottage—and to my remonstrances that I knew nothing of the disease, my plea for a companion less ignorant or at least clear instructions for my own guidance, no answer was vouchsafed save an oracular assurance that if I did my part of obedience, light would be given me, I revolted, sent a contumacious message that though I believed the age of miracles by no means past, I had never seen any wrought in our order, and could not risk the poor man's life upon so vague a prospect, and presently bid farewell to my Anglican convent and to ritualism. Several Sisters have returned to the world since, and four of these have gone over to Rome. Two of these have married. One, whom I loved most dearly, is a Poor Clare in Ireland, and the other has used her fortune to open a crèche, where she works harder than any of her nurses, and carries, I should say, the lightest heart in London.

"I have no doubt there is more system, more decorum—I use the word in its literal sense—in the Anglican sisterhoods now. I'm quite amazed sometimes at the closeness of the imitation of the real thing when I go to Margaret street, or to St. Alban's—the altars, the lights, the confessionals,

the stations, the black-cassocked figures gliding about, removing their berettas and dropping on one knee as they pass the altar—all the furniture; but a dreadful feeling of emptiness—as if the house's owner had moved away! Do you ever look at the pictures and the titles of books in the windows of the High Church book-shops? What would have been thought of them five years ago even? And at ——'s in Oxford street, a High Church friend tells me, they have a room into which you may be ushered by inquiring for the 'Penitential Department,' if the card bearing the name of a clerical voucher, which you must present, be satisfactory, and where you may purchase disciplines—nail-studded arm-lets, waist-belts—perhaps hair shirts, though I don't remember that they figured in my friend's list.

"And, two years ago, I think it was, I witnessed a little scene that was as extraordinary as it was absurd. I was coming up from Cromer, and our train had halted for the usual time in the station at Norwich. It's a large station, trains constantly rolling in and out, and crowds of passengers, guards, porters flying about. While we waited, above the din suddenly was heard a singular and regular thud! thud! coming down the platform. Thud! thud! on it came, and the noise, and the queer, sudden hush of most of the other racket made us all look eagerly out to see what it could be. It was a progression—a procession—a man in soutane, barefooted, I believe, preceded by some sort of a servitor carrying a monstrous book—breviary, 'Livre des Heures'—I know not what, and a tall wooden crosier, whose foot it was that made the thud! thud! At a little distance behind the man in the soutane, whom I recognized directly as Mr. Lyne—the famous Father Ignatius, a self-constituted Benedictine Abbot—followed two Anglican Sisters. The servitor and Father Ignatius betook themselves into a first-class carriage, the Sisters remaining outside, and presently the crosier head was

thrust out of the window, and Father Ignatius appeared behind it with hand outstretched to bless the Sisters, who knelt devoutly on the platform to receive the benediction. Up to this point everybody had behaved with wonderful restraint; but the last stroke was too much, and it was amid a perfect scream of laughter from passengers, officials, cabmen, and *gamins*, that the train steamed out of the station, bearing the Benedictine Abbot away, but surely not leaving the lambs of the flock comfortless."

And so she goes on for as long as you like. She has been everywhere. She has known quantities of out-of-the-way people. She is ready at every turn with a fresh story, an apposite bit of experience, and darts in an instant from the perfect mimicry of a popular vicar we know, who preaches in lavender kids, and leaving his cure of souls for a month's holiday, pathetically from the pulpit entreats our Lord to look after his charge until its proper shepherd returns, to some speculation concerning personal accountability, an annunciation of the reasonableness of purgatory, and wondering as to its various forms of discipline for individual souls, or to dwell on minute phases of the preservation of identity, distinctive and original character after death, etc., and manifests altogether such an at-homeness with the unseen world that, listening to her, I half expect phantom eyes will look into mine if I glance back over either shoulder, bodiless somethings start forward from dusky corners, the very sweep of my own drawing-room curtains gets eerie, a what-not or a tabouret becomes a tripod, my unsubstantial small guest is a priestess—and I'm glad when Ronayne's voice breaks in, "All in the dark, the fire at its last coal, no tea or coffee. Mrs. Stainton, you're a syren!"

Her own little sitting-room in the associate house is as heterogeneous as herself—the room lined with soft comforts, the air heavy with the fragrance of a profusion of flowers, the room's

mistress nearly lost in the capaciousness of a most luxurious lounging chair, her table piled with ascetic literature; and in this chamber I encountered the other day the very oddest of all the peculiar people to whom my friendship for "little Malaise" has introduced me—a Miss Beauclerc, a short, stout, dark, coarse-skinned woman of fifty odd, hair cropped close, and an obstinate, honest, horse face.

She was exhibiting her own "spirit drawings"—mad scaramouches, things like designs for eastern embroidery, accurate representations of various portions of the kingdom of heaven, she assured me, and a quantity of utterly purposeless collections of strokes and dots, to which she gave names that would have been blasphemous in any but a lunatic's mouth. How she explained them! How fondly she looked at them! and what anguish she told me she endured lest they should be injured, or perish in some unworthy way. This woman believes herself to be the spirit bride of ——! Can you fancy it! one of the most fervent, poetic, spiritual, gifted of all Anglican divines. She says that since his death he has been constantly near her. She sees him often, leads the life he prescribes, making and shunning acquaintances at his direction, going from place to place, crossing the ocean twice even at his pleasure. Finally she showed a photograph—the faithfullest possible presentment of her own unideal face and person, with, floating above, arms extended in protecting angel guise, a mistily outlined, veiled figure surmounted by the refined, beautiful face known to everybody in the later editions of his poems, and in the windows of church book-shops—the poor clergyman who is allowed to rest neither in his grave nor in any unknown country beyond. It is hard for him, hard for Mrs. ——, were she to hear of this post-mortem masquerading and "affinity," hard for the deluded woman who wanders about the world alone with her crazy

fancies, repudiated by her kindred, and plundered by the brigandish among her co-believers.

Here, too, I met again the tall, thin young lady, heroine of the device for frightening small bores—the Plymouth Sister's daughter. We talked of a good many things, but chiefly of marriage, and the position of unmarried women in England. The girl was as simply frank as a child. Matrimony, and matrimony alone, offered any career to women in England. And upon Mrs. Stainton's saying that despite her own perfect marriage—a marriage for love, and the union so entire that there lurked no shadowy region in her soul of which she could not make her husband as free as herself to enter—yet all that she had seen of life made her feel sure that, beyond a few rare exceptions, it mattered not, ten years after marriage, whether the match had been for love solely, or arranged, or a *marriage de convenance*, the girl assented; somewhat bitterly remarked that ideals were very well for a heroic life, but terrible drawbacks in the world of to-day, and that any woman would do better for herself to accept any reasonably suitable offer than to cling to an impossible dream, or insist upon a great amount of sentiment. "It ought to be enough," said this girl of the period, "for a woman to be able to decently respect a man who has the means of placing her in such conditions as she thinks will suit her. And men do very well without sentiment. They have their professions, their business, their friends, their clubs. It is quite enough for them if their wives are fairly good housekeepers and mothers, presentable at head of their tables, pleasant hostesses in their drawing-rooms. It sounds very mean, but what is a girl to do? We may be most of us clever enough and tolerably well educated, but there are not among us many brilliant geniuses who can find all comfort and happiness in a life devoted wholly to art or literature. What is one of the mediocre mass to do? It's not genteel to do this, it's

unfeminine to do that; one can't stir in any direction that would have in it some spirit, some earnest, something worth while.

"You can always do good, they tell us. I dare say; so can men; but how many among them would like to be recommended, as life occupation, to go making impertinent raids into poor people's houses to tell them they're untidy, when a family has but one room to live in, and there's but one water tap in the court, and two or three flights of stairs over which to carry every drop; or that they're ill-smelling, and will have fever, when an open drain and the dust bin are lodged just under the window, and somebody's great high wall cuts off every ray of sunshine; or that they don't know how to manage because they fare ill, when a half dozen people must keep life in them and some covering on them on fifteen shillings a week? Oh, I'm sick of it all! Look at mamma! She *lives* in jails, up alleys, in soup kitchens and dispensaries, and we girls cut out and make up flannels, and knew about relief tickets before we could speak, and it's all just pouring water into a sieve! Mamma's always in agonies about some *protégée* she's placed somewhere, who has absconded with the family plate and wardrobe. Her people are always getting drunk, fighting, or cheating her in some monstrous way. Her nicest girls run off with a strolling theatre company, or to dance in the ballet. There's no end to her miseries, and the people she spends her whole time, strength, and all the money she can spare and beg upon are not really much better off in the end. But even if they were? Mamma is mamma, and I am myself, and we're differing stars. No, I stick to my text. To be only a commonly contented married woman, with the shelter and freedom of a wife's position, with a house to keep, children and servants to look after, and with a certain amount of social influence, is better than to subside into a grim or fidgetty old maid in lodg-

ings, with a dog and three-volume novels to get through the days and years with; to be snubbed and sneered at by men; to have, when one's hair is white as time can make it, the privilege of walking meekly out to dinner behind one's grand niece, a silly chit of eighteen, married a twelvemonth—and nobody to care whether one lives or dies, unless perhaps a Bath chair man.

"Matrimony's the only career for women in England, but we ought to be trained for it on Gradgrind principles. As it is, we're far too æsthetic and sentimental for the mates we must have—if any. Poetry and the stories of fine, gracious, self-sacrificing lives ought to be suppressed; they're ruinous reading for this nineteenth century." And so on and on.

"There's reason for that poor girl's bitterness," said Mrs. Stainton when we were again alone. "A dozen years ago, in her first and second seasons out, a more charming creature it would have been hard to find—ingenuous, sunny tempered, a dashing, sparkling blonde beauty, full of Irish quickness and fun, and a favorite wherever she went. Unluckily she met Ward Cotterell—now one of the editors of 'The Phare'—then a radiant, double first, handsome, chivalric, but as poor and debt-laden as he was clever, and the pair fell desperately in love. Mrs. Dixon wouldn't let them call themselves engaged. She had crippled her own fortune, and Kate had sacrificed a great part of her own portion, to clear a spendthrift eldest son and brother of his difficulties, and start him afresh in Ceylon, so that aid on their part was impossible, and Cotterell, after a year or so's trying vainly in this and that direction, for an income, gave up the struggle, married an heiress, who paid his debts, brought him £40,000 then, and has inherited since £60,000, and within six months after his marriage had his place on the 'Phare' offered him, with a salary of £1,200 a year. 'What would I not have given a year ago for any sort of hard work that would have

made me sure of £500 a year!' he said to some friend who knew the little story.

"Poor Kate kept up pretty well. 'What else *could* he do?' she always says. 'He had no income, and mine would have barely given us shelter.' But she refused, offer after offer for years. Now, when she finds admiration less freely forthcoming, and is utterly weary of everything she has tried, or believes is in store for her, I dare say she fancies she regrets the lost chances, but she's too genuine to make a *mariage de convenance*, let her talk as cynically as she will.

"As for Cotterell, he hasn't a money anxiety in the world, and is reckoned one of the most brilliant leader writers in London; but his wife is the most commonplace woman alive—no more a companion to him than a housemaid would be; and Cotterell's not one of the clever men who like women to be pillows, and pillows only. He has given up society, save that of men, almost entirely; lives in his study and his room in the 'Phare' building, and his talk, when one meets him, is a mixture of fatalism and wormwood, depressing to the last degree. No hero he, and yet his fate has plenty of compensations that Kate's lacks—power, work, and two or three children that have inherited his wit as well as his handsome looks.

"Oh, what a world it is!—a world of infinite pettinesses. I'm dreadfully poor and cowardly myself, but I've always had the greatest reverence for the gift of immortality, and I used to think if I could have chosen, I would have been born and then have died directly. But now that I believe unbaptized babies and people whose goodness, however perfect, is only natural, will have, in another existence, but natural beatitude, and as such a state wouldn't at all satisfy me for an eternity, I should have to tarry long enough to be baptized, and after that one can't wish to run away directly from the foes one has just promised to war against. A soul is such a responsibil-

ity, and is always thrusting in to complicate and confuse matters!

"But, do you know, I think so often what an admirable, harmonious, earthly preface to eternal bliss in the natural order would Anglicanism be—Anglicanism of the moderate type, a little quickened with the evangelical element, but neither high nor low. The life, as I remember it in the close at —, was so pleasant, so decorous, so amiable, so full of good, comfortable, luxurious things, so ladylike and gentlemanly, so reputable. One kept the commandments mainly; one was never anything but high-bred and high-toned; one did one's duty too—taught a little in the schools; looked after the rheumatic old bodies in cottages delightfully picturesque to sketch, but dark and damp as graves to live in; handed buns and tea at the school treats; one wasn't always thinking about delicate matters of conscience, about renunciation, self-abnegation, and what it must mean to be a soldier under a captain who neither lived delicately, nor slept softly, nor was used to stately shelter—a crucified head whose arms are the instruments of the Passion—and how well off one's body was!"

And I've been—no, I've been bidden to the Dialectical Society. You don't know what that is, my barbaric New Zealander! And I didn't know either when Mr. Malise sent me tickets for one evening, specially urging my attendance, as there would be something well worth hearing—a paper on "Celibacy" read by its author, a gifted young girl of only twenty-two!

I took my tickets to my liege. "Ronayne, fount of wisdom and light, whatever may the Dialectical Society be?"

"The Dialectical Society, madam, is a body of men and women who meet to rake up, turn over, and discuss to all their verges subjects which the weaker mass of mortals think upon only on compulsion, with fear and trembling, and in mental sackcloth and ashes. And pray, what have you

to do with Dialecticals, Eve? We are not going there, if that's what those tickets mean!"

"Oh, Adam! And why not? Because I'm, unluckily, married, am I to stop trying to improve myself, and not care to know what grand heights happier, unhampered women are scaling? And, Adam, only see, here's to be a paper read by a young lady only twenty-two, Mr. Malise says, and there couldn't be anything so very dreadful to hear in the little composition of an innocent young creature like that!"

"Subject, Celibacy, by Eliza Stella Greatheart, M. D.," read Ronayne. "Humph! charming young creature! Well, madam Lil, you'll have to imagine what the medical young lady will say on the state she's proved to such ripeness of years, for you're not likely to hear, and Mr. Malise has wasted his tickets. And as if you cared what anybody could say about single blessedness—a woman with an angel in the nursery crib, and a husband who breathes but to serve her! Go away this minute!" And I left moneigneur to his *moutons*, a little huffed, no doubt, at being interrupted in the fine middle of a working morning—always "The Growth of Language"; and you should see the pile of MSS. I used to copy for him, but lately it has taken so much time to sketch my baby! Every new attitude is prettier than the last, and every day adds a charm. You need not laugh; I never had a baby before. Just wait until you know for yourself! I've painted the darling twice, once for Ronayne's father, though a little against the grain, for the old gentleman thinks it dreadfully *infra dig.* that I, a lady born, and I most especially a lady wed, should ever have been publicly catalogued as an artist in exhibition lists and newspaper notices, and have sold the labor of my hands, eyes, and brain in the marketplace. What would happen if he caught sudden sight of a memento that always goes with me in one of my boxes—a little tin sign, my first one; and how proud I was of it!

FRAULEIN LILIAN MACFARLANE.

I don't like, for the family's sake, to imagine. When Ronayne gave him the picture on his birthday, our joint offering, my work set in the loveliest frame Ronayne could find, he couldn't help being pleased, and he couldn't help knowing it was baby's very self; but if the picture had been the work of a paid artist, I know he would have been wonderfully soothed. The picture was on exhibition for some days in the morning room, and being one day in the conservatory with Ronayne, I heard his father expatiating upon the striking likeness that had been happily caught, to a lady visitor. Presently I heard her read the signature, "Lil. De Vere, del., 1878." "Why, it is your daughter-in-law's work! How charming for a mother to be able to paint such an admirable portrait of her child. That must double the picture's value to you!"

And the *beau père* hemmed and hawed, and made the general inarticulate noises of an Englishman embarrassed, or wishful to make an impressive speech, and finally got out:

"Aw, yes, yes—of course! A nice and amateur talent has Mrs. De Vere."

"Nice amateur talent!" I was fit to fly at him, and only the brutal—yes, the brutal—grasp of my husband kept me from rushing into the room and proclaiming "Mrs. De Vere's" antecedents—her artistic career sketched in a few bold touches.

The world would have ended then and there. But how delightful to have seen, first, his looks of blank horror at the idea of a daughter-in-law who had been used to rough it, and to make her little money go a fabulously long way.

"This is the daughter of Prof. Macfarlane!" he introduces me proudly sometimes. I wonder if he thinks a poor scientific man like papa could send all his young ravens about first-class, or keep a maid and a governess with one in various continental cities where she chose, as an eccentric whim, to abide and study art? What would he have said to my gloves in those earlier days when I earned nothing,

and most of my allowance, beyond board and lodging, went for paints, and four pairs of dark, carefully chosen gloves had to go through the year? What to my lodgings at the tailor's—a poor cobbler-tailor, in Dresden? What to my lunches of *Wurst* beer and black bread? What to the concerts, where, in smoke and a three-penny seat, I heard music as good as plenty which costs me ten shillings to a guinea in London? What to all the cheek-by-jowl encounters with the peasants in our cheap, rapturously happy sketching tours? Bah! the poor Irishman! As if he could guess anything about it! Why should I think twice of his "amateur talent" and other little pin-pricks when the stiff, starved man never had, in his whole life, one such happy day of honest work, utter freedom, and simplest, blissfullest pleasures as have been mine by scores? Be easy, Ronayne. Not for the Bohemian daughter-in-law shall apoplexy smite the sovereign of Castle *Starched-stiff-O!*—which sacrilegious parody shall be my only revenge.

And if I portray my baby in every week of her life, her father turns her to account no less. She is beginning to chatter like a wren, and Ronayne has a notebook devoted to her earliest attempts at speech—the sounds, as she is progressively able to make them—the easily-conquered ones, the impregnable rock-fortresses, the turns, substituted letters. Sometimes I get quite furious over this anatomical process. My darling says something with the dearest, sweetest, small voice:

"Oh, Ronayne!" I cry. "Did you hear? Three words together—'Pease, papa, tugar!'" And I smother her in ecstasy.

"Yes, love," says Ronayne. "And do you notice how she can manage a before a, and not before u? This morning I shook her, and nurse asked her, 'What does papa do?' 'S-ake a baby,' she answered—but she never says sugar. And there's the same——"

"Oh, you vivisectioner," I broke in; "I'll have you to know, sir, that my

baby's pretty lispsings are not to be treated like the rudimental language of a philologist's offspring! Put up that abominable book this instant! Did a cruel father, my lammie, spear his own child with a wicked pin, and stick her up in a case?"

I *am* a happy woman, Susie. Too happy; I'm frightened at it. You, may be, don't see where this comes in. If you don't, never mind. My heart *does* run over nowadays for all sorts of reasons, and no-reasons.

Later on Ronayne told me, apropos of the Dialectical, that his objection was like the Frenchman's to the fox-hunt—"he'd been," if you please—went with Dr. Thunder and the Truth-Seeker just before our trip to Brighton. Then the subject under discussion was marriage, and Lady ——'s son read the paper—a long argument against monogamic marriage: In the light of experience and human reason it was monstrous to make the promises required at the altar; monogamic marriage fettered man, made his best capabilities impossible, made women hypocrites and slaves, made love commercial, was physiologically a cruelty and a mistake, and so on, and so on. "You don't love Lady ——'s son. You would love him less had you heard the things he found it possible to say before the fifty or sixty ladies who found it possible to listen to him, and to take some active part in the discussion that succeeded.

"They called loudly upon Dr. Thunder to speak; but he refused to rise, preferring, I suppose, to hear how well his disciples could acquit themselves; for he is the author of a work upon physiology which is nick-named the 'Social Science Bible'—a book I believe to be one of the most mischievous that has appeared within recent years—materialistic to the last degree, degrading man, disorganizing society.

"Over a glass of wine afterward, Mr. Feldwick—I beg your pardon, the Truth-Seeker—told me a pleasant little history of Lady ——'s son. He says

the man had, as a child and youth, a thoroughly good nature, frank, placable, extraordinarily loving and generous, and that then he bade fair to achieve great things as a naturalist.

"But Lady ———, who had had a hard experience of matrimony, with a husband whose only merit was his early death, lost, when this son was sixteen, her only other child, a boy of twelve—not an imbecile, but a slow, feeble-minded, gentle, and very beautiful child to whom mother and brother were passionately devoted.

"Lady ——— was nearly frantic at this loss: would see no one; retired for a year or so to a desolate Scotch place they have, and then suddenly went abroad. There she flew restlessly from Algeria to St. Petersburg and Norway for awhile, seen everywhere, but nowhere long; then followed several quieter years when she spent her time chiefly at Berlin, Geneva, and Paris, forming in these places a large circle of acquaintances among the most revolutionary spirits of Europe. By and by they, mother and son, came back to London, but so changed—she in thought and speech, he in all things—that their old friends and kindred scarce knew how, comfortably, to maintain any intercourse with them, and the son, at least, seemed to desire that all old ties should be snapped asunder. The mother was for ever declaiming vague, inconsequent tirades against all things that are; the son was cynical, rough, disagreeable to an insufferable extent, and in their drawing-rooms a quiet, *borné* old friend was sure to encounter a tremendous procession of the emancipated—the reddest of reds, unwashed agitators of all tongues and hues, aggressive free-thinkers, poets screaming mad indecencies and blasphemies to vindicate the office of art; women whose mission it was, by nude dancing, posing, acting, to educate humanity and lift it to that plane whereon to the pure all things are pure; men of science standing on dreary pedestals of comely things they have shattered—a proces-

sion, in short, no one of whose members the humdrum old acquaintance would care to face a second time.

"More discouraging than all was a story that began to be whispered among the people who had known the family most intimately in the earlier days—the story of a young girl, a distant connection of Lady ———'s husband, who had been left an orphan when only a child, almost friendless and quite penniless, and had been, thanks to Lady ———, most carefully trained abroad to fill the position of musical governess, the girl having extraordinary aptitude for music. Her studies over, she accompanied Lady ——— during a year or two of her later wanderings on the continent, and returned with her to London, where she soon obtained several good teaching engagements, and sang with great success at concerts during one season. A very pretty, winning creature she was, Mr. Feldwick said: a dark, rich-tinted face, where every emotion mirrored itself, and a manner as joyous, impulsive, frank as a child's, joined to the caressing coquetry of a Frenchwoman. She spoke three or four languages as well as English; her dancing was a thing to see in this awkward island; and the child was altogether so fresh and sweet that no one wondered that Lady ——— insisted that her *protégée* must not think of finding shelter save with her.

"But young ——— was not less sensible than his mother to the girl's charm, and it presently became evident that he had the child's whole heart in return. And now began difficulties. For years Lady ——— had declaimed against the bondage, the hideous wrongs and wretchednesses of marriage, and had never tired in depicting a glorious earth-life in the future when the free man and woman should love each other because they loved—but be held to no duty of loving, no responsibility—free as the air to come and go; and young ———, fed on such food, companioned as he had always been, was far more vehement

than his mother upon the subject, and had sworn by all his gods that civilized marriage should never count him among its victims.

"He told the girl he loved her, but that she knew he could not marry her; that the fetters of marriage would kill love in him; and he would rather assume them for any woman in the world than herself. The girl would have married him at a word; on her part there was the utter surrender of an adoring affection; but what would it be to have Herbert without his love?

"And she had not been so intimately a member of that household without coming to share its opinions and sentiments, so she declared that Herbert should give her his love, make no sacrifice for her, sully the ethereal nature of their relation with no worldly care. They were to be that grand pair, the coming man and woman, prophesied by Lady —— and her philosophers. But, most astonishingly to the young people, here Lady —— failed them. The coming man and woman were all very fine—some ages hence—but to have them appear in conventional, censorious London, in the century we live in, and in the bosom of her family, was too much for her heroism—'Her hereditary instincts, cowardice, and training,' her son said. Herbert might marry Mimi at any moment; no one could ask of the Fates a more lovable wife and daughter-in-law; but it was nonsense—worse, it was wickedness—to dream of living after or up to their convictions in society as now constituted. Did Herbert think for a moment what would befall Mimi if she acted as her generosity and all their ideas would prompt her? It would be destruction—simple destruction to the child, and if her son could not sacrifice his principles to his love, then he was bound in honor and pity, living in this unhappy time, to sacrifice his heart. At any rate Mimi must be protected.

"But the young man could not deny his principles, and would not deny his selfishness; so Lady —— sent Mimi

from her, obtaining her a good position in one of the best schools at Brighton, begging the lady principal, an old friend of her own, to keep upon the young girl a watch that might almost be called a guard. She remained there a few months, and then, one fine morning, was suddenly missing, and Lady —— received a note from her, posted in London, to say that it was useless to struggle longer; Herbert was bitterly unhappy and disappointed in her, reflected on her want of love and courage, and that she, Mimi, had chosen her part, and meant to see if one could not honestly live one's frank life in the London of to-day.

"Lady ——'s expostulations with her son were useless. 'I like what you have taught me, mother, and my conscience is in the matter.'

"And the same delicate conscience prevented him from supporting Mimi pecuniarily. He said, and she confirmed, that there should be no tie between them but love—that no other gift was fitting from one to the other. The woman of the future would have no need of protection, or to barter herself for care and a home; she would love out of a sphere of fine, grand independence, self-reliance—so would and should Mimi. Poor girl! her sphere of independence has been anything but grand and fine: a life in shifting, third-rate lodgings, under an alias, for, keeping her maiden style, it was simply impossible with her means to secure anywhere a reputable shelter, singing in concerts to support herself, and getting now and then a few lessons to give where people don't inquire too closely if they can secure good teaching cheaply, but bereft of all friends save a few pitying ones who now and then come to her relief, with no young brightness in her life, separated from her children, for she has three or four who are inexpensively taken care of at a farm in Cumberland, at a distance too great for her to see them save for a short autumn holiday; seeing Herbert sometimes only at very long intervals, for

he goes abroad frequently for long absences, and leaves her with scant ceremony than most men bestow upon a faithful dog—the mean-spirited good-for-naught!—shabbily clad, and living, like a rock hermit, on bread, fruit, and a salad, to make the money cover as far as may her own and her children's simplest needs. One can't wonder that Lady ——'s beautiful hair has turned from lustrous brown to snowy white in these few years, or that she should be tormented, as Mr. Feldwick says she is, with remorse lest she be to blame for the miserable warping of her son, and the catastrophe of Mimi's existence. She would be glad to come to Mimi's aid and that of her grandchildren, but that Mimi never permits unless she is in *extremis*, having, as she says, taken her lot with full warning from Lady ——; and Mimi has a helper who asks nothing more than to succor her from his own very moderate store—a fellow singer who met and loved her in the days when she was free, and in these, her days of ignominy, loves her honorably and hopelessly still, and devotes himself to any service in her and her children's behalf that she will permit; a poor, little, unknown, unsung Bayard, whose earthly happiness may be added to those sadder wrecks of lives ruined by the theorizings of Lady —— and her co-vagrants."

What do you think of all this, Susie? Would you exchange love in the bush for love among these "leaders of thought" in London? How, after these wicked, cynic, dreary histories and encounters, I nestle into my home and am so humbly grateful for its every little self-abnegation, every straitness of bond, no less than for the unspeakable riches it holds—that of being loved and beloved to one's heart's highest-heaped and deepest-down-pressed measure.

Love from Ronayne and self to my dearest woman. All kindest regards to the head of the house, and tender wishes that the new home in that topsy-turvy region of the world may be

as happy and, some day, as noisy as that whence this journeys to you from
Lil.

18 STANFIELD GARDENS, }
March 12, 1876. }

AND do I never, in these days, see anything of my coöperative friends? Yes, something, but less since Miss Hedges went to Düsseldorf. Mrs. Stainton came to us a good deal early in the winter, but a month ago she was ordered off to Bournemouth for an obstinate cough, and the long letters I get from her are fuller of personal and spiritual matters than of references to her late co-associates. For she's done at last what we had all been looking for—gone over to Rome—and one hears from her now nothing but the Church: the Church's wisdom and peace, allusions to the saints, speculations upon states of prayer, enthusiasm for the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, and fervent wishes that all puzzled wayfarers may find what she has found—absolute conviction and rest—though she owns that the new religion is fuller, far, of struggles and crosses than the old. "What does our father, the Dean, say?" I asked lately. "That this 'is at least a respectable vagary,'" she wrote back, "'which one could hardly say for most of my dreams and experiments!' Fancy papa's feeling himself authorized to speak of the spiritual life of anything above a crayfish!—a dear old country gentleman who is too entirely well satisfied with this world and his lot in it ever to think of heaven except in an official way, and whose strongest vocations are matrimony, and the writing mildly learned antiquarian papers for the West of England Archaeological Society.

"But you like stories. Here is papa's latest: One of his High Church confreres had been diligently expounding to a navy the doctrine of the Trinity, and was boasting to papa of the intelligence of his neophyte. Papa, who holds very old-

fashioned, inhumanitarian ideas as to the good or possibility of education for the masses, was scornfully incredulous as to the navy's getting even an idea of the mystery upon which his friend had been instructing him. 'Will you go with me to see him, and convince yourself?' asked the clergyman. 'Delighted,' said papa, and off they set to find the navy. After a little talk papa said to the man, 'This gentleman here tells me he has been talking to you about the Holy Trinity. Can you give me the names of the Three Persons?' 'Why, sir,' answered the navy, 'there's God the Father and God the Son, but, to tell the truth, sir, I disremember the name of the other gentleman entirely!' Now I maintain that papa's in the wrong about the navy, and that the ritualist clergyman had no reason to be so utterly disconcerted, as papa declares he was, at this naïve answer. Am I wicked, I wonder, to be repeating these stories? But you know I don't mean the least irreverence, and I can't help seeing they're droll! Somebody has said nobody is so irreverent as religious people, but I always reckoned that a sour-tempered saying, judging after the sense and not after the spirit. We have some distant Quaker connections where I visit sometimes, and in that household if one mentions our Lord in familiar conversation, as if He had a connection with the humble little events of the daily life, there is always a shocked hush, as if possibly it might not be unsacriligious to speak of our Creator save on meeting days, and with formal removal of all lay business and speech. I am sure they never heard of St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the birds. What would they have said to it?

"You hope that Mr. Feldwick's experience will not be mine, and intimate that if the Church fails me, nothing remains for me but the unbelief of our friends in the coöperative house. Yes, I've long felt that between Rome and rationalism there's

no logical ground on which to rest. But I have no fears.

"Mr. Feldwick told me once that having, while a Catholic, read somewhere that St. Philip of Neri was so distressed at ecstasies that befell him in public that he tried the reading, before saying mass, of books on other than spiritual subjects, to divert the usual current of his thoughts and love, he, Mr. Feldwick, conceived this to be an authorization for him to read romances, speculative books, what not, by way of preparing himself to receive Holy Communion—after which history I never wondered that he had wandered out of the Father's House after the husks of spiritism. But it is very difficult to conceive him responsible. If reading qualified for heaven, how high up would he not be! But he seems rather born to accumulate all manner of heterogeneous information, and to echo the last 'Times' leader, the last clever paper in the 'Contemporary' or 'Fortnightly,' than to live a man's life of independent impression, expression, and will. I always hope that invincible ignorance and invincible prejudice may cover so much!"

Anna Hedges and the porcelain widow being gone from London, I should see little of the remaining confederates were it not for "little Malaise." His mother, I am sure, has given me up as a possible disciple. I have never been able to get beyond one suffrage meeting; I couldn't somehow sign my name to a petition that women be eligible pupils for the study of law, and I horrified her greatly by enthusiastic support of a proposition that garroters, wife-beaters, and committers of ruffianly assaults upon women and children be publicly punished with the cat. "So inhumane!" she said. "Such an education of the brutal instincts in the spectators! Surely I did not think what such a sight would be for the young, how much more it would inculcate in them revenge than the gentler virtues. And society was responsible

for these criminals. They were what her neglect and their conditions had made them. They should not be punished for what was a misfortune rather than a fault. Our business was to train, develop these people instead of behaving to them as they did to their unfortunate victims." I admitted a trembling hope that something might be done for the humanizing of the next generation of our lowest-down people, but persisted that fear and shame seemed to me the likeliest means to stop the sickening record of cowardly savagery that week after week comes to us from all over England—the crimes of adults past all restraints save forcible ones. One week I kept a list, gathered from two provincial papers and the "Telegraph." Besides a dozen or so of the ordinary cases where a man beats and kicks his wife, and policemen and no onlookers interfere *because* she's the man's wife, one costermonger had flung his wife under a loaded van; one navvy had gouged out one of his wife's eyes, and threatened, in the police court, "to do for her yet"; another had pounded his wife to a horrible jelly with a flat-iron; another held his by force upon a red-hot stove; and the last on the list, a collier, nearly tore his wife in pieces, with the help of a bull-dog, "because she aggerewated him by giving him a leg of veal for his dinner when he'd made up his mind to a pair o' boiled fowls!"

But Ronayne says maliciously that Mrs. Malise has resigned me to obscurity and the fossil period; not because it was hopeless—the winning me—but because, after all, it didn't seem worth while. True I had broken from the ranks, set up in business for myself, and earned my bread for a while—but then how dreadfully ignorant I am. It was bad enough when I didn't know who Margaret Fuller was, and had never read Mill on "Liberty"; but the day I owned to a pocket dictionary, and my unaided helplessness as to double consonants and such vicious words as *separate*, *niece*, *ascension*, and so on, finished the business.

And no wonder. What do you suppose my Mabel will say, grown tall and wise like her father, to a mother who knows more about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table than about the real kings and bygone personages of her own or any other country—a mother puzzled always as to whether it was Alfred the Great or Sir Humphrey Davy who burnt the cakes; a mother loving Glastonbury better than almost any spot of English ground, and believing devoutly that there Joseph of Arimathea planted his staff that became the winter thorn, blossoming at Christmas, "mindful of our Lord"; that there in the churchyard of the first hurdle-built church he and King Arthur and Queen Guinevere all mouldered away to dust; a mother who knew no more than sufficed to wield crayon and brush indifferently, and to love what she loves with her whole heart?

And I'm writing her life, her little life, with all its tiny unfoldings—a story of her being and doings, illustrated profusely with sketches and photographs—writing it for the Mabel of by and by. Will she forget the tenderness that's in every line and stroke when she comes upon such a sinful juxtaposition as this which Ronayne laughed at the other day. "Flanel peticoat?" Yes, "flanel peticoat"; it *does* look rather queer, but that's only because we're used to the wicked lavishness of the common fashion—and double consonants are only so much crinoline. When I worry sometimes as to what baby'll think of her mother being such a goose, Ronayne says the spelling and all the other stupidities are only piquant, and that he asks of heaven nothing better than a daughter only half as much to his taste as his wife is, which would be very dear of him to think and tell me if he had not rather upset it by admitting that if he had a son who persisted in spelling warm after his mother's eccentric fashion—wharm—he, my husband, would certainly "wharm" that boy—my boy.

And I'd sooner Mabel should laugh even unkindly at her mother's ignorance than ever see her turning over the leaves of a set of books wherein her mother's hand had carefully cut away every allusion to Christian belief, every repetition of God's name—such a set as I saw Mrs. Malise scissoring when I called upon her last.

"These are books that are accumulating for Mill," she explained—"presents from one and another—and I'm cutting out every word that can suggest to him the idea of any life or any world than the only one of which he can gain a certainty through his senses; childish impressions are so tenacious, and I mean him to be utterly free from influence or superstition; open to believe or disbelieve in immortality when his faculties are trained, and he can judge evidence fairly. The Christian scheme seems to me to rest on a mass of unworthy fables; but he is not to be taught in the sense of my conclusion. I shall guard him from my atheism as carefully as from accepted forms of faith. Surely no more can be exacted from a mother than to rear a child unbiassed, and let him make his own experiences, shape his own belief. I believe there are text-books in which no reference to any possible personal Creator of the universe is to be found, and we hope such are in use at the Genevan kindergarten, and Mr. Malise means, in some of his leisure time, to write a series of stories for children in which there shall be no hint of the supernatural; stories that shall deal only with this living, breathing world we know; with no pretty fiction concerning a life and personages generations of men have invented details for"—and I—

I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.

But Geneva and these dreary story-books are two or three years off, let us hope. Meanwhile baby and I are grown very fond of the patient, lonely little man, and I have him here as often as Johanna is pleased to bring him. Great comfort, I see and hear, he

has in Mabel's large, sunny day nursery, gay with birds and pictures, well stocked with playthings, and possessing an extraordinary wooden construction which our little guest beholds with the eye of faith, naming it rapturously gee-gee, and worshipping it as the king of beasts. When we are alone at dinner I have the mites down for a few minutes at dessert, and it is really pathetic to watch little Malaise's shy delight at getting a little fruit and an innocent sweet or two.

THE LABURNUMS,
HENLEY-ON-THAMES,
July 16, 1876. }

CHANGED quarters, you see, my Susie. It was so cold all June I thought we should be able to hold out until the end of the session at No. 18; but July came in flaming; so more for Mabel's sake than our own we've taken a pretty villa here at pretty Henley, for six weeks, and then we're off for Biarritz, where we mean to settle ourselves comfortably, and thence explore, at our leisure, all the lovely yet almost unknown near-by country. The grandpapa paternal has written begging that we'll leave Mabel, whom he calls "Tramp No. 8, and too small for the work," at Castle Starched-stiff-O; but Tramps 1 and 2 think they couldn't possibly fare on comfortably without that small golden head bobbing along beside them, up the hills and down the dales. Nurse is even more gypsyish than her master and mistress, and Mabel has spent the greater part of all her waking hours since she was two months old out of doors; so I think we shall always have in her the hardiest of small comrades.

Miss Hedges goes with us, and we mean, she and I, to bring back between us the entire Basque country in our portfolios.

"I'm thankful we're going to a region of picturesque men," says Ronayne, "for I think my lot in life like-

ly to be a little less afflictive than it was last year. I don't much mind leading contrary minded horses up and down by the hour, coaxing suspicious or aggressive goats; I might even put another bull as savage as that fellow at Twickenham through his paces; but as to posing myself, in any possible fashion, even as a snoring shepherd, please to consider, ladies, that it's not down in our summer programme.

"Talk of the miseries of a man with a literary wife! What are they, I should like to be told, beside those of the unlucky mortal who's married a 'fair artist,' and can never so much as yawn in peace again, without being perpetuated in the act?"

"I had an eye to business when I married you, sir!" I retort. "You see you're a fine, tall, well-made animal, and since I own you, why should I go pay away my money for some other model who wouldn't be half so good-looking, and whom I couldn't frighten so well into minding me? Not pose indeed! Perhaps you would even choose to be bow-legged if so you could escape doing your duty? And I think you're maliciously trying to get stout. In our rides lately, I notice you puff a good deal if we have a bit of a race, and you're really getting a quite perceptible little bulge!"

And Ronayne, who knows very well that he's a capital figure, and whom I accuse of keeping the lowest button of his coat fastened in order to display his slender waist, gives an alarmed glance down at himself, and I see, to my great amusement, that no Bass is uncorked at luncheon, my lord contenting himself with a glass of sherry instead—a needless self-denial, I hasten to add, for he's really no more bulging than a greyhound! But he deserves the little scare for his attempt at rebellion. Fancy my husband having any will of his own about stopping in any attitude I choose him to take, and for as long as I choose! I knew such a queer artist in London, a rather coarse, wholly uneducated woman, but with a streak of real genius. She

married the commonest, stupidest man, a pink-and-white young idiot of a tailor, grown now to be the "heavy father"—red, fat, lazy, letting his wife earn all the money. Somebody scolded about him to the poor, over-worked wife. "Yes, I know I have to keep the pot boiling," she answered, "but then Dave saves a model, he's the kindest father to the children, and he does all the sewing!" He doesn't object to pose, not he! And how proud he is of his wife! I found him alone in her studio one day. I looked over some engravings after Titian while waiting, and the man said, "Them engravings o' Titian's, now, ma'am, they're out o' drawing! But here's a picture o' my wife's that's more the real thing," putting on the easel, with affectionate pride, a painting in which two or three of their children were grouped—a trashy, tawdry, grinning thing, and yet with unmistakable touches of power. And this is a tale my husband has reason to know by heart, I'm sure! Not pose! I wish he had Miss Hedges for a wife! Anything like that girl's utter devotion to her work I've never seen in a woman. Rain or shine, cold or heat, are all one to her; she never has spiritually gray days when the grasshopper's a burden, and Capua itself wouldn't have unnerved her arm and purpose. Work! work! And everything turned to account.

Last summer when she was with us I fainted at some horrible tale or other. She came into the room where I lay stretched flat upon the floor, too miserable to speak, but conscious again. I must do her the justice to say she had heard there was no serious cause for my condition; but her first exclamation was,

"Oh, Lillian, what a color you are! Blue-white, ghastly, your face all drawn, pinched—magnificent! Let me see your hands and nails. Ah, capital! Capital! Poor little Lillian! But if you must faint, what a chance for me! I couldn't think how I was to get the right tint for my

dying soldier. I never saw any one dead or wounded, and I am much too stolid ever to faint myself. Crossing the channel I took my hand-mirror and studied my face when I was desperately sick—but it was all green and pathos—no good! But your color's the very thing—only you get pink so fast! Oh, Lillian, if ever you faint again, have me called the very instant you feel yourself going off!"

This may be called devotion to one's work! But grand work she's going to do. She's full of genius, and has only to get over the niminy-piminy-izing of the South Kensington School, and work abroad a few years, to have a far more justly grounded fame than Rosa Bonheur's.

Already a few first great drops of hershower are falling. She's a picture in the Academy, her first, and *on the Wre*—a picture to which the hanging committee themselves took off their hats, and gave a cheer for the artist; and a regular ovation she had on the private view day—nobility and clergy, fellow artists and journalists, army and navy—such a day as she says can never come again for her, let the future have what success in store for her it may.

She has sold the picture for a thousand guineas, and her sketch in the Black and White Exhibition has appeared in one of the illustrated papers, the same paper offering her *carte-blanche* for illustrations. How I feel like swinging her in triumph before the faces of Mesdames Malise and her friends!—a simple, frank, good girl, who never in her life thought of crying out about a career, and a smoothing of her way, or declared her right to devote herself to art, and to such an unwomanly branch of it as the drawing of horses and soldiers, but set herself obscurely at work, and toiled as faithfully as if she hadn't a spark of genius in her—to win what she has already done, and yet will do!

Mrs. Malise. That reminds me of that household. Our latest news

from it, through Mr. Feldwick, who belongs to a "Sordello" club, for which my liege had a hankering, only they made him an Irish member, and so he'd no time (you wonder what a Sordello club may be! A society of ladies and gentlemen, dear, who read Sordello with a key, and try to find out whatever it's all about!), and Mr. Feldwick is good enough to keep him *au courant* of their discoveries and interpretations, and gossips with me about the Domestic Club. About this Mr. Feldwick is concerned. In losing Mrs. Stainton and Miss Hedges, the house lost much in his eyes, and there have been other changes, and all so much for the worse, that Mr. F. is seriously debating whether the place can long continue sufficiently respectable to be honored by the presence of himself and Smut—his pug dog. The people whom Lady —— brings about the place get queerer and queerer, and the ideas and schemes they broach are—"I'm a man of the world, and something of a philosopher myself," says Mr. F., "and I know human nature has plenty of shady corners; but, aw, really, aw, you know there must be *some* limit!"—which I was glad to hear from the Truth-Seeker. Young ——'s gone off to see if the Fiji islanders or some other outlandish creatures haven't more morality and tenderness and general virtues than the men and women of civilization; and when I tell you he sailed just after the death by diphtheria of three of poor Mimi's children, leaving her to bear that, as all things, unhelped by him, you'll wish with me, that some coppery, tough old savage'll eat him for his investigating pains! If anything can cure her infatuation, one would think this last stroke of barbarity might, and perhaps then there would be some hope for the singer lover, who has taken care of her, shared her grief—borne all the burden that the miserable new Rousseau refused.

The food-reforming trio are gone from the associate household. "The

Food-Regenerator" has not the circulation it deserves. Its editor threw up a secretaryship that was profitable, but cramping to a soaring, unmercenary spirit. So the emoluments of the journal were insufficient for the club life, and they've retired to a poor lodging where that weary white cat, I suppose, is trying to keep the heroic little man and all her hungry progeny—ravens, I of course meant to say, only I'd called their mother a cat!—on broad beans and porridge and next to nothing a week, and do the work of an office-boy besides!

The third member of the trio, the young girl who told me she was to be a "healer," has had a sad fate. She had, it seems, some liabilities to lung disease which she determined to starve out; so the great rations of bran bread and prunes, which distressed Ronayne at the dinner-party, dwindled, months ago, to two or three ounces of bread daily, and a little fruit—the quantity becoming so small that her mother pitiously declared they could not understand how she lived at all.

Reducing her food day by day, she went, in June, to Aberystwith for some weeks. While there, she fell asleep while reading one afternoon in a cave on the coast, and when she wakened it was night, the rain falling heavily, the tide risen so that all egress from the cave was cut off, and she a prisoner. At that season of the year there was no danger beyond that of fright and exposure to damp and chill so many hours; for the water only rises high in the cave during great storms; but even if she had been told this, who remembers or reasons clearly in such sudden, awful moments? But she came out so soon as morning and the ebbing water released her, walked the two or three miles back to her lodging, told her story with apparent calmness, and before night was a raving maniac, so wild and uncontrollable that her family were obliged to place her in a lunatic asylum, and as yet there is nothing favorable to report in her case.

Mrs. Stainton still at Bournemouth, but writing often either to Miss Hedges or to me. In one of her last notes she says, "Do you remember that little story I told you of Ste. Colette, the Saint who was walled up? I think of her so often, so anxiously; I think, I almost think, it will come to that—walling up, I'm afraid not the sanctity!—with me. What a harbor it looks—the cloistered life! And there never seemed to be any place for me in the world. Everything has turned to ashes in my grasp and on my lips. Perhaps it was that the religious life was always calling me. I repeat Père La Cordaire's saying over and over to myself, 'When we Frenchmen become religious, we do it meaning to be religious up to the neck.'

"I should not enter an active order. I have not the strength. But the contemplative ones draw me, draw me. Pray for me!"

Mrs. Stainton, Sybarite of Sybarites, a Carmelite, a poor Clare sleeping on a plank, washing herself with cold water and sand, living on begged bits, bad herrings, and limp cabbages! Shall we indeed see that?

20th July.

Susie! Susie! what an ending I must give my letter. Little Malaise is dead!

"Have you read the papers to-day, Lil?" Ronayne asked me as he was dressing for dinner two days ago.

"No, they're so stupid these days; nothing but Wimbledon and padding. Why? Is there anything to-day?"

"No, no; nothing," he answered, and though I thought his manner a little odd, I had forgotten all about it later when Archdeacon Ryder, who was dining with us, suddenly asked:

"Did you notice the account of that painful accident in Westbourne Grove in this morning's 'News'? Those terrible perambulators! I wish they could be abolished. Maid servants' arms were stouter in my day. This stupid German nurse seems to have got dazed, or was staring everywhere but

where her business lay. An only child, the paper stated, an editor's, but I don't remember the name. It was not one familiar to me. Did you know it?"

"I've heard it," Ronayne answered, and would have changed the subject, but I broke in:

"Oh, Ronayne, a German nurse! Can anything have happened to Mrs. Malise's baby? You needn't be silent. Oh, I'm sure it's he!"

And then it all came out—the fact that the child was killed while his nurse was trying to wheel him across the road in Westbourne Grove—but Ronayne wouldn't have any details told me.

The poor little man! My own baby's age, and such a sweet-tempered, patient little fellow! What a life! To come where he had but grudging welcome, to have no real mother, no warm little places of fond sunshine, and to go away from all this world's possibilities in that sudden cruelty! It wrung my heart, the hardness of it all. But could I really grieve, remembering how chill was the brief life, and remembering, above all, the scheme that was to make of him, so helpless and undefended, a spiritual outcast and foundling?

And since I saw his mother—I went yesterday, having first sacked Henley of white flowers, heliotrope, and fragrant leaves—and found her unshaken in composure, untouched by any sense of duty missed—since then I think I have been only glad that the little soul has taken flight.

Very white and peaceful he looked lying in his crib, and I heaped my flowers all about him.

"How much you loved him!" Mrs. Malise said, as she stood beside me looking at him.

"And how pretty and happy he looks! I wonder if he is happy—if he is anywhere?"

"Well, some time we shall know! And perhaps it is better for him as it is. Often and often his father and I were perplexed as to what we ought to do for him by and by. At any rate he's past our marring! And I hope we shall have no more children to deal with—be responsible for."

Ronayne says I ought to add what I have only told him under my breath, that it completes my sketch of this "advanced" woman, a mother despite herself.

On leaving I said to her something as to where the boy would be buried.

"It is not quite settled," she replied, "but Kensal Green, I suppose. We are both strong advocates of cremation, and wish so much that it were a present possibility. If it were, and even a difficult one, we should certainly bear our practical testimony to the more sanitary way of disposing of our dead. But——"

"Heaven help you!" I interrupted; "and farewell!"

We dare not tell this to nurse, who, though she was the little fellow's fast friend, cried out at the first news of his death:

"Oh, I am glad he is gone, the poor dear! But he was too good for them, and I'm glad he didn't live to have his heart quite broken."

And so ends my going forth after new lights. I'm the richer for my foray in two friends, and the certainty that, Bohemian as I am, I am but a fossil too, and that nature fitted me exactly to my place in making me only the contentedly obscure wife of an Irish member and your

Loving Lil.

S. F. HOPKINS.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHASTELARD.

“SO you are really going to be an heiress, my dearest?” Mary Blanchet said to Minola, when our heroine was settled at home again. “I knew you ought to be, and would be if right were done; but right so often isn’t done. My brother will be so glad to hear it! but not as other people might be glad, you know.” For Mary began to be afraid that by a hasty word she might be filling the heart of her friend with suspicion of her brother.

“I don’t know, Mary. Mr. Money, and others, I suppose, say so. I wish it were not true; I am all right as things are, and I hate the idea of gaining by this poor woman’s death. I think I should not feel so if we had been friends, and if I could think that it was like a kindly gift from her, and that she wished me to have it. But it is all so different. And then what do I want of it?”

“One can do so much good with money,” said little Mary sighing. She was thinking of her brother.

“Yes, that is true,” Minola said, thinking of Mary herself and of what she might perhaps do for her. “But don’t tell any one about this, Mary—not even your brother—if you can well help it,” Minola added, knowing what little chance there would be of Mary’s keeping such a thing secret from her brother. “It is all uncertain and only talk as yet, you know.”

“These things are never secret, dearest,” Mary said with a wise shake of the head. “Men always get to know of them. I think the birds of the air carry the news abroad that a woman has money, or that she has not,” and Mary sighed again gently.

“Do you see much of an alteration

in the ways of men toward me already, Mary? Do they hang around me in adoring groups? Do they lean enraptured over me as I sweep the chords of the harp? Do they who whispered that I sang like the crow before, now loudly declare that my voice puts the nightingale out of conceit with his own minstrelsy?”

“Now you are only talking nonsense, dear; for we know so few men—and then you don’t play the harp, and you never sing in company. But, if you ask me, I think I do see some difference.”

“Already, Mary?”

“Well, yes, I think so; in one instance at least. Not surely that you were not likely to have attentions enough paid to you in any case, if you cared about them or encouraged them, and that, even if you hadn’t a sixpence in the world—but still——”

“But still it does enhance one’s charms, you think? Come, Mary, tell me the name of this mercenary admirer. Depend upon it, all his arts shall fail.”

“You are only laughing at me still, dearest, but there is something in it I can tell you for all that. It is not my idea alone, I can assure you. What do you think of a Duke’s brother for an admirer, Minola?”

Little Mary Blanchet was a crafty little personage. She thought she could not too soon begin working for her brother’s cause by trying to throw discredit on the motives of all other possible wooers. She had observed when going now and then to the house of the Moneys, during the last few days, that the returned cadet of the one great ducal house whereof she had any knowledge was there every day, and that he was very attentive to Minola. The same remark had been

made by Mr. Money, and had called forth an indignant objection from Lucy, who protested against the thought of her Nola having a broken-down outcast like that for a lover. But Mary, who was almost terrified at the idea of sitting down in the same room with any member of the great family who owned the mausoleum at Keeton, was not certain how far the name of a family like that might not go with any girl, even Minola, and believed it not an unwise precaution to begin as soon as possible throwing discredit on his purposes.

Minola tried not to seem vexed. She had liked to talk to Mr. St. Paul when he came, as he did every day of her stay in Victoria street. She had liked it because it gave her no trouble in thinking, and it saved her from having to talk to others with whom she might have felt more embarrassed, and because it turned away attention from what might perhaps have otherwise been observed—as she feared at least—by too keen eyes. If Mary must suspect anything, it was a relief to find that she only suspected this, and Minola tried to make merry with her about her absurdity. But in her secret heart she sickened at such talk, and such thoughts, and felt as if the very shadow of the fortune which was expected for her, falling already on her path, was making it one of new pain and of still less accustomed shame.

"Poverty parts good company, used to be said," Minola thought; "a little money seems much more likely to part good company in my case."

Yet that there are advantages in a command of money was soon made very clear to Minola. When she returned from a walk a day or two after she found a specimen copy of Herbert Blanchet's poems awaiting her, with a note from Victor Heron. The letter was somewhat awkward and rueful. Mr. Heron explained that, by her express instructions, he had allowed Blanchet to have it all his own way in the arrangement of the style of his appearance in paper and print; and that

the cost had become something far greater than he had anticipated.

"You should never have been troubled about this," Victor went on to say, "but that you made me promise that you alone should pay for this thing; I wish I hadn't made any such promise, or consented that Blanchet should have his way in the business. To think of a grown man, who has seen the world, leaving a matter of money and business in the hands of a girl and a poet! Blanchet has been going it."

Minola in all her trouble found room for wonder, delight, and something like alarm in looking at the superb edition in which the poems of Mr. Blanchet were to go before a world scarcely prepared for so much artistic gorgeousness. All that vellum paper, rare typography, costly and fantastic binding, and lavish illustration could do for poetry, had been done without stint on behalf of Herbert Blanchet. The leaves were as thick as parchment and as soft as satin. Only a very few lines of verse appeared on each broad luxurious page. Every initial letter of a sentence was a fantastic design. The whole school of Blanchet's artistic friends had rushed into combination to enrich the pages, the margins, and the covers, with fanciful illustration. If they only had been great, or even successful and popular artists, the book might have been worth its weight in gold. Unfortunately Mr. Blanchet's artistic friends were not yet great or famous. The outer world—the world which, in the opinion of the school, was wholly composed of dullards and Philistines—knew as yet nothing about these artists, and neither blamed them nor praised them. The volume was as large in its superficial extent as an ordinary atlas, and some of the poems which occupied a whole page were not more than four lines in length. The whole thing seemed truly, in the words of a poet whom Mr. Blanchet especially despised, "all a wonder and a wild desire."

Thinking of herself as the patroness

and in some sort the parent of such a volume, Minola felt some such mixture of pride and timidity as a modest girl might own who has suddenly been made a princess, and is not quite certain whether she will be able to support her position with becoming nerve and dignity.

There came a little letter too from the poet himself. It ran in this fashion:

"DEAR PATRONESS AND QUEEN: The poet has not dared to send in unfitting casket the offering which your approval has made precious. The poems which are addressed to you must at least offer themselves in form not unworthy to be touched by your hand.

"In all devotion yours,

"HERBERT BLANCHET."

Nor did the volume want a poetical dedication. The second leaf contained the following:

UNTO MY LADY PATRONESS AND QUEEN.

Upon my darkness may there well be fall
Light of all darkness, darkness of all light;
Starfire of amber, dew of deathlike sheen;
Waters that burn, pale fires that sicken all,
And shadows all aglow with saffron light;
But comes my lady who is Glory's queen,
And all the bright is dark, and pallid dark
the bright.

Minola read this dedication again and again, puzzled, amused, angry, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry. "Am I glory's queen?" she asked of her own soul. "And if I am, am I letting light or darkness in upon my poor poet? Am I depriving him of the amber, the dew, and the saffron light, or not? Is it praise or blame, this dedication? I suppose it must be praise, but I don't think anybody could tell from its words. Oh, my dear little Mary Blanchet, why must you have a brother—and why must that brother be a poet?"

There was one consolation—the dedication did not set forth her name, and nobody could know who the lady patroness of the poet might be. Minola felt inclined to be offended that she should be in any way brought into

this folly, but she was not certain whether remonstrance or complaint might not be more ridiculous than utter silence. After all nobody knew anything about her or cared, she said. If she were to complain in any way, it would only grieve poor Mary, whom she thought that her brother could have offended her friend and leader would drive well-nigh distracted. "What does it matter if I am made a little ridiculous in my own eyes?" she asked herself. "It is only in my own eyes, I suppose. Mary will look on it all as delightful; her brother of course means it for the best, and thinks it superb poetry; and there is no one else likely to care either way. It is not much to be a little more ridiculous in my own eyes than I have already made myself."

Perhaps—perhaps—let it be said with hesitation and much caution—there was something not wholly unwelcome to our heroine in the idea that she could be glory's queen and all the rest of it, to any human creature, not to say any poet, just now. She felt humbled and deeply depressed. In her own eyes she was lowered by what she knew of her own heart. Her pride had received a terrible wound, almost a death wound. The little world she had made so proudly for herself had all crumbled into dust. It is not wonderful if at such a time there should be, in spite of her sense of the ridiculous and her senses generally, a certain soothing influence in the fact that there still was some one in whose eyes she appeared a person of account and even of dignity. At all events, let it be frankly said, that when the first shock and stir of the ridiculous were passed, Minola was not inclined to think more harshly than before of the poor poet who called her his patroness and his queen. As to the expense of the publication, she was a little startled at first, but that sensation very quickly passed away. She was not enough of a woman of business yet to care about the cost of anything so long as she had the money to

pay. It would run her hard in her first year of independent life, to pay this much, but then she could pay it and live somehow, and it would only be a case for strict economy in the future for some time. Besides, it seemed that whether she would or not, she was likely to have much more money than she wanted or could use for any purposes of her own. Then she was further stimulated to carelessness by Mr. Heron's letter.

"If he thinks I care about money, or the cost of serving a friend, he is mistaken," she said. "His caution and his protestations are thrown away on me."

For she was much inclined to be unjust and harsh in her mind toward Heron now. He had committed, all unconsciously, a terrible offence. He had, without knowing it, made her fall in love with him. So she made the best of the whole affair, cost, dedication, glory's queen, and all; and when Mary Blanchet came to look at the precious volume, and to go into raptures over it, Minola did her very best to seem contented, and not even to suggest a criticism, or to ask what this or that meant. She reminded herself that the late Lord Lytton had written contemptuously of the "fools on fools" who "still ask what Hamlet means."

"This may be as far off from me as Hamlet from other people," she told herself. "Why confess myself a fool by asking what anything means? And in any case Mary Blanchet would not know any better than I."

By this resolve she made one woman happy.

But it was not only a woman on whom she had conferred happiness. Herbert Blanchet was as happy as even his sister could have wished him to be. The head of the poet swam in delight. He had never before been so proud and blest. He hung over his volume for hours; he could hardly get away from it. When he left it for a moment and tried to escape from its fascinations, he found himself drawn

back again into its presence. He touched fondly its soft, satiny leaves as though they were the cheek of beauty; he pressed his own cheek against them; he committed all the follies which we understand and admire in the immemorial raptures of the young lover or the father of the first born.

"They must see this," he cried aloud. "They can't overlook a volume like this." "They" being, of course, that public whose opinion he had always despised—those critics whose praise he had always declared to be the worst censure to a man of true genius.

To do our poet justice, it must be owned that there was in his breast for the first time a deep, strong feeling of gratitude. That emotion came there with a strange, overwhelming force, like that of intoxication to a man always rigidly sober before. If Minola had had him crowned a king, she could hardly have done any greater thing for him. Few men on earth can ever have had their dearest ambition so sweetly gratified as it was the lot of Herbert, the poet, to find his ambition gratified now. To have his poems so set before the world would have been a glory and a rapture, no matter though the patron's hand had been that of a withered old man or some fat frump of a dowager; but to be thus lifted to his longed-for pedestal by the hand of a young and beautiful woman was something which he had never dreamed of asleep, and seldom allowed even into the dreams of his wild, vain waking hours. The emotion called up by experience was as new as the experience itself. Mr. Blanchet felt profoundly grateful. In that moment of excitement he would probably, if need were, have laid down his life for Minola.

If Minola knew what strange effect had been wrought in the breast of her poet, she would assuredly have thought her money well laid out, even although she had wanted it far more than she did. "To making a man happy, ten pounds," is the peculiar entry on

which a famous essay in the "Spectator" was founded. To make a man grateful for the first time is surely a nobler piece of work than to make him merely happy, and it ought fairly to cost a good deal more. Minola had made a man for the first time both grateful and happy. The work was a little expensive in this case, but what miser will say that the money was thrown away?

It is not likely, however, that Minola would have been quite so much delighted if she could have known all the feelings that her generous, improvident patronage had awakened in the poet's breast. For Mr. Blanchet knew women well, he thought; and he did not believe that mere kindness alone could have impelled Minola to such an act of bounty. Nor, making every needful allowance for the friendship between Miss Grey and his sister, did he find in that a sufficing explanation of Minola's liberality. He set himself to think over the whole matter coolly and impartially, and he could come to no other conclusion than that Miss Grey admired him. He was a handsome fellow, as he knew very well, and tall, and romantic in appearance: what could be more natural than that a poetic young woman should fall in love with him? He felt sure that he had fallen in deepest love with her, but it is doubtful whether he was yet in a condition to analyze his own excited feelings very clearly. It is certain that he was madly in love with his poems, with their gorgeous first edition, with the pride and the prospect of the whole affair; and of course likewise in love with the patroness to whom he was indebted for so much of a strange delight. But how much was love of himself and how much of Minola, he did not take time to consider.

There was an artistic and literary association to which Blanchet belonged, and amid which he passed most of his nights. It was not exactly a club, for it had neither definite rules nor even a distinct habitation. It was a little sect rather than a club. It was

an association of men who believed each in himself, and all, at least for the present, in each other. Their essential condition of existence was scorn of the world's ways, politics, and theories of art. They held that man himself was a poor creature, unworthy of the artist's serious consideration. All that related to the well-being of that wretched animal in the way of political government they looked down upon with mere contempt. The science which professed to concern itself about his health, the social philosophy which would take any account of his moral improvement, were alike ridiculous in the eyes of this æsthetic school. If, however, any uninitiated person should imagine that in setting up art as the only serious business of life they were likely to accept any common definition of art, he would find himself as open to their scorn as if he had tried to improve a bad law or subscribed to the funds of some religious organization. Art with them was their own art. The enlightened parson, Thwackum, in "Tom Jones," observes that "When I mention religion I mean of course the Christian religion, and when I speak of the Protestant religion I mean the religion of the Church of England." It was in this spirit that the confraternity to which Mr. Blanchet belonged defined art. They only meant their own particular sect; out of that there was no salvation. Art, it is said, hath no enemy but the ignorant. These artists, however, were the enemies of all art but their own.

At the present these genial brothers regularly met of nights in the lodgings of one of them, who happened to have a large studio in the west central region of London, where so much of this unfashionable story happens to be cast. Victor Heron had many times been told of the genius that burned by night in that favored haunt, and had expressed a modest wish to be allowed to pass for an hour within its light. Mr. Blanchet was glad of the opportunity of introducing such a friend; for

it somehow seemed as if the consideration of any member of the fraternity was enhanced among his brothers not a little by the fact that he could introduce into their midst some distinguished personage from the despised outer world. With them Victor Heron might very well pass for a distinguished public man, as in fact he already did, with no design of his own that way, in the eyes of Herbert Blanchet. To Victor the school was all composed of gifted and rising men, whom it was a pride to know or even to meet. To the school, on the other hand, Victor was a remarkable public man, a tremendous "swell," who had done some wondrous things in some far-off countries, and who, for all they knew at the time, might be regarded by the world as the prospective Prime Minister of England.

There was a peculiar principle of reciprocity tacitly recognized among these brothers in art. No one of them would admit that there was anything which his brother knew and he did not know. If one of them read an author for the first time, and came to meet his fellows proud of his freshly-acquired knowledge, he found no man among them who would admit that he had not from his birth upward been equally familiar with the author in question. It would be easy, surely, some one may say, to expose such pretension. Just so; of course it would. But when one brother had shown to-night that his friends had never read Schopenhauer, and in point of fact could not read him if they tried, who should guarantee that same brother against a similar exposure of his own harmless little false pretences to-morrow when he professed to know all about Euripides? It was not found convenient in this little circle to examine too closely into the pretensions of each other. Live and let live was the motto of the school so far as their esoteric professors were concerned.

There was indeed a legend that some malign person acquainted with the peculiarities of the school had once

compelled them to invent a patron poet. It was done in this fashion: the malign person talked confidently and fluently to one of the order concerning a French poet, whom he described as a gifted apostle of a kindred school, and whom he was pleased to name De Patroque. The youth thus talked to was not to be outdone, or even to be instructed. He gave out that he had long had his eyes fixed reverently on the genius of the gifted De Patroque. He talked largely, not to say bouncingly, of the great De Patroque among his friends, who, not to be outdone in their turn, talked to him and to others of the new apostle. The fame of De Patroque grew and grew, until at last ill-natured persons affirmed that several essays on his genius, and fraternal hymns of honor, were composed for him by the admirers of his mythical career.

To this select circle Mr. Blanchet had for some time proposed to introduce his friend Victor Heron. On the very day when the first copies of the gorgeous poems were submitted to privileged eyes, Mr. Blanchet called on his friend. He found the friend a little put out by the unexpected lavishness of the manner in which the poetic enterprise had been carried on.

"This will be an awfully expensive business, I'm afraid," Heron said, in an embarrassed tone, for he felt that it was a sort of profanation to talk of money matters with a young poet. "I wish you had let me do this thing myself, Blanchet. I'd not have minded so far as I'm concerned. But I don't know about her, you see—she may not have much money. Then young ladies are generally so enthusiastic; she may not have thought of what the thing would cost."

"You need not think about that," Herbert said loftily. "Miss Grey will be a rich woman one of these days——"

"But I don't see that that much alters the matter, although I am decidedly glad to hear it for her own sake, if it will make her any happier than

she is now—which I take it is not by any means certain. But I don't see throwing away her money without her knowing all about it any the more."

"Throwing away her money?" Herbert asked, in tones of lofty protest.

"Well, I don't mean that of course," the good-natured Heron hastened to explain in all sincerity. "You know very well, my dear Blanchet, what I think of your merits and your poems, and of all true poets. I know that it is an honor for any one, whether man or woman, to be allowed to help a poet to come out before the world and make a success. I only wish I had had a chance of doing such a thing for you; but this young lady, you know—I don't feel quite certain whether I ought to have spent her money so freely."

"I can reassure you, I think," the poet said, with chilling dignity. "I should never have allowed any one to do anything for me without having satisfied myself that it was done in the unstinting spirit of friendship, and by some one whom such kindness would not hurt."

"All right; I am glad to hear you say so, of course, but you won't wonder at my scruples, perhaps——"

"Your scruples, my dear fellow, do you infinite honor," Mr. Blanchet said, with a slight dash of irony in his tone, which Heron did not at the moment perceive, being in truth engrossed by some other thoughts. "But you may accept my assurance that there is no further occasion for them, and we will, if you please, change the subject."

Victor did not feel by any means well satisfied that there was no occasion for scruple, nor did he at all like his poetic friend's way of looking at the matter. But he reflected that Blanchet might after all have good warrant for what he had said, and that it was not for him to cavil at the generosity of a rich girl—if she were rich—toward a poor poet.

So they went along, the poet and his distinguished political friend, to the scene of the artistic and literary

gathering, which the latter was so proud to see, and the former so proud to show.

We have all read in story about the effect of some little magic word, which once spoken makes that which was lovely before seem but loathly, and what was kindly wisdom sound like fatuous malignity. Was there some such ill-omened charm working all that night on Victor Heron? Nothing seemed to him like what he had expected. He was not impressed as he had felt sure he would be by the poets and other sons of genius. They did not seem to constitute an assembly of noble minds in whose midst he was to feel such reverence as the rude Gauls of history or legend felt in the presence of the Roman senators. The thoughts that he heard did not strike him as celestial in their origin. There was a good deal of disparagement and denunciation of absent authors and artists, which if the talkers had not been men of genius, Victor would certainly have thought ill-natured and spiteful. There seemed, at least, to his untutored mind, to be little more than a technical relish of art in all they said. It was not art they cared for, but only a clique and its tricks. A group of discontented spinsters girding at their younger sisters who were married could hardly have shown themselves more narrow-minded and malign. The effect on Victor was profoundly depressing. It was like that which might be wrought upon a youth, who after gazing in rapture on the performance of some queen of classic tragedy, is at his earnest desire taken to see her in her private life, and finds her slatternly of dress, mean of speech, wholly uninspired by her art, and only taking a genuine pleasure in disparagement or slander of her rivals.

If Victor had known the world better, he would have known that much, very much, of all this was but the mere affectation and nonsense of youth. These young men were as yet among the "odious race of the unappreciated." Yet a little, and some of them

will make a success, and will have the credit of the world for what they do, and they will turn out good fellows, kindly, true, and even modest. Nothing makes some young men so insufferably conceited and aggressive as the idea that they are not successful, and that people know it. There are many of us mortals with whom prosperity only agrees. On the other hand, some of these youths will fail early, completely, and wholesomely in their artistic attempts, and will find out the fact for good, and will retire from the field altogether, and settle down to something else, and make a success, or at least a decent living, in some other way of life, and will forget all the worse teaching of their earlier days; and will look back without bitterness on the time when they tried to impress a dull world, and have no feeling of hatred for those who have done better, but will marry and bring up children, and be Philistines and happy. Youth has only one season—luckily for a good many of us, who are decent fellows enough as long as we are content to be ourselves, and can do without affectation.

CHAPTER XVII.

"UNDER BONYBELL'S WINDOW-PANES."

BUT there was something more in Victor Heron's feeling of depression that night than came from the mere fact that he had found a few young artists not quite such heroic spirits as he thought they ought to be. It was the demeanor of Herbert Blanchet that especially spoiled the evening for him. In truth the head of the poet was not a strong one, and was very easily turned by any little stimulant of whatever kind. His volume of poems this night affected all his being. He felt sure that he was at last about to force himself upon the recognition of the world, and he made up his mind that Miss Grey was in love with him. He conveyed hints of his approaching

good fortune to his companions; and he received at first with benign courtesy their compliments on the success that seemed to await him in life and love. But when some too forward person suggested that he could possibly guess at the name of the heiress whose heart and hand were to bless the lucky poet, then Blanchet became gravely and even severely dignified.

"You will excuse me, Mellifont," he said grandly, the brandy and soda having, as was the wont of any such liquor taken by our poor poet, gone straight upward to his head—"you will excuse me, I am sure, if I say this is not exactly a subject for jocularity; or even, permit me to add, for general conversation, although among friends. My distinguished friend, Mr. Heron, will, I am sure, exactly appreciate what I say. Things may not be so completely settled as to make it proper that they should be spoken of as if—as if in short they were settled; you will excuse me, Mellifont, my dear fellow—you will excuse me."

Victor Heron thought it time for him to go, and rose accordingly, and Mr. Blanchet insisted on accompanying him down the stairs and to the door of the house.

"I thought it right, you know," the over-dignified poet said, "to put a stop to that sort of thing. Men have no right to make such inferences. I should have no right myself to assume that things were settled in that sort of way. It is not just to others—to another at least. You appreciate my motives I am sure, Heron, my dear friend!"

"I don't know that I even quite understand what your friend was talking about," said Heron coldly. "But if it was about any lady, I should think such conjecturing highly improper and impertinent; and I should be rather inclined to put a stop to it even more quickly."

"Quite my idea—I am glad you entirely concur with me, and approve of the course I have taken. But of course you would do so. I knew I could

count on your approval. By the way, you know Mellifont?"

"The man you talked to just now!"

"Yes, Mellifont—a very good fellow, though a little too fond of talking—I have had to reprove him more than once, I can tell you. But a very good fellow for all that, and one of the only true artists now alive. He is a composer—you must hear him play some bits from his opera. He is at work on an opera, you know—or perhaps you have not heard?"

"I have not heard—no. I am rather out of the way of such things, I fear," said Victor, beginning to feel, in spite of himself, a certain awe of a man who could compose an opera, and thinking that, after all, a certain allowance must be made for the genius of one who could do such things.

"Oh, you must hear some of it soon! We feel satisfied that it will sound the death knell of all the existing schools of music. They are all wrong, sir, from the first to the last, from Mozart to Wagner—all wrong except Mellifont."

Victor was for the moment really staggered by the genius of this great man.

"What is his opera to be called?" he asked, not venturing to hazard any compromising observation.

"*'The Seven Deadly Sins.'* It is to be in seven acts, and each act is to give an entirely new illustration of a deadly sin—which Mellifont will show to be the only true virtues of mankind. It will make a revolution, I can tell you."

Victor thought it could hardly fail to do that if it were at all successful in the object set out by its author.

"It is to have seven heroines," the poet went on, still at the door, and refusing to allow Victor to depart. "Lot's daughters—let me see—Mes-salina, Locusta; Jezebel I think, Theodora, and I believe, Mrs. Brownrigg. It will be a splendid thing."

It was not easy for Victor to get away, for the poet had to tell him of other great works of art that were in

the contemplation of members of the school. At length Blanchet released him, thanking him grandly for the assistance he had lent to the bringing out of his book, but adding even more grandly some words that fell painfully on Victor's ear.

"I hope to be independent of publishers and drudgery before long; I fancy—I rather believe it depends upon myself, and I think I owe it to my own genius to raise myself above the necessity of drudgery. Then I could do something worthy of myself, and the few whose praise I value."

Victor escaped at last and walked away. He was in a very discontented mood, an unusual thing for him. He could not help believing that there must be, or at least might be, something in the idea which Blanchet so evidently wished people to receive. He feared that there must be something more than mere kindly patronage in Miss Grey's generosity toward Blanchet. The thought was strangely disagreeable to him. He could not think with patience of such a girl being in love with such a man. He was now disposed to exaggerate the demerits of the poet, and to believe anything mean of one who could take a girl's money and give out as an excuse for taking it that she was in love with him. "If I had a sister," he thought, "and any fellow were to give such hints about her, I wonder how I should like it, and I wonder how much of it I should stand!"

He felt sorry, very sorry, for Minola, and perhaps a little angry with her too for allowing to any man the chance of suggesting such things. The more he thought of her and all he had seen of her, the less she seemed fitted for such a lover as Mr. Blanchet. She had impressed Victor greatly by her manners, her fresh and frank character, and the simple, trusting generosity which was her transparent attribute. He began to look on the poet now as a mere fortune-hunter, who was fastening upon the girl because of the money which he expected

her to have. He did not know how consuming a passion is the vanity of the small artistic mind—the mind which has art's ambition only and not art's inspiration. Mr. Blanchet was not a fortune-hunter in the ordinary sense. His poems were to him as yet much dearer than any fortune. He was drawn to Minola not because she had money, but because having money she was willing to spend some of it in bringing out his poems in a handsome edition.

Our hero's quixotic temper was thoroughly roused by the thought of some wrong which he fancied was about to be done to Minola. He was not one of those lucky beings who can let things alone. He never could let things alone. Had he had the gift of those who can, he would just then have been governor of some rising colony, and would have been in a fair way of promotion. He was tormented by the thought that there was something he ought to do to save Minola from some vaguely terrible fate, and by not being able to see what the something was which lay within his power to do. Before he had walked many yards he had worked himself into the idea that a plot of some sort was in preparation to entrap Minola into a marriage with one who, poet or not, was wholly unworthy of her.

His energetic spirit at length suggested something to be done. It was not, perhaps, a very practical or useful stroke of policy, but it was the only thing which occurred to him and the only thing which he did just then. He started off at full speed to walk under the windows of the house where Miss Grey was living. It was now fully midnight, and of course he had not the slightest idea of seeing Minola, and, indeed, would have been greatly embarrassed if he had seen her. But he started off, nevertheless, to walk under her windows with as eager a step and as steady a purpose as if he were really hastening to rescue her from some imminent danger. It was only a short walk from where he then was to Minola's

lodgings; but Heron was so eager in his purpose that the way seemed miles, which he was covering with hasty strides.

When he reached the house where Minola lived, the aspect of the place was just such as, if he had been a lover, he might have expected or desired to find. The house was all in darkness save for one window. There was a looking-glass in that window, making it plain to the least observant of human creatures that it must be the window of a bedroom. How could a lover doubt that that must be the window of the room which was hers, and that she then watched the stars of midnight, and that she thought of love, and that her soul was, as Jean Paul puts it, in the blue ether? For the moment Victor Heron found himself wishing that he were a lover—were the lover of whom the lady, fancy-fixed in that one lighted room, might be thinking. But if it were Minola's room, he thought, she certainly had not him or any memory of him in her mind. It was a clear, soft midnight, and the moon that shone on the near roof of the British Museum seemed as poetic and as sad as though it fell on the ruins of the Parthenon. No practice in colonial administration can wholly squeeze the poetic and the romantic out of the breast of a young man of Heron's time of life. As he stood there his grievance seemed as far off as the moon herself, but not by any means so poetic and beautiful. He paced up and down, feeling very young and odd, and unlike his usual self. He was happy in a queer, boyish way that had a certain shamefaced sensation about it, as when a youth for the first time drinks suddenly of some sparkling wine, and feels his brain and senses all aflame with delicious ecstasy, and is afraid of the feeling although he delights in it.

It was a natural part of the half fantastic chivalry of his character that he should have felt a sort of satisfaction in thus for the moment being near Minola, as if by that means he were in

some sort protecting her against danger. If at that time any softer and warmer feeling than mere friendship were mingling itself with Heron's sensations, he did not then know it. He thought of the girl as a sweet friend, new to him, indeed, but very dear, in whose happiness he felt deeply interested, and over whom he had taken it into his head that he had a right to watch. She seemed to be strangely alone in the world of London, and, indeed, to be at the same time not suited for anything in London but just such isolation. He never could think of her as mixing in the ordinary society of the metropolis. He could not think of her as one of the common crowd, following out mechanically the registered routine of the season's amusements, listening to the commonplace talk, and compliments, and cheap cynicism of the drawing-room and the five o'clock tea. To him she appeared as different from all that, and as poetically lifted above it, as if she were Hawthorne's Hilda, high up in her Roman tower, among her doves, and near to the blue sky. Except in the home of the Moneys, Heron had never seen Minola in anything that even looked like society; and there was a good deal of the odd and the fresh in that home which took it out of the range of the commonplace, and did not interfere with his poetic idealization of Minola. Her presence and her way of life appeared alike to him a poetic creation. So quiet, self-sufficing a life, alone in the midst of the crowd, such simple strength of purpose, such a tranquil choice of the kind of existence that suited her best, such generosity and such gracious, loving kindness—all this together made up a picture which had a natural fascination for a chivalrous young man, who had never before had time to allow the softer and more romantic elements of his nature any chance of expression. It may be that for the present Minola was to him but the first suggestion of an embodiment of all the vague, floating thoughts and visions of

love and womanhood that must now and then cross the spiritual horizon of every young man, no matter how closely he may be occupied with colonial affairs and the condition of the colored races. The hero of a French story, whereof there is not otherwise overmuch good to be said, speaks with a feeling as poetic as it is true when he says that in the nightingale's song he heard the story of the love that he ought to have known, but which had not yet come to him. Perhaps in the eyes and in the voice of Minola Victor Heron unconsciously found this story told for him.

However that might be, it is certain that Heron found a curious satisfaction this night in passing again and again before Minola's door, and making believe to himself as if he were guarding her against danger. He might have remained on guard in this way, heaven knows how long—for, as we know, he was not fond of early going to bed—but that he suddenly "was aware," as the old writers put it, of another watcher as well as himself. It was unmistakable. Another man came up and passed slowly once or twice under the same windows, and on the side of the street where Heron had put himself on guard. Then the new comer, observing, no doubt, that he was not alone, had crossed to the other side of the street, and Heron thought he was only a chance passer and was gone altogether. Presently, however, he crossed the road again, and stood a short distance away from Heron as if he were watching him. Now, though Victor Heron was not a lover, he had just as much objection as any lover could have to being seen by observant eyes when watching under a girl's window. The mere thought recalled him at once to chilling commonplace. He was for going away that moment; all the delight was gone out of his watching. But he was a little curious to know if the new comer were really only a casual stranger whom his movements had stirred into idle curiosity. So he went straightway

down the street and passed the unwelcome intruder. He felt sure the face of the man was known to him, although he could not at first recall to mind the person's identity. He felt sure, too, by the way in which the man looked at him and then turned suddenly off, that the new comer had recognized him as well. This was tormenting for the moment, as he went on perplexing himself by trying to think who it was that he had seen in this unexpected and unwished-for way. He walked slowly, and looked back once or twice. He could not see his disturber any more. The man had either gone away or was, perhaps, standing in the shadow of a doorway. Suddenly an idea flashed upon Heron.

"Why, of course," he exclaimed, "it's he!" I ought to have known! It's the man from Keeton—the hated rival."

By "hated rival," however, Heron did not mean a rival in love, but only in electioneering; for he now knew that it was Mr. Sheppard he had seen, and he remembered how Mr. Sheppard, when he met him in Minola's room, had seemed oddly sullen and unwilling to fraternize. This was the reason why Heron called him the hated rival. His own idea of a rival in an election contest was that of a person whom one ought to ask to dinner, and treat with especial courtesy and fair offer of friendship.

Suddenly, however, another idea had occurred to him.

"What on earth can he be doing there," he asked, "under her window? Can it be possible that he too is a lover?"

He too? Who then was *the* lover—the other lover? Heron did not believe, and would not admit, that Blanchet was a genuine lover at all. The whole theory of Victor's duty to watch under Minola's windows was based on the assumption that Blanchet was no true lover, but a cunning hunter of fortune. Why then ask, Was Mr. Sheppard too a lover? Heron did not at the moment stop to ask himself

any such question, but after awhile the absurdity of his words occurred to him, and he was a little amused and a good deal ashamed of his odd and hasty way of putting the question.

"Why shouldn't he be there as well as I?" he said. "Why should he be a lover any more than I?"

Then he began to assure himself that the hated rival must have been there only by chance; and it is doubtful whether if he had thought much longer over the question he would not have ended by convincing himself that nothing but the merest chance had brought him, too, under Minola's window panes.

It was, indeed, Minola's window under which he had been watching; and she too was watching, and never dreamed that he was so near. She looked from her window not long after he had gone, and saw the street all lonely, and felt lonely herself, and shuddered, thinking that life would ever be a dreary piece of work for her. It is a melancholy fact that all that time, and even long after she had gone in shuddering from the window, poor Sheppard was standing in a doorway at the opposite side of the street, and that she not only never saw him, but never thought of him. Her thoughts were of Victor Heron, and of her own folly and her own love—that love which seemed such folly, which was so hopeless, which she knew, or at least believed it was a sort of treason against friendship to indulge, although in absolute secret.

In Uhland's pretty poem called "Departure" a youth is going on his wanderings, and his comrades escort him a little on his way, and as they go along they pass beneath the windows of a pretty girl. The lad looks up, and would fain if he might have a rose from her hand, and yet tells himself that he would not have it—for to what end to have the rose when she whom he loved cared nothing for him, and the rose would only wither with him, and to no purpose? When he has gone the girl strains her eyes after

him in grief, and wonders what the world is to be to her now that he she loved is going far away, and never knew of her love. A few timely words might have spared all the heart-ache, no doubt; but it will be a very different world from that which we have known when all the words that might have been timely are spoken in time, or even when the feelings that might prompt the timely words have learned their own meaning at the right moment to give it breath.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"COUNSEL BEWRAYED."

THE next morning Heron rose with a distinct purpose of doing something to put Minola on her guard. His purpose to do something was much more clear than his knowledge of what he had better do. Anyhow he thought he would go and see Minola, and say something to her. When he began to speak he would probably hit upon the thing to say. As he might have put it himself, Providence would pull him through somehow. The first thing was to get to speech of Minola. This, at least, ought not to be hard to compass.

His first idea was simply to go to her house and ask to see her. But when he was near the scene of his mounting guard the past night he began to think of the difficulties that would be put in his way if any one else were present. How, for example, could he possibly say what he specially wanted to say if Mary Blanchet were present, or were even coming and going in and out of the room, as she was almost sure to be? On the other hand, how could he formally ask for a private conversation with Minola without stirring all manner of absurd curiosity and conjecture? At the very least, Mary Blanchet would be sure to ask, when he had gone, what he had come to say; and that would, under the circumstances, be rather embarrassing for Minola. He gave up, therefore, the idea of seeing Miss Grey at her own house.

Another plan at once occurred to him. He knew how often Minola walked in Regent's Park—he would go and walk there about the time which she usually chose, and he would go again and again until he met her. So he started off for the Park, greatly relieved in mind to be doing anything. All the time there was a good deal of work on his account which he might and, if he were at all a sensible young man, would have been doing. The time that he was spending in trying to ward off from Minola a supposed danger might, if properly used, have procured him an interview with a Cabinet Minister, or paved the way for easy success at the future election for Keeton. There were twenty things which Mr. Money had often told him he must do if he would have the faintest hope of any success in anything; and all these things he was utterly neglecting because he chose to think that he was called on to give some advice to a girl who perhaps would repay him with but little thanks for his officious attempt at interference.

He walked slowly through the park, along the paths which he knew that she loved, and made for the canal. It was a soft, gray day, with no sky seen. The air was surcharged with moisture; but it was not raining, and the grass was only as if a heavy dew had settled on it. The soft breath that floated over the fields was warm and languid. Only three colors were to be seen all across the park: the green of the grass, the gray of the clouds, or of the one cloud rather, and the dull black of the tree-trunks. These colors indeed were softened, and shaded away, and blended into each other, with indefinable varieties of tone and delicate interchanges of effect. It was just the day to make a certain class of observer curse the stupid and foggy monotony of the English climate. It was the day, too, to gladden the heart of a certain refined class of artist with whom delicate effects of tone and shade are precious and familiar. Certainly it might be

called a day of poetic atmosphere. To Victor, who had long been used to the unwinking steadiness of a tropical sun, there was something specially refreshing and delightful in the grass, the trees, and the cloud. He found himself yearning in heart for a life which would leave him more time and thought for the skies, the trees, and the air.

Suddenly the scene vanished from his eyes, and he only saw Minola Grey. He was now approaching the canal, and he saw her leaning over the bridge and looking into the water. It was early in the day—too early for the nursemaids and the children, and the ordinary walkers, and there was no one but Minola now in Heron's sight.

The girl, as she leaned on the railing of the bridge and looked into the water, might have been adopted by any artist as a model-figure of melancholy. If Victor had been less in a hurry with everything—if he had remained where he then was and looked at her unperceived for a few moments, Heaven knows what inspiration of ideas, what revealings about himself and her might have come into his mind. But Victor waited for nothing—seldom in life gave himself much time to think, and, in any case, would have had an instinctive objection to even a moment's unperceived watching of a meditating girl. He was so rejoiced at the readiness with which his desire to meet her had been gratified, that he thought he could hardly seize his chance too soon. In his eagerness he even forgot that the task he had undertaken was rather embarrassing, and that he had not yet made up his mind as to what he was going to say. He was by Minola's side in a moment.

She was so much surprised and startled that Victor was quite ashamed of having come upon her in such a sudden way. He had forgotten that all women have nerves, and get startled in ways unknown to men. At least, he assumed it must be for some reason

of this kind that Minola seemed so much disturbed when he came up, but he certainly had not supposed that girls so clever and healthy as Miss Grey were usually troubled with nerves.

Minola recovered herself very soon, however, and got rid of all appearance of mere nervous embarrassment, although there was for a while a certain constraint in her manner.

"Have you been long here?" he asked.

"Not very long; at least it did not seem long. I like to be here at this time; there are so few people."

"Yes; I knew you were likely to be here about this time if you were coming at all to-day," he said; an awkward remark, as it suggested that he had come expressly to meet her.

"I come here at all manner of times," she said; "but I think I like this time the best."

"You are not going any further, I suppose?"

"No; I thought of turning back now, and going home."

"I'll walk a little way with you if you will allow me?"

Of course she had no objection to make. They had walked in that place often before, and it was a matter of certainty that as they did meet they would walk together. He need hardly have asked her if she would allow him to walk with her now.

So they turned and walked a little off the beaten track, and under the trees. When they had walked a certain distance in one direction Victor turned round and she turned with him, as if she were merely obeying his signal of command. It has already been said more than once that Mr. Heron always went on as if he were ever so much older than she, and belonging indeed to a different stage of life. He bore himself as a man of forty or thereabout might do with a young woman of Minola's age.

"How do you like Blanchet's book?" he asked abruptly.

"It is very beautiful, I suppose.

It's a little too ornamental and fantastic perhaps for my taste; but I suppose that is in keeping with the style of the poems; and *he* is delighted with the book."

"It has cost a great deal of money—much more than it ought to have cost. I don't like the thing at all."

"But think of the joy given to the poet. It is surely not very dearly bought at the price. I never knew of a man so happy."

"Yes, yes; that is all very well for him——"

"It is very well for me too, Mr. Heron—to be able to do a kindness for any human creature. I dare say it has given me as much pleasure as it has given him, and made me quite as proud too—and is not that something to gain?"

"Still I can't help feeling uneasy about this thing. It has cost a heap of money—much more than I ever supposed it would—and I seem as if I had brought you into all the expense."

"How could that be, Mr. Heron? I expressly wished Mr. Blanchet to do as he pleased; and he understood me exactly as I wished him to do. You had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, yes! I had something to do with it; and then—excuse me—you are rather young perhaps——"

"Perhaps I can't be expected to know my own mind; or ought not to be trusted with the spending of my own money?"

"No, I didn't mean that; but you might not have known exactly what you were being let in for; and it is a good deal of money for a girl to pay."

"And in fact you don't think a girl ought to be allowed to spend her money without some wise person of the superior sex to guide her hand? Thank you very much, Mr. Heron, but I think I may have my own way in this at least. I have often told you that I left Keeton because I could not stand the control of wiser and better persons than myself. I am not at all a good girl, Mr. Heron; I never said I was. The counsels of the wise are sadly thrown away on me, I fear."

She spoke in a hard and ungenial tone, which he had not heard her use before. He could not help looking at her with an expression of wonder. She saw the expression and understood it.

"You are shocked at my want of sweet, feminine docility? I ought not to have any ideas of my own, I suppose?"

"No, I am not shocked, and I am not at all such a ridiculous person as you would seem to suppose, and I have none of the ideas you set down to me; but you don't seem quite like yourself, and you speak as if you were offended with me for something."

"Offended? Oh, no. How could I possibly be offended? I am very much obliged, on the contrary, for the trouble you take for one who seems to you quite unable to take care of herself."

Victor did not like her tone. There was something aggressive in it. He was not experienced enough in the ways of society to cry content to that which grieved his heart, and his thoughts therefore showed themselves pretty clearly in his face.

"I don't like Blanchet's taking all this money," he said, after a moment of silence. "I don't think a man ought to take such a helping hand as that from—well, from——"

"From a woman, you were going to say? Why not from a woman, Mr. Heron? Are we never to do a kind thing, we unfortunate creatures, because we are women and are young?"

"No, I don't say that; but there are things it may become a woman to do, and which it doesn't quite so well become a man to profit by. I don't think Blanchet——"

"Mr. Blanchet seems to have a higher idea of what a woman's friendship may be than you have, Mr. Heron. He does not see any degradation in allowing a woman to hold him out a helping hand when he wants one. I like his ideas better than yours. You say you would have done this lit-

tle service for him if you had been allowed. Why should there be any greater degradation to him in having it done by me? At all events you can't wonder if I don't see it all at once."

"Of course if you are satisfied and pleased, there is nothing more to be said in the matter."

"I am satisfied and pleased. Why should I not be? I asked a friend to let me do something to help him, and he answered me just in the spirit in which I spoke. Of course I am glad to find that there is even one man who could take a friendly offer in a friendly way. There are not many such men, I suppose?"

Victor could not help smiling at her emphatic way of expressing her scorn of men.

"I do believe you have really turned yourself misanthropical by reading '*Le Misanthrope*,'" he said.

"Well, why should there not be a woman *Alceste*? although I never knew any woman in real life more worthy to be classed with him than the men we meet in real life are. Miss *Alceste*, I think, would sound very prettily. I wish I could think myself entitled to bear such a name?"

"Or Miss *Misanthrope*," he suggested. "How would that do for a young lady's name?"

"Admirably, I think. That would get over all the difficulty too, and save foolish persons from thinking that one was setting up for another *Alceste*. I should like very much to be called Miss *Misanthrope*."

"If you go on as you are doing, you will soon be entitled to bear the name," said Victor gravely. "At the present moment I don't know that I should much object to that."

"No! I am glad that anything I am likely to do has a chance of pleasing you. But why should you not object just at present? Why not now as well as at any other time?"

"Because I should like you to be a little misanthropical just now, and a little distrustful—of men, that is to say, Miss Grey."

She colored slightly, although she had no idea of his meaning yet.

"I always thought you were full of trust in the whole human race, Mr. Heron; I thought you liked everybody and believed in everybody. Now you tell me to distrust all mankind."

"I didn't say that."

"No! Some particular person, then?"

"Some particular person, perhaps. At least I don't mean exactly that," Heron hastened to explain, his conscience smiting him at the thought that perhaps after all he might be suggesting unjust suspicions of an absent man who was a sort of friend. "I only mean that you are very generous and unselfish, and that there might be persons who might try to make use of your good nature, and whom perhaps you might not quite understand. I don't know whether I ought to speak about this at all."

"Nor I, Mr. Heron, I am sure; for I really don't know what you are speaking of or what mysterious danger is hanging over me. But I hope there is something of the kind, for I should so like to resemble a heroine of romance."

"There is not anything very romantic in prospect so far as I know," he said, now almost wishing he had said nothing, and yet feeling in his heart a serious fear that *Minola* might be led to put too much faith in *Blanchet*. "But if I might speak out freely, and without any fear of your misunderstanding me or being offended, there is something, Miss Grey, that I should very much like to say." He spoke in an uneasy and constrained way, forcing himself on to an ungracious task.

"You have been preaching distrust to me, Mr. Heron, and you have been finding fault generally with all women who trust anybody. To show you how your lessons are thrown away on me, I shall certainly trust you as much as you like, and I shall not misunderstand anything you say nor be offended by it." There was something of her old sweet frankness in her manner

as she spoke these words, and Heron was warmed by it.

"Well," he said at last, "you are a girl, and young, and living almost alone, and people tell me you are going to have money. You have promised to excuse my blunt way of talking out, haven't you? I almost wish for your sake, as you like to live this kind of life, that you had just enough of money to live upon and no more; but I hear that that is not the case, or at all events is not to be. Well, the only thing is that people who I think are not true, and are not honest, and who are not worthy of you in any way whatever, may try to make you think that they are true, and sincere, and all the rest of it."

"Well, Mr. Heron, what if they do?"

"You may perhaps be persuaded to believe them."

"And even if I am, what matter is that? I had much rather be deceived in such things than know the truth, if the truth is to mean that people are all deceitful."

"I don't think you want to understand me," he said.

"Indeed I do; I only want to understand you; but I fail as yet. Why not speak out, Mr. Heron, like a man and a brother? If there is anything you want me to know, do please make me to know it in the clearest way."

She was growing impatient.

"You will have lovers," he said, driven to despair when it seemed as if she could not understand a mere hint of any kind; "of course you must know that you are attractive and all that—and if you come to have money, you will be besieged with fellows—with admirers I mean. Do be a little distrustful—of one at least; I don't like him and I wish you didn't—and I can't very well tell you why, only that he does not seem to me to be manly or even honest."

She colored a little, but she also smiled faintly, for she still did not understand him.

"I suppose I must know the man

you mean, Mr. Heron; for I think he is the only man I ever heard you say anything against, and I have not forgotten. But what can have made you think that I needed any lecture about him? I don't suppose he ever thought about me in that way in his life, or would marry one of my birth and my bringing up even if I asked him. And in any case, Mr. Heron, I would not marry him even if he asked me. But what a shame it seems to arrange in advance for the refusing of a man who never showed the faintest intention of making an offer."

At first Heron did not quite understand her. Then he suddenly caught her meaning.

"Oh, that fellow? I didn't mean him. I never could have supposed that you were likely to be taken in by him."

"To do him justice, Mr. Heron, he never seems to have any thought of taking any one in. Such as he is he always shows himself, I think."

"Oh, I don't care about him——"

"Nor I, Mr. Heron, I assure you. But whom then do you care about—in that sense?"

"I distrust a man who takes a woman's money in a reckless and selfish way," Heron said impetuously. "That is a man I would not trust. Don't trust him, Miss Grey; believe me, he is a cad—I mean a selfish and deceitful fellow. I can't bear the thought of a girl like you being sacrificed—or sacrificing yourself as you might do perhaps—and I tell you that he is just the sort of man——"

"Are you speaking of Mr. Blanchet now, Mr. Heron?" Her tone was cold and clear. She was evidently hurt, but determined now to have the whole question out.

"Yes, I am speaking of Blanchet, of course—of whom else could I be speaking in such a way?"

"Mr. Blanchet is my friend, Mr. Heron; I thought he was a friend of yours as well."

"Well, I thought he was a manly, honest sort of fellow—I don't think so

now," Victor went on impetuously, warming himself as he went into increasing strength of conviction. "I know you will hate me for telling you this, but I can't help that. I am as much interested in your happiness as if—as if you were my sister—and if you were my sister, I would just do the same."

It would indeed be idle to attempt to describe the course of the feelings that ran through Minola's breast as she listened to the words of this kind which he continued to pour out. But out of all that swept through her—out of shame, surprise, anger, grief, the one thought came uppermost, and survived, and guided her—the thought that she had only to leave Heron's appeal unanswered, and her secret was safe for ever.

She made up her mind, and was self-contained and composed to all appearance again.

"Let us not say any more about this, Mr. Heron; I am sure you mean it as a friend; and I never could allow myself to feel offended by anything said in friendship. I am sorry you have such an opinion of Mr. Blanchet; I have a much better opinion of him; I like him better than I like most men; but you know we have just agreed that I ought to be called 'Miss Misanthrope,' and I assure you I mean to do my very best to deserve the name. No—please don't say any more—I had rather not hear it indeed; and if you know anything of women, Mr. Heron, you must know that we never take advice on these matters. No; trust to my earning my name of Miss Misanthrope; but don't tell me of the demerits of this or that particular man. I had rather hate men in the general than in all the particular cases—and how long we must have talked about this nonsense, for here is the gate of the park; and Mary Blanchet will be thinking that I am lost!"

They almost always parted at this park gate. This time he felt that he must not attempt to go any further with her. She smiled and nodded to

him with a manner of constrained friendliness, and went her way, and Heron's heart was deeply moved, for he feared that he had lost his friend.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. ST. PAUL'S MYSTERY.

Two events occurring almost together affected a good deal some of the people of this story. The first was the death of Mrs. Saulsbury.

Miss Grey was at once invited by the lawyers who had the charge of her father's affairs to visit Keeton, in order to become fully acquainted with the new disposition of things in which she had so much interest. Thereupon Mr. Money announced that, as Miss Grey had no very close friend to look after her interests, he was resolved to put himself in the place of a parent or some near relation, and go with her and see that all her interests were properly cared for. Minola was unwilling to put him to so much trouble and loss of time, well knowing how absorbed in business he was; but he set all her remonstrances aside with blunt, good-humored kindness.

"Lucy is coming with us," he said, "if you don't think her in the way; it might be pleasant for you to have a companion."

"I should so much like to go with Nola," pleaded Lucy.

"Oh, I shall be delighted if Lucy will go," Minola said, not well knowing how to put into words her sense of all their kindness. It was really a great relief to her to have Lucy's companionship in such a visit. Mary Blanchet did not like to go back even for a few days to Keeton. The poetess objected to seeing ever again the place where she considered that art and she had been degraded by her servitude in the court-house. So the conditions of the visit were all settled.

But there arose suddenly some new conditions which Minola had never expected. The long looked-for vacancy at length occurred in the represen-

tation of Keeton. The sitting member announced his determination to resign his seat as soon as the necessary arrangements for such a step could be put into effect. It was imperative that Victor Heron should lose no time in throwing himself upon the vacant borough. Mr. Money and Lucy rattled up to Minola's door one breathless morning with the news. Lucy's eyes were positively dancing with excitement and delight.

"It seems to me that there's going to be a regular invasion of your borough, Miss Grey," Mr. Money said. "We're all going to be there. You see that you are under no manner of compliment to me. I must have gone down to Keeton in any case; it's one of the lucky things that don't often befall a busy man like me to be able to kill the two birds with the one stone. I must take care of our friend Heron as well as of you. He would be doing some ridiculous thing if there were no elder to look after him. He is as innocent of the dodges of an English election as you are of the ways of English lawyers. So we'll be all together; that will be very pleasant. Of course we'll not interfere with you. You shall be just as quiet as you like while we are doing our electioneering."

What could Minola say against all this arrangement, which seemed so satisfactory and so delightful to her friends? It was not pleasant for her to be brought thus into a sort of companionship with Victor Heron. But it would be far less pleasant, it would indeed be intolerable and not to be thought of, that she should in any way raise an objection or make a difficulty which might hint of the feelings that possessed her.

"After all, what does it matter?" she asked herself as Mr. Money was speaking. "I shall have to suffer this kind of thing in some way for half my life, I suppose. It is no one's fault but my own. Why should I disturb the arrangements of these kind people because of any weaknesses of mine? If women will be fools, at least they ought

to try to hide their folly. This is as good practice for me as I could have."

So she told Mr. Money and Lucy that any arrangement that suited them would suit her, and that she would be ready to go the moment he gave the word. Then Mr. Money hastened away to look after other things, and Lucy remained behind "to help Nola with her preparations," as she insisted on putting it, but partly, as Minola felt only too sure, to talk with her about Victor Heron.

Since Heron had offered her his advice in the park, and she had put it aside, Minola and he had only met once or twice. Then he had attempted, the first time of their meeting, to renew his apologies, and she had put them lightly away, as she already had done the advice, and had given him to understand that she wished to hear no more of the matter. She had hoped that by assuming a manner of indifference she might lead him to forget the whole affair. But he did not understand her, and really believed that he had lost her friendship for ever by the manner in which he had spoken against Herbert Blanchet. He was troubled for her much more than for himself, believing, or at least fearing, that she had set her heart on a man unworthy of her. He kept away from her therefore, assuming that his society was no longer welcome, and resolute not to intrude on her.

Minola had hoped that the worst was over, and that he and she were likely to settle gradually and unnoticed by others into a condition of ordinary acquaintanceship. This melancholy hope, to her a cruel necessity in itself, but yet the best hope she could see now left for her, was likely to be disturbed for a while by this ill-omened visit to Keeton.

Minola was busy making her preparations for going to Keeton, and with a very heavy heart. Everything about the visit was now distressing to her. The occasion was mournful; she dreaded long talks and discussions with Mr. Saulsbury; she dreaded meeting old

acquaintances in Keeton; she shrank from the responsibilities of various kinds that seemed to be thrust upon her. When she left Keeton she thought she had done with it for ever. Where was the free life she had arranged for herself? Nothing seemed to turn out as she had expected.

Meanwhile Mary Blanchet and Lucy Money were both delighted, and in their different ways, at the prospect of Minola's visit to Keeton. Mary saw her leader and patroness come back rich, and ready to be distinguished and to confer distinction. Lucy Money had the prospect of variety, of a holiday with Minola, whom she loved, and of being very often in the society of Victor Heron. Minola was, if anything, made additionally sad by the thought that it was not in her power to share their feelings, and the fear that she might seem a wet blanket sometimes on their happiness.

Lucy had been with her all the morning, helping her with Mary to make preparations for the journey. Minola was glad when it was found that some things were wanting, and Lucy and Mary offered to go out and buy them in Oxford street.

Minola was enjoying the sense of being alone, and was, at the same time, secretly accusing herself of want of friendship because she enjoyed it, when a card was brought to her, and she was told that the gentleman said he wanted to speak to her, if she pleased, "rather particular." The card was that of Mr. St. Paul. He had never visited Minola before, nor was she even aware that he knew where she lived. She was surprised, but she did not know of any reason why she might not see him. She hastened down to her sitting-room, and there she found Mr. St. Paul, as she had found Mr. Blanchet once before. Mr. St. Paul looked even a stranger figure in her room than Mr. Blanchet had done, she thought. He seemed far too tall for the place, and had a heedless, lounging, half-swaggering way, which appeared as if it were

compounded of the old manner of the cavalry man and the newer habits of the western hunter. Nothing, however, could have been more easy, confident, and self-possessed than the way in which he came forward to greet Minola. If he had been visiting her every day for a month before, he could not have been more friendly and at his ease.

"How d'ye do, Miss Grey? Just in time to see you, I suppose, before you go? I've been down to Keeton already. I'm going down again—I mean to make my mark there somehow."

Minola thought, with a certain half-amused, half-abashed feeling, of the remarks she had heard concerning herself and Mr. St. Paul; but she did not show any embarrassment in her manner. Indeed, Mr. St. Paul was not a person to allow any one to feel much embarrassed in his presence. He was entirely easy, self-satisfied, and unaffected, and he had a way of pouring out his confidences as though he had known Minola from her birth upward.

"I hope you found a pleasant reception there?"

"Yes, well enough for that matter. I find my brother and his wife are not anything like so popular as I was given to understand that they were. I saw my brother in London—didn't I tell you?—before I went down to Keeton, you know."

"No, I did not know that you had seen him; I hope he was glad to see you, Mr. St. Paul?"

"Not he; I dare say he was very sorry I hadn't been wiped out by the Indians. Do you know what being wiped out means?"

"Yes, I think I could guess that much. I suppose it means being killed?"

"Of course. I mean to teach you all the slang of the West; I think a nice girl never looks so nice as when she is talking good expressive slang. Our British slang is all unmeaning stuff, you know; only consists in call-

ing a thing by some short vulgar word—or some long and pompous word, the fun being in the pompousness; but the western slang is a sort of picture-writing, don't you know?—a kind of compressed metaphor, answering the purposes of an intellectual pemmican or charqui. Do you know what these things are, Miss Grey?"

"Oh, yes; compressed meats of some kind, I suppose. But I don't think I care about slang very much."

"You may be sure you will when you get over the defects of your Keeton bringing up. But what was I going to tell you? Let me see. Oh, yes, about my brother and his wife. The honest Keeton folks seem to have forgotten them. But I was speaking, too, about my going to see my brother in town. Oh, yes, I went to see him; he didn't want me, and he made no bones about letting me know it. He thinks I have disgraced the family; it was quite like the scene in the play—whose play is it?—I am sure I don't remember—where Lord Foppington's brother goes to see him, and is taken so coolly. I haven't read the play for more years than you have lived in the world, I dare say, but it all came back upon me in a moment. I felt like saying, 'Good-by, Foppington,' only that he would never have understood the allusion, and would think I meant to say he was a 'fop,' which he is not, bless him."

"Then your visit did not bring you any nearer to a reconciliation with your brother?"

"Not a bit of it—pushed us further asunder, I think. The odd thing was that I told him I wanted nothing from him, and that I had made money enough for myself in the West. You would have thought that would have fetched him, wouldn't you? Not the least in life, I give you my word." And Mr. St. Paul laughed good-humoredly at the idea.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Minola. "I think there are quarrels and spites enough in the world, without brothers joining in with all the rest."

"Bad form, isn't it—don't you think? But I don't suppose in real life brothers and sisters ever do care much for each other—do you think they do? I haven't known any such cases—have you?"

Minola could not contribute much from her own family history to demonstrate the affection and devotion of brothers, but she had no idea of agreeing in the truth of Mr. St. Paul's philosophic reflections for all that.

"I believe what you say is true enough as regards the brothers, but I can't admit it of the sisters."

"Come now, you don't really believe that nonsense, I know."

"Believe what nonsense? That sisters may be fond of their brothers sometimes?"

"No, I don't mean that; but that there is any real difference between men and women in these ways—that men are all bad and women all good, and that sort of thing. One's as bad as the other, Miss Grey. When you have lived as long in the world as I have you'll find it, I tell you. But I don't find much fault with either lot. I think they are both right enough all things considered, don't you know?"

"I am sure Mary Blanchet is devoted to her brother," Miss Grey said warmly.

"That little old maid? Well, now, do you know, I shouldn't wonder. That's just the sort of woman to be devoted to a brother, and, of course, he doesn't care twopence about her."

"Oh, for shame!" said Minola, not, however, feeling quite satisfied about the strength of Herbert Blanchet's affection for his sister, even while she felt bound, for Mary's sake, to utter her protest against his being set down as wholly undeserving.

"But, I say," Mr. St. Paul observed, "what a fool he is! I don't think I ever saw a more conceited cad and idiot."

"He is a very particular friend of mine, Mr. St. Paul," Miss Grey began. "At least, his sister is one of my oldest friends."

"Yes, yes; just so. The good old spinster is a friend of yours, and you try to like the cad brother on her account. All quite right, of course. I should say he was just the sort of fellow to borrow the poor old girl's money, if she had any."

"Oh, Mary has no money, and I am sure if she had she would be only too glad to give it to him."

"Very likely; anyhow he would be only too glad to take it, you may be sure. But I don't want to say anything against your friends, Miss Grey, if you don't like it. Only women generally do like it, you know—and then you may say anything you please, in your turn, against any of my friends or relatives. I shan't be offended one bit, I can assure you."

Minola had nothing to say, and therefore said nothing. Her new acquaintance did not allow any silence to spring up.

"Talking of friends," he said, "there is one of your friends who politely declines any helping hand of mine in the election business at Keeton, although I think I could do him a good turn with some of the fellows who are out of humor with my brother. Our quixotic young friend will have none of the help of brothers who quarrel with brothers, it seems. Easy to see that he never had a brother."

"Mr. Heron is a man of very sensitive nature, I believe," Minola said; "he will not do anything that he does not think exactly right, Mr. Money says."

"Yes, so I hear. Odd, is it not? Heron always was a confounded young fool, you know. He got into all his difficulties by bothering about things that oughtn't to have concerned him one red cent. Well, he won't have my disinterested assistance. There again he is a fool, for I could have done something for him, and Money knows it—it was partly on Money's account that I thought of taking up Heron's side of the affair, because, so far as I am concerned, anybody else

would do me just as well so long as he opposed my brother's man."

"I can quite understand that Mr. Heron would not allow himself to be made a mere instrument to work out your quarrel with your brother. I think he was quite right."

The good-humored St. Paul laughed.

"All very fine, Miss Grey, and it does for a lady uncommonly well, no doubt; but if you want to get into Parliament, it won't do to be quite so squeamish. I am sure I should be only too happy to get the help of Cain against Abel or Abel against Cain if I could in such a case."

"Most men would, I dare say," Minola answered, with as much severity as she could assume under the possible penalty of Mr. St. Paul's laughter. "But I am glad that there are some men, or that there is one man, at least, who thinks there is some object in life higher than that of getting into Parliament."

"Oh, as far as that goes, I quite agree with you, Miss Grey; I shouldn't care twopence myself about a seat in Parliament—a confounded bore, I think. But if you go in for playing a game, why, you ought to play it, you know."

"But are there not rules in every game? Are there not such things as fair and unfair?"

"Of course, yes; but I fancy the strong players generally make the rules to suit their own ideas in the end. Anyhow, I never heard of any one playing at electioneering who would have hesitated for a moment about accepting the hand I offered to our quixotic young friend."

"I am glad he is quixotic," Minola said eagerly. "I like to think of a man who ventures to be a Quixote."

"Very sorry to hear it, Miss Grey, for I am afraid you won't like much to think about me. Yet, do you know, I came here to make a sort of quixotic offer about this very election."

"I am glad to hear it; the more quixotic it is the more I shall like it."

To whom is the offer to be made? To Mr. Heron?"

"Oh, no, by Jove!—excuse me, Miss Grey—nothing of the sort. The offer is to be made to you."

"To me?" Minola was a little surprised, but she did not color or show any surprise. She knew very well that it was not an offer of himself Mr. St. Paul was about to make, but it amused her to think of the interpretation Mary Blanchet, if she could have been present, would at once have put on his words.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Grey, to you. I have it in my power to make you returning officer for Keeton. Do you understand what that means?"

"I know in a sort of way what a returning officer is; but I don't at all understand how I can do his office."

"I'll show you. You shall have the fate of Keeton as much in your hands as if you owned the whole concern—a deuced deal more, in fact, than if you owned the whole concern, in days of ballot like these. I believe you do own a good many of the houses there now, don't you?"

"I hardly know; but I know that if I do, I wish I didn't."

"Very well; just you try what you can get out of your influence over your tenants—that's all."

"Then how am I to become returning officer for Keeton?"

"That's quite another thing. That depends on me."

"On you, Mr. St. Paul?"

"On me. Just listen." St. Paul had been seated in his favorite attitude of careless indolence in a very low chair, so low that his long legs seemed as if they stretched half way across the room. His position, joined with an expression of self-satisfied lawlessness in his face, might have whimsically suggested a sort of resemblance to Milton's arch fiend "stretched out huge at length," in one of his less malign humors. He now jumped up and stood on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fireplace, his slightly stooping shoulders only seeming to

make him look taller than otherwise, because they might set people wondering as to the height he would have reached if he had only stood erect and made the most of his inches. His blue eyes had quite a sparkle of excited interest in them, and his prematurely bald forehead looked oddly infantine over these eyes and that keen, fearless mouth.

"Look here, Miss Grey, it's all in your hands. You know both these fellows, don't you?"

"Both what fellows?"

"These fellows who want to get in for Keeton. You know them both. Now which of them do you want to win?"

"What can it matter which way my wishes go—if they went any way?"

"How like a woman! How very like a woman!" and he laughed.

"What is like a woman? I know when a man says anything is like a woman, he means to say that it is ridiculous."

"Well, that's true enough; that is about what we do mean in most cases. What I meant in this case was only that you would not answer my question. I put a plain direct question, to which you must have some answer to give, and you only asked me a question in return which had nothing to do with mine."

"Perhaps I have no answer to give. I may have the answer in my own mind, and yet not have it to give to any one else."

"Oh, but you may really give it to me! In strictest confidence I assure you; no living soul shall ever know from me. Come, Miss Grey, let me know the truth. It can't possibly do you any harm—or anybody harm for that matter, except the wrong man for I take it for granted that the man you don't favor must be the wrong man."

"But I don't know that I ought to have anything to do with such a matter—"

"Never mind these scruples; it's nothing; there's to be no treason in

the business, nor any unfair play. It's only this; I couldn't get in for the borough myself, even if I tried my best, but I can send in the one of the two whom I prefer—or, in this case, whom you prefer. I can do this as certainly as anything in this uncertain world can be certain."

"But how could that be?"

"That it would not suit me to tell you just at present. I know a safe way, that's all. In the teeth of the ballot I can promise you that. Now, Miss Grey, who is to have the seat?"

"Are you really serious in this, Mr. St. Paul?"

"As serious as I ever was in my life about anything—a good deal more serious, I dare say, than I often was about graver things and more important men. Now then, Miss Grey, which of these two fellows is to sit for Keeton?"

"But why do you make this offer to me?" she asked, with some hesitation. "What have I to do with it?" There was something alarming to her in his odd proposition, about which he was evidently quite serious now.

"Why do I make the offer to you? Well, because I should like to please you, because you are a sort of woman I like—a regular good girl, I think, without any nonsense or affectation about you. Now that's the whole reason why I offer this to you. I don't care much myself either way, except to annoy my brother, and that can be done in fifty other ways without half the trouble to me. I was inclined to draw out of the whole affair, until I remembered that you knew both the fellows, and I thought you might have a wish for one of them to go in in preference to the other—they can't both go in, you see—and so I made up my mind to give you the chance of saying which it should be. Now then, Miss Grey, name your man."

He put his hands into his pockets, and coolly waited for an answer. He had not the appearance of being in the least amused at her perplexity.

He took the whole affair in a calm, matter-of-fact way, as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

Minola was perplexed. She did not see what right he could have to control the coming contest in any way, and still less, what right she could have to influence him in doing so. The dilemma was one in which no previous experience could well guide her. She much wished she had Mr. Money at hand to give her a word of counsel.

"Come, Miss Grey, make up your mind—or rather tell me what you have already made up your mind to, for I am sure you have not been waiting until now to form an opinion. Which of these two men do you want to see in Parliament?"

There did not seem any particular reason why Minola or any girl might not say in plain words which of two candidates she would rather see successful.

Mr. St. Paul appeared to understand her difficulty, for he said in an encouraging way—

"After all, you know, if you had women's rights and all that sort of thing, you would have to give your vote for one or other of these fellows, and I dare say you would be expected to take the stump for your favorite candidate. So there really can't be any very serious objection to your telling me in confidence which of the two you want to win."

Minola could not see how there could be any objection on any moral principle she could think of just then—being in truth a little confused and puzzled—to her giving a voice to the wish she had formed about the election.

"It's not the speaking out of my wish that gives me any doubt," she said; "it is the condition under which you want me to speak. I seem to be doing something that I have no right to do—that is, Mr. St. Paul, if you are serious."

"I remember reading, long ago," he said, "some Arabian Nights' story, or something of the kind, about a king, I

think it was, who was brought at night to some mysterious place and told to cut a rope there, and that something or other would happen, he did not know what or when. The thing seemed very simple, and yet he didn't quite like to do it without knowing why, and how, and all about it. It strikes me that you seem to be in the same sort of fix."

"So I am; just the same. Why can't you tell me what you are going to do?"

"I like that! That is my secret for the present."

"And your king—the king in your story—did he cut the rope at last?"

"I am afraid I have forgotten that; but I have no doubt he did, for he was a reasonable sort of creature, being a man, and I know that everything came right with him in the end."

"Very well; I accept the omen of your king, and I too will cut the rope without asking why. Of course I wish that Mr. Heron should be elected. He is a Liberal in politics. Why do you laugh when I say that, Mr. St. Paul?"

"Well, I didn't know that you cared much for that sort of thing, and women are generally supposed to be reactionaries all the world over, are they not? Well, anyhow, that's one reason, his being a Liberal. What next?"

"I don't know that any next is wanting. But of course I think Mr. Heron is a much cleverer man, and is likely to be much better able to get on in the House of Commons; and then he has his complaint to make against the government——"

"Yes; and then?"

"Then he is very much liked by people whom I like—and I like him very much myself." Minola spoke out with perfect frankness, believing that that was the best thing she could do, and not showing the least sign of embarrassment.

Mr. St. Paul laughed.

"You don't like the other fellow so well?" he said.

"I am sure he is a very good man——"

"That's enough; you need not say another word. We all can tell what a critic means when he speaks of some actor as a careful and pains-taking performer. It's just the same when a woman says a man is very good. Then you pronounce for Heron?"

"I pronounce for Mr. Heron decidedly, if you call saying what I should like to happen pronouncing for any one."

"In this case it is of more effect than many other pronunciamientos. You have elected Heron, Miss Grey, if I am not much more out in my calculations than I have been this some time. All right, I am satisfied. If you have money to throw away, just back what's-his-name?—Sheppard—heavily, and you are sure to get rid of it."

"And you won't tell me what all this means?"

"Not I indeed: not likely. Good day, Miss Grey. You have elected your friend Heron, I can tell you. Odd, isn't it, that he should come to be elected after all by me?"

He bade her good day again, and strode and shambled out of the room and down stairs, leaving Minola much perplexed, and not quite pleased, and yet full of a secret wonder and pride at the possibility of her having helped to do Mr. Heron a service.

"I wonder what he would say if he knew of it!" she asked herself, and she could hardly think that he would be greatly delighted with the promise of such influence.

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE AND ELECTIONEERING.

THE soul of Keeton, as a local orator expressed it, was stirred to its depths by the events which succeeded. The three estates of the town, whereof we have already spoken, were alike concerned in the election. Had it

never occurred, there would have been enough in the death of Mrs. Saulsbury and the rearrangement of Mr. Grey's property to keep conversation up among the middle grade of Keeton folks. But business like that would not interest the park, and of course it had no interest for the working class of the town. The election, on the contrary, was of equal concern to park, semi-detached villa, and cottage, or even garret. A contest in Keeton was an absolute novelty, so far as the memory of living man could go back.

It may perhaps be said that the opinion of the class who alone concerned themselves about her affairs had been, on the whole, decidedly unfavorable to Minola. She had gone as a sort of rebel against legitimate authority out of Keeton, and had flung herself into the giddy vortex of London life. No one well knew what had become of her; and that with Keeton folks was another way of saying that she must have rushed upon destruction. Some persons held that she must have gone upon the stage. This idea became almost a certainty when a Keeton man, being in London on business, brought back with him from town a play-bill announcing a new opera bouffe in which one of the minor performers was named "Miss Mattie Grey." If the good Keeton man had only looked in a few other play-bills, he would have no doubt found Greys in abundance—Matties, Minnies, Nellies, and such like, Grey being rather a favorite name with young ladies in the profession. But he made no such investigation, and it was at once assumed that Mattie Grey was Minola Grey in disguise—a disguise as subtle as that of the famous knight, Sir Tristram, who, when he wanted to conceal his identity from all observers and place himself beyond all possibility of detection, called himself Sir Tramtrist.

When, however, it was found that Minola was to have her father's property after all, a certain change took place in the opinion of most persons

who concerned themselves about the matter. It was assumed generally that Mr. Grey was far too good and Christian a man to have left his property to a girl who could be capable of acting in an opera bouffe. Then, when Miss Grey in person came to the town in the company of so distinguished a man as Mr. Money, even gossip started repentant at the sound itself had made, and began to deny that it had ever made any sound at all. Mr. Money was a sort of hero among the middle class everywhere. He was known to have fought his way up in life, and to be now very rich; and when Miss Grey came into the town in the company of Mr. Money and his daughter, the report went about forthwith that Minola Grey had got into the very best society in London, and that she was going to marry the eldest son of Mr. Money, and to be presented at court.

Mr. Money had taken a couple of floors of the best hotel to begin with. He had brought his carriage with him—a carriage in which he was hardly ever known to take a seat when in town. He had brought a sort of retinue of servants. He went deliberately about making what Mr. St. Paul would have called "a splurge." Mr. Money knew his Pappenheimers. He knew that he was well known to have sprung from nothing, but he also knew that the middle and lower classes of Keeton would have given him little thanks if he had tried to please them by exhibiting there a modesty becoming of his modest origin. He knew well enough that the more he put on display the more they would think of him and of his clients. Therefore he put on display like a garment—a garment to which he was little used, and in which he took no manner of delight. There was generally a little group of persons round the hotel doors at all hours of the day waiting to see Mr. Money and his friends go out or come in. At first Minola positively declined to go out at all, except at night; and the recent death of her father's widow gave her a fair excuse

for remaining quietly indoors. Lucy delighted in the whole affair, and often declared that she felt as if she had been turned into a princess. When Mr. Heron came down he too seemed rather to enjoy it. At least he took it all as a matter of course. The experiences of colonial days, when the ruler of a colony, however small it may be, is a person of majestic proportions in his own sphere, enabled him to take Mr. Money's pomp quite seriously.

Meanwhile Mr. Augustus Sheppard had got his committee-rooms and his displays of various kinds, and was understood to be working hard. The election contest, so long looked for, had taken every one a little by surprise when it showed itself so near. It was natural that Mr. Sheppard and his friends should feel confident of the result. The retiring representative was now an old man. He had faithfully served out his time; he had always voted as his patrons wished him to do; he had never made a speech in the House of Commons; he had never, indeed, risen to his feet there at all, except once or twice to present a petition. The delights of a Parliamentary career were, therefore, this long time beginning to pall upon him. He had been notoriously anxious to get out of Parliament. He had been sent into the House of Commons by the late duke to keep the seat warm until the present duke should come of age. But the present duke succeeded to the peerage before he came of age, and therefore never had a chance of sitting in the House of Commons. The man in possession was allowed to remain there through years and years, until the present duke could be induced to return from abroad and take some interest in the political and other affairs of Keeton. His own son was yet too young for Parliament, and as the sitting member found himself getting too old and begged for release, there was nothing better to do than to get some safe and docile person to take on him the representation of the borough for some time to come. Those who

knew Keeton could recommend no one more fitting in every desirable way than Mr. Augustus Sheppard.

The time was when Mr. Sheppard would only have had to present the orders of the reigning duke to the constituency of Keeton and to take his seat in the House of Commons accordingly as if by virtue of a sovereign patent in ancient days. But times had changed even in sleepy Keeton. The younger generation had almost forgotten their dukes, it was so long since a chief of the house had been among them. Even the women had grown comparatively indifferent to the influence of the name seeing that it had so long been only a name for them. There had been for many years no duchesses and their lady daughters to meet at flower-shows and charitable bazaars, by the delight of whose face, and the sound of whose feet, and the wind of whose tresses, as the poet has it, they could be made to feel happy and exalted. There once were brighter days when the coming and going of the ladies at the castle gave the women of Keeton a perpetual subject of talk, of thought, of hope, and of quarrel. Some of the readers of this story may perhaps have spent a little time in small towns on the banks of foreign—say of American—rivers which have a habit of freezing up as winter comes, and becoming useless for navigation; in fact being converted from rivers into great frozen roads, until spring unlocks the flowers and the streams again. Such travellers must have noticed what an unfailing topic of conversation such a river supplies to those who dwell on its banks. How soon will it freeze this season? On what precise day was it closed to navigation last year—the year before—the year before that? In what year did it freeze soonest? Do you remember that particular year when it froze so very soon, or did not freeze for such an unprecedented length of time? That was the same year that—no, not that year; it was the other year, don't you remember? Then follow contra-

dictions and disputes, and the elders always remember the river having been regularly in the habit of performing some feat which now it never cares to repeat. The time of the frost melting and the river becoming really a river again is a matter just as fruitful of discussion. The stranger is often tempted to wonder what the people of that place would have to talk about at all if suddenly the river were to give up its trick of freezing, and were to remain always as fluent as our own monotonous Thames. There seems to him some reason to fear that the tongues of the people would become frozen as the river ceased to freeze.

Like the freezing and the melting of their river to those who lived on its bank was the annual visit of the ladies of the ducal family to the womankind of Keeton in Keeton's brighter days. Girls were growing up there now who had never seen a duchess. The arrival, the length of stay, the probable time of departure, the appearances in public whether more or less frequent than this time last year, the dresses worn by the gracious ladies, the persons spoken to by them, the persons only bowed to, the unhappy creatures who got neither speech nor salutation—it is a fact that there was a generation of women growing up in Keeton with whom these and such questions had never formed any part of the interest of their lives. They could not be expected to take much interest all at once, and as it were by instinct, in the political cause of the ducal family.

There was therefore a good deal of uncertainty about the conditions of the problem. The followers of the ducal family were some of them full of hope. The reappearance of a duke and duchess and their train might do wonders in restoring the old order of things. In Keeton petticoat influence counted for a great deal, and in other days those who had the promises of the wives hardly thought it worth while to go through the form of asking the husbands. But now there was a new con-

dition of the political problem even in that respect. The ballot, which had made the voter independent of the influence of his landlord or his wealthy customer, had converted the power of the petticoat into a sort of unknown quantity. There could be little doubt that the moral influence and the traditional control would still prevail with some; but he must be a rash electioneering agent who would venture to say how many votes could thus be counted on. It is a remarkable tribute to the moral greatness of an aristocracy that the influence thus obtained in old days over the wives and daughters of Keeton was absolutely unearned by any overt acts of favor or conciliation. The later dukes and their families had always been remarkable for never making any advances toward the townspeople. None of the traders of the town, however wealthy and respectable, found themselves or their wives invited to any manner of festivity up at the ducal hall. All that the noble family ever did for the townspeople was to come at certain seasons to Keeton and allow themselves to be looked at. This was enough for the time. The illustrious ladies could be seen, and, as has been said, they did sometimes speak a word to favored and envied persons. They were loved for being great personages, not for anything they did to win such devotion. "Love is enough," says the poet.

All these considerations, however, rendered it hard to calculate the exact chances of opposition in the borough of Keeton. Of course revolutionary opinions were growing up, old people found, there as well as elsewhere. There was a new class of Conservatives springing up whom steady, old-fashioned politicians found it not easy to distinguish from the Radicals of their younger days. On the other hand, keen-sighted persons could not fail to perceive that, whereas in their youth almost all young men had a tendency to be or to fancy themselves Radicals, it was now growing rather

the fashion for immature politicians to boast themselves Tories, and to talk of a spirited foreign policy and the dangers of Cosmopolitanism. It would be hard to say how things might turn out, knowing people thought, as they shook their heads, and hoped the expected contest might not come on for some time.

Now the contest was at hand. At least the sitting member had positively declared that he would sit no longer, and it was announced that the Duke was coming to Keeton, and that Mr. Augustus Sheppard was to be the Duke's candidate. No more striking proof could be given of the recent change in the political condition of Keeton than is found in the fact that the adoption of Mr. Sheppard as a candidate by the ducal family did not even to the most devoted and sanguine followers of the great house make Mr. Sheppard's election seem by any means a matter of absolute certainty. There was a tolerably strong conviction everywhere, long before any opposition was announced, that the Duke's candidate would not be allowed to walk over the course and right into the House of Commons this time. Nobody in the town would oppose the Duke very likely, but the man to oppose would come.

Now the man actually had come. Victor Heron had issued his address and was in Keeton. His address was original; he had positively refused from the first to make any grand professions of superior statesmanship or patriotism. He would tell Englishmen, he said, that he was seeking a seat in Parliament as a way of getting redress for a great wrong done to him, and through him to some of the principles most dear to the country. When he had fought his battle in Parliament and won or lost, he promised that he would then place himself in the hands of his constituents and resign the seat if they desired. The whole address was frank, odd, original, and perhaps seemed a little self-conceited. The author's absorption in his subject was

mistaken by many people, as will happen sometimes, for self-conceit.

Mr. Sheppard's address, on the contrary, talked only of the good old Conservative principles which had made England the envy and admiration of all surrounding States; of the local interests of Keeton and the candidate's acquaintance therewith; and of the many splendid things done for the town by the noble family who had done it the honor to have a park there.

"I don't think Heron's address reads half badly," Mr. Money said, one evening in the absence of Heron, to his two companions; "on the whole, I shouldn't wonder if it took some people, the women particularly. Anything personal, anything in the nature of a grievance, is likely to have a good effect on many people, especially where the injured personage is young, and good-looking, and plucky. I wish the women had the votes here just for this once, for I think we should stand to win if they had."

"Then, papa, do you think we shan't win now?" Lucy asked.

Minola looked up eagerly for his answer.

"Well, Lucelet, I don't like to say; I am not quite charmed with the look of things. I find there are a good many very strong Radicals grown up in this place since there was a contest here before; and Heron's not wild enough for them by half. They are a little of the red-hot social-revolution sort of thing—the *proletaire* business, with a dash of the brabbling atheist—the fellows who think one is not fit to live if he even admits the possibility of another world. I am afraid these fellows will hold aloof from us altogether, or even take some whim of voting against us, and they may be strong enough to turn the scale."

Minola hoped that if her friend Mr. St. Paul had really any charm by which to extort victory for Heron as he had promised, he would not forget to use it in good time. But she began to have less faith, and less, in the possibility of any such feat. She was a

little in the perplexed condition of some one of mediæval times, who has entered into a bargain for supernatural interference, and is not quite certain whether to wish that the compact may be really carried out or that it may prove to have been only the figment of a dream.

"I'm told we ought to have some poems done," Money went on to say.

"Not merely squibs, you know, but appeals about right and justice, and the cause of oppressed humanity, and all that."

"I'm sure Minola could do some beautifully!" Lucy exclaimed, looking beseechingly toward her friend.

"Oh, no; I couldn't indeed! My appeals would be dreadfully weak; they could not rouse the spirits of any mortal creature. Now, if we only had Mary Blanchet!"

This, it must be owned, was Minola's fun, but it gave an idea to Mr. Money.

"Tell you what," he said; "we ought to have her brother—the bard you used to call him, Lucelet."

"Oh, no, papa; indeed I never called him anything of the kind. I never did, indeed, Nola."

"Well, whatever you called him, Lucelet, we can't do better than to have him. We'll put Pegasus into harness, by Jove—a capital good use to make of him too. I'll write to what's-his-name?—Blanchet—at once."

"But I don't think he would like it, papa; I think he would take offence at the idea of your asking him to do poems for an election. I don't think he would come."

"Oh, yes, he would come; we would make it worth his while. These young fellows give themselves airs to make you girls admire them, that they never think of trying on with men. It would be a rather telling thing here

too if it got about that we had brought a real poet specially down from London. I'll write at once."

This seemed rather alarming to Minola.

"I doubt whether Mr. Heron would much like it," she pleaded. "I don't know whether they are such very good friends just now. I am rather afraid."

"Oh, yes; of course they must be good friends! Heron is not to have it all his own way in everything anyhow. He must like the idea; he shall. I'll write without telling him anything about it, and Heron couldn't help being friendly to any fellow who came under his roof, as one might say."

No one made any further objection.

"I wish Heron had not been so confoundedly particular about St. Paul," Mr. Money went on to say in a discontented tone. "That was absurd. St. Paul's no worse than lots of other fellows, and in such a thing as this we can't afford to throw away any offer of support. We have to fight against the Duke and his lot anyhow, and the help of St. Paul couldn't have done us any harm in that quarter, and it might have done us some good in others. I shouldn't wonder if St. Paul had some friends and admirers here still; and it is as likely as not that his being with us might conciliate a few of the mad Radicals. They might like him just because he is against his brother, the Duke."

"But Mr. Heron would not have such help as that," Lucy said, in tones of pride.

"Oh, by Jove! if you want to carry an election—and now, I suppose, if St Paul has any influence at all, it will be given against us."

Minola thought of her unholy compact, and did not venture to say a word on the subject.

THE "UNIFORMED MILITIA" SERVICE.

I SPENT seven years of my boyhood at school among the hills of old Connecticut, about fifteen miles back of Bridgeport, in a region even now in almost its primitive simplicity and pastoral beauty. It has been left quiet and untouched between the iron ways of Housatonic and Danbury, equidistant from both, and sufficiently far away from either to be free from the impulse and incentive of that practical missionary of modern progress, the railroad.

City born, but partly country bred, I understand well the sentiment of the New Englander for his old home, and often live over again the days in those familiar hills and valleys of Fairfield. I would revel in enjoyment if it were possible for me to revisit them. It was there my eyes were open to the delights of a "town muster," and my steps taught rhythm by fife and drum.

In occasional musings I hear the old music as it used to reach me in waves of sound, now faint, then loud, as the variable wind would waft it, or as it escaped from obstructing hills. And I see the tall white and red plume of the commandant, undulating with his stride, and dipping salutes to the wind. Reader, if you have never realized the excitement of a "general training day" in the country, you have missed the freshest and most genuine pleasure of youth.

In the fall of 1842 occurred the Croton water celebration, a real city holiday. The procession was long, interesting, and gorgeous, for all of it except the military portion was profusely decorated with autumn flowers, odorless but beautiful, rich in color and variety. It might properly have been called the feast of dahlias.

The old fire department was out in all its glory, and richly arrayed. It always took part in metropolitan rejoicings, heartily and generously. But

my interest was centred in the soldiers; fired then by a longing to shoulder a musket. I waited impatiently for the freedom of manhood and a fitting opportunity. When both came I enlisted in a city regiment, and continued the connection till after the close of the late civil war.

Twenty years of service with musket and sabre failed to dull my enthusiasm. I left it, warned by the heaviness of approaching age and the demands of business, convinced of the propriety, the usefulness, and the value of a well regulated militia force.

Aware of how much has been said and written against such service, and of the misapprehension of those who had never studied its organization, its possibilities, and necessity, I propose to draw upon the practical experience of the past twenty-five years for the purpose of correcting wrong views without and suggesting new measures within. The service has been charged with costliness, uselessness, and pretentious display; with vain ambition, absence of organic purpose, and with being inimical to the morality of the individual member. All the charges have some foundation for their utterance, though the evils referred to are not the legitimate results of the organization, but rather the baleful fruit of irresponsible and ignorant commissions. The service is really worthy of conscientious labor and the support of the people.

In the present relations of government and society, a disciplined militia force is an essential part of the body politic, and an organism with vitality if properly administered. The central idea of the organization is a military body, directly from the people, for the conservation of governmental integrity and a protection to the State. Its collateral uses are an initial school for soldierly training, and in cities es-

pecially a supplementary and occasional aid to the police forces. In a general way the central idea is accepted, but in particulars is not carried out in equity between governments and the people. The theory is that the people are the State, and therefore must provide their own protection, but under proper authority. The authority exacts the service, at a great cost to the State, but denies reasonable compensation and encouragement to the individual member; therefore the people are not in sympathy with the organization. The service is brought in conflict with the people, in fact with itself, and the anomaly is presented of an organism in internal opposition. It is the duty of legislation and constituted authority to harmonize such an unnatural condition and change indifference into interest, ignorant neglect into intelligent support. Only in times of strife, like our late civil conflict, or the wars of 1812 and 1776, does the service rise to the dignity of an establishment and a recognized power. In times of peace it is permitted to exist, mainly in skeleton condition, without organic discipline, because the people have a false idea of its use and value. State military departments are not administered with intelligence, and military codes are subject to yearly legislative amendments without understanding; conditions of enlistment are altered, generally to the injury of the enlisted soldier, while recruiting for the uniformed corps languishes from lack of encouragement.

It is interesting to follow some of the changes of the New York State code and their inconsistent applications. For instance, when the law allowing relief from jury duty and the partial remission of assessment, to continue during life, was amended to cover terms of enlistment only, the Adjutant General of the State decided the amendments applied to prior enlistments, thereby breaking a contract between the State and enlisted men under the old law. But when the

term of service was reduced from seven to five years, enlistments under the former law were held for the longer term. It is in such a spirit that all amendments are interpreted in favor of the State and against the individual. Fortunately the former provision has been reconsidered, and in a spirit of compromise relief from jury duty is reinstated in the code for life, but the abatement of assessments covers only terms of service. The State considers exemption from jury duty for life a relief, the nominal abatement of assessments during the service a benefit, and both together ample compensation to the militiamen. They would be in part, if immediately available, but the compensation is questionable, as the duty is generally performed too early in life for those legislative provisions to be of practical application. The abatement of an assessment is of little benefit to those who, probably, are without property till after their terms of service are completed, and the measure fails by limitation. Fortunately the relief from jury duty is a life provision, for it generally comes later in life, and after the militia service is performed. One does not, however, repay the cost of uniforms and other necessary expenses, nor the other compensate for the time which the service requires.

The New York State code says: "All able-bodied male citizens, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, are subject to military duty," but also says that minors must obtain the written consent of parents or guardians to legalize an enlistment in a uniformed corps. Why such an incongruous distinction between uniformed corps and ununiformed militia? What right has the code to exact military service from a person who is condemned by the law as incompetent for citizenship, and is legally recognized by the law only as a child? And why exact military service from those who are in the decline of life? There are many who are physically able to do the duty under the age of twenty-

one and over the age of forty, but they should be regarded as exceptional. Such service should be voluntary by the individual and optional with the State.

Spiritual, natural, and physical laws have stamped twenty-one the minimum age of manhood, and forty the culmination. Why should military law assume the power to control more?

The young absorb the elements of the future, the old dispose of them; within these life lines is practical manhood.

Patriotism enthusiastic becomes patriotism triumphant; during its passage the sentiment hardens into use.

Fault has been found by tax-payers with State and city governments for maintaining militia forces at such an expense. The censure is justified by the yearly exhibit of military expenditures, which is due in part to the unnecessary maintenance of skeleton regiments and battalions.

The prejudices of the people against soldiers in time of peace will never be overcome till they are educated to the necessity of a military establishment by intelligent administration of its affairs, proper information, greater proficiency, and a more decided application of its use. Satisfy the people of the necessity of the service, enlist their pride in its support by its efficiency, and its maintenance may be secured without opposition. People never grumble when they can see their money's worth.

If States have treated their militia forces as an inferior part of themselves, if military authorities have acted arbitrarily and ungenerously, militiamen themselves are not blameless. They have frittered away their opportunities, and belittled their profession, by vain-glory and personal ambition, and invited censure by inefficient service. Fortunately there are men and officers, companies and regiments, who, recognizing their mission, have conscientiously performed their duty and redeemed the service

from greater obloquy. Their work has acted like leaven to the whole body. All honor to them for their intelligence, honest pride, and patriotic labor.

The "uniformed militia" system has a foundation of inherent strength capable of being built upon and extended to a perfectness not at present thought capable of. With its present incompleteness, its degree of usefulness is positive, and even under all the adverse circumstances referred to the condition of ably administered battalions bears upon the side of success and prosperity. Singular as it may seem, part of its weakness is from its own elements of apparent strength.

Recruits enlist with a very inadequate idea of its requirements. Many go through their term of service, sometimes pleased, oftener bored, but always with a sense of personal importance, and take their discharge with feelings of relief.

Some members are guilty of license when in uniform that they would not indulge in as citizens. Officers without capacity accept commissions and occasionally intrigue for command, from ambition and vanity, without a sense of their responsibility or a proper knowledge of their duties. There are also elements of disorder within the lines of duty which are hard to bear and difficult to control, because they arise from personal animosities. The judgment of an officer is warped to his hurt by his selfishness, wounded pride, and ambition, who will hold a commission to the injury of his company or battalion, even with the support of part of his command.

Is it to be wondered at that an organization with such elements of disorder in it should be regarded with disfavor by those ignorant of its trials, its duties, and its aims? And is it not an argument in its favor that its discipline is able to control and surmount such demoralizing tendencies?

It is not pleasant to deprecate a continuation of long services, but under

certain circumstances it may result in injury to a corps. Officers of merit and distinction, with the personal veneration of their men, have been known to outlive their usefulness by retention of command after the freshness, activity, and judgment of their earlier manhood have departed. The idiosyncrasies of age and confirmed habits of authority do not readily accept advanced ideas, improvements in methods, and the inevitable changes of time.

Recruiting for uniformed corps has been and is a process without a system—a method without a principle; it is simply a necessity. As conducted at present it is derogatory to the dignity of the service, and in its practice humiliating and unpleasant to its members. The code really offers no inducement to militiamen.

Its failure to provide proper encouragement for recruiting is a defect which should have the serious consideration of military authorities and legislators at the earliest opportunity. It is a matter of vital importance to the service, and forces itself upon the attention of all commandants to their great concern.

It seems as though battalions are expected to perpetuate themselves, and they have to be, by force of circumstances, recruiting organizations for the State.

Personal application and argument have to take the place of official encouragement, and a service whose necessity, propriety, and benefits should be patent to all is left in a measure to factitious circumstances for a support. It is not, however, the sole purpose of this paper to cavil at authority, to criticise military codes, or condemn existing methods, but rather to show how the uniformed militia forces can be better rewarded by proper recognition and acknowledgment, and made more honorable by a higher standard of service. The indifference of the world and the early hostility of the church to amusements were fatal blunders which both have ascertained,

and are now atoning for generously, but too thoughtlessly. Opposition has become permission without proper direction, and indiscriminate pleasure anticipates regulated and orderly recreation. This is a question of as great importance to the State as to society, of as vital interest to the church, as of welfare to the individual. Every care should be taken to recognize as orderly only those pleasures which have their foundation in use.

In every community, between the extremes of the artisan, who is almost precluded from the continuous and regular duties of a militiaman, by his occupation and necessities, and the student, who is generally unfitted for them by his intellectual preoccupation, is a numerous class, for whom the service is eminently adapted. Their inclination for occasional relief from business and clerical labors is a proper desire, and should not be permitted to degenerate into undisciplined sport for want of a legitimate pastime.

The militia service, on a peace footing, is really a recreation, with an object and an organization of the most singular merit. Its system of physical training is superior to the abnormal development of the gymnasium, the fitful excitement of the ball-field, the constrained pull and single purpose of the oar, and the violent termination of a "shell" race. Its normal object, military training, is exacting, methodical, and thorough, and moral force of character, self-reliance, discipline of the mind, and knowledge of human nature are collateral results of company and battalion associations. There is an element of possible strength to the militia forces of the several States, which may have been thought of, but never utilized. I refer to the youth in every community who are old enough to be free from the constant necessity of elementary study and relieved from the absorbing application of higher educational branches, who are yet at school, but with sufficient leisure to do well or ill—that age

between the watchful eye of maternal care and later parental authority: inchoate manhood, rough, awkward, and susceptible; wild with their first taste of liberty; full of anticipation and courageous in the future. The struggle between them and society for a place is long and doubtful. The State should adopt and help them by recognizing a cadet system to be attached to the uniformed corps, whose officers could inaugurate no wiser, more charitable, or more popular measure than to accept their services. The measure of good to the boy and the measure of benefit to the service would be reciprocal and incalculable. The cadet would take to the "school of the soldier" with enthusiasm. It would give him something proper to do, something right to think of; it would perfect his growing physique with grace, and engraft on his system the elements of manhood.

To all graduating classes in school, a membership in a cadet corps would be an incentive, and school commissioners could make such membership a reward of merit.

It would relieve the service from the present unpleasant feature of recruiting by keeping behind it a subordinate corps of well-drilled young soldiers from which its ranks could be kept full. It would relieve officers from the drudgery of squad-drills, and give the service the full time of their men instead of wasting six, perhaps more, months in the present recruit classes. It would also perfect the enlisted men and subordinate officers for their prospective duties by detailing them for detached service in cadet corps, in grades next higher than their own. Such detached service would be an honor and a prime incentive for all subordinate officers.

The uniformed militia system has been the growth of years upon the single theory of a military power direct from the people. Whatever merit has been developed in its practice is intrinsic, and has been brought to the surface by force of circumstances rather

than by encouragement or appreciation. Upon the minimum basis of inherent value can be constructed a maximum power of State economy, by honoring the service with an establishment of intelligence and efficiency. Make the uniformed corps to the State and to the militia forces, in a comparative, what the West Point Academy is to the United States and to the regular army in a superlative degree.

I have treated militia service thus far as a recreation, because the members of uniformed corps have made it so. I will now refer to it as a duty, and endeavor to show how the service can be adjusted to the greater benefit of the State and be made of greater use to the people.

Declare all male citizens between the ages of twenty-one and forty subject to military duty as ununiformed militia, to be enrolled and brigaded, but kept immobile except for emergencies, to be officered when necessary from the subordinate officers of the uniformed corps.

The object of enrollment is twofold: to ascertain the available force of the State, and for the purpose of special taxation, to reimburse the State for military expenditures.

Eliminate all extrinsic material from the present force; disband skeleton battalions; make supernumerary their officers; reduce the force to the efficient corps now existing, or which may have to be organized, in place of ineffective ones, for the purpose of creating normal schools for military instruction. Never call out an ununiformed battalion in time of peace, or put a uniformed corps in the field in time of war; consider them component and interchangeable parts of one system. In active service let the former be the lungs and the latter the heart of a vital organism.

In no instance should a normal battalion be disbanded for the purpose of officering ununiformed corps, but should be kept intact with its field officers and company commandants—a kind of Gatling educational battery

for the propulsion of brains. It would be just as sensible to put the West Point cadets in the field as a fighting corps as to put some of our best regiments. Their heads are worth more to the country than their bodies.

I have suggested special taxation of the enrolled militia to reimburse the State for its military expenditures. It can probably be collected more expeditiously and with less expense through a special department of the Commissioner of Jurors than through any other channel. It is now necessary for the Commissioner to keep lists of jurors and register all exemptions, and the plan would certainly aid him in those duties of his department by giving him a fuller and more correct canvass of citizens.

The encouragement needed to induce men and officers to spend their leisure hours for ten years in these normal battalions is to void the present remission of assessment, as an inequitable provision—reimburse them for clothing, relieve them from jury duty for life, and exempt them from any possible future draft. With their discharges give the men sergeants' warrants, non-commissioned officers lieutenants' commissions, and advance officers' commissions one grade, waiting papers for possible future services. Furnish comfortable and substantial drill-rooms and armories, and reimburse battalions for proper musical expenditures.

The State should hold itself responsible to the general Government for its officers who may be touched by a draft and furnish the necessary substitutes as compensation in part for their former and prospective services.

Experience furnishes proof that well made, good-fitting clothing, stylish, but not extravagant, is much better and cheaper than the low-priced, ugly State uniforms, ground out by contract, allotted by sizes, and fitting by chance. There is no economy in the joint ownership of a uniform; the nominal owner is niggardly in purchase and the wearer careless in use. Let

the uniform be chosen by corps, made in accordance with regimental bills of dress, by individual measure, and let the State reimburse the corps by a liberal commutation. To reimburse battalions for their music may seem a costly item—it certainly is a great expense to the present uniformed corps—but as the project is based upon the idea of a self-supporting establishment, there is no injury to the State; a nominal tax paid by the enrolled ununiformed militia should be sufficient to pay the entire expenditures of the State military department.

To honor discharged men and officers with a kind of brevet commission would be an incentive for ability and efficiency, and would be of sufficient value to invite the best class of young men to the ranks. Whatever may be questionable in the action of Congress for reducing the force of the regular army, there can be none in the policy of the State for reducing its force to the lowest possible point. Every man should be released from the ranks that can be, both in justice to himself and for general industrial effect. The cost of company drills, regimental brigade and division parades in time and money is immense, and out of all proportion to the doubtful value of such services, constituted as the force is. But a compact, thoroughly disciplined, and perfectly drilled force, of the highest obtainable military character, is necessary and should be well maintained for contingent purposes.

I have thrown out these views as applicable to the city and State of New York; but the ideas can be applied to the military department of every State, with such modifications as may be found necessary.

It would be expensive, impolitic, and unnecessary for the general Government to keep a regular army, through years of peace, of sufficient numerical force to meet successfully internal outbreaks or external pressure. The militia force should be trained to be the supporting power of the army for such contingencies. The doubts

and fears and awful suspense of the people during the early days of the late rebellion would have been greatly lessened, perhaps quite avoided, had the regular and militia forces been in effective readiness for the struggle, and met the necessity of the hour. The uniformed corps could have been ordered to the front for temporary defence, as some were, and time given for mobilizing the ununiformed troops.

As it was all was confusion, distrust, and almost despair; only for the instinctive loyalty and inherent courage of the people, all would have been lost. The men of the first levy, the rank and file, were magnificent in ma-

terial, confident in ability, honest in purpose, crude in development, difficult to discipline—it was hard for them to come under military law. Many of their officers were adventurers without experience or qualifications for command. They obtained commissions through personal influence rather than by merit. Militia officers, with all their imperfections, would have been of much greater service.

Is the affair of Bull Run to be wondered at, with such material, and in the light of later education? It was the incisive action of the war; it punctured the conceit of both armies.

C. H. MEDAY.

THE YOSEMITE HERMIT.

THE shadows were lying tolerably long on the green hillsides when the lumbering yellow stage, somewhat the worse for wear, drawn by four lean, dusty horses, also somewhat the worse for wear, drew up with a grand flourish in front of the Grand Hotel, Mariposa.

It was a long, low building, with a broad piazza in front and along one side; the façade was painted a dingy yellow to match the stage apparently, but the rest of the edifice had been neglected, and the superabundant rain and superabundant sunshine of Mariposa had left marks of their handiwork on the bare boards.

The loungers rushed out of the bar-room as soon as the wheels were heard, and stood grouped about the broad piazza exchanging jokes with the driver, who was known as Scotty, and asking the news from Hornitos and other way places.

Meanwhile the "Doctor," a stout, ruddy-complexioned man, whose appearance spoke well for his profession, descended from his seat on the box,

and, opening the stage door with an air of pride and satisfaction, he assisted the one lady passenger to alight with a grace which would have done credit to Chesterfield. The loungers on the piazza started and drew back. All ceased their gibes with Scotty, and two or three removed their hats. She was not only a woman, but a very pretty woman—she was even beautiful.

She thanked the Doctor with a pretty grace, and turned her clear, hazel eyes upon the admiring group, scanning each face eagerly and wistfully. The Doctor said, "Allow me," and was about to escort her into the small den at one side known as the "Ladies' parlor," but she swept past him and walked straight into the bar-room, the Doctor, the loafers, and Scotty crowding in after her and regarding her movements with an undisguised admiration, and as much reverential curiosity as though she had been a visitant from another sphere.

The proprietor of the "Grand" was a podgy man, with an aggressively bald head and scaly eyes like an all-

gator's—though for that matter I may be libelling the alligator. His name was Sharpe, commonly corrupted into "Cutey" by some mysterious process.

He was pouring whiskey from a bottle into a glass, preparatory to serving himself, when the new comer walked—she walked like an angel—straight up to him and said, "Is this the landlord?"

Cutey was so astonished by the apparition that he dropped the glass—he called it a glass; it was in reality a stone-china cup about half an inch thick—and wasted the whiskey; it was only by the greatest presence of mind that he succeeded in saving the bottle.

"Ma-a-m?" he stammered, clutching at his bald head to see if there was a hat there.

The woman repeated her question; the crowd by the doorway, headed by the Doctor, strained their ears to listen. She had a low voice, tolerably sweet. Such music had never before been heard within those low walls, perhaps. They wished she would say more. Old "Punks" muttered that she 'minded him of his Lyddy—"jest sech a voice!" which remark brought down upon him much contumely afterward, and a threat from the Doctor to "put daylight through him." After a helpless look around him, Cutey admitted that he *was* the landlord, with the air of a cornered scoundrel confessing a crime.

"Then perhaps you can tell me what I wish to know," said the woman, fixing her clear, sweet eyes upon him. "I want to find a man named Wilmer—James Courtney Wilmer."

Cutey shook his head sorrowfully.

"Thar be so many names," said he: "skurce any man goes by his own name. Be he livin' in Mariposa, ma'am?"

"I do not know," was the reply, with a suggestion of tears in the voice, at which every heart in the crowd by the door was touched and unhappy.

Punks nudged Scotty with his elbow.

"What's that fellow's name that wus partners with Circus Jack in the Banderita?" he whispered.

Scotty rapped his forehead with his horny hand, and ran his fingers into his bushy, tow-colored hair, with a clutch of desperation.

"Punks," he whispered, "I allers counted you a fool, but you ain't; you air a shinin' light! His name *wus* Jim Wilmer."

Then, coloring up to the roots of his hair, he advanced and said:

"If you please, ma'am."

The woman turned at this, meeting a whole battery of eyes without any seeming consciousness of it.

"There wus a feller named Jim Wilmer here—wus partners in the Banderita, with a feller named Circ—leastways, I don't know his name, but we called him Circus Jack, ma'am."

The woman's face—her beautiful face—turned as white as the collar at her throat; she leaned against the bar and tried to speak, but the words died on her lips.

Finally, with an effort, she half whispered:

"Do you know where he is now?"

Then, as the men looked at each other, she cried in a clearer tone, "Is he *dead*?"

"No, no, ma'am. He wus here, 'taint a month," said Scotty. "I think he's off huntin' in the hills. I'll find Circus Jack, and bring him up here. He'll be likely to know—him and Jim wus real good friends."

"Thank you," said the stranger softly, in a voice which smote Scotty's heart exceedingly.

The Doctor, meanwhile, had gone for Mrs. Sharpe, who presently entered, and invited the stranger to "hev a little tea."

She was a small fair woman, with a washed-out look, and a mouth not innocent of *dipping*, but she looked and spoke kindly, and the stranger was glad enough to answer, "Yes," and follow her into the dining-room. The crowd fell back as she approached, but only enough to give her room to

pass. Some stealthily touched her dress as she swept by them, and when she had disappeared, and the door had closed, forty tongues were loosed at once, and a scene of excitement ensued only equalled by the one which followed on the shooting of "the Judge" by "Little Jack," over a game of poker, in that very bar-room of the Grand Hotel.

"Mought I ax your name, ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Sharpe.

"Marian Kingsley," was the faint reply.

"Miss or Mrs., ma'am?" pursued Mrs. Sharpe, glancing at the shapely, white, ringless hands.

The stranger gave a slight impatient twitch. "It doesn't matter," she said. "Call me Marian. That will do as well as anything."

Mrs. Sharpe was a washed-out woman. Many of the natural and laudable instincts remained, perhaps being fast colors; but a horror of the class to which she now supposed Marian to belong was one which had faded out of her nature. She gave a slightly supercilious look, which fell upon the woman like moonlight on ice, and pursued her inquiries.

"Came from 'Frisco?"

"I came through there. I didn't see anything of the place."

"Whar *did* yer come from?"

"Philadelphia." The tone was changed. She evidently felt the impalpable rudeness of the faded woman, and knew how to resent it in the same way. More conversation ensued, in the course of which Mrs. Sharpe discovered that Marian had a little money—enough to pay her board for a few months—and that she had come there to find "James Courtney Wilmer."

Mrs. Sharpe had information to give as well as to take, for she knew something of Jim.

"We called him *Jim*," she said, a little scornfully. "He didn't git no 'Courtin' from *us*."

Poor Marian gave a faint smile. "There might be other James Wil-

mers," she said. "I wanted to be sure."

Mrs. Sharpe didn't think this could be the one.

"He's a rough, ragged creeter," she said, "and 's had the snakes fur weeks at a time."

Marian shrank and cowered at this, with a pitiful look of pain on her beautiful face.

"Hed money left him?" asked Mrs. Sharpe.

Marian nodded.

"'Twon't do him no good. Soon as he hears of it, he'll drink himself into snakes. Allers did when they struck a good lead on the Banderita. Circus Jack, he loses all his'n's at poker; so thar they go."

In the course of an hour Circus Jack, scrubbed and "fixed up" to a degree which made him almost unrecognizable by his comrades, appeared, escorted by Scotty, also prepared by a choice toilet to enter the presence of "the ladies."

"'Scuse my not comin' afore," said Scotty. "Hosses must be 'tended to, and them of mine wus about dead beat."

Marian smiled graciously, if absently, and turned her clear, hazel eyes to Circus Jack, who, with many excuses, circumlocutions, and profane epithets, most of which he apologized for instantly, and some of which he was evidently unconscious of, gave her all the information in his power in regard to the man she had come to find.

No one in Mariposa knew him better. As "Jim" he was almost an integral part of the city of "Butterflies." The butterflies, by the by, for which the town is named, are not those which soar in the air, but "Mariposas," fastened by long, tough filaments to the ground.

Many a night had Jim Wilmer crushed his swollen face into them, and slept a drunken sleep with their soft wings folded sorrowfully above him.

There was something of a mystery hung about him, which the "boys"

had never been able to fathom. Some said that he belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family, and had left home and become a wanderer and an outcast, because some beautiful woman had jilted him; others said that he had had a wife and children, that he had broken his wedded faith and his wife's heart at the same time, and that a grim phantom followed him wherever he went, and gave him no peace. Others told yet another story: that he had been engaged to a beautiful girl, and had loved her and trusted her above all telling; that his wedding day was near, when he had stumbled upon some miserable secret, which was dead and buried, but could not rest in its grave; that there was no room left for doubt, which is sometimes blessed, and he had fled without a word; disappeared, and left to her own wretched heart the task of telling her the reason why.

Circus Jack did not tell Marian these stories, though he had heard them all; indeed, they had all been retold and discussed in the bar-room, not half an hour since. An average woman would have repeated them to her, and thus tempted her to reveal the truth; but a chivalrous heart beat under Jack's flannel shirt, and he could no more bear to hurt her than he could have crushed a little bird to death with his hand.

If any of the stories were true, and she yet loved poor Jim, he told her enough to wring her heart and haunt her dreams for ever.

The winter that he spent in the hollow of a great pine tree, on the rim of Yosemite valley, was perhaps his happiest and most peaceful. Every Yosemite tourist stops to peep inside this tree, and to wonder if a man really lived there. "It was comfortable enough," says the hale old pioneer of the valley below. "He had plenty of room. We both slept in it one night."

At which the tourist peeps in again, and wonders if the long-limbed Texan was not a bit cramped by the foot-board.

When Circus Jack told Marian the story it was fresher and less wonderful than now.

"Was the snow very deep?" she said. "Was there no danger of his freezing to death?"

"I never hearn much about it anyhow," said Circus Jack, "'cept thet he lived thar alone cuttin' shingles. I 'spect the snow was 'bout four or five foot deep up thar whar he lived. He's a close-mouthed one, I tell yer. Never git nothin' outer him, an' when he's drunk he don't tell nothin' whatsomd-ever!"

This, with a glance half pitying, half reassuring, as though he would promise her that the secret, whatever it might be, was safe.

One comforting doubt beat at the woman's heart all the while that Jack was talking. "Perhaps this man was not the one!"

She mentioned this at length, and asked Jack what his quandom "partner" was like.

"He was a slight-built feller, rayther light-complected," was the reply. "An' han'some! I called him han'some, didn't you, Scotty?"

Scotty, thus appealed to, gave a profane assent. He had scarcely moved a muscle since he sat down, with his eyes fixed on Marian's fair, ever-changing face. Mrs. Sharpe, after a vain attempt to engage him in conversation, had quietly withdrawn, having no relish for being one of a quartette where two did all the talking.

"Was he—an—educated man?" inquired Marian hesitatingly, feeling in a vague way that the question might offend Jack.

"Yes, he war," replied that worthy in a contemplative tone. "When he war drunk I hev hearn him talkin' a lot of stuff like po'try. Thar's a pile of books in my cabin now that he used ter read consid'able. I can't make head nor tail to 'em. P'r'aps you might."

"I would like to see them," said Marian eagerly.

Jack nodded, and a pause ensued.

At length Scotty remarked that the "old man," meaning Cutey, was "reither late in lightin' up," at which Jack arose and bade the stranger "good night."

Marian put out her hand, saying, "We will be good friends, I hope."

Circus Jack took it by the finger tips cautiously, careful not to hurt it with his horny fingers.

"I'll do ary thing in the world fur yer, madam," he replied earnestly and ingenuously.

"There was one thing I wished to ask," she said, "though it may be a foolish question. 'Did you ever notice any—ring—that he wore or—carried?'"

"They *wus* a ring, but I'm beat ef I kin tell what kind. Once when Jim was turrible sick, an' his hand swelled up, I wanted to file it off, but he fought so I couldn't. He said when he got well that it never had ben off, nor never shouldn't be while he had life to fight."

"Can't you tell me what it was like?" she asked.

"I ain't no hand," said Circus Jack, rubbing his head. "I'd know it ef I seed it, but——"

"Was it like this?" She drew a dainty purse from her pocket, and took from its safest corner a plain, flat band of gold, with a small disk on it, shaped like the half of a heart placed horizontally.

"Prezactly!" exclaimed Circus Jack with emphasis.

She opened her purse to put it back, but it fell from her hand, scattering her little stock of money over the floor, and a moment after, when Mrs. Sharpe came in, in response to frantic halloos from Scotty, she found Marian in a dead faint upon the floor, with Scotty and Circus Jack, with hands clasped behind them, kneeling on either side of her like uncouth angels, while scattered coins and escaping masses of golden-brown hair formed a halo about her head.

She was ashamed of and provoked at her weakness afterward; said she

was fatigued with her long and wearisome ride, and that she never fainted before; but if she had been an accomplished diplomatist, she could have planned nothing better for her popularity.

As for the faded-out woman, her opinion, which had been tottering under a severe reproof from Cutey, now underwent a complete revolution.

"Them kind never faints!" she said to herself dogmatically, as she assisted Marian to her room and begged her to "take things easy like." She patiently answered one hundred and seven inquiries that evening, varying from, "How's the sick lady?" to, "Jim Wilmer's gal perking up a little arter her faint?" and for the rest of Marian's stay in Mariposa she proved that kindness of heart had been one of the "fast colors."

It was but natural that Cutey should feel a friendly interest, since he dealt out at least two hundred extra drinks, at highly remunerative prices, on her account that evening; and moreover, the Doctor "tipped" him handsomely for extra care and attention. In a week after her arrival, Marian had learned all that anybody in Mariposa knew regarding "Jim." She wore that curious ring upon her finger now. There were two letters upon the disk, but no one ever had the hardihood to ask what they were.

Punks, whose eyes were keen, and whose curiosity was keener, declared that they were "i l," with a "little quirl-like" between.

Punks also knew—a fact which did credit to his powers and habits of observation—that on the disk of the ring which Jim wore on his little finger were the letters "Fa."

Punks desired to know what "Fa-il" spelled but "fail." He further inquired "what they wanted to hev sech a doggoned mis'able word as thet on a ring fur?"

"T'orter be 'love' or sunthin'," he added critically.

It was only after much questioning in divers places, and the exercise of a

deal of patience and some finesse, that Marian learned the present whereabouts of the half-crazed hermit "all unblest." When last seen, something less than a week before her arrival, he had been wandering through the neighboring mountains, half-clothed in wretched rags, living on berries and roots, alternately muttering and shrieking the vagaries of his unhinged mind.

They were loth to tell her, even those who knew it. Their rude externals seemed to have made their hearts softer. It hurt them to see the pink color fade from her cheeks, and the shadow of sharp pain creep over her beautiful face; so she had to learn the lesson of smiling when her heart ached worst. The two Mexicans, cattle herders, who had seen him, were eagerly questioned; but they could tell nothing that she did not know, save that they were quite sure that it was Jim, and not some other unfortunate, whom they had seen.

They gave a stupid assent when asked by Marian to secure him and bring him into town the next time that they saw him; and a "Si, Señor," considerably less stupid in a subsequent private interview with Jack, who promised them "heap money" for their labor.

Marian had the books which Jim had left in the cabin: commonplace Greek and Latin books, which might have belonged to anybody, save that on one fly leaf was written in a scrawling hand, "J. C. Wilmer," and this yellow page, and this faded ink, she covered with her kisses and baptized with her tears. And another weary week crept by.

The Doctor noticed with disapprobation strongly expressed how pale and worn-looking the pretty woman grew. Not professionally; indeed, his title was merely honorary, bestowed in recognition of his services in prescribing the "Golden Anti-bilious Pills" for Bob Jinks, which, or nature in spite of them, had effected a cure, and restored to bereft Mariposa society an efficient and valuable member.

The Doctor's interest afforded considerable amusement to the habitués of the "Grand" bar-room, and they fairly roared with sympathy when he profanely expressed his sorrow to see her wasting her beauty in tears over "another feller."

One Saturday night, two weeks and a day since Marian's arrival, the whole population of the town were at the Grand, either drinking, gambling, or purchasing provisions of Cutey's deputy, who presided over the tin can department with activity and grace; and all, whatever their occupation, were swearing vigorously and unceasingly.

Marian sat up stairs in her tiny room burning with feverish anxiety. Her long years of home-waiting, the comfortless journey, even the first week of uncertainty, had been easier to bear than this anxious waiting. The Mexicans had not hesitated to say that he must be dead by this time; but *that* she did not believe; he might be starving, crazed, nearly dead, but surely she might see him once more and hear him say that he forgave her; perhaps even nurse him back to reason and health and hope again.

The brawling and laughter down stairs made her shudder. "If I was only a man!" she whispered fiercely, clenching her little hands. "Can I do *nothing* but sit here and wait? Oh, God, be merciful!" she cried.

Then suddenly a thought flashed into her mind. She did not stop to think of it; she acted upon it.

The Doctor's partner, profoundly studying his cards, was somewhat disconcerted to see the table kicked over, and the Doctor's "hand" on the floor. Without a question, he put his hand back for his pistol, when the sudden stillness in the room caught his attention, and all that followed caused him to forget the affront.

In the centre of the room, her disordered hair flying about her face, her clear eyes flashing with excitement, her cheeks flaming with color, more beautiful than they had ever seen her look before, Marian stood waiting for silence. Men crowded up to the door-

ways and filled the windows, certain from the sudden quiet that "something was up."

"Won't you *help* me?" she cried out. "What can *I* do to find him? He may be starving to death! He would not have left you to starve! You"—she gasped and drew her breath hard—"you—whom he was good to—you remember—a hundred things, but you forget him! and let him—rave his life away—and starve to death—alone." She choked. She could not speak another word! but she stood with her lips parted, her eyes flashing, looking eagerly, almost angrily, from one face to another.

Circus Jack bounded on to a table; it was rickety, and reeled with his weight; but Punks and Bob Jinks steadied it; they were friends of Jack's; besides, they had just won from him at poker, and felt very friendly. "Fellers!" said Jack, "tomorrow's Sunday. I'm going out ter hunt fer poor Jim, and ain't comin' back till I find him. Them as wants ter 'comp'ny me kin call at my cabin to-night."

"I will go with you, Jack," said the Doctor impressively.

"Me, too, you bet!" cried Scotty.

"Count me in," growled a bass voice from the window.

"Me too," squeaked Punks. "All as'll go say, 'Ay!'"

And an "Ay!" came from those rough voices with such a ringing burst of good will as must have startled the very birds asleep in the distant trees.

Nay! some faint echo of it may have been heard at the very gates of heaven itself. The tears rolled down Marian's cheeks. She tried to say, "God bless you!" but the tears had the right of way, and the words broke into something unintelligible.

A sudden shame came over them that they had not thought of this before. Memories of homes, of mothers, of wives, came knocking at their hearts, and would not be denied. The sleeves of rough and not over

clean flannel shirts were drawn across eyes that had scorned tears, through sickness, discomfort, and disappointment.

Cutey came to the rescue.

"Gentlemen!" he said, waving his hand over the bar, "help yourselves. My j'int's are stiff, and I can't go; but I'll treat the crowd. Free drinks, gentlemen!"

And leaving his bar to the tender mercies of his thirsty friends, Cutey offered his arm to Marian, and escorted her to her own door, where he took leave of her with a low bow.

Then he went down stairs four steps at a time, lest his choice liquors should be annihilated in his absence.

It was Monday noon when they returned. Marian sat at the window in the easiest chair the house afforded, sickening with fever. She watched them coming into town with a restless, helpless anxiety. She watched them scatter to their cabins, and saw Circus Jack coming on toward the hotel alone.

She buried her face in her hands. He had said that he would never come back until he found him. Had they become discouraged, or—

She could not believe that they had found him. Her heart seemed to cry out, "No! no!" Jack came up, with little Mrs. Sharpe at his heels.

"Be keerful!" said the faded woman. "She mighty poorly."

Jack came in as lightly as his heavy boots would allow.

"The boys said fur me ter tell yer they wus all dretful sorry fur yer. We buried him jist whar we found him. He'd a ben dead nigh on to a couple of weeks, I reckon. Don't yer look so, lady. Poor Jim! he warn't never happy, even when he was drunk. He's better off up thar. We flung a few stones together to mark the place, and I'll guide you and Mrs. Sharpe thar any time."

Then, lowering his voice to a whisper, he added tenderly, "And I tuk the ring offen his finger. He couldn't fight fur it now; an I thought as mebb'y you'd like it."

He took it from the corner of his handkerchief; she held up her finger for it, and he slipped it on. Then he saw that the letters spelled "Faith." "Thet Punks!" he thought to himself contemptuously.

She looked up into his face with a stony smile—no tears now.

"Thank you," she said.

Four weeks afterward the Doctor lifted Marian into the stage. She was strong enough for her journey now, she said. Two days before she had visited the lonely cairn. It was a tiresome horseback ride too. She seemed to be getting well very fast. The Doctor told her so.

"People never die when they wish to," she answered sadly.

Circus Jack came to the stage-door to bid her "Good-by."

"What can I do for you to thank you?" she asked earnestly.

Jack hesitated.

"Ef you wouldn't mind, ma'am," he said, "I'd like—to—kiss your hand. I've got a dear old mother home—ef you wouldn't mind!"

Without a blush or a change of countenance she put her arm around his neck and kissed his lips.

"Good-by, dear old fellow," she said.

Then Scotty cracked his whip, the crowd on the piazza raised their hats—even the poor, chagrined Doctor—a subdued cheer was given, and the lumbering stage disappeared in a cloud of dust, the nodding mariposas on the hillside looking curiously at it as it went by.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

THE PUNISHED.

NOT they who know the awful gibbet's anguish,
 Not they who, while sad years go by them, in
 The sunless cells of lonely prisons languish,
 Do suffer fullest penalty for sin.

'Tis they who walk the highways unsuspected,
 Yet with grim fear for ever at their side,
 Who clasp the corpse of some sin undetected,
 A corpse no grave or coffin lid can hide.

'Tis they who are in their own chambers haunted
 By thoughts that like unwelcome guests intrude,
 And sit down uninvited and unwanted,
 And make a nightmare of the solitude.

ELLA WHEELER.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

IT had been known for some time that M. Paul de Musset was preparing a biography of his illustrious brother, and the knowledge had been grateful to Alfred de Musset's many lovers; for the author of "Rolla" and the "Lettre à Lamartine" has lovers. The book has at last appeared—more than twenty years after the death of its hero.* It is probably not unfair to suppose that a motive for delay has been removed by the recent death of Mme. Sand. M. Paul de Musset's volume proves, we confess, rather disappointing. It is a careful and graceful, but at the same time a very slight performance, such as was to be expected from the author of "Lui et Elle" and of the indignant refutation (in the biographical notice which accompanies the octavo edition of Alfred de Musset's works) of M. Taine's statement that the poet was addicted to walking about the streets late at night. As regards this latter point, M. Paul de Musset hastened to declare that his brother had no such habits—that his customs were those of a *gentilhomme*; by which the biographer would seem to mean that when the poet went abroad after dark it was in his own carriage, or at least in a hired cab, summoned from the nearest stand. M. Paul de Musset is a devoted brother and an agreeable writer; but he is not, from the critic's point of view, the ideal biographér. This, however, is not seriously to be regretted, for it is little to be desired that the ideal biography of Alfred de Musset should be written, or that he should be delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the critics. Those who really care for him would prefer to judge him with all kinds of allowances and indulgences—sentimentally and imagina-

tively. Between him and his readers it is a matter of affection, or it is nothing at all; and there is something very happy, therefore, in M. Paul de Musset's fond, fraternal reticency and extenuation. He has related his brother's life as if it were a pretty "story"; and indeed there is enough that was pretty in it to justify him. We should decline to profit by any information that might be offered us in regard to its prosaic, its possibly shabby side. To make the story complete, however, there appears simultaneously with M. Paul de Musset's volume a publication of a quite different sort—a memoir of the poet by a clever German writer, Herr Paul Lindau.* Herr Lindau is highly appreciative, but he is also critical, and he says a great many things which M. Paul de Musset leaves unsaid. As becomes a German biographer, he is very minute and exhaustive, and a stranger who should desire a "general idea" of the poet would probably get more instruction from his pages than from the French memoir. Their fault is indeed that they are apparently addressed to persons whose mind is supposed to be a blank with regard to the author of "Rolla." The exactions of bookmaking alone can explain the long analyses and prose paraphrases of Alfred de Musset's comedies and tales to which Herr Lindau treats his readers—the dreariest kind of reading when an author is not in himself essentially inaccessible. Either one has not read Alfred de Musset's comedies or not felt the charm of them—in which case one will not be likely to resort to Herr Lindau's memoirs—or one *has* read them, in the charming original, and can therefore dispense with an elaborate German *résumé*.

In saying just now that M. Paul de

* "Biographie de Alfred de Musset: sa Vie et ses Œuvres." Par PAUL DE MUSSET. Paris: Charpentier.

* "Alfred de Musset." Von PAUL LINDAU. Berlin: Hofmann.

Musset's biography of his brother is disappointing, we meant more particularly to express our regret that he has given us no letters—or given us at least but two or three. It is probable, however, that he had no more in his hands. Alfred de Musset lived in a very compact circle; he spent his whole life in Paris, and his friends lived in Paris near him. He was little separated from his brother, who appears to have been his best friend (M. Paul de Musset was six years Alfred's senior), and much of his life was passed under the same roof with the other members of his family. Seeing his friends constantly, he had no occasion to write to them; and as he saw little of the world (in the larger sense of the phrase), he would have had probably but little to write about. He made but one attempt at travelling—his journey to Italy, at the age of twenty-three, with George Sand. "He made no important journeys," says Herr Lindau, "and if one excepts his love affairs, he really had no experiences." But his love affairs, as a general thing, could not properly be talked about. M. de Musset shows good taste in not pretending to narrate them. He mentions two or three of the more important episodes of this class, and with regard to the others he says that when he does not mention them they may always be taken for granted. It is perhaps indeed in a limited sense that Alfred de Musset's love affairs may be said to have been in some cases more important than in others. It was his own philosophy that in this matter one thing is about as good as another—

Almer est le grand point; qu'importe la maîtresse?
Qu'importe le flacon pourvu qu'on ait l'ivresse?

Putting aside the "ivresse," which was constant, Musset's life certainly offers little material for narration. He wrote a few poems, tales, and comedies, and that is all. He *did* nothing, in the sterner sense of the word. He was inactive, indolent, idle; his record has very few dates. Two or three times the occasion to do something

was offered him, but he shook his head and let it pass. It was proposed to him to accept a place as attaché to the French embassy at Madrid, a comfortable salary being affixed to the post. But Musset found no inspiration in the prospect. He had written about Spain in his earlier years—he had sung in the most charming fashion about Juanas and Pepitas, about señoras in mantillas stealing down palace staircases that look "blue" in the starlight. But the desire to see the picturesqueness that he had fancied proved itself to have none of the force of a motive. This is the fact in Musset's life which the writer of these lines finds most regrettable—the fact of his contented smallness of horizon—the fact that on his own line he should not have cared to go further. There is something really exasperating in the sight of a picturesque poet wantonly slighting an opportunity to go to Spain—the Spain of forty years ago. It does violence even to that minimum of intellectual eagerness which is the portion of a contemplative mind. It is annoying to think that Alfred de Musset should have been meagrely contemplative. This is the weakness that tells against him, more than the weakness of what would be called his excesses. From the point of view of his own peculiar genius, it was a good fortune for him to be susceptible and tender, sensitive and passionate. The trouble was not that he was all this, but that he was lax and soft; that he had too little energy and curiosity. Shelley was at least equally tremulous and sensitive—equally a victim of his impressions, and an echo, as it were, of his temperament. But even Musset's fondest readers must feel that Shelley had within him a firm, divinely-tempered spring against which his spirit might rebound indefinitely. As regards intense sensibility—that fineness of feeling which is the pleasure and pain of the poetic nature—M. Paul de Musset tells two or three stories of his brother which remind one of the anecdotes recorded of the author of

the "Ode to the West Wind." "One of the things which he loved best in the world was a certain exclamation of Racine's 'Phœdra,' which expresses by its *bisarrerie* the trouble of her sickened heart:

Arlène, ma sœur, de quel amour blessée,
Vous mourûtes aux bords où vous fûtes laissée !

When Rachel used to murmur forth this strange, unexpected plaint, Alfred always took his head in his two hands and turned pale with emotion."

The author describes the poet's early years, and gives several very pretty anecdotes of his childhood. Alfred de Musset was born in 1810, in the middle of old Paris, on a spot familiar to those many American visitors who wander across the Seine, better and better pleased as they go, to the museum of the Hôtel de Cluny. The house in which Musset's parents lived was close to this beautiful monument—a happy birthplace for a poet; but both the house and the street have now disappeared. M. Paul de Musset does not relate that his brother began to versify in his infancy; but Alfred was indeed hardly more than an infant when he achieved his first success. The poems published under the title of "Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie" were composed in his eighteenth and nineteenth years; he had but just completed his nineteenth when the volume into which they had been gathered was put forth. There are certainly—if one considers the quality of the poems—few more striking examples of literary precocity. The cases of Chatterton and Keats may be equally remarkable, but they are not more so. These first boyish verses of Musset have a vivacity, a brilliancy, a freedom of feeling and of fancy which may well have charmed the little *cinquards* to which he read them aloud—the group of *littérateurs* and artists which clustered about Victor Hugo, who, although at this time very young, was already famous. M. Paul de Musset intimates that if his brother was at this moment (and as we may suppose, indeed, always) one of the warmest admirers of the

great author of "Hernani" and those other splendid productions which project their violet glow across the threshold of the literary era of 1830, and if Victor Hugo gave kindly audience to "Don Paez" and "Mardoche," this kindness declined in proportion as the fame of the younger poet expanded. Alfred de Musset was certainly not fortunate in his relations with his more distinguished contemporaries. Victor Hugo "dropped" him; it would have been better for him if George Sand had never taken him up; and Lamartine, to whom, in the shape of a passionate epistle, he addressed the most beautiful of his own, and one of the most beautiful of all poems, acknowledged the compliment only many years after it was paid. The *cinquards* was all for Spain, for local color, for serenades, and daggers, and Gothic arches. It was nothing if not audacious (it was in the van of the Romantic movement), and it was partial to what is called in France the "humoristic" as well as to the ferociously sentimental. Musset produced a certain "Ballade à la Lune" which began—

C'était dans la nuit brune
Sur le clocher jauni,
La lune
Comme un point sur un i !

This assimilation of the moon suspended above a church spire to a dot upon an *i* became among the young Romanticists a sort of symbol of what they should do and dare; just as in the opposite camp it became a by-word of horror. But this was only playing at poetry, and in his next things, produced in the following year or two, Musset struck a graver and more resonant chord. The pieces published under the title of "Un Spectacle dans un Fauteuil" have all the youthful grace and gayety of those that preceded them; but they have beyond this a suggestion of the quality which gives so high a value to the author's later and best verses—the accent of genuine passion. It is hard to see what, just yet, Alfred de Musset had to be

passionate about; but passion, with a poet, even when it is most genuine, is very much of an affair of the imagination and the personal temperament (independent, we mean, of strong provoking causes), and the sensibilities of this young man were already exquisitely active. His poems found a great many admirers, and these admirers were often women. Hence for the young poet, says M. Paul de Musset, a great many romantic and "*Boccacianes*" adventures. "On several occasions I was awaked in the middle of the night to give my opinion on some question of high prudence. All these little stories having been confided to me under the seal of secrecy, I have been obliged to forget them; but I may affirm that more than one of them would have aroused the envy of Basompierre and Lauzun. Women at that time were not wholly absorbed in their care for luxury and dress. To hope to please, young men had no need to be rich; and it served a purpose to have at nineteen years of age the prestige of talent and glory." This is very pretty, as well as very Gallic; but it is rather vague, and we may without offence suspect it to be, to a certain extent, but that conventional *coup de chapeau* which every self-respecting Frenchman renders to actual or potential, past, present, or future gallantry. Doubtless, however, Musset was, in the native phrase, *lané*. He lived with his father and mother, his brother and sister; his purse was empty; Seville and Granada were very far away; and these "Andalusian passions," as M. Paul de Musset says, were mere reveries and boyish visions. But they were the visions of a boy who was all ready to compare reality with romance, and who, in fact, very soon acceded to a proposal which appeared to offer a peculiar combination of the two. It is noticeable, by the way, that from our modest Anglo-Saxon point of view these same "Andalusian passions," dealing chiefly with ladies tumbling about on disordered couches, and pairs of lov-

ers who take refuge from an exhausted vocabulary in *biting* each other, are an odd sort of thing for an ingenuous lad, domiciled in the manner M. Paul de Musset describes, and hardly old enough to have a latch-key, to lay on the family breakfast table. But this was very characteristic all round. Musset was not a didactic poet, and it was not for him to lose time by taking his first steps as one. His business was to talk about love in unmistakable terms, to proclaim its pleasures and pains with all possible eloquence; and he would have been quite at a loss to understand why he should have blushed or stammered in preluding to so beautiful a theme. Herr Lindau thinks that even in the germ Musset's inspiration is already vicious—that "his wonderful talent was almost simultaneously ripe and corrupted." But Herr Lindau speaks from the modest Saxon point of view; a point of view, however, from which, in such a matter, there is a great deal to be said.

The great event in Alfred de Musset's life, most people would say, was his journey to Italy with George Sand. This event has been abundantly—superabundantly—described, and Herr Lindau, in the volume before us, devotes a long chapter to it and lingers over it with peculiar complacency. Our own sentiment would be that there is something extremely displeasing in the publicity which has attached itself to the episode; that there is indeed a sort of colossal indecency in the way it has passed into the common fund of literary gossip. It illustrates the base, the weak, the trivial side of all the great things that were concerned in it—fame, genius, and love. Either the Italian journey was in its results a very serious affair for the remarkable couple who undertook it—in which case it should be left in that quiet place in the history of the development of the individual into which public intrusion can bring no light, but only darkness—or else it was a piece of levity and conscious self-display; in which case the atten-

tion of the public has been invited to it on false grounds. If there ever was an affair it should be becoming to be silent about, it was certainly this one; but neither the actors nor the spectators have been of this way of thinking; one may almost say that there exists a whole literature on the subject. To this literature Herr Lindau's contribution is perhaps the most ingenious. He has extracted those pages from Paul de Musset's novel of "Lui et Elle" which treat of the climax of the relations of the hero and heroine, and he has printed the names of George Sand and Alfred de Musset instead of the fictitious names. The result is perhaps of a nature to refresh the jaded vision of most lovers of scandal.

We must add that some of his judgments on the matter happen to have a certain felicity. M. Paul de Musset has narrated the story more briefly—having, indeed, by the publication of "Lui et Elle," earned the right to be brief. He mentions two or three facts, however, the promulgation of which he may have thought it proper, as we said before, to postpone to Mme. Sand's death. One of them is sufficiently dramatic. Musset had met George Sand in the summer of 1838, about the time of the publication of "Rolla"—seeing her for the first time at a dinner given to the contributors of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," at the Trois Frères Provençaux. George Sand was the only woman present. Sainte-Beuve had already endeavored to bring his two friends together, but the attempt had failed, owing to George Sand's reluctance, founded on an impression that she should not like the young poet. Alfred de Musset was twenty-three years of age; George Sand, who had published "Indiana," "Valentine," and "Lélia," was close upon thirty. Alfred de Musset, as the author of "Rolla," was a very extraordinary young man—quite the young man of whom Heinrich Heine could say "he has a magnificent *past* before him." Upon his introduction to

George Sand, an intimacy speedily followed—an intimacy commemorated by the lady in expansive notes to Sainte-Beuve, whom she kept informed of its progress. When the winter came the two intimates talked of leaving Paris together, and, as an experiment, paid a visit to Fontainebleau. The experiment succeeded, but this was not enough, and they formed the project of going to Italy. To this project, as regarded her son, Mme. de Musset refused her consent. (Alfred's father, we should say, had died before the publication of "Rolla," leaving his children without appreciable property, though during his lifetime, occupying a post in a government office, he had been able to maintain them comfortably.) His mother's opposition was so vehement that Alfred gave up the project, and countermanded the preparations that had already been made for departure.

"That evening toward nine o'clock," says M. Paul de Musset, "our mother was alone with her daughter by the fireside, when she was informed that a lady was waiting for her at the door in a hired carriage, and begged urgently to speak with her. She went down accompanied by a servant. The unknown lady named herself; she besought this deeply grieved mother to confide her son to her, saying that she would have for him a maternal affection and care. As promises did not avail, she went so far as sworn vows. She used all her eloquence, and she must have had a great deal, since her enterprise succeeded. In a moment of emotion the consent was given." The author of "Lélia" and the author of "Rolla" started for Italy together. M. Paul de Musset mentions that he accompanied them to the mail coach "on a sad, misty evening, in the midst of circumstances that boded ill." They spent the winter at Venice, and M. Paul de Musset and his mother continued to hear regularly from Alfred. But toward the middle of February his letters suddenly stopped, and for six weeks they were without

news. They were on the point of starting for Italy, to put an end to their suspense, when they received a melancholy epistle informing them that their son and brother was on his way home. He was slowly recovering from an attack of brain fever, but as soon as he should be able to drag himself along he would seek the refuge of the paternal roof.

On the 10th of April he reappeared alone. A quarter of a century later, and a short time after his death, Mme. Sand gave to the world, in the guise of a novel, an account of the events which had occupied this interval. The account was highly to her own advantage and much to the discredit of her companion. Paul de Musset immediately retorted with a little book which is decidedly poor as fiction, but tolerably good, probably, as history. As a devoted brother, given all the circumstances, it was perhaps the best thing he could do. It is believed that his reply was more than, in the vulgar phrase, Mme. Sand had bargained for; inasmuch as he made use of documents of whose existence she had been ignorant. Alfred de Musset, suspecting that her version of their relations would be given to the world, had, in the last weeks of his life, dictated to his brother a detailed statement of those incidents to which misrepresentation would chiefly address itself, and this narrative Paul de Musset simply incorporated in his novel. The gist of it is that the poet's companion took advantage of his being seriously ill, in Venice, to be flagrantly unfaithful, and that, discovering her infidelity, he relapsed into a brain fever which threatened his life, and from which he rose only to make his way home with broken wings and a bleeding heart.

Mme. Sand's version of the story is that his companion's infidelity was a delusion of the fever itself, and that the charge was but the climax of a series of intolerable affronts and general fantasticalities.

Fancy the great gossiping, vulgar-

minded public deliberately invited to ponder this delicate question! The public should never have been appealed to; but once the appeal made, it administers perforce a rough justice of its own. According to this rough justice, the case looks badly for Musset's fellow traveller. She was six years older than he (at that time of life a grave fact); she had drawn him away from his mother, taken him in charge, assumed a responsibility. Their literary physiognomies were before the world, and she was, on the face of the matter, the riper, stronger, more reasonable nature. She had made great pretensions to reason, and it is fair to say of Alfred de Musset that he had made none whatever. What the public sees is that the latter, unreasonable though he may have been, comes staggering home, alone and forlorn, while his companion remains quietly at Venice and writes three or four highly successful romances. Herr Lindau, who analyzes the affair, comes to the same conclusion as the gross synthetic public; and he qualifies certain sides of it in terms of which observant readers of George Sand's writings will recognize the justice. It is very happy to say "she was something of a Philistine;" that at the bottom of all experience with her was the desire to turn it to some economical account; and that she probably irritated her companion in a high degree by talking too much about loving him as a mother and a sister. (This, it will be remembered, is the basis of action with Thérèse, in "Elle et Lui." She becomes the hero's mistress in order to retain him in the filial relation, after the fashion of Rousseau's friend, Mme. de Warens.) On the other hand, it seems hardly fair to make it one of Musset's grievances that his comrade was industrious, thrifty, and methodical; that she had, as the French say, *de l'ordre*; and that, being charged with the maintenance of a family, she allowed nothing to divert her from producing her daily stint of "copy."

It is easy to believe that Musset may

have tried the patience of a tranquil associate. George Sand's Jacques Laurent, in "Elle et Lui," is a sufficiently vivid portrait of a highly endowed, but hopelessly petulant, unreasonable, and dissipated egotist. We are far from suspecting that the portrait is perfectly exact; no portrait by George Sand is perfectly exact. Whatever point of view she takes, she always abounds too much in her own sense. But it evidently has a tolerably solid foundation in fact. Herr Lindau holds that Alfred de Musset's life was literally blighted by the grief that he suffered in Italy, and that the rest of his career was a long, erratic, unprofitable effort to drown the recollection of it. Our own inclination would be to judge him at once with more and with less indulgence. Whether deservedly or no, there is no doubt that his suffering was great; his brother quotes a passage from a document written five years after the event, in which Alfred affirms that, on his return to Paris, he spent four months shut up in his room in incessant tears—tears interrupted only by a "mechanical" game of chess in the evening. But Musset, like all poets, was essentially a creature of impression; as with all poets, his sentimental faculty needed constantly to renew itself. He found his account in sorrow, or at least in emotion, and we may say, in differing from Herr Lindau, that he was not a man to let a grievance grow stale. To feel permanently the need of smothering sorrow is in a certain sense to be sobered by it. Musset was never sobered (a cynical commentator would say he was never sober). Emotions bloomed again lightly and brilliantly on the very stem on which others had withered. After the catastrophe at times his imagination saved him, distinctly, from permanent depression; and on a different line, this same imagination helped him into dissipation.

M. Paul de Musset mentions that in 1837 his brother conceived a "passion sérieuse" for an attractive young lady, and that the *liaison* lasted two years—

"two years during which there was never a quarrel, a storm, a cooling-off; never a pretext for umbrage or jealousy. This is why," he adds, "there is nothing to be told of them. Two years of love without a cloud cannot be narrated." It is noticeable that this is the third "passion sérieuse" that M. Paul de Musset alludes to since the dolorous weeks which followed the return from Venice. Shortly after this period another passion had come to the front; a passion which, like that which led him to Italy, was destined to have a tragical termination. This particular love affair is commemorated, in accents of bitter melancholy, in the "Nuit de Décembre," just as the other, which had found its catastrophe at Venice, figures, by clear allusion, in "Nuit de Mai," published a few months before. It may provoke a philosophic smile to learn, as we do from M. Paul de Musset—candid biographer!—that the "motives" of these two poems are not identical, as they have hitherto been assumed to be. It had never occurred to the reader that one disillusionment could follow so fast upon the heels of another. When we add that a short time afterward—as the duration of great intimacies of the heart is measured—Alfred de Musset was ready to embark upon "two years of love without a cloud" with still another object—to say nothing of the brief interval containing a sentimental episode of which our biographer gives the prettiest account—we seem to be justified in thinking that, for a "blighted" life, that of Alfred de Musset exhibited a certain germinal vivacity.

During his stay in Italy he had written nothing; but the five years which followed his return are those of his most active and brilliant productivity. The finest of his verses, the most charming of his tales, the most original of his comedies, belong to this relatively busy period. Everything that he wrote at this time has a depth and intensity which distinguishes it from the jocosely sentimental productions of his début, and from the somewhat man-

nered and rapidly elegant compositions which he put forth, at wide intervals, during the last fifteen years of his life. This was the period of Musset's intellectual virility. He was very precocious, but he was at the same time, at first, very youthful. On the other hand, his decline began early; in most of his later things, especially in his verses (they become very few in number), the inspiration visibly runs thin. "Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre," he had said, and both clauses of the sentence are true. His glass held but a small quantity; the best of his verses—those that one knows by heart and never wearies of repeating—are very soon counted. We have named them when we have mentioned "Rolla," the "Nuit de Mai," the "Nuit d'Avant" and the "Nuit d'Octobre"; the "Lettre à Lamartine," and the "Stances à la Malibran." These, however, are perfection; and if Musset had written nothing else, he would have had a right to say that it was from his own glass that he drank. The most beautiful of his comedies, "Il ne faut pas badiner avec l'Amour," dates from 1834, and to the same year belongs the "Lorenzaccio," the strongest, if not the most exquisite, of his dramatic attempts. His two most agreeable *novelles*, "Emmeline" and "Frédéric et Bernerette," appeared about the same time. But we have not space to enumerate his productions in detail. During the fifteen last years of his life, as we have said, they grew more and more rare; the poet had, in a certain sense, out-lived himself. Of these last years Herr Lindau gives a rather realistic and unflattered sketch; picturing him especially as a figure publicly familiar to Parisian loungers, who were used to observe him as "an unfortunate with an interesting face, dressed with extreme care," with the look of youth and the lassitude of age, seated in a corner of a café and gazing blankly over a marble table on which "a half empty bottle of absinthe and a quite empty glass" stood before him. M. Paul de

Musset, in describing his brother's later years, is mindful of the rule to glide, not to press; with a very proper fraternal piety, he leaves a great many foibles and transgressions in the shade. He mentions, however, Alfred's partiality for spirits and stimulants—a taste which had defined itself in his early years. Musset made an excessive use of liquor; in plain English, he got drunk. Sainte-Beuve, somewhere in one of his merciless but valuable foot-notes, alludes to the author of "Rolla" coming tipsy to the sittings of the French Academy. Herr Lindau repeats a pun which was current on such occasions. "Musset s'absente trop," said some one. "Il s'absinthe trop," replied some one else. He had been elected to the Academy in 1852. His speech on the occasion of his reception was a disappointment to his auditors. Herr Lindau attributes the sterility of his later years to indolence and perversity; and it is probable that there is not a little justice in the charge. He was unable to force himself; he belonged to the race of gifted people who must do as it pleases them. When a literary task was proposed to him and he was not in the humor for it, he was wont to declare that he was not a maid-of-all-work, but an artist. He must write when the fancy took him; the fancy took him, unfortunately, less and less frequently. With a very uncertain income, and harassed constantly by his debts, he scorned to cultivate a pecuniary inspiration. He died in the arms of his brother in the spring of 1857.

He was beyond question one of the first poets of our day. If the poetic force is measured by the *quality* of the inspiration—by its purity, intensity, and closely personal savor—Alfred de Musset's place is surely very high. He was, so to speak, a thoroughly *personal* poet. He was not the poet of nature, of the universe, of reflection, of morality, of history; he was the poet simply of a certain order of personal emotions, and his charm is in the frankness and freedom, the grace and harmony, with

which he expressed these emotions. The affairs of the heart—these were his province; in no other verses has the heart spoken more characteristically. Herr Lindau says very justly that if he was not the greatest poet among his contemporaries, he was at any rate the most poetically constituted nature. A part of the rest of Herr Lindau's judgment is worth quoting:

He has remained the poet of youth. No one has sung so truthfully and touchingly its aspirations and its sensibilities, its doubts and its hopes. No one has comprehended and justified its follies and its amiable idiosyncrasies with a more poetic irony, with a deeper conviction. His joy was young, his sorrow was young, and young was his song. To youth he owes all happiness, and in youth he sang his brightest chants. But the weakness of youth was his fatal enemy, and with youth faded away his joy in existence and in creation.

This is exactly true. Half the beauty of Musset's writing is its simple suggestion of youthfulness—of something fresh and fair, slim and tremulous, with a tender epidermis. This quality, with some readers, may seem to deprive him of a certain proper dignity; and it is very true that he was not a Stoic. You may even call him unmanly. He cries out when he is hurt; he resorts frequently to tears, and he talks much about his tears. (We have seen that after his return from Venice they formed, for four months, his principal occupation.) But his defence is that if he does not bear things like a man, he at least, according to Shakespeare's distinction, feels them like a man. What makes him valuable is just this gift for the expression of that sort of emotion which the conventions and proprieties of life, the dryness of ordinary utterance, the stiffness of most imaginations, leave quite in the vague, and yet which forms a part of human nature important enough to have its exponent. If the presumption is against the dignity of deeply poetic utterance, poor Musset is, in the vulgar phrase, nowhere—he is a mere grotesque sound of lamentation. But if in judging him you don't stint your sympathy,

you will presently perceive him to have an extraordinarily precious quality—a quality equally rare in literature and in life. He has passion. There is in most poetry a great deal of reflection, of wisdom, of grace, of art, of genius; but (especially in English poetry) there is little of this peculiar property of Musset's. When it occurs we feel it to be extremely valuable; it touches us beyond anything else. It was the great gift of Byron, the quality by which he will live in spite of those weaknesses and imperfections which may be pointed out by the dozen. Alfred de Musset in this respect resembled the poet whom he appears most to have admired—living at a time when it had not begun to be the fashion to be ashamed to take Byron seriously. Mr. Swinburne in one of his prose essays speaks of him with violent scorn as Byron's "attendant dwarf," or something of that sort. But this is to miss the case altogether. There is nothing diminutive in generous admiration, and nothing dwarfish in being a younger brother; Mr. Swinburne's charge is too coarse a way of stating the position. Musset resembles Byron in the fact that the beauty of his verse is somehow identical with the feeling of the writer—with his immediate, sensible warmth—and not dependent upon that reflective stage into which, to produce its great effects, most English poetic expression instantly passes, and which seems to chill even while it nobly beautifies. Musset is talked of nowadays in France very much as Byron is talked of among ourselves; it is noticed that he often made bad verse, and he is accused of having but half known his trade. This sort of criticism is eminently just, and there is a weak side of the author of "Rolla" which it is easy to attack.

Alfred de Musset, like Mr. Murray's fastidious correspondent, wrote poetry as an amateur—wrote it, as they say in France, *en gentleman*. It is the fashion, I believe, in some circles, to be on one's guard against speaking

foreign tongues too well (the precaution is perhaps superfluous) lest a marked proficiency should expose one to be taken for a teacher of languages. It was a feeling of this kind, perhaps, that led Alfred de Musset to a certain affectation of negligence and laxity; though he wrote for the magazines, he could boast a long pedigree, and he had nothing in common with the natives of Grub street. Since his death a new school of poets has sprung up—of which, indeed, his contemporary, Théophile Gautier, may be regarded as the founder. These gentlemen have taught French poetry a multitude of paces of which so sober-footed a damsel was scarcely to have been supposed capable; they have discovered a great many secrets which Musset appears never to have suspected, or (if he did suspect them) to have thought not worth finding out. They have sounded the depths of versification, and beside their refined, consummate *facture* Musset's simple devices and good-natured prosody seem to belong to a primitive stage of art. It is the difference between a clever performer on the tight rope and a gentleman strolling along on soft turf with his hands in his pockets. If people care supremely for form, Musset will always but half satisfy them. It is very pretty, they will say; but it is confoundedly unbusinesslike. His verse is not chiselled and pondered, and in spite of an ineffable natural grace, it lacks the positive qualities of cunning workmanship—those qualities which are found in such high perfection in Théophile Gautier. To our own sense Musset's exquisite feeling more than makes up for one-half the absence of "chiselling," and the ineffable grace we spoke of just now makes up for the other half. His sweetness of passion, of which the poets who have succeeded him have so little, is a more precious property than their superior science. His grace is often something divine; it is in his grace that we must look for his style. Herr Lindau says that Heine speaks of

"truth, harmony, and grace" being his salient qualities. (By the first, we take it, he meant what we have called Musset's passion.) His harmony, from the first, was often admirable; the rhythm of even some of his earliest verses makes them haunt the ear after one has murmured them aloud.

Ulric, des mers nul œil n'a mesuré l'abîme,
Ni les hérons plongeurs, ni les vieux matelots;
Le soleil vient briser ses rayons sur leur cime,
Comme un soldat vaincu brise ses javalots.

Musset's grace, in its suavity, freedom, and unaffectedness, is altogether peculiar; though it must be said that it is only in the poems of his middle period that it is at its best. His latest things are, according to Sainte-Beuve, *colifichets*—baubles; they are too much in the rococo, the Dresden china style. But as we have said before, with his youth Musset's inspiration failed him. It failed him in his prose as well as in his verse. "Il faut qu'une Porte soit ouverte ou fermée," one of the last of his dramatic proverbs, is very charming, very perfect in its way; but compared with the tones of the "Caprices de Marianne," the "Chandelier," "Fantasio," the sentiment is thin and the style has rather a simper. It is what the French call *marivaudage*. There can, however, be no better example of the absoluteness of the poetic sentiment, of its justifying itself as it goes, of lyrical expression being as it were not only a means, but an end, than the irresistible beauty of such effusions as the "Lettre à Lamar-tine" and the "Nuit d'Aout."

Poète, je t'écris pour te dire que j'aime !

—that is all, literally, that Musset has to say to the "amant d'Elvire"; and it would be easy to make merry at the expense of so simply candid a piece of "gush." But the confidence is made with a transparent ardor, a sublime good faith, an audible, touching tremor of voice, which, added to the enchanting harmony of the verse, make the thing one of the most splendid poems of our day.

On ne sont pas des chants, ce ne sont que des larmes,
Et je ne te dirai que ce que Dieu m'a dit !

Musset has never risen higher. He has, in strictness, only one idea—the idea that the passion of love and the act of loving are the divinest things in a miserable world; that love has a thousand disappointments, deceptions, and pangs, but that for its sake they are all worth enduring, and that, as Tennyson has said, more curtly and reservedly,

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Sometimes he expresses this idea in the simple epicurean fashion, with gayety and with a more or less cynical indifference to the moral side of the divine passion. Then he is often pretty, picturesque, fanciful, but he remains essentially light. At other times he feels its relation to the other things that make up man's destiny, and the sense of aspiration meets with the sense of enjoyment or of regret. Then he is at his best; then he seems an image of universally sentient youth.

Je ne pais ; malgré moi, l'infini me tourmente.
Je n'y saurais songer sans crainte et sans espoir ;
Et quelque'on en ait dit, ma raison s'épouvante
De ne pas le comprendre, et pourtant de le voir.

While we may suspect that there is something a little over-colored in M. Paul de Musset's account of the degree to which his brother was haunted by the religious sentiment—by the impulse to grope for some philosophy of life—we may also feel that with the poet's sense of the "divineness" of love there went a conviction that ideal love implies a divine object. This is the feeling expressed in the finest lines of the "Lettre à Lamartine"—in lines at least which, if they are not the finest, are fine enough to quote:

Eh bien, bon ou mauvais, inflexible ou fragile,
Humble ou gal, triste ou fier, mais toujours gémissant,
Cet homme, tel qu'il est, cet être fait d'argile,
Tu l'a vu, Lamartine, et son sang est ton sang.
Son bonheur est le tien ; sa douleur est la tienne ;
Et des maux qu'il bas il lui faut endurer,
Pas un qui ne te touche et qui ne t'appartienne ;
Puisque tu sais chanter, ami, tu sais pleurer.
Dis-moi, qu'en penses-tu dans tes jours de tristesse ?

Que t'a dit le malheur quand tu l'as consulté ?
Trompé par tes amis, trahi par ta maîtresse,
Du ciel et de toi-même as-tu jamais douté ?
Non, Alphonse, jamais. La triste expérience
Nous apporte la cendre et n'éteint pas le feu.
Tu respectes le mal fait par la Providence ;
Tu le laisses passer et tu crois à ton Dieu.
Quelqu'il soit c'est le mien ; il n'est pas deux croyances.

Je ne sais pas son nom : j'ai regardé les cieux ;
Je sais qu'ils sont à lui, je sais qu'ils sont immenses,

Et que l'immensité ne peut pas être à deux.
J'ai connu, jeune encore, de sévères souffrances ;
J'ai vu verdir les bois et j'ai tenté d'aimer.
Je sais ce que la terre engoulait d'espérances,
Et pour y recueillir ce qu'il y faut semer.
Mais ce que j'ai senti, ce que je veux t'écrire,
C'est ce que m'ont appris les anges de douleur ;
Je le sais mieux encore et puis mieux te le dire,
Car leur glaive, en entrant, l'a gravé dans mon cœur.

And the rest of the poem is a lyrical declaration of belief in immortality.

We have called the "Lettre à Lamartine" Musset's highest flight, but the "Nuit de Mai" is almost as fine a poem—full of imaginative splendor and melancholy ecstasy. The series of the "Nuits" is altogether superb; with an exception made, perhaps, for the "Nuit de Décembre," which has a great deal of sombre beauty, but which is not, like the others, in the form of a dialogue between the Muse and the poet—the Muse striving to console the world-wounded bard for his troubles, and urging him to take refuge in hope and production:

Poète, prends ton luth et me donne un baiser ;
La fleur de l'églantier sent ses bourgeons éclore.
Le printemps naît ce soir ; les vents vont s'em-
braser ;
Et la bergeronnette, en attendant l'aurore,
Au premier balaisons vertes commence à se poser.
Poète, prends ton luth et me donne un baiser.

That is impregnated with the breath of a vernal night. The same poem (the "Nuit de Mai") contains the famous passage about the pelican—the passage beginning

Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,
Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de purs sanglots—

in which the legend of the pelican opening his breast to feed his starving young is made an image of what the poet does to entertain his readers:

Poète, c'est ainsi que font les grands poètes.
 Ils laissent s'égayer ceux qui vivent un temps ;
 Mals les festins humains qu'ils servent à leurs
 fêtes
 Ressemblent la plupart à ceux des pélicans.

This passage is perhaps—unless we except the opening verses of “Rolla”—Musset's noblest piece of poetic writing. We must place next to it—next to the three “Nuits”—the admirably passionate and genuine “Stanzas to Malibran”—a beautiful characterization of the artistic disinterestedness of the singer who suffered her genius to consume her—who sang herself to death. The closing verses of the poem have a wonderful purity; to rise so high, and yet in form, in accent, to remain so still and temperate, belongs only to great poetry; as it would be well to remind the critic who thinks the author of the “Stanzas to Malibran” dwarfish. There is another sort of verse in which violence of movement is more sensible than upwardness of direction.

So far in relation to Musset's lyric genius—though we have given but a brief and inadequate account of it. He had besides a dramatic genius of the highest beauty, to which we have left ourself space to devote only a few words. It is true that the drama with Musset has a decidedly lyrical element, and that though his persons always talk prose, they are constantly saying things which would need very little help to fall into the mould of a stanza or a sonnet. In his dramas as in his verses, his weakness is that he is amateurish; they lack construction; their merit is not in their plots, but in what, for want of a better term, one may call their sentimental perfume. The earliest of them failed upon the stage, and for many years it was supposed they could not be played. Musset supposed so himself, and took no trouble to encourage the experiment. He made no concessions to contemporary “realism.” But at last they were taken up—almost by accident—and it was found that, in the hands of actors whose education enabled them to appreciate their delicacy,

this delicacy might become wonderfully effective. If feeling is the great quality in his verses, the case is the same in his strange, fantastic, exquisite little comedies; comedies in the literal English sense of the word we can hardly call them, for they have almost always a melancholy or a tragical termination. They are thoroughly sentimental; he puts before us people who convince us that they really *feel*; the drama is simply the history of their feeling. In the emotions of Valentin and Perdican, of Fantasio and Fortunio, of Oélie and Octave, of Carmosine and Bettine, there is something contagious, irresistibly touching. But the great charm is Musset's dramatic world itself, the atmosphere in which his figures move, the element they breathe.

It seems at first like a reckless thing to say, but we will risk it: in the *quality* of his fancy Musset always reminds us of Shakespeare. His little dramas go on in the country of “As you Like It” and the “Winter's Tale”; the author is at home there, like Shakespeare himself, and he moves with something of the Shakespearian lightness and freedom. His fancy loves to play with human life, and in the tiny mirror which it holds up we find something of the depth and mystery of the object. Musset's dialogue, in its mingled gaiety and melancholy, its sweetness and irony, its allusions to real things and its kinship with a romantic world, has an altogether indefinable magic. To speak it on the stage is almost to make it coarse. Once Musset attempted a larger theme than usual; in “Lorenzaccio” he wrote an historical drama on the scale of Shakespeare's histories; that is, with multitudes of figures, scenes, incidents, and illustrations. He laid his hand on an admirable subject—the story of a certain Lorenzino de' Medici, who played at being a debauchee and a poltroon in order better to put the tyrant of Florence (his own cousin) off his guard, and serve his country by ridding her of him. The play shows

an extraordinary abundance and vivacity of imagination, and really, out of those same "histories" of Shakespeare, it is hard to see where one should find an equal spontaneity in dealing with the whole human furniture of a period. Alfred de Musset, in "*Lorenzaccio*," has the air of being as ready to handle a hundred figures as a dozen—of having imagination enough for them all. The thing has the real creative *souffle*, and if it is not the most perfect of his productions, it is probably the most vigorous.

We have not spoken of his tales; their merit is the same as of the *comédies*—that of spontaneous feeling, and of putting people before us in whose feelings we believe. Besides this, they have Musset's grace and delicacy in a perhaps excessive degree; they are the most mannered of his productions. Two or three of them, however—"Emmeline," "*Les Deux Maîtresses*," "*Frédéric et Bernerette*"—are masterpieces; this last epithet is especially to be bestowed upon the letter written by the heroine of the last-mentioned tale (an incorrigibly *solaye grisette*) to her former lover on the occasion of his marrying and settling. The incoherency, the garrulity, the mingled resignation and regret of an amiable flirt of the lower orders, divided between the vivacity of her emotion and the levity of her nature, are caught in the act; and yet it is not fair to say of

anything represented by Musset that it is caught in the act. Just the beauty and charm of it is that it is not the exact reality, but a something seen by the imagination—a tinge of the ideal, a touch of poetry. We must try to see Musset himself in the same way; his own figure needs to a certain extent the help of our imagination. And yet, even with such help taken, we cannot but feel that he is an example of the wasteful way in which nature and history sometimes work—of their cruel indifference to our personal standards of economy—of the vast amount of material they take to produce a little result.

Alfred de Musset's exquisite organization, his exaltations and weaknesses, his pangs and tears, his passions and debaucheries, his intemperance and idleness, his years of unproductiveness, his innumerable mistresses (with whatever pangs and miseries it may seem proper to attribute to *them*), his quarrel with a woman of genius, and the scandals, exposures, and recriminations that are so ungracefully bound up with it—all this was necessary in order that we should have the two or three little volumes into which his *best* could be compressed. It takes certainly a great deal of life to make a little art! In this case, however, we must remember, that little is exquisite.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

REFLECTED LIGHT.

YOUR eyes say, "Sweet, I love—I love you, sweet."
 Where is the blame
 If, when their mute significance I meet,
 Mine say the same?

Nay, thank me not, nor deem your triumph near.
 The message bright
 My glance conveys—'tis but—believe, me, dear—
 Reflected light!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

LIFE INSURANCE.—II.

THE companies organized under the general law of the State of New York are the mere creatures of that statute. Their organization, management, powers for good or evil, opportunities for mismanagement and corruption, are all to be traced directly to the law to which they owe their being. It will be necessary, therefore, for an intelligent understanding of the condition to which the business has come, to examine the act particularly. It is chapter 468 of the laws of 1853. It provides that any number of persons not less than thirteen may form a corporation for the purpose of making insurance on the lives of individuals, or against accidents, or on the health of persons, or on live stock. Such corporators are allowed to draw their own charter, and upon its approval by the Attorney General, that document has all the force of positive law. It is of course subject to the provisions of the act itself, but those provisions are so few and meagre that it is practically left to the promoters of the scheme to draw their own charter of incorporation. The capital stock is to be not less than \$100,000, and no provision is made for the incorporating of any company without a capital. The rate of dividends to the stockholders, the proportion of profits to be paid the policy-holders, and the time of payment, are not provided for in the law, and are left to be settled by the associates. The consequence is that no two companies are alike in this respect. In some of them the stockholder receives an interest of seven per cent. upon his stock, and is entitled to no more under any circumstances, the whole surplus or profits being divided among the policy-holders. In others, in addition to interest, the stock is entitled to participate with the policies in the surplus. The extent of this participation varies; in

some it is fixed at ten per cent. of the whole profits, to the stock-holders, in others twenty, and in others thirty per cent. In all of them, however, with one exception, participation by the policy-holders in the profits of the business is a rule. To a greater or lesser extent, in some to the whole profits, it is the recognized rule that the holders of policies are to receive dividends or bonuses from the companies out of the profits. In effect, therefore, so far as participation in the profits of the business goes, all our companies, with the one exception before mentioned, are mutual companies.

The act makes no provision for the government of the corporations it allows to be created. It leaves it to the promoters to state the mode and manner in which the corporate powers shall be exercised, and the manner of electing trustees, or directors, and officers. The natural consequence of this provision is, that the manner of electing trustees and directors varies in different companies. In some of them the stock-holders alone have any voice or vote, in others the policy-holders are allowed, under certain restrictions, to vote, but it is safe to say that in all of them the power is kept in the hands of the stock-holders as far as it possibly can be; and the policy-holders are allowed as little voice in the management of the company as the stock-holders can permit.

The result of this vice in the formation of the company is shown in corporations which have amassed a large reserve. There it will be seen that the owners of one hundred thousand dollars of stock absolutely control the entire management and disposition of twenty, thirty, or forty millions of accumulations, as the case may be; and the real owners of this fund—the policy-holders—have no voice in its management and no vote for the body

or board which exercises the powers of the corporation.

It is contended by very prominent gentlemen in the life insurance business; that this plan is the only safe one; that interference in the management of the company by uninstructed policy-holders, not versed in the business, would be productive of nothing but evil. They contend that the necessary unity of management required for a business, covering as this does long periods of time, and requiring carefully laid plans extending into the distant future, would be greatly endangered by the existence of a right to participate in the management by representation on the part of so numerous and so widely scattered a constituency. In other words, the managers of companies which have retained in the hands of the stock-holders all the powers of the corporation think that those powers are more safely exercised by that small body than they would be if participated in by all the holders of policies. It may be doubted, however, whether a constituency small in number and capable of manipulation, and their votes of concentration into the hands of a few men, is the safest body to manage a corporation whose chief business is the care of the accumulations arising from the trust imposed upon the corporation by the contract of life insurance. The power of wielding a mass of capital amounting to many millions of dollars is an enormous power, and it should be reposed only in a body which should be responsible for the careful, honest administration of the trust, at stated intervals, to the persons most interested—that is, to the policy-holders—the owners of the trust fund. One of the chief characteristics of English companies is, that at the annual meeting of the interested persons a full statement of the affairs of the company is laid before the meeting, and an opportunity offered of critical examination and comment. Discontent is thus allowed a safety valve to express itself through, and the mana-

gers an opportunity of explaining their action and accounting for their conduct. Public opinion—the public opinion of the persons interested—is allowed a chance of expression, and all misunderstandings and misconceptions an opportunity for examination and refutation. The right to interrogate the managers, and ask and obtain information as to the business at such regularly recurring intervals, is an inestimable one. It can hardly be conceived possible that great abuses could grow up if such a right existed; but at any rate it is apparent that the probability of such abuses is lessened to a great extent.

But this English practice is not known among us. In life insurance affairs we have nothing remotely approaching it. It seems to have been the policy of our companies to restrict participation in their management to the smallest possible number, to avoid opportunities for questioning or explanation, and to shroud the business in the deepest mystery.

The officers of companies responsible for this policy justify themselves upon the broad ground that they know better what is good for the policy-holders than they do themselves. In the light of the evidence given before the Committee of the Assembly by life insurance officers, and in the light of the affairs of the Continental, Security, and Popular, it may be doubted whether this assertion proves itself. It has the merit, however, that every honest avowal has, and it is entitled to examination.

Why should a self-electing, self-perpetuating proprietary board, resting upon a constituency composed solely of owners of the capital stock, be a safer or better management than one elected by the votes of the policy-holders at large? The only answer you can get to that query is this: The board elected by the stock-holders are sure of their position, and it is not in the power of a few malcontents to get up a secret movement to oust them at the election. The more stable man-

agement is to be preferred to one which is dependent on the popularity of the officers with the policy-holders. It is in the nature of things that the officers should become more or less unpopular. The business depends for success upon the enforcement of strict rules in dealing with the policy-holders, and the enforcement of these strict rules, although absolutely necessary for the success of the business, naturally tends to give fancied grievances to the persons against whom they are enforced. If, therefore, the tenure of office of the management depends upon the policy-holders, there is the constant danger of frequent attempts at revolution arising from this cause, and the consequent weakness of the officers in enforcing rules the enforcement of which may tend to shorten their tenure of office.

I think I have fairly stated the argument. Is there anything in it? Is the reason given any reason at all? Is it not rather a positive argument against the system. Perhaps the best government for men and companies is an absolute monarchy, without accountability or restraint; there are large masses of the human race who are so governed; and it is an open question yet whether government by the people be or be not the best government. But certainly one thing is assured. In this day and in this country the monarchical and the oligarchical systems are out of date and out of place; and all attempts to introduce them or the principles which underlie them into our system of free government by the representatives of the governed will be failures. The doctrine of paternal government is "played out" in affairs of nations, and it is not to be supposed that the principle has in it any greater efficacy when applied to the affairs of corporations. The fact is, we have too much of this thing in all our relations political and social. The idea that there is a class who are in their own estimation better able to govern than the rest of mankind has been exploded by the

experience of the people of this country, and it is intolerable that we should be forced to do homage in our private affairs to a principle which we have, as regards public business, exploded long ago as a traditional fallacy.

Most of the evil practices which have made the whole system of life insurance a by-word and the scorn of the people, have arisen under this irresponsible management. Investments in extravagant buildings, the enormous expenditures for payments of salaries to officers and to agents, are all the result of the secret plan of management. Does any one suppose that if the affairs of the companies were fully and completely exposed to the public, such payments would be permitted or tolerated? Men are entitled to be paid for services rendered the full equivalent of those services, but they ought not to be allowed to be the sole judges of the value of those services, and they ought to be at all times ready and willing to come before the persons interested, and submit a full, fair, and clear account of their stewardship. Human nature is of the same quality in the managers of life insurance companies as in other men. Responsibility to some power, accountability to some persons or body, is absolutely essential to honest management. Men who know that they cannot or will not be called to account will fall into loose and unbusinesslike methods and practices. Nothing can be more dangerous to the honesty of a man than to place him in charge of immense interests without a system of periodical accountability. A man may be ever so honest, yet he will, if this accountability be absent, be led to do things which he never would do if he were sure that at a fixed period his doings would become known and he would be required to justify them.

From these considerations and on these grounds, I come to the conclusion that the management of a life insurance company by a board of directors elected solely by the stock-holders

is a management which contains within itself the germs of a fatal disease, which will sooner or later develop itself. In this respect legislation is needed. Such a management ought to be forbidden, and a provision made for the election of trustees by the policy-holders as well as the stock-holders, upon a basis as to the vote and the amount of interest it should represent which would be equitable and just.

Complaints have been made against the use of proxies in elections. Notably these complaints have been made respecting elections in the Mutual Life Insurance Company, a corporation which has no stock-holders, but which consists in a membership of its policy-holders. These policy-holders have the supreme control of the corporation in their own hands. Its government is by them delegated to a board of trustees thirty-six in number, divided into four classes of nine in each class. The term of office is four years, so that nine trustees go out of office in each year. This classification prevents the possibility of any sudden change of management, while it leaves all needed control in the hands of the policy-holders. If, for instance, dissatisfaction with the management exists, and nine new trustees are elected, it is not to be doubted but that the warning would be listened to and the necessary change of policy effected to satisfy the constituency. On the other hand, should the change of trustees be the result of a combination to seize the management of the company for any improper purpose, the first election would unmask the design and insure its defeat by an appeal to the voters.

The objections to the use of proxies come entirely from those policy-holders who have been defeated by their use, or fear they will be defeated by their use, in an attempt to change the management. Does not this prove that the great body of policy-holders believe in the management and are determined to sustain it. In a free company based upon the liberal principles upon which the Mutual Life is estab-

lished, any attempt to limit the franchise would be an unparalleled wrong. The policy-holder in Chicago or in San Francisco has the same right to exercise his right to a voice in the election of trustees as the policy-holder who resides in New York, and there can be no reason why he should not cast his vote by proxy, since it would result in his disfranchisement to require him to do it in person. Be sure that if real trouble arose, and there was an abuse to rectify, if there were officers unmindful of their duties to rebuke, or trustees regardless of their trust to set aside, the votes cast by proxy would be as intelligently given as those of the residents immediately near the office who could attend in person. Every effort to limit the right to vote by proxy is an attempt to perpetuate power in the hands of the policy-holders resident here, which would be quite as obnoxious to sound principles as the government of companies solely by the stock-holders.

It would appear, on every principle of fairness and justice, that the more full and perfect the right of the policy-holder to participate in the election of trustees, the more stable and conservative will be the management. On the other hand, it is quite as apparent that the limitation of such right is attended with consequences the reverse of those just stated, and those consequences attained in proportion to the limitation of the right.

With the broad superstructure of a body of voting policy-holders, the selling out of the control of a company is impossible, because no one will be willing to pay for the possession which the next election may deprive him of. Of all the mean and contemptible methods of robbery as yet discovered, the selling out of a life insurance company is the meanest and most contemptible. Too cowardly to wreck it themselves and personally rob the widows and orphans, the trustees, who quietly receive a bonus for their stock and retire from the management, sell

the opportunity of robbery to others. This they do too in the full knowledge of the purpose for which they are asked to retire. When the crash comes they may say they did not know the purpose of the purchasers, but they did know they were to receive for their stock two or three times its value, and that no man could afford to pay such a price to obtain control of the company except for the purpose of making money by irregular and questionable means. It will not do for men entrusted with positions of a fiduciary character to make the holding of such positions the lever for obtaining a large price for their stock, and then claim exemption from responsibility for the misdeeds of their successors. They were there in charge of a sacred trust, and they have sold and betrayed that trust—for what? Why, for the enhanced price which they got for their stock. This is the great evil of the close corporation system. It enables one or more men to own complete control of a company and to sell it to the highest bidder. Of course the highly respectable gentlemen who sell, and those also who buy, will be shocked at having imputed to them any crime or breach of trust. But how can such sums of money be lawfully made out of life insurance stock as to justify the price the records of the Committee on Insurance show have been paid for it? Life insurance is or ought to be a benevolent institution. Its management is or ought to be a trust, and every trustee who makes use of his position to make money for himself is false to his trust, and should never be appointed to another. Life insurance is not to be made the sport of speculators, and the only reliance of the unfortunate made the football of gambling operations. Most if not all of the troubles which have arisen in the business are to be traced to this attempt to make money out of it, honestly if possible, but to make money at all hazards. The way to end this for ever is to allow the policy-holders to vote, not for a minority of the trus-

tees, but for all of them. Representation should be equal, or it is worthless. The representation which would leave the power to elect a majority still in the hands of the stock-holders is not equal or just. Money paid for premiums is as good as money paid for stock, and should have equal voice in the management. But when you have given the policy-holders votes, you should also see that the opportunity was afforded to them of voting. Most of the elections are held without any other notice than an advertisement in the corner of a crowded column of one or two newspapers. Every policy should have printed on it the date of the annual election, and all the information necessary to enable the holder to be present and vote, or to be represented by proxy. Under the present practice, few holders of policies know whether they have votes or not, and hardly any of them ever heard of the time of holding the election. If the present discussion of life insurance affairs does no other good than to awaken the policy-holders to a sense of their own responsibility for abuses of management, it will not have been in vain. It is safe to say that watchfulness on their part would have prevented the lavish expenditures, the unwise real estate investments, the enormous salaries, which the investigation of the Assembly committee has discovered. The same conservative power held over managers would be a constant check upon any tendency to depart from the safe and regular open pathway of honorable dealings. Under its influence there would be few if any cases of commissions in addition to salary of officers, less tendency to make loans to the trustees and their friends, and a general adhesion to business rules and traditions. But above and beyond all other reforms, the control of the company by the policy-holders would make it impossible for greedy and scoundrel officers to gather into their hands the entire control of the company, and then sell it out to a rival company for four or five times

what the stock cost, and an annuity for life to the traitor who had betrayed his trust. This has been, is now, and will be, if not prevented, the fruitful mother of all the ills of life insurance. Just as soon as any clique get possession of the majority of the stock, there is danger. Nay, there is always danger; any clique may, at any time, get possession of the stock by paying enough for it. If one price will not bring it, another will, and the value to the wrecker depends upon the amount of assets. It is the assets which are to pay the profit of the transaction. The money of the policy-holders is what is sold, not the mere pittance which belongs to the stockholders, and it is the money of the policy-holders which is stolen to pay the purchase money. Honorable gentlemen, prominent in social life, elders, deacons, and vestrymen who in the past few years have quietly pocketed two hundred for your stock and retired from the management of life insurance companies, how are you pleased with your own conduct? In the light of recent disclosures, does not the ill-gotten money burn in your pockets? Truly you would not wreck a company yourselves by transferring it to any man or number of men; but you accomplish the same purpose by retiring. A captain who will not himself surrender to the enemy, but who retires from the command of his fortification knowing that the subaltern who will succeed him intends to strike his flag, may deceive himself, but he does not long succeed in deceiving any one else.

The evidence taken before the referee in the Continental case fully describes and explains the methods of wrecking. A company is sold out or reinsured in another; that is, the stock has been bought up at two or three hundred per centum, the officers have been promised good places, or paid in cash for their silence. Immediately the operations of the wreckers begin. The agents of both companies go into the work with a single

aim, and that aim is to obtain the surrender of the policies in the old company in exchange for new policies in the purchasing corporation. The old policies represent an actual liability; the company which has issued them is obliged to hold a certain sum against each of them. The aggregate of these sums makes up the "reserve" or reinsurance fund. As fast as the old policies are cancelled this reserve is released, and when all the policies are cancelled there is no liability at all. The new policies of course have no liability. This is in short the whole operation of wrecking. By such means a million or two of assets will be distributed, and in the process the policy-holders will receive a little—a very little—and the agents a good deal, and the officers composing the ring all that is left. The arts, the deceptions, the false representations made in the course of the proceeding to induce the policy-holder to give up his policy have been fully disclosed by the evidence in question. Of course it is suggested that the company is in a bad way, and that there is probably no other way of securing anything unless an opportunity now offered of changing is embraced.

Reinsurance was abandoned as a means of wrecking because it was found the policy-holders preferred to keep the old policy and the new guarantee together. So in the later transactions they are told that if they do not change, they will get nothing.

The lesson of all this to the policy-holder may be written in large letters and kept as a maxim:

DO NOT SURRENDER YOUR POLICY.

You will never make a mistake by keeping to this motto. And particularly the more should it be kept to when you are urged by agents to a contrary action. You never get one-third its value even in companies honestly managed; what you get in companies dishonestly managed no one can tell.

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES.

BRUSSELS!

Is it not written that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris? So Elysium to all righteous sons of Cockayne is Brussels. And yet I was weary of it. No charms for me had the perpetual sabots and blouses, the *braves Belges* in jaunty uniform, the bejewelled saunterers in the Galerie St. Hubert, the *gauche* tourists desecrating the sombre stillness of the St. Gudule, the *belle Anglaise* seeing for the first time the outrageous little manikin, the homely phaëton of good old King Leopold with its pair of very unroyal plugs, the *tirailleurs* in Lincoln green, the Parc with its music, fountains and maitrank, the Jardin des Plantes, the boulevard, and the Ecole d'Equitation.

All lost on me. I stood at a window of the Hôtel de Flandres gazing on the ever-moving panorama of the Grande Place with as little interest as though my eye rested on a vacant lot in Pumpkinville.

Was it bile? No. Was it love? Yes.

Another scene was ever before my eyes: An old red-brick house on the cliffs of Devonshire, half hid by giant oaks and elms, fragrant with honeysuckle and jessamine, stately with avenue, lawn, and rookery; and I saw leaning on the rustic gate beneath the chestnut trees Gwendoline Grey: her straw hat dangling by her side, her fresh young face set in a glory of light brown hair, her— But it had all passed away now. The light was gone out of my life, for but three days ago I had received a letter from her mother deploring my altered prospects, returning my billets and love tokens, and assuring me that Gwendoline acquiesced in this painful decision.

My altered prospects—*hinc illa lacryma*. Nine months ago I was heir to a wealthy man, and now I was but bear-leader to the son of the Earl of Tot-

tenbridge. Upon the loss of my father's property, which had come like an avalanche on us, I had left college and assumed the tutorship of the Hon. Nigel Fairleigh, as good a lad as ever handled a cricket bat.

After a brief run through southern Europe, I had just delivered him up to his aunt, my lady Milton, who was to take him to Scotland, while I was free, according to compact, to enjoy a couple of months' vacation.

How I had longed for this vacation—and now, where to go, what to do, I knew not. For three days I had stayed with a dull uncertainty on the spot where the blow had fallen on me.

My meditations were broken by the entrance of a garçon announcing,

"A gentleman for monsieur."

"Ah, M. Danneris, I am glad to see you. Be seated."

To say how I became acquainted with the chatty little Frenchman who sat before me would be a difficult matter. The offer of a cigar, an exchange of newspapers at the reading room, a passing *bon jour* on the stairs, had ripened under his friendly gayety into a familiarity which had extended so far as to my passing more than one evening at his snug office in the Rue des Allumettes, where François Danneris, advocate, spun toils for litigious Flemish *bourgeoisies*.

"My friend," he said, "you look *ennuyé, triste*, dull; you need change. What do you say to a scamper over the continent?"

"I have done scampering enough lately," I replied, "and moreover my funds—"

"*Tiens, mon ami*. Do not talk of money. It is my great happiness to offer you an opportunity to combine business with pleasure, and take a most delightful trip without the expenditure of a sou."

"You surprise me—and where?"

"To a beautiful manorial residence at the village of Kioske, twenty miles beyond Buda, on the banks of the Danube—one of the most romantic spots of eastern Europe."

"And the object?"

"To take temporary charge of the only son of the wealthy Baron von Dressdorf. Jules von Dressdorf," added the advocate in his bland, pleasant way, "is a boy of fifteen, who, after spending a year in an academy in England, has been placed in a *pension* in Brussels; but, *hélas!* an hereditary disease, which has developed itself more strongly of late, has determined his father to recall him immediately. Pericardiac, my dear sir—pericardiac; and it is most important that he should without delay seek the quiet of his native valley."

"The terms?"

"Two hundred and fifty francs a week, and all expenses paid. When could you start?"

"To-morrow—to-day—when you will."

"*Bien!* There is a little difficulty I would mention; the journey is not without small perils. Hungary, as you are aware, is now under the ban of an Austrian tyranny."

I assured him of my sympathy.

"Hold," he cried. "It is exactly that you have no sympathy that I select you. The Baron is already *suspect*, and the son, inheriting his father's sentiments, has small discretion of speech. Keep Austria in the background, I implore you."

"And are you sure that the Baron will approve of your choice of an escort?"

"The mere fact, Monsieur Mortimer, that you were in the service—I beg your pardon—in the family of the Earl of Tottenbridge would be sufficient, but I am proud to say that the recommendation of François Danneris would be a *carte blanche* to any one to the confidence of Baron Dressdorf. He is a noble man," he added with emotion, "and to him I owe all I have in the world."

And then for half an hour the advocate poured into my ear the glories of the house of Dressdorf and stories of Austrian oppression that made me eager to serve his *protégé*. Nay, I was so interested in his case that I believe I would have seen the youth home, if I had had to bear all the expenses of the journey myself.

"Have you a passport?"

"It is here," I said, handing it to him—"a Foreign Office passport that protects me all over the continent."

"Ah, I see. And this permit?"

"Ah, that belongs to my pupil, Nigel Fairleigh. We can cut that off. Lady Milton should have had it with her, but they are not very strict at Ostend, and I suppose her rank proved an open sesame."

"Black eyes," he read, "black hair, sharp features, high forehead, height, five feet three. My dear Monsieur Mortimer," and he turned eagerly toward me, "you would do me a real service, you would lay the noble Dressdorf under the greatest obligation, if you would permit our young charge to use this passport. It describes him to a T. The critical nature of events, the necessity for caution, the delicate health of the boy—nay, do not look shocked; such things are done every day—will excuse the trifling impropriety——"

"Impossible!"

Taking no notice of the interruption, he continued. "And to tell the truth, it was just this that bothered me. A Belgian passport is looked upon with much suspicion, and is likely to lead to inquiry; but armed with this, you may go from here to the Oural mountains without a question."

At first I refused point-blank, but at last resigned myself to his sophistry, and the bargain was closed.

"When can I see the youth?" I asked.

"Now, monsieur. I will at once escort you to the *pension* of the Porte de Schaerbeck, and introduce him to you."

Fifty boys of Belgian, French,

American, and English extraction, seated at a long table enjoying their afternoon's "goûté"—a post-meridian lunch of weak brandy-and-water and grapes; a bald *maître d'école* periodically crying, "Si-i-lence, messieurs. Restez-vous tranquilles!" like a sheriff in a court of law. Such a scene met my view. I recognized my youth in a moment; there was no mistaking the clear, well-defined features, raven hair, and black eyes of the gentle lad who rose to greet my companion with a grace and assurance that checked remonstrance on the part of the half-offended usher, who simply solaced himself with a shrug of the shoulders and a more than usually prolonged "Si-i-lence, messieurs. Restez-vous tranquilles!"

"This is the gentleman, Jules, who has kindly consented to take you home, and it is arranged that you start to-morrow," said the advocate.

The boy's big eyes looked into mine with an inquiring gaze, and then, taking my hand, he quaintly said:

"I like you."

There was nothing impertinent in the tone or manner; it was the hearty expression of his unsophisticated thought.

"He is an Englishman," continued M. Danneris, "and will be very kind to you. Remember that you owe him respect and implicit obedience."

"Then he hates the Austrians—he whose country is free knows how to give sympathy to a poor Hungarian. This good Englishman shall see for himself how our noble people suffer at the hands of tyrants."

"Hush, hush, Jules! You must not talk like this. Is it not extraordinary," said M. Danneris, turning to me, "that even the very children of this oppressed race fill their minds with a sense of wrong?"

"No wonder," I replied, "if but half you have told me is true."

"When I am a man," flashed Jules, "I will kill the Austrians—they are not worthy to live."

"Jules," I said soothingly, "I am

just going for a stroll over the fields toward Louvain. Ask permission from monsieur, your professor, to join me."

Danneris smiled. "That was well done," he said. "You cannot too soon become acquainted. Call here for the boy to-morrow midday. I will see that he is prepared."

When I said adieu to Jules that evening, after a long ramble over the endless corn fields that bordered the "road to Waterloo," I saw with pleasure that I had awakened in him a generous confidence. He too had, by his artless manner, inspired in me no common interest.

We started. Six days' journey to reach Vienna, a hundred-mile trip up the Danube to Buda, seven leagues in a *calèche*, and we should be at Dressdorf Castle.

Uneventful the days were. Poor Jules, weary with travel, talked but little, for which I was appropriately thankful. It was painful to see how he shrank from the gaze of any official who might question us a little closely as to our destination, and to watch his quivering lips as he muttered in response to my assurances of safety, "I trust all to the good Englishman."

As we neared the Austrian frontier he harped more on the subject of his Austrian wrongs, and I was frequently obliged to check him. A fire seemed consuming the boy, a burning vengeance toward the oppressor.

We reached Vienna at dusk on the sixth day, and put up at the Hôtel d'Hollande, according to the suggestions of Danneris. Jules complained of sick headache, and I was somewhat relieved to hear him suggest bed.

It was not till I had seen him safely settled, and had extracted a promise from him not to leave his room, that I felt at liberty to call a few hours my own.

Having dined, I stood on the doorstep of the hotel smoking a cigar and revolving in my mind where I should spend my evening, when I was accosted by a police agent making some inquiry about my passport.

"By the way," said I, "I never was in Austria before, but in France, I have been accustomed to give a *gens-d'arme* a couple of francs to take my passport to the bureau of the police to be *visé*."

"Herr Engländer can pursue the same plan here," was the polite rejoinder. "I shall be happy to oblige him."

Glad to be relieved of the bother, I handed him the document. He briefly compared my person with the description, and then queried:

"And the boy?"

"He is sick and has retired; but if you desire it, you shall see him."

"No need—a boy is no great matter"; and the courteous official, with a bow that would have graced a D'Orsay, was gone.

To the Grand Opera House, the largest in the world, I bent my steps, and in an hour was revelling in Mme. Garcia's thrilling notes, when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a grim, moustached, soldier-like fellow whispered in my ear:

"Your passport, Herr Engländer."

"It is gone to the police bureau to be *visé*. I sent it from the Hôtel d'Hollande by an officer."

For the moment he withdrew, and burning with shame, for every eye was upon me, I turned defiantly to the stage.

"Will the Herr ride or walk?" came again the voice in my ear.

"What do you mean?"

"The Herr must go immediately to the Hôtel d'Hollande. That is all."

I expostulated, but a storm of hisses from those near enough to be interrupted in their enjoyment of the music decided me, and I angrily rose.

"I am at your service, sir."

We walked on without a word.

Never shall I forget the face of the fat little Dutch landlord as we entered—surprise, sympathy, fear alternately lighting his countenance as he poured forth a polyglot expression of his excited feelings. In French, English, Dutch, and German he assured us he

was desolated, miserable, abandoned. Ah, but it was a good young Engländer. It was true he had never seen the passport; he knew he should have asked for it himself when his noble friend first came to the house; but, *déte brouillant* that he was, he had forgotten it.

Then followed a conference between the landlord and the officer, resulting in my being called aside by the former and receiving the following valuable advice:

"My dear sir, you have made a most never-to-be-sufficiently deplored mistake. But see. Satisfy this zealous officer with a bottle of good Stein wine, and all will be well in the morning; only do not leave the house again to-night."

It was a bitter pill, but I swallowed it gracefully, and Herr Polizeidiener and I clicked glasses fraternally with protestations of mutual regard.

In the morning I was awakened by Jules, whose night's rest had done him a world of good. Bright, vivacious, and noisy, he bounded into my room.

"Oh, Herr Mortimer, such an idea! There is a grand review of the soldiery. Come, get up. We must go and see it. I would not miss it for the world."

"Do not be so excited, Jules; it is the last place to which I would dream of taking you. Your father——"

"Wrote me not to fail to see the Austrian troops if I had an opportunity."

Perhaps there was some object in that, and to Jules's delight I consented to take seats on the lumbering stage-coach that was to leave the hotel with other guests bent on the same holiday excursion. I was the more complacent as I reflected that the steamer did not leave Vienna till five o'clock, and I thus saw a means of keeping Jules out of further mischief.

We reached the review ground. It was indeed a gorgeous scene. Crimson and gold, blue and silver flashed back the sun's rays, bugles sounded, and cannon roared.

I was not quite at my ease, however, as I noticed the interest I was exciting in a resplendent official, whose eyes were continually on me. At last, to my dismay, he beckoned to me.

"Sir, your passport?"

"It is gone to the bureau to be *visé*," and then followed a pathetic recital of the annoyances I had been subjected to.

"Will the Herr ride or walk?" was the stereotyped response.

"Where?"

"To Vienna. Until this passport is found the Herr must consider himself under arrest."

In vain I pleaded the unprotected position of my young companion. All the concession I could get was permission to speak a few words with him, which I did with much caution, simply assuring him of my speedy return, and extracting his promise that, if I were detained by my "friend," he would return with the *fiacre* to the hotel, and quietly await my arrival.

"I will do all the good Englishman asks of me"; and a warm pressure of the hand made me feel that Jules understood the extremity of the case.

At once to the bureau.

I was so confident of finding the passport and utterly confounding the officer who had given me all this trouble, that I am afraid my manner was rather supercilious, to say the least of it.

The commissaire heard my story somewhat impatiently.

"The officer's name to whom you say you gave your passport?"

"I did not notice it."

"His name?"

"I never demanded it."

A grin on the face of the commissaire, a very sarcastic curl of the lip, a shrug of the shoulders, an ominous silence.

"Sir," said I, somewhat sobered by the course events had taken, "I am a British subject!"

"Zo?"

"A graduate of the University of Oxford."

"Zo?"

"Tutor in the family of the Earl of Tottenhambridge."

"Zo?"

"Son of a county magistrate."

"Zo? And nevertheless you are arrested for wandering about like a rogue and vagabond without a passport. We know not who you are, what you are, where you come from. The question with us is, Where is your passport? It is enough." And before I could reply his back was turned.

A whitewashed room, sixteen feet square, one barred window, one iron bedstead, one wooden bench—such was my apartment and the inventory of its furniture; and I felt my heart sink as the key in the door turned with an ominous click, and I was left to enjoy my solitary meditations.

What could I do? For an hour I racked my brain. Dared I apply to the English embassy? I would, come what might of it. A few blows on the panel of my door brought the officer.

"I wish to make immediate application to Lord Cowley."

"I will see."

He returned in a few minutes.

"Lord Cowley is not in Vienna now. He is at the Grand Baths."

"Still, there is somebody at the embassy office. I must go there."

After a brief interview with his superior, the permission was accorded.

The officer and I reached the embassy building, and as I passed the jovial English porter at the door, my heart rose, for already I felt the shadow of the British lion over me.

A pale, emaciated, gentlemanly youth, with a gold eyeglass, was standing with his back to the fire, reading a copy of the "Times," while at his feet lay a magnificent bull-and-mastiff, by far the more dignified animal of the two. The exquisite gave no sign of his knowledge of our presence.

"Ahem!"

No attention.

The dog yawned, the great clock on the wall ticked with an aggravating loudness, and at last I broke out—

"Sir, I am in a terrible dilemma. I have lost my passport. I trusted it to a rascally policeman to take to the bureau to get *visé*, and now I am apprehended, put in a miserable prison, called a rogue and vagabond by a confounded commissaire." The effect of my eloquence on the attaché was amusing. Down went the paper.

"Oh, I say—you know—you mustn't—indeed, you mustn't. The office can't be approached in this manner—very irregular, by Jove, very irregular."

"What must I do? The consequences may be fearful——"

"Write to Lord John Russell at the F. O. If he knows anything about you, you can petition Lord Cowley, and in the course of a few weeks——"

"A few weeks! a cycle of years! I must be liberated at once. The safety, nay, the very life of a helpless boy depends upon it."

"Oh, I say, you know, you mustn't get so excited, by Jove, you know; you mustn't indeed. Very irregular—'pon honor, I never saw such irregularity."

The Adam was aroused in me—I couldn't help it.

"Sir!" I roared, "you are here for the protection of the British subject——"

"No, you know," he interrupted. "Consul, that sort of thing. By Jove, never saw such a fellow."

"You are placed here for use or ornament. You are, sir, a failure in either capacity."

"John!"—oh, the superciliously grand air of that little mite!—"John, show this person the door!"

Once more in prison.

Another hour's mental rack, another resource—send for the landlord of the Hôtel d'Hollande.

He came.

I fancy I see before me now the paunchy Dutchman, rubbing his fat hands and condoling with me in hybrid accents.

"But now, Herr Engländer, an inspiration!" He approached me,

placed his pursy lips to my ears, and whispered: "Offer—delicately as you can—but offer the commissaire a few of your English gold pieces, and see the passport, he return, he come back—*vite*, quick. *Voilà tout*."

"Bribe the commissaire!"

"Hush! yes, it is your only chance."

Heavens! what a country! Well might poor Jules rave at the Austrians!

The Dutchman left, and after a few minutes' hesitation, I summoned up courage to knock at the door, which was promptly opened by the officer, who respectfully demanded my requirements.

"I wish to see the commissaire."

"Surely. Will the Herr follow me?"

Where were the frowns gone? The commissaire received me in a most gracious manner. Would I be seated?

"Sir," I stammered, for it went sorely against the grain, "my carelessness has brought me into considerable trouble, and I feel that with your aid alone I can rectify matters. At the same time I am aware that I should pay some penalty for my lack of discretion. If therefore you would give these five sovereigns to some charitable institution in Vienna, and use some effort to find my passport, you will lay me under a great obligation."

The great official said he would do so, and the English sovereigns chinked in his capacious vest-pocket.

"And now, if the Herr will go to his hotel, all Vienna shall be searched. The passport cannot be lost, and in a few hours it shall be in his hands."

Free! It was the only time I was ever under lock and key, but I shall never forget the exhilarating delight of that moment. •

I had hardly gone twenty rods when I remembered that the boat left at five o'clock, and I thought that I would return and tell the commissaire to hurry up.

As I opened the door of the bureau I saw him deliberately take from a pigeon-hole my passport, and handing it to the agent, say, "Here,

take this stupid Englishman his passport!"

"Sir," I said, stepping forward, "I will relieve you of the trouble."

Not a blush, not an apology. With a profusion of compliments and hopes for my *bon voyage*, the commissaire graciously bowed me out, and with all haste I sought the Hôtel d'Hollande.

The fiacre was just driving up to the door as I arrived. I saw it all in one moment. *The boy was not there.*

I questioned the driver and passengers. It appeared that Jules had left the carriage shortly after my departure, and as three hours had elapsed before their return to Vienna, they concluded that he had joined me.

My excitement threw the landlord into a further convulsion of hand-rubbing and general perplexity.

"Get me a strong saddle horse," I impetuously demanded.

"It shall be at the door in five minutes. Will not the Herr dine before he leaves?"

"Dine! No; but let me have a flask of brandy."

Out through the paved streets to the plain. I scoured the whole country round, peered into every carriage, searched every bush and brier, rode up and down the neighboring lanes and highways, inquired of all I met, and only trotted back to Vienna when darkness came on and my jaded horse could hardly bear me home.

Then I ate and drank, and, taking a calèche, visited every police station and hospital in Vienna. All in vain; and at three o'clock in the morning I threw myself on my bed to snatch a few hours' sleep ere my search should be again renewed.

I will not dwell upon the horrors of that time. Day succeeded day, and nearly a week passed in my frantic efforts to discover the whereabouts of the poor young Hungarian. How my heart bled for the gentle boy, perhaps languishing in an Austrian dungeon and calling on the good Englishman to rescue him. I lived a year in that week. At last I resolved to telegraph

to M. Danneris. "Jules is lost. For God's sake, come at once," flashed along the wires. The answer was equally terse. The operator at Brussels replied, "Danneris gone. Left no address."

Was ever anything so unfortunate? Ah, yes, he did talk of visiting England, and that was the reason he could not himself escort Jules home.

Then I knew that I must brace my nerves to the terrible effort of telling that poor father that his child was lost; that I, by my cursed carelessness, had been the destroyer of his peace.

"Your son has mysteriously disappeared from my charge. Hasten here."

The answer was more perplexing than the one from Brussels: "Baron von Dreesdorf not known—no such place as Kioske."

Heavens! Was I in a dream?

For three weeks I continued my search, wandering about in a haggard, broken manner, dreading every day to be stricken with brain fever. I could not sleep for thinking of the poor lad, whose big, pleading eyes seemed to look up into mine from every side. He haunted me.

One day I was watching the crowd pass the corner of the Thun Strasse, when my hand was clasped, and a cheery voice rang in my ear:

"Mortimer, old fellow, by all that's glorious! Who would ever have thought of meeting you here?"

It was Harvey Lawson, my old college chum.

"But you are sick, man. You look clean out of condition. Come up into my den—mind those stairs—here you are—take that arm-chair. You see I'm 'own correspondent' to the 'Daily Growler.' There's a pipe. Will you have beer or wine? And, now, what have you been doing with yourself?"

I told him all, and my story certainly awakened much interest in him.

"What was the date of your leaving Brussels?"

"Wednesday, September 17."

"Just a month ago. Hand me that file of papers at your elbow."

He selected one, glanced at it a moment. "Ah, yea, here it is."

"What?" I cried eagerly, the blood flying to my face.

"What was the name of the advocate?" he persisted with all the gravity of a judge.

"Auguste Danneris."

"And his office, 170 Rue des Allumettes?"

"Yes, yea!"

"The *pension* in the Porte de Schaerbeck?"

"Yes."

"The youth—black eyes, black hair, high forehead, projecting chin, height five feet three?"

"Yes."

"Spoke English well?"

"Remarkably well for a foreigner—and so young."

"Had a slight impediment in pronouncing the letter *p*."

"Yes, I tried to correct the dear boy of the habit."

"Did, eh?"

"I did, and with some success too."

"And went by the name of Jules von Dressdorf?"

"Yes."

"Then, by the lord Harry! Master Mortimer, you've immortalized yourself. You've abducted the most accomplished little *dame d'industrie* Paris ever produced—you've snatched from under the very noses of a cordon of French and Flemish police the princess of adventuresses, Adèle de la Voix, spy, thief, forger—ay, and if suspicion points truly, murderess—for she is believed to have poisoned an accomplice at Ghent after consummating the robbery of the Comtesse de Nemour's jewels. A pretty piece of business truly."

I was dazed. He handed me the journal, and I read for myself the whole of the infamous plot.

"By George, that boarding-school dodge was an excellent one, worthy of her greatness—threw the police off the scent for ten days," said Harvey with a grin.

"Then, when the police got on the

right track again," he continued, "it was too late; she had eloped with you. O Lord, it's too good," and he lay back in his chair and roared.

"By heavens, if you are not quiet, I'll pitch you out of the window."

"No, you won't. If you move a finger, I'll write and tell Gwennie Grey all about your elopement. Why, man, if you were a child of grace, you'd go down on your knees and implore me not to give you two columns in the 'Growler.' There, I was only joking. Don't look so blue. But I confess it's a strong temptation. Such sensations don't crop up every day; besides, messieurs the police are dying to know how *la belle* Adèle crossed the frontier."

"Do you think," I said wearily, "that the proprietor of the *pension* was an accomplice?"

"Most assuredly not. He is an old resident, and gave his testimony with tears in his eyes, assuring the court that Jules von Dressdorf was one of the most docile, intelligent pupils he ever had under his roof."

"And M. Danneris?"

"Her father, I believe. His rôle was the man of reference, the respectable 'fence' who directs the game while others do the work."

"Had my trouble with the police here anything to do with the matter?"

"Not a bit of it. They are infernal rascals, reaping where they do not sow, and looking on careless travellers as legitimate game. Under the present *régime* they make half their living out of passport irregularities."

"I suppose," I added, "I had better notify the police at Brussels."

"And be the laughing stock of Europe for your pains. No, Mortimer, lie quiet here for a week or two, then take steamer through the Mediterranean home. By the by, did Danneris advance you money for the journey?"

"He gave me five hundred francs."

"Then you are not so badly off after all. Make your mind easy about Mlle. Adèle. She is hundreds of miles away by this."

"I wonder why she did not run away from the hotel the night I went to the theatre."

"*Quien sabe?* Let the dead past bury its dead."

Seventeen years have passed since the occurrence of the events I have recorded, and never till yesterday have I seen or heard one word of Adèle de la Voix.

"Gwennie," said I to my dear little wife, on reaching my home in southern Michigan after a visit on business to Detroit, "you remember the heroine of my trip to Dreesdorf castle, just before we were married?"

"Surely," said the wife.

"Well, I saw Adèle de la Voix yesterday."

"You didn't! When? Where?"

"At a store in Gratiot avenue. I

was making a purchase, when a woman entered—old-looking, homely, shabby; but there was no mistaking those black eyes, nor the sniff of the left nostril. When she was gone, I made some inquiries about her, and here is her business card:

"MRS. JULIENNE, from Paris, reveals the past, the present, and the future. Can be consulted on all affairs of love, business, or law, and overcomes trouble of any kind. She brings together the separated, causes speedy marriages, and sells infallible love powders. Go and see for yourself. No humbug here."

"Rooms, etc."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Do? I don't know."

"I do."

"You wise woman, what is it?"

"Write the whole story for your favorite magazine. It is as interesting as half the fiction one reads, and contains a good moral."

THE BATTALION.

A THOUSAND strong we marched to battle;
The city roared around the host;
The tambours crashed their vaunting rattle;
The bugles screamed their joyous boast.

No thought had we to die asunder,
Companions sworn, a brother throng;
We looked to sweep through battle's thunder
In noble lines, a thousand strong.

But ah, the fever's poisoned arrow!
The jungle's breath, the summer's glow!
Our broad array grew swiftly narrow,
And scanty hundreds met the foe.

O splendid longings, thoughts and fancies
Which tread the city of the soul,
How few of all your spirit-lances
Arrive where duty's trumpets roll!

J. W. DE FOREST.

THE FASCINATIONS OF ANGLING.

I.

IT is the cheerful verdict of all anglers that they find no other pastime so fascinating. This conclusion is not based upon the mere mechanism of the art, but upon the fact that it is eminently healthful, rational, and elevating, blending the picturesque and exhilarating in such equal proportions as to exactly meet the demands of the quiet student, the contemplative philosopher, and the care-worn man of business, whose wearied or exhausted nature covets just the solitude and repose which no other recreation so abundantly furnishes.

This of course could not be said of angling if it had no other attraction than the excitement it affords. But I am sure no one ever became an enthusiastic angler who had no other or higher conceptions of its possibilities. The mere act of taking fish is but a minor note in the full volume of harmony which comes to its appreciative disciples amid the vast solitudes where they find their best sport and highest pleasure. Ask any true angler what pictures come up most vividly before him as "the time of the singing of birds" draweth nigh, when it is right to "go a-fishing." His answer will not be, "The rise and strike of trout or salmon," although both will pass upon the canvas like rays of sunshine upon the quiet repose of a forest landscape. He will rather discourse to you of flowing river, of murmuring brook, of cloud-capped mountain, of waving forest, of sunshine and shadow, of rapid and cascade, of tent and camp fire, of silence and solitude, of cozy nook, of undisturbed repose, of refreshing slumber, of invigorated health, and the *abandon* of delight which neither word nor pencil can adequately portray. I have heard such "simple wise men" talk of their favorite pastime until they glowed with ecstasy,

without once naming fish or fishing. That is but the body of the art. Its spirit consists in what is seen and felt. An angler, "born so," as Walton hath it, retains a more vivid recollection of the foam-encircled pool where salmon love to congregate than of the "rise" and "strike" which gave him his early morning's exhilaration. While he soon forgets the "play" and weight of the fish captured, he never forgets the picturesque surroundings of the struggle. He may forget the last homily he read, or the last sermon to which he listened, but never the thrill of devout ecstasy which came to him while wandering along some forest pathway, or while gently floating with the current of his favorite river, bathed in sunshine and fanned by summer zephyrs. After many days, these blissful moments come back to him like divine benedictions. Be sure, O carping critic, the gentle art has its spiritual and æsthetic as well as its physical and intellectual attributes.

As a mere physical pastime, angling stands foremost among all the known sources of pleasurable recreation. It blends active exercise with fascinating excitement in such healthful proportions as to ensure the fortunate participant equally against wearisome monotony and excessive fatigue. The pure mountain air in which he is constantly enveloped is a perpetual tonic, while the exercise it compels gives steadiness to the nerves and solidity to the muscles.

As a mental renovator it is equally effective. There can be no protracted lassitude while the brain is constantly quickened into refreshing vitality by the novel and exhilarating surroundings of mountain and forest and river, and the rise and strike and struggle of trout or salmon.

And to those who have neither physical nor mental ailment, but who are

conscious of a spiritual need—of some more vivid appreciation of the goodness and beneficence of the Heavenly Father than most men attain unto while writhing under the harrow of business or bewildered by the shallow superficialities or noisy clatter of artificial life—the quiet places where the pursuit of the gentle art takes them, the silence and shadow of the sombre forest, the twitter and song of the solitary woodbird, the clear shining stars, which hang like silver lamps above his tent or cabin, and the reposeful hush which comes to his soul like whispered benedictions—these all tend to intensify his gratitude, to quicken his spiritual pulse, and to give to him a higher and a keener appreciation of his spiritual obligations.

There may be those who engage in angling only as they engage in the coarser amusements which, for a time, divert the mind and banish *ennui*. But all such soon weary of it, and never reach the higher plane of the pleasant pastime. To do so requires a placid temper, a thoughtful if not a poetic appreciation of the picturesque, a moderate love of solitude, a patient habit, and a quiet disposition. To find delectation in his walks, the angler need not be an ascetic or a stickler for creeds; but I do not think the heart of Gallio, who “cared for none of these things,” would have been made glad when “the voice of the turtle was heard in the land,” and it was right to “go a-fishing,” because I cannot imagine him a man of a teachable disposition or of a lovable nature, who took pleasure in the society or teachings of the gentle Master of the Galilean fishermen. Izaak Walton might have had equal skill with rod and reel without his saintly faith; but his “Complete Angler” never would have attained the high place it has held and will ever hold in the affections of the contemplative men of all time had he not been imbued with the spirit of reverent humility and such a loving sense of the Infinite Beneficence as to find in all the beauty

and sublimity of Nature evidence of His great goodness and loving kindness to the children of men. He may not, like Enoch, have “walked with God,” but in all his walks he saw God’s handiwork; and this consciousness multiplied many fold the pleasure he sought and always found in the pursuit of his favorite recreation.

II.

THERE are times and seasons for salmon fishing as for all things. But all times and all seasons are not alike. Nor are all places. The best time to fish for salmon, where salmon are to be fished for, is the first hour the water is in condition; that is, as soon as the spring freshets have subsided, and the water, by falling back into its natural channel, has become freed from the surface rubbish washed into it, and sufficiently settled to render your line visible to the eye of the fish. This time varies on different rivers, according to their length, their volume, and the character of the soil through which they flow. On some rivers the drainage is so limited that a fly may be cast successfully so soon as the ice disappears. There are, however, but few rivers on either side the Gulf, or in either of the Provinces, where the best fishing is attainable before the first of June. The “season” continues from that time on to the middle of August, although there is often good sport into September, when the last “run” begin their journey. But no “posted” angler would care to be compelled to take the chances of sport after the close of August, as only very few fish come up from the sea later, and those remaining in the river are wearied from their long journeyings, or are torpid from their protracted absence from the sea.

Within the period named—June to the middle of August—salmon are gamy and muscular, wherever found, whether one or fifty miles from the ocean. But the pools most coveted

are those in closest proximity to salt water. Salmon are at their best when they begin their upward journey. The fresh element in which they find themselves seems to give them new life and friskiness, and when hooked they fight with a strength and fierceness not exhibited in the same measure afterward. A twenty-pound salmon fresh from the sea gives you the play of a thirty-pound fish taken weeks after he has made his way far up toward the headwaters of a fifty or a hundred-mile river.

This fact, however, is not only not perceptible to the novice, but the sport furnished by the capture of a salmon at any point in a river, or at any stage of his sojourn in fresh water, is so grandly exhilarating and so full of the intensest excitement, that it is a matter of but trifling moment where a fish is struck so long as the angler strikes him.

But the season is important. The earlier weeks on any river are to be preferred, not alone because the fish have more vitality, but because, as a rule, they are more abundant. With an unerring instinct which is as mysterious as it is wonderful, they seek the rivers where they were born upon the return of every spring. If the rivers are in condition for their ascent, they begin their journey at once. But the rivers are not always in this condition when salmon first come to them; and if they are not, they wait their opportunity, and then move forward with the regularity and steadiness of an army under marching orders. Hence they are ordinarily found in greatest numbers at the first rush; and they are most fortunate who are duly placed, at favorite pools, to bid them welcome.

What I know of this phase of salmon angling I have learned from experience and observation, under circumstances which enable me to speak with more confidence than would be otherwise becoming. I have fished for three years on what I believe to be one of the very best rivers on the con-

tinent; best not merely because of the abundance and weight of its fish, but because also of its size and length, the magnificence of its scenery, and the great number of its splendid pools. My first two seasons extended from July 10 to August 10; and they are seasons which will be for ever remembered with delight. I did not deem it possible that I should ever experience any higher pleasure this side that "pure river of water, clear as crystal," which fills so large a place in the entrancing picture of the bright hereafter. My catch exceeded my highest expectations, the sport from first to last was magnificent and kingly, and the river, and the scenery, and the surroundings embodied so much of beauty and grandeur, that my cup of joy was filled to overflowing. If I had left the river with no other knowledge than I then possessed of what had been and of what might be, I would have lived on content with the happy impression that I had experienced the highest possibilities of the gentle art. Every hour was an hour of sunshine—whether casting, or striking, or killing—whether slowly ascending or swiftly schuting the rapids—whether shouting in very ecstasy of delight or quietly discoursing of the pleasures of angling, around the camp fire, grateful to a kind Providence which had "cast my lines in such pleasant places," and filled with devout thanksgiving that time and opportunity had been given me to understand why the good men, and the thoughtful men, and the simple wise men of all ages had written so enthusiastically and sung so glowingly of the gentle art.

But, while thus pluming myself upon what I had achieved and experienced, fancying that I had reached the highest pleasure attainable from the art of angling, I learned that while I had done well I could do much better earlier in the season. And so I found; for by a combination of circumstances as fortunate as they were gratifying, my third season gave me the first

"run" and such experience and sport as will for ever remain a golden memory.

III.

WITH a companion as venerable in years and as full of enthusiasm as myself, we set our faces toward the bay of Chaleur on as bright and beautiful a June morning as ever gladdened the world. Hitherto the journey had been tedious and circuitous—by rail and steamer. But, like the world in general, the Provinces are progressive, and on this occasion an "all-rail" route enabled us to do in two days what it formerly took six to accomplish, and the 10th of June found us encamped in a beautiful valley encircled by magnificent mountains, with a majestic river at our feet grandly marching to the sea, but in unwelcome volume and raging with frightful turbulence. The melted snow was pouring down from the hills in such torrents as to overflow banks and lowlands, and to preclude all hope of angling until an abatement of the flood. It only remained for us to imitate the patriotic Germans on the Rhine, and "watch and wait." And for ten days we watched and waited with such patience as we could muster, and with such diversion as could be found in casting for trout in a neighboring brook which found its way to the river in our immediate neighborhood.

IV.

It was the tenth day of our waiting, and while the river was rushing with such fury as to render holding a canoe in the current with any appliances at our command impracticable, that I succeeded in reaching an eddy caused by a huge boulder still buried beneath the waters. I could not anchor, and my frail bark was kept in constant motion by the swirling eddy, when, after repeated casts, I had a rise. The fish leaped to such an unusual height, and with such seeming determination that the lure should not escape him, that I was startled and barely escaped

a backward plunge in my anxiety to make a sure "strike." From the "feel," which ran like electricity from my submerged fly to the tips of my fingers, I knew that the hook had effectively performed its work, and was "fastened in a sure place." With this conviction I felt bold to begin the work resolutely, although I knew that if I succeeded in making a capture, I must do so under circumstances more difficult than any I had ever before encountered in any waters or with any fish. I was literally hemmed in. I dared not allow the monster to get outside the restricted circle of the eddy, for if he should reach the current, which was sweeping downward at the rate of ten miles an hour, I would be utterly powerless to check him, because it would be impossible to prevent him from rushing over the boiling rapids, which were thundering within fifty feet of the lower edge of the eddy. My only hope of fish or canoe was to hold both under the shelter of the rock which caused the eddy. To do this required a shorter line than it is ever wise to retain at the opening of a fight with a thirty-pound salmon. But everything—fish, rod, and line—had to be risked. It was hold all or lose everything; and with a shout which made the whole camp lookers-on, I began the fight; now hopeful, now in despair; now with the fish leaping within fifty feet of the canoe, and now lashing the water with the fierceness of a tiger; now dashing toward the current as if determined to break off or drag the canoe with him, and anon sullenly permitting himself to be reeled up to within ten feet of the gaff; now sinking and sulking, and now rushing and leaping as if he would twist off his own neck in his attempts to shake the cruel barb from his lacerated jaw; now at handsome holding distance, peaceful as a lamb, and seemingly ready for the *coup de grace*, and anon dashing hither and thither, as if looking for some open door to freedom; but all in vain. If his mettle was up, so was mine, and at that

moment I would sooner have lost a fortune than that fish. I had kept him within bounds and well in hand; had got him within a foot of the gaff, sure of victory, and was shouting to my gaffer, "Now then, let him have it!" when, like a flash, he shot under the canoe, and would have smashed everything in a moment had not my watchful guide, seeing the situation and the danger in the twinkling of an eye, swung round our boat so that I could place the tip of my rod beyond the stern of the canoe, and thus escaped the greatest misfortune that can befall a salmon angler. It was quickly and skilfully done, and in five minutes more the first salmon of the season was gaffed, and the first victory achieved. The shout from my own canoe was caught up by the excited lookers-on, and we paddled to camp thrilled with the excitement of the contest, and happy as it is possible for an angler to be—and there are possibilities of happiness to anglers inconceivable to any who have never killed a salmon.

We accepted this first fish as the forerunner of the good time hoped for. And the good time came of which, for the delectation of those who have been or would like to be "there" themselves, I subjoin a few samples.

V.

I HAD as my immediate companion an enthusiastic angler in all waters, but who had not as yet had the good fortune to take a salmon. The flood had somewhat receded; but it was still necessary to place our canoes in the eddies, and cast crosswise into the edges of the current. I had landed a fish of moderate size, and was watching my friend trying his 'prentice hand at salmon casting, occasionally directing him by my fancied superior knowledge of the art, when a very large fish rose to his fly, and he struck him with a suddenness and force which was certainly complimentary to his muscle if not so illustrative of his skill. For it is always dangerous to strike too hard. It does not require

a great pressure to force the barb home, while a heavy strike or a too sudden twitch is apt either to break something or tear the hook from the fish's jaw. In this case the hook held. For a moment fish and fisher seemed alike astonished, and neither stirred; but it was only for a moment. Directly away flew the fish—the line spinning from the reel as if harnessed to a locomotive. Fortunately the eddy, which made out from the point of an island, extended some quarter of a mile, and before it was passed over, the Judge began to appreciate the situation, the magnitude of the work in hand, and the difficulties he was likely to encounter before he could call the fish his own. He held him with a steady hand. He answered every call for line with a promptness and caution which indicated great tact, and he lost no opportunity to reel in when practicable. For a time it seemed probable that he would kill his fish without being carried into the central current. But no such luck awaited him; for after two hours of patient waiting and working—of rushing, and leaping, and sulking—the frenzied fish made for the centre of the river with such impetuosity that it would have been as easy to stop the flow of the river itself as to check him in his mad career. Where he led the canoe was obliged to follow; and follow it did for more than two miles, with occasional respites at available eddies, and occasional dashes up stream, putting the canoe men to their best trumps to prevent the reel from becoming exhausted by these upward flights.

Thus the battle progressed for more than three hours, when the fish approached the canoe of one of the party, which was anchored near a bank covered with overhanging brush. He rushed with such speed that the Indians in the anchored canoe had barely time to get out of the way, when the fish dashed between them and the bank, but so closely that when he halted for an instant near the surface, one of the Indians, whose movements were as

quick as those of the fish himself, gaffed him and so saved him "as by fire," for in an instant more he would have been caught in the overhanging brush toward which he was moving, and where, had he reached it, he would have been inevitably lost. He weighed thirty-six pounds—the largest fish taken during our month's sojourn on the river. But the most marvelous part of the story is that the brute was hooked foul in the side, rendering the fight and the capture of so large a fish a double victory.

Many events in the Judge's life will be forgotten, but this first fight with his first salmon will remain a pleasant memory for ever.

VI.

HERE is another experience which all anglers will appreciate. I was anchored in an eddy at the head of a favorite pool while the current in the channel of the river was so strong that it was deemed impossible to make headway against it. The pool in which I was casting was full of hidden rocks; but for that very reason it was one of the very best on the river. After an unusually long cast, a fish rose to my fly and was hooked. On the instant he dashed for the head of the pool, but by the time the anchor was shipped he reversed his movement with a rush, carrying with him more than two hundred feet of line. The canoe, having been forced into the channel, was sweeping downward with great rapidity, when I became conscious that my line was hitched. The only hope of rescue was to force the canoe back against the heavy current—and the order to do so was answered by such a display of skill and muscle as I had never before and have never since witnessed. The paddles bent like witha, and for a moment not an inch of headway was obtained. "We can't move her," was the mournful wail of my faithful Indians. "You can and must. Away with her!" was all I could say to them; and "away" it was. After a desperate struggle the canoe reached a point on a line with the rock on which

I was caught, when off the line flew with a spring which indicated the great tension to which it had been subjected. "Now let her go!" and down we went, swept by the current, past rocks, into eddies and over rapids for a mile before I succeeded in getting the fish in a position where I could check him or place him where I desired. This I did, however, in time, by getting below him and holding the canoe broadside to the current. This enabled me to handle him at will, and the gaffer soon brought him to book. He weighed twenty-nine pounds.

VII.

ONE other incident. To have it appreciated, however, I must premise that the manner in which an angler plays a fish depends largely upon the condition of the river. Where, after a strike, you can pass into still water or into a moderate current, the position of your canoe is of no great moment. But if you are forced into very swift water, to allow a fish to have his way, and to make no attempt to gaff him until he is exhausted or until you can force him up to within gaffing distance against the current, is to find yourself at the end of the battle so far from your pool as to render a return unpleasantly tedious. Under such circumstances the order of battle with experts is as follows: The moment the fish starts down stream push below him with all possible despatch, reeling up the attained slack as the distance decreases. When the desired position is reached the canoe is thrown across the current and allowed to float with it. As the fish is above you, it is comparatively easy, with the aid of the current, to guide him downward with a very moderate pressure. In this position, with the exercise of proper caution and skill, the fish can generally be brought near enough to be gaffed long before he is the least exhausted.

This mode of killing is not only exciting, but very hazardous. The fish, when brought close up to the canoe,

sometimes dashes beneath it, to the great peril of rod, reel, and leader, if not to the perpendicularity of the canoe itself. To illustrate: I had struck a large fish, and was playing him in the manner detailed, to my entire satisfaction. I had never been better pleased with the behavior of any fish, and I had him under such perfect control that I foolishly began to deem myself perfect master of the situation. In his strugglings the fish had crossed and recrossed the channel a hundred times—had rushed up stream and dashed down stream with the speed and eccentricity of a boomerang, but had failed to get beyond the restraint of a steady tension. I had reached a point in the struggle where I would not have given a farthing to be insured against accidents, when, while holding him within twenty feet of my tip, he turned his head down stream and dashed directly under the centre of the canoe, bearing my rod with him, and bending it double before I knew whether I stood on my head or my heels. And then came a crack, and a tear, and a snap, splintering the second joint of my rod, and breaking my tip like a pipe stem. I supposed, of course, that the wrench had released the fish, and I began to reel in as disconsolate as a defeated candidate for office. But, hollo! the fish is not off! When the crash came the line had rendered so freely that there was no unusual strain upon the hook, and he was still fast. But what of that? How could I save him with such a wreck? The idea that it was possible, with skilful handling, added a hundredfold to the excitement, and put me on my mettle. So, finding that the line was free, and that by keeping the dangling pieces in proper position I could still manipulate the reel, I renewed the contest, and after floating a mile or two with the current, brought him to gaff. I mourned, of course, the destruction of my favorite rod—the best I ever handled, which had served me, without a crack, for two years, and which I would not have exchanged for any rod I ever

saw. There was nothing gorgeous about it; but it had life in every fibre, and responded with every cast, from tip to butt, with such spring and elasticity as rendered casting with it a real pleasure.

VIII.

AND apropos of the old adage that wise men learn from experience. After this fish had thus made shipwreck of my favorite rod, the Judge, with a generosity which is characteristic of the true angler—and no man has the spirit of the true angler who is not generous—proffered me the use of his untried bamboo. It was, and still is, the handsomest piece of salmon rod workmanship I ever saw, and felt in the handling as if it were as good to go as it was handsome to look at. He had hesitated, with the excusable timidity of the novice, to use it himself, and wished it tried, that he might report the result to its maker. I, of course, felt complimented by this proof of confidence in my skill, and consented, with the promise that I would do my best to preserve it intact, but that I must save my fish if I had to risk every inch of my harness.

The pool in which the test was to be made was directly in front of our camp, and the water was still in excessive volume, and the flow unpleasantly impetuous. I soon caught the hang of the rod, and was making experimental casts of a hundred feet or more, quite delighted with its spring and play, when I had a rise from the most dangerous spot in the pool. Afraid to strike with my usual force, I simply raised my tip an inch or two, and felt that he was as securely hooked as if I had a "double hitch" around him. And it is curious this instinctive consciousness of a secure or of a frail hold of your fish the instant you strike him. Every observant angler has this consciousness; and nothing is more common at such a moment than the remark, "I am afraid he is not well hooked"; or, "Ah! that struck home"; and all the after play—whether timidly or fearlessly—

depends largely upon the "feel" of the strike.

At the outset I knew that if my fish escaped, it would not be because he was not well hooked; and, with this assurance, the play began. He took to the swiftest water at the first dash; he fairly leaped over the rapids at the foot of the pool, the canoe following with the speed of a race-horse, for half a mile, when he cried a halt, much to my satisfaction, for was I not entrusted with the finest rod that had ever wet its tip in the Cascapedia? Unlike my old companion, with which I had fought an hundred such battles, I was ignorant of the strain this elegant bamboo would bear, and so fought this battle as timidly as if I had never before broken a lance or captured a salmon. But a necessity was upon me. Its power of resistance must be tested, and the monster I was fighting must be kept in hand, if every joint in the rod should be reduced to splinters. So, ounce by ounce, the pressure was increased. Every new rush of the fish was met by augmented resistance on my part, until I found the rod capable of as hard work and as heavy a pressure as I had ever placed upon any rod I had ever handled. With what mathematical precision it curved from tip to reel! How grandly it took the butt, and with what grace it resumed its original form when relieved of an unusual pressure! To handle it soon became a delight, and I found myself procrastinating the contest from the mere pleasure I experienced in watching its perfect movement.

When at length I concluded to make a finish of the struggle, had placed my canoe below the fish, and was gathering him in, by slow approaches, not dreaming of disaster or defeat, the ferocious brute dashed for the canoe, passing under it near the stern like a flash, and threatening to make as complete shipwreck of the Judge's bamboo as the fish of the day previously had made of my own lance-wood. But,

like others before me, I had learned from the enemy how to fight. The moment I saw what was coming I threw my rod down parallel with the side of the canoe, allowing the tip to extend beyond it, with the reel outward, so as to give the line free play. The experiment was a success. The line followed the fish without a hitch, and the beautiful rod remained intact! The furious brute was outflanked, and, as if in despair, he gave up the battle, and in ten minutes was gaffed.

The rod was a success. It had passed every ordeal grandly, and it was handed back to its owner with the comforting assurance, "It will do."

These are but specimen illustrations of the pleasure and exhilaration which come to those who "go-a-fishing" for salmon. But the pastime holds its votaries for other reasons than the mere excitement it affords them. A diversion which reaches only to the material of our natures can never acquire a permanent place in the affections of men of thoughtful habit. It is proof, therefore, of the satisfying and elevating character of the gentle art, that its disciples never weary of the pleasure it affords them. Indeed, the most enthusiastic anglers, and those who best illustrate its refining and invigorating influence, are those who have passed into "the sere and yellow leaf" with rod and reel as their inseparable companions. Like the virtues, it grows by what it feeds upon; and as the sun becomes more and more attractive in its mellow beauty, as it silently and gently sinks from view, so do the pleasures of angling become increasingly fascinating to its happy votaries as they near the gateway of their final rest. Ah! unhappy they who, in making haste to be rich, fail to avail themselves of the opportunity which angling affords to garner up such pleasant memories as would cast perennial rays of refreshing sunshine upon the too often sombre pathway of old age!

GEORGE DAWSON.

EXECUTIVE PATRONAGE AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

LATE writers on the English Constitution draw a contrast rather unfavorable to us between their Parliamentary and our Presidential Government. Our Executive is a fixture for four years and reëligible. He is responsible, and not shielded by any such legal fiction as "The king can do no wrong." In Great Britain, the cabinet, selected from the legislature, is the real executive body. "In its origin it belongs to the legislative part of the State; in its functions it belongs to the executive part." By a conventional code, the ministry or "the Government" can be changed by a vote of want of confidence, or by a defeat of the ministry in the House of Commons on a governmental measure. Our Cabinet holds a subordinate position. The Constitution contemplates, but does not define, "executive departments." Seven have been established by law, some of which have been divided into inferior departments called bureaus. The Cabinet is the political family of the President. The "heads of departments" are his constitutional advisers, and aid in the execution of his high functions. They are not held responsible for good government, are not liable to votes of censure for their policy, although for convenience sake, a kind of semi-official connection subsists betwixt them and the Federal Legislature.

The "principal officer in each of the executive departments" has a staff of subordinates. The various officers of the United States constitute the machinery of government, and the appointment of a large proportion of them is vested in the President. These various civil officers, so appointed, are for the execution of public business. The conduct of public business and the care of the public interests are, under the President's supervision and control, largely committed to these

functionaries. With the growth of the country in territorial area, population, and wealth, the enormous increase of taxation and expenditures and the assumption by the Federal Government of State duties and prerogatives, the number of officials has increased to 100,000. The civil list in 1859 numbered 44,527; in 1875, 94,119. The rolls show a larger list of paid dependents since the war than there was during the war. All these officers hold their places by the tenure of the President's will. They are to be found in every neighborhood in the Union, and constitute a large army, dangerous to the welfare and perpetuity of the republic.

The theory is that all public offices are for administrative efficiency and the public weal. Up to the beginning of General Jackson's term of office, there had been, during the forty years of his six predecessors, 113 removals of such officers as required for their appointment "the advice and consent of the Senate." These few removals were not made from caprice, or to punish enemies, or to reward partisans, but for cause and by strict rule. The power of removal was exerted so exceptionally, only for just and salutary purposes, and was never used as an instrument of party success. Public policy dictated its exercise. Offices were not regarded as the private property of the President, or as the perquisites of a party, but as trusts for the general good.

General Jackson's accession to the Presidency began a revolution. Differences of opinion were punished by removal from office, and partisanship was rewarded with places of profit. His successors have adhered too closely to a precedent which has almost solidified into a party law, or a principle of American politics. No party can claim exemption from the sin of

using the civil list for party ends. The Whig, Democratic, and Republican parties, in the distribution of "patronage," in Federal, State, and municipal governments, are alike obnoxious to censure. The poison has infiltrated every vein and artery of the body politic. Every branch of federal and of State service has suffered from the vicious maxim that offices are spoils to be divided among the victors in a party contest. Too often the condition precedent to appointment is unquestioning submission to party decrees, indiscriminate support of party candidates and party measures. The right to remove incumbents is now a conceded Presidential prerogative, acquiesced in by all parties.

The power of removal, under the influence of a false political philosophy, has been perverted into the duty of removal so as to give the offices to the winning party. A new President of different politics from his predecessor is expected to make sweeping changes, amounting even to a "total administrative cataclysm." The appointment of a political antagonist excites surprise, and requires an explanation or apology. Experience of the working of an office, ability, honesty, fitness, are not conclusive. "Off with his head," is the remorseless decree when a place is needed for a partisan. Each incoming administration is bedeviled by hordes of applicants, as greedy as the daughters of the horse-leech. The plagues of Egypt scarcely symbolize the number and clamorousness of the mendicants. General Harrison, honest old man, in one month fell a victim to the tormentors, and General Taylor's death was probably hastened by a similar infliction.

Executive patronage is dependent on the revenue and expenditures of the Government and on the number of persons employed by the Government, or who receive money from the public treasury. To appoint and remove at will is a dangerous prerogative, royal in its proportions. Some of the ablest statesmen and constitutional lawyers

have denied the right of the President to remove without cause, especially in such appointments as required the concurrence of the Senate.* The practice of the Government seems to have settled the question differently. Conceding *pro hac vice* the constitutionality, the evils, as illustrated in our history, are none the less great.

I. There has been a reversal of the theory of our institutions in respect to officers. In 1835 Mr. Webster said in the United States Senate:

Government is an agency created for the good of the people, and every person in office is an agent and servant of the people. Offices are created not for the benefit of those who are to fill them, but for the public convenience; and they ought to be no more in number, nor should higher salaries be attached to them, than the public service requires. The difficulty in practice is to prevent a direct reversal of all this; to prevent public offices from being considered as intended for the use and emolument of those who can obtain them. There is a headlong tendency to this. . . . There is another, and perhaps a greatly more mischievous result, from extensive patronage in the hands of a single magistrate, and that is, that men in office have begun to think themselves mere agents and servants of the appointing power, and not agents of the Government or the country.

Offices are looked upon as the prey of political parties, as spoils to be distributed. The well-being of the country, with appointer and appointees, becomes a secondary consideration. Office-holders, holding by the "tenure of partisan zeal and service" are regarded as receiving pay from the party, and therefore under special obligations to make sacrifices for its success. Hence federal officers, holding their places for the benefit of the party, are assessed for contributions for electioneering purposes and the recalcitrants are dismissed or tabooed. This system is unfavorable to manly independence. Fearing removal, incumbents become parasites, with chameleon facility adapting the complexion of their politics to the color of the appointing power. Government becomes also an almoner to bestow charities. Pensioning, never justifiable except in special

* Reports to the Senate in 1835, 1836, and 1844, contain able discussions of "Executive Patronage."

exigencies, becomes the rule. Some apprehension of the evils of governmental allowances without an equivalent possibly induced Dr. Johnson, in the first edition of his dictionary, to define "Pensioner, a slave of the State, hired by a stipend to obey his master."

II. Government becomes a kind of close corporation for the benefit of the party in power. Party adherents, pets, favorites, get the dividends; civil service thus affording, as Mr. Bright phrased it for England, "a system of out-door relief to the poorer sapplings of aristocracy." As a necessary consequence, patriotism and attachment to principles among those corporators become feeblar, and servility to party stronger.

III. The Government suffers in its administration. In appointments other tests than the Jeffersonian, "Is he honest, is he faithful, is he capable?" are applied. The right to employment should grow solely out of superior capacity and attainments. Official patronage is a trust for promoting the general welfare. The present system, forgetful of general interests, instead of securing the best men, often gets instead the incapable. A good official system is hardly possible with constant changes in the *personnel*. If continuance in office be dependent on other considerations than discharge of duties, a stimulus to diligence and fidelity is taken away. The best motive for learning a task thoroughly should be furnished. Not unfrequently one defeated in his aspirations for Congress receives a Federal appointment. A popular condemnation becomes a stepping stone to a higher position. What should be regarded as a rebuke is made a plea for promotion.

IV. The tendency of the abuse of Executive patronage is to make those in the civil service mere placemen and mere tools or willing servitors of the President. To quote again from Mr. Webster:

A competition ensues, not of patriotic labors, not of rough and severe toils for the public good,

not of manliness, independence, and public spirit, but of complaisance, of indiscriminate support of executive measures, of pliant subservieney and gross adulation.

By personal effort, by money contributions, through the press, in nominating assemblies, at the polls, officeholders work for him in whom they have their official being. An incumbent of the Presidency, a candidate for reelection, has a large number of men and their families interested in his success, and swayed by the temptation of interest to secure his renomination and reelection; add to these the hungry expectants, whose eyes and hopes are fixed on Washington, and it can be seen that the power and the practice of giving offices to partisans operate on the fears of all who are in and the hopes of those who wish to get in. The Executive himself is armed with undue influence and power and subjected to a temptation to dishonesty if he covets a reelection. The "spoils" in the hands of a President, granted or withdrawn at pleasure, give fearful odds in a popular or party contest. Our Presidential elections are pervaded by an element not favorable to fairness or purity. A dangerous mass of private and personal interest is thrown into the scale, and selfishness usurps the place of patriotism and a sense of public duty.

V. Distribution of so many and such valuable offices as party rewards degrades parties from organizations upon principle, for patriotic political ends, to mere combinations for expediency and for personal ends. Because of the power and patronage of the President, and the centralizing effects of federal legislation, all State and local elections are subordinate to the quadrennial agitation for the highest federal officer. So ramifying is this federal influence, the election of a constable in Montana is decided by his relation to a "national" party. State and county officers are nominated upon "national" platforms, and support of Hayes or Tilden determines governors, Congressmen, judges, superintendents of education, mayors, sher-

iffs, policemen. Local interests are subordinated to the Presidential struggle. The attention and ability of the people of a State are diverted from State development to national concerns, or rather to the question, who is to be empowered to bestow Executive patronage? In the mind of the masses the President is the government. A Presidential election has ceased to be a contest of ideas, or to decide a political policy. It is a gigantic party struggle. Overwhelming importance attaches to it, because the victor has a cornucopia of "patronage bribery" to give to whom he likes. In other days, the canvass which preceded elections was educatory. Able men, on opposite sides, face to face, discussed grave questions of constitutional law or federal policy. In the nullification controversy of South Carolina there was a war of giants. The speeches of O'Neal, Harper, Johnston, Hamilton, Hayne, Preston, McCuffie, and Calhoun were such masterly expositions of the relations of the States to the general Government as would have done credit to Edmund Burke. In other contests, North and South, were discussions by our ablest statesmen of fundamental principles of higher abstractions. In the last contest much of the "stump" speaking was the veriest twaddle, an appeal to prejudice, and hate, and sectionalism, full of scurrility, personality, and vulgar anecdote. The press, so essential to free institutions, partakes of the degeneracy, and thus politics is degraded from a noble science to a disgusting scramble for spoils.

VI. Treating the civil service as legitimate rewards for partisan zeal diminishes official responsibility, lowers the standard of official integrity, and stimulates corruption by augmenting the means of corruption. The rapid growth of patronage, far beyond what is required for efficiency of administration, is readily suggestive of evil. A spirit of subserviency is not favorable to the growth of the highest qualities. Ceasing to regard office as a trust for

the public good, the holder loses a strong motive for integrity. Favoring servility, or sycophancy, to conciliate superiors, very easily loosens the restraints of conscience. Vigorous attachment to principles yields to devotion to party. Public morals are corrupted by false maxims, by increase of temptation, by loss of patriotism. Places are multiplied for partisans. Contracts are let to partisans. Frauds, the logical consequence of lowering office to be mere pay for party services, are covered up, or palliated, to prevent damage to "the party."

If these evils be not greatly exaggerated, reform seems an imperative necessity. It is hard to correct governmental abuses. Society is prone to run in ruts. To suggest the supernumerariness of an office, or a reduction of salaries, raises a howl among the *tas* as if the liberties of the country were imperilled. Those useful legislators, like George W. Jones of Tennessee, and Holman of Indiana, who watch for abuses and scent afar a "ring," are always unpopular. It is needful to get back to first principles, and to indoctrinate the public anew with correct notions as to the object of an office and the duties of a public officer. The Koran says: "A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it sins against God and against the State." To dismiss a faithful and capable incumbent to gratify party resentment, or to gratify a friend, is utterly in disharmony with the purpose of administrative machinery. Our Government is an agency for the public weal. It is not in an antagonistic position to "the people of the United States," but their servant to accomplish their legal will and to promote their prosperity. People were not created for offices, but offices for the people. As soon as the public service ceases to be subserved the offices should at once cease. While the office is necessary, and the incumbent discharges its duties satisfactorily, there should be no needless change.

A citizen accepting a public trust, and doing his duty faithfully, should be allowed to enjoy his manhood and be protected from the exactions of a superior power. If, as has been asserted, "no vacancies" greet the eyes of applicants for places in Washington, it is a hopeful sign and most praiseworthy.

When vacancies do occur, or new offices are created, some competition among the candidates for employment would ensure more efficient service. Superiority of parts or attainments is a better qualification for bureau or clerical duties than activity in a ward meeting. Men of the best energy and capacity are not likely to be obtained by an arbitrary partition of places among the districts whose representatives sustain the Administration. England has reached the competitive test by slow steps. Employees in the several departments were, for a long time, clerks to the minister, and were paid out of the fees received from those who had business with the department. The sale of offices and exaction of fees occasioned serious abuses. By several acts of Parliament in this century, a civil service has been established, a public status assigned to clerks, and their salaries are now paid out of the public exchequer. By the test of competitive examinations, and by placing on a better basis the relation betwixt public servants and the nation, the service has been much improved.

The application of some competitive test for certain grades of office might be supplemented by requiring the President, in all cases of nominations to the Senate to fill vacancies, to state the reasons for removal, if any had been made. Laws might be passed modifying the absoluteness of the right of removal. In 1789, in a discussion in the House of Representatives, Mr. Madison said:

To displace a man from office whose merits require that he should be continued in it would be an act of maladministration, and the wanton removal of meritorious officers would subject the President to impeachment and removal from his own high trust.

The Constitution of the Confederate States had this provision:

The principal officer in each of the executive departments, and all persons connected with the diplomatic service, may be removed from office at the pleasure of the President. All other civil officers of the executive departments may be removed at any time by the President, or other appointing power, when their services are unnecessary, or for dishonesty, incapacity, inefficiency, misconduct, or neglect of duty; and when so removed, the removal shall be reported to the Senate, together with the reasons therefor.

A further provision forbade the President to reappoint to the same office, during the recess, any person who had been rejected by the Senate.

To make the President ineligible, as was done in the Confederate States Constitution, and as President Hayes recommends, would take from the Executive the temptation to use the appointing power to receive a renomination or reelection. As the term of a Chief Magistrate draws near its end, and he becomes more deeply interested in being his own successor, he may make his appointments and direct his administration to increase popularity and accomplish his own ambitious ends. He might look to party management, and ward meetings, and manipulated caucuses, rather than to the general welfare. The evil of reeligibility is increased by the failure of our electoral colleges to effect what was designed. These colleges have no independence, and most mechanically register the decrees of caucuses. What was intended to be a check on party has become its pliant instrument.

As essential to reduction of Executive patronage, and disarming the President of the dangerous influence and power growing out of it, there should be a persevering and a large reduction of federal expenditures. General Jackson, in 1836, truly said, "No political maxim is better established than that which tells us that an improvident expenditure of the public money is the parent of profligacy, and that no people can hope to perpetuate their liberties who long acquiesce in a policy which taxes them for objects not necessary to the legitimate and real wants of their government."

Large revenue and expenditure give an excuse if they do not make the necessity for increasing the number of persons employed by the government. With expenditure comes an army of agents, contractors, officers interested in keeping up extravagance and multiplying officials. Patronage flows from the fountain of public income. To reduce patronage and ensure honest government, it is indispensable that the Government should extort no more money from the people than is needful for a just and economical administration. Our governments, federal, State, and municipal, need to be taught, by constitutional limitation and a sound public opinion, that a citizen's property is his as against every demand, except for a just, honest, and economical administration of the government.

As helping reform and growing out of it, a reorganization of parties is needed. The present parties have "played out." Parties are essential in republics, but they should represent intelligent patriotism, be organized on practical, living issues, and be vitalized by principles. Who is wise enough to tell what differentiates the Republican and the Democratic parties? What distinctive principles divide them? Who can "locate" the parties on such questions as tariff, currency, expenditure, civil service reform, character of the government, boundary between reserved and delegated powers? Issues like secession and slavery, no longer disputed or doubted, should have no influence in forming or keeping alive parties. Obsolete shibboleths should not alienate those who are otherwise agreed. A party not crystallizing around vital issues, not having "the dignity of contention" for principles, becomes a machine to put up A or put down B. The *ins* and the *outs* make now the two centres of the dividing parties, which

have become cliques and cabals controlled by caucuses.

This is a most opportune season for reorganization of political parties, and a readjustment on broad and living issues. It is wrong to be carrying about the dead corpse of the past. A new generation has grown up since 1860. The spirit of the age is not what it was two decades since. The young men know next to nothing of Whiggery and Democracy. To make secession, or slavery, or the "bloody shirt" a rallying cry, is as absurd as to exhume the embargo or the alien and sedition laws. The inertia of society is great, and men cohere from traditions of the past. The reform bill of 1832 was long delayed in England, in its practical results, because the statesmen of 1832 continued in public life. So now effete parties are kept alive for partisan or patriotic ends by those who seem not to have realized that we are living in a new America.

It seems a plain duty to gather up what survives of our constitutional federal republic, of the labors of the past, and with a catholic spirit to combine for reformation of abuses, for national conciliation, for purifying parties, for saving the republic. A party equally of order and of progress, in favor of retrenchment, economy, low taxes, sound currency, civil service reform, preservation of State and of federal honor, strict adherence to the Constitution, keeping federal and State governments within their separate and defined spheres of action, while encountering the hostility of extremists, would rally to its support enough of intelligence and patriotism to repress sectionalism and hate, and bring our lately discordant States into a fraternal union, based on fixed law, mutual toleration and respect, and exact justice.

J. L. M. CUREY.

THREE PERIODS OF MODERN MUSIC.

IN "Punch's Almanack" for this year is an illustration, in three compartments, of the subject "Music at Home." The first is called "Drawing-room Music of the Past." A young lady sits at one of those little spindle-legged piano-fortes, hardly larger than a large washstand, and somewhat shaped like one, with which our grandmothers and great grandmothers, and the men who composed music for them, were not only satisfied, but delighted. Her hands are moving, light and level, over the little key-board, and the dainty turn of her head shows that she is captivated by the sounds that she is eliciting. Around her is gathered a family group of some dozen people, old and young, from the grandfather to the little grandchild who sits upon a hassock at her lovely mother's knee. They are all entranced by the music. Plainly there is not a sound in the room but that which is produced by the fair performer. The souls of all that company are enchained; their hearts if not their eyes are brimming with emotion. A spell of tenderness and grace has been cast upon them; and they have given themselves up to him who has woven it. The faces of all are lightly tinged with sadness, but it is an elevated and elevating sadness; a sadness that is mingled with a joy silent, deep, and strong, a joy far above hilarity. The most impressive figure of the group is the grandfather, who sits with his arm lying listlessly across the instrument and his head slightly bowed, as, we may be sure, he is carried back by the sweet strains to a time when one who does not appear in the group was by his side in all the charms of early womanhood. The composition is so touching, so filled with purest, sweetest sentiment, that it is impossible to look at it long without being moved almost to tears by the tender and serene pathos with which it is pervaded. The

legend tells us that the music which has wrought this spell is "A Melody by Mozart."

In the second compartment of the triptique, which is labelled "Drawing-room Music of the Present," a young lady also sits at a piano-forte. It is a grand, a very grand piano-forte; a tremendous institution, the invisible end of which stretches far into infinity. Plainly it is one of those awful instruments which have received a gold medal at all the expositions. The lid is propped up so that it looks like a gigantic trap set to catch some gigantic bird or vermin. The performer's shoulders and arms, which emerge in a somewhat alarming manner from their scanty covering, are in violent agitation. Her hands are flung into the air as they poise for an instant over the upper part of the long key-board, ready to pounce down upon the shuddering notes below, and from the great gaping instrument a flock of startled and affrighted quavers, semiquavers, and demisemiquavers is pouring out pell-mell over the assembled hearers. Hearers! No. The great drawing-room is filled with a crowd of people who have evidently been bidden to listen to the music. But they are undergoing it with stolid indifference as they talk or try to talk, either almost shouting or whispering into each other's deafened ears and bewildered brains. The only person who takes any interest in the performance is the performer herself. The motive power here is "A brilliant fantasia for the piano by Signor Rumblestominski."

The third compartment is entitled "Drawing-room music of the Future." Here five performers are laboring at and around the piano-forte, the top of which has been taken off. They are all men; tough-brained-looking fellows: one a violinist, one a violoncellist; two are at the key-board, and one

stands music in hand and mouth wide open. They are toiling as if at day's work by the piece; and all are singing. They are engaged upon "Twenty-four consecutive interdependent Logarithmic studies for Violin and Violoncello, with Double Differential and Integral accompaniment for the Piano-forte, supplemented by Uniaxial Descriptive and Corroborative vocal exposition in five modern languages." They have evidently got well into harness, and have dragged their hearers some distance over their rugged road, which is a "hard road to travel." The mass of the assembled company are rushing madly for the door. On an ottoman in the foreground sit five victims, four young ladies and a bald-headed old gentleman, who are all fast asleep. At one side a determined fellow sits with his elbows on his knees grasping his head with both hands, resolved to endure unto the end. Not even in the faces of the performers is there the slightest manifestation of the soothing, the elevating, or even the pleasurable exciting influence which belongs peculiarly to music. With dogged determination they are working out a knotty intellectual problem. They do not exhibit even the tickled vanity of musical virtuosity; they are there—to use a cant phrase of musical criticism—to "interpret" what the composer has with infinite toil and trouble put upon paper; and very tough work they find it; somewhat like reading mathematics written in the Basque language. And their souls are unmoved. The musical sounds go through their ears straight to their brains, leaving their hearts untouched. They are engaged in an intellectual process.

Of these designs, the last two, although they are laughable caricatures, express with very little exaggeration (allowing for the notes made visible in the second) the character, the quality, and the effect of certain schools of musical composition. The first is not a caricature, as any one will see; but although it is quite the contrary, it is not on the other hand idealized. It

merely represents with skilful touch and felicitous arrangement what might have actually occurred and what doubtless did many times occur in drawing-rooms at the end of the last century and the first years of this; indeed, what might happen and even does happen now. There has been a change in costume and in manners; but there is none in the effect upon musical souls of a melody by Mozart.

And these designs illustrate three periods in modern music: two through which it has passed and one upon which it seems now to be entering. By modern music I mean music since the days of Palestrina. What was written before that time, nearly or remotely, although it may have historical importance and interest, is of little or no value as music. Indeed, it hardly is music as we know and feel it. Not that I would imply that Palestrina invented modern music, or even that he alone of contemporary composers was a gifted and accomplished master of his art. Roland de Lattre, called Orlandus Lassus, chief of the Gallo-Belgic school, might dispute the palm with him.* But this conceded, it remains that in Orlandus Lassus we have the best product of the ancient school, adhering to the ancient style and bringing it to its highest perfection; while in Palestrina we have the beginning of the modern school and style, the distinctive trait of which may broadly be said to be the use of melody and harmony of independent value under constant governance of the principle of tonality. Before the time of Palestrina—say A. D. 1550, he having been born about 1524 and having died about 1594, which year closed the life of Orlandus Lassus, who was born in 1520—before that time music was polyphonic. But it was not merely, as that term implies, many-voiced, or in several parts; for that it is now; but the parts moved without

* For an able setting forth of the claims of Orlandus Lassus, see Frederic Louis Ritter's excellent "History of Music," First Series, published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

any æsthetic relation to each other, and with the same independence of the æsthetic effect of the whole. Their progression was according to certain rules; but these conformed to, the object of the composer seemed to be to make his work as intricate as possible. Certain figures—for they could hardly be called melodies—one or two or three or more—were repeated again and again and again by the various voices, each one going or seeming to go its own way, entirely regardless of the others—regardless of anything except the rules of the counterpoint of the day. The combining result was a tangled skein of sound which could be unravelled only as it had been put together, by rule. Instead of an emotional expression it was an intellectual puzzle in sound. Moreover the whole composition was without any bond of unity; it was, so to speak, and in its effect it was really, in no particular key.

Upon music in this condition there came about three hundred years ago a great change. Polyphonic writing gave way, gradually but with some rapidity, to the movement of parts in a harmony of independent absolute beauty—that is, beauty, in the simple succession of its chords—and to the union with this harmony of a leading melody, also valuable for its independent, absolute beauty. Thus came into being what I have heretofore called “absolute music,” which has been known to the world only about three hundred years, and in its full and complete development only about one hundred and fifty. At the same time, with this use of harmony and melody of absolute beauty and value, came in a great controlling principle or law, upon the operation and influence of which, in fact, the æsthetic effect of the new music chiefly if not entirely depended. This law or principle was tonality. I have been told that in a publication which I have never seen—although most probably it has been sent to me, to go, with the greater part of the printed matter

and not a few of the letters that I receive, unread into my waste-basket—I have been held up as a dreadful example of musical incompetence on the ground that I cannot “appreciate Wagner’s magnificent [or splendid, or something of that sort] tonality.” Of course it cuts me to the heart to show that my criticaster was thoroughly ignorant of the very meaning of the word that he used—a word which is the name of a principle of paramount importance and significance in the art of music, which, I believe, he in some sort professes. But the demands of truth are inexorable.

Tonality is something which cannot be magnificent or splendid; nor can it be attributed to a composer as being in the slightest degree a claim to admiration. Indeed, one composer can hardly possess it in a greater degree than another; and the writer of an ephemeral ballad, or of “Thou, thou reignest in this bosom,” has it, although not more largely, with stronger manifestation than Mozart or Beethoven. And yet it so happens that Wagner is in his later works less governed by the law of tonality than any other known composer of the day.

Tonality is simply the relation of a musical phrase, or air, or longer composition, to a keynote or tonic chord. To this tonic chord the harmonies of the composition must bear a close and constantly felt relationship. The harmony almost always opens with this chord, and continually recurs to it; and either in its simple form or in some of its inversions, it, its dominant and subdominant, are the perceptibly ruling harmonies of the composition; and upon this tonic chord the composition always ends. That is tonality; nothing more nor less; and to the influence of this principle of tonality is due the distinctive character of modern music. Strange as it will probably seem to most amateurs, news as we have already seen it is to one professor, it was not until after Palestrina’s time that the law of tonality asserted itself

in music, and that compositions were clearly written with any tonic, that is, manifestly and strikingly in any particular key.* But it so happens that Wagner's method of composition has actually led him somewhat away from this principle of tonality. Any musical person will see that in recitative there is much less relation of harmony to the tonic than in airs or in choruses; and Wagner's prolonged, almost endless recitatives are wearisome partly from the very fact that we are so long at sea drifting hither and thither without the rudder of tonality. But what did this matter to the criticaster? He had heard the word tonality, and it was a round, mouth-filling word, somewhat new withal, and therefore good for use against an ignoramus. Perhaps he thought it meant sonority or something of the kind; or he connected it with that lovely phrase "tone-poem." Well, in any case, it has served his purpose astonishingly.

After the introduction of the principle of tonality music developed with remarkable rapidity. In one hundred and fifty years it made more progress toward an ideal beauty and as a means of emotional expression than it had made in the thousands of years that had passed since the first note was sung. For by this principle of tonality melody and harmony as we know them became possible. All that went before was either the vague, formless, unsymmetrical production of popular mood and fancy, or the dry formula-work of musical pedants. And yet within a century we have such a result as Stradella's divine *Aria di chiesa* *Se i miei sospiri*, which, whether for its melody, its harmony, or its emotional expression, intense yet kept within the bounds of a lofty and almost serene dignity, is unsurpassed by any vocal work which has been since produced. It has been said by some

that this air was not written by Stradella. M. Fetis, however, does not doubt it; and the result of the discussion is that it is assigned to the great Italian singer. The story of his having saved his life by singing it—two assassins who followed him into a cathedral to put him to death for having robbed a nobleman of his beautiful mistress having been disarmed and sent off repentant by the charm of his voice and of the music—is probably known to many of my readers. Did any of them ever hear in a composition by Wagner or Liszt, or any of that crew, a melody of which it could be believed or for a moment supposed that it would produce such an effect, even if it were sung by a seraph?

It was not, however, until the first quarter of the last century that what is in a large sense the modern school of music came to full growth. Then appeared Bach and Handel. They came suddenly; as suddenly as Marlow and Shakespeare into the field of dramatic poetry, as suddenly as Raphael and Titian into that of painting. Not indeed without roots in the past and a growth from them, but with a marvellously quick and strong development, and an unfolding of flower and fruit that seemed as if it were—as indeed it was—the blooming of a century plant. And as is ever the case in art, the utmost limit of attainment seems to have been reached at the first bound. What was dramatic poetry before the half century which began with Marlow and Shakespeare? What was painting before the like period of its glory? And what have either been since? This position may be claimed for Handel, with the fullest recognition of the genius of Mozart (Haydn, great, enchanting, truly inspired as he was, is yet out of the question), and even of the almost awful genius of Beethoven. But when we remember that the Hallelujah Chorus, *Lascia chio pianga*, the renowned *Largo* in G so grandly performed by Mr. Thomas's orchestra at his last sub-

* It is not necessary that I should give authority for this to any competent person who is acquainted with the music of the ancient composers; but whoever chooses to do so may find the subject fully discussed in Helmholtz's great work, *passim*.

scription concert, are from the same hand, and that these are only examples (which I cite because they are so well known) of a creative power which seems to have been equally great and various in its manifestations—when we take into consideration the healthiness, the virility of Handel's tone of thought, there being, I believe, in all his known works, not a single passage marked by morbid feeling or even exaggerated sentiment, although of intensest feeling there is overpowering expression, as for example in the *Largo* just referred to, and when we give due weight to the copiousness of his production, he being the most voluminous of all the great composers, if we measure his works by their quantity and not by their numbers, in which an oratorio or an opera would count only one, we can hardly hesitate, except in favor of Beethoven, in reckoning him as the greatest creative mind in music. And as to Beethoven, deeply as he sunk his shaft into the profound of human emotion, mightily as he moves us, deftly as he expresses even the lighter moods of feeling (rarely, however, without some passing touch which, if pushed a little further, might become almost fierceness), is there not sometimes, and perhaps more than sometimes, a morbidness, noble, magnificent, but still morbidness, in his moods? We are overwhelmed by the grandeur, and are swallowed up in the gloom of his graver compositions; but when we emerge are we in as healthy a state of mind as that in which we find ourselves after listening to Handel or reading Shakespeare—even if we read such tragedies as "Hamlet," "Othello," and "King Lear"? Then, too, it must be remembered how carefully Beethoven nursed his genius; how regardless he was of every consideration except the expression of his own thought; and how comparatively limited was his productiveness, or certainly his production.

As to his moodiness, it must, on the other hand, be considered that it is the peculiar function of music to express

moods. Man's soul is stirred by emotions which cannot be given utterance in words, and which would remain unexpressed but for music, which to the musically organized is a means of communication and of sympathy. There is a question at least whether an art whose function it is to give expression to inward feeling too subtle for words, an expression which is above all words, which gives form to the formless and utterance to the unspeakable, is not rightfully and of necessity at times morbid and moody; whether if it were not so it would not fail in doing that which is the very reason of its being. The supremacy lies between Handel and Beethoven; and we shall find ourselves inclined to assign it now to one and now to the other, according to the mood in which we are, which will depend greatly on which of the two we have just heard.

And yet, as to pure music, irrespective of psychological significance—that is, the expression of an ideal of beauty in musical form—Mozart stands first among all composers. Another mind so fertile in thoughts of the finest and highest kind of beauty is unknown in the history of any art, Shakespeare being of course always excepted. Writing, like Shakespeare, always for money, and not hesitating to put his hand to any task that would bring him a return, driven by sharp necessity almost to the prostitution of his genius, driven in his boyhood, by an exacting father, to write as an infant prodigy for the support of the family, dying at the early, and, as far as the mind is concerned, the immature, age of thirty-seven, he left behind him, in the mass of his compositions, much that was hastily produced merely to meet the needs of the moment. And yet in it all what transcendent beauty of form! He had rarely even a fitting occasion for the exercise of his faculties. Rarely is he not superior to the subject which he undertakes to illustrate. Like Shakespeare, he throws away beautiful thoughts upon mean and trivial subjects. Contrary to the supposition

of the Roman Pope, with Mozart it was the jug that was begun to be made and the vase that issued from his hand.* “Don Giovanni” his greatest or at least his richest work, is full of examples of this incongruity between the occasion and the production. In a previous paper I pointed out an example in the *andante* of Leporello’s catalogue song. Another is the trio in masks. Only elsewhere in his own works can be found examples of an equally enchanting beauty of musical form. In its thought, and in the elevation and finish of that thought, it reaches the highest attainable pitch of perfection. This single trio is of more worth than all that many composers of repute have written in all their lives. For example: If it were a question between the destruction of this brief passage and all of Mendelssohn’s compositions, the trio should be preserved without a moment’s hesitation. Just as the Madonna Sixtina is worth ten times over all the canvases of Giulio Romano; and as a single mutilated figure of the frieze of the Parthenon, or the Venus of Milo, outweighs all the perfect marbles of Canova and of Thorwaldsen. Such is the transcendent value of the supreme in art.

In all the works of the great composers of the modern school—the only real school—of music, from Bach to Beethoven, including Haydn, there is a supreme dominant feeling for beauty of form, shown chiefly in melody, but hardly less apparent in harmony. Indeed, without this feeling they would not have been great. The rule is absolute: no form, no art; for art is proportion, symmetry. Melody is a series of musical proportions; like a series of arches the lines of which are harmonious. These melodic ideas they elaborated with the utmost care. It is generally supposed that ideas in art come spontaneously; and of all this might seem truest of musical ideas, which are not, like those expressed in

language, in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture, required to conform themselves to a type or a purpose. They do come indeed to the musical artist, but not spontaneously in the form in which he presents them. They would not come up if they were not in the soil; but the soil must be cultivated and the growth must be pruned and trained into seeming naturalness and spontaneousness of beauty. Milton’s lines—

Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow—

seem like a splendid spontaneous outburst of poetical expression. But we know that their splendor and their spontaneous seeming is the result of elaboration, of erasure, of interlineation, of recasting. The thought we may believe came in a moment, but it was worked with consummate care and art into the form in which the poet gave it to the world. So it is even with melody, the most spontaneous-seeming part of music. We may be sure that even Mozart, most fertile of all composers in melody, the greatest master of instrumentation, elaborated his themes and his treatment of them, if not on paper, at least in his mind before he put his conceptions into score. And the reason, the occasion for this elaboration was the desired attainment of the highest possible perfection of form. I need hardly say to any musician that I am not speaking of technical form, either of harmonic progression or of the cast of a composition, as for example the sonata form, the symphonic form, the dramatic form, but of the form of intrinsic absolute value which appeals to the general craving for and appreciation of beauty. This beauty of form cannot be disregarded in any art without failure to attain the highest place in the world’s estimation, no matter how marvellous and admirable the powers displayed in another direction. For lack of this excellence Rembrandt can never take the highest place, but must be content with the admiration of those who can appreci-

* Amphora cepit Institutui, currents rota our arceus exit?—Hor. *Ad Pisonem*.

ate his mastery of manipulation, a technical excellence. Of all great painters, Turner is most imperfect in this respect. But Turner can hardly be said to have dealt with form at all. Hence a certain weakness amid all his glory. He painted distance, light. Among painters he is the king of space, the prince of the powers of the air.

Absolutely essential as beauty of form is in music, the reason of it, unlike that of the same quality in other arts, is beyond our apprehension. I at least find it so. I have heard it, and seen it upon paper, and considered it all my life. I have taken it in at eye and ear together. I have read and have pondered; but I never have been able to detect musical genius in its working, as I have, or have fancied that I have, done in other arts. I can find no reason for the existence of this beauty except that it is beautiful. I can see clearly, and I have sometimes thought that I could with some satisfactory approach to clearness tell in words, what the composer has done; but the how, and above all the why, is as much hidden from me as it was from him. For that it was unknown to him I am sure, not because I could not discover it, but from the very nature of the case.

Beauty of form in music is absolute, independent, self-existent. This is true of all natural beauty. There is no obligation upon beauty as there is, for instance, upon mathematical truth or moral goodness. But in all imitative art there is an obligation of conformity at least to an ideal type of what is represented. But music the moment it becomes imitative becomes ridiculous; it steps out of the proper limits of the art. For example, Haydn's "cheerful roaring lion" and "flexible tiger" in the "Creation." But it should be remembered that what is imitative and false in that aspect may have an essential beauty given by the genius of the composer. For example, the second and the fourth movements of the "Pastoral Symphony,"

and Haydn's own illustration of the passage, "softly purling glides through silent glades the limpid brook," in Raphael's song, "Rolling in foaming billows.

Music in its higher forms—I will not say its highest, but those which bring it within the pale of consideration in aesthetics—is without relations of any kind, except those which it bears to the soul of the composer and to that of the hearer. Even words are only the occasion of it, the suggestion. An embroidery of music with words is like the semi-pictorial explanatory addition to the Egyptian temples. The hieroglyphics tell us the story indeed, but if we are near enough to distinguish them, they only mar the effect of the architecture. So if in song the words are for any reason sufficiently salient to attract attention to themselves, they mar the music. In sacred music innumerable foolish and canting verses have become associated with fervor of feeling and sublimity of aspiration because of the music of which they have been made the vehicle. We do not really think of the words. And so in "Don Giovanni," in "Fidelio," we overlook the childishness of the poetry, if it must be called poetry, and regard it only as affording suggestions and occasions for the music.

Modern music was presented under these conditions until about half a century ago, when beauty of form and emotional expression began to be disregarded in favor of finish and brilliancy of execution. This was brought about in a great measure by the mechanical improvement of the piano-forte and the extension of its scale. This improvement and extension were made, it is true, in part to meet the demands of performers; but on the other hand, they made performance possible. I believe that there has been no more pernicious influence upon music than the transformation which the piano-forte has undergone since Beethoven's time, and its diffusion over all the world. I do not re-

fer to the cruelties which it is daily the means of inflicting upon inoffensive families and true lovers of music, but to the effect that it has had upon composition and upon performance. The former it has helped to be at once flashy, dull, intricate, and shallow; the latter it has led to be astonishing. Brilliancy, a crowd of notes, sonority, all without beauty of form or emotional suggestiveness—this is the music which the modern grand-piano-forte has brought upon us. Not only piano-forte music, but in a measure all music, has become a brilliant fantasia by Signor Rumbelstominski. We do not sit in passive silence to listen to it; we talk, or are tempted to talk, against it; and the praise we give it is not a look of serene joy, with that tinge of sadness which Shakespeare had in mind when he made Jessica say, "I'm never merry when I hear sweet music," but a clapping of the hands and congratulation upon a brilliant triumph. And then we turn aside and go on again with our society gabble. Orchestral leaders and performers are not content unless they have a very full score to "interpret." They must have a big brilliant noise. The pitch has been raised until singers shriek, in order that the tone of the instruments may be brilliant. Our ears must be shot through and through with piercing shafts of sound. The time is quickened until *allegro* has become *presto*, and *presto* a maddened, indistinguishable rush. Even Theodore Thomas loses some of the majesty of the final movement of the "Fifth Symphony" by too quick a movement; and in the Trio of the Scherzo he drives the basses into a head-long scramble up and down the scale. When the clear succession of notes becomes indistinguishable, musical form, and with it musical beauty, is lost; and the performance becomes a mere victory over musical difficulties. And this quickening of the time is exactly what should not have taken place. Our orchestras have increased in size and in volume of sound since the days of Mo-

zart and Beethoven. As larger bodies, therefore, their movement should be a little slower to produce the effect which the great composers had in mind. But in our rage for brilliancy we have hastened the movement; as if we should make an elephant gallop like a horse. Moreover we have fallen into the fatal error of making the finish, if not the difficulty of execution, superior to the presentation of beauty in form and in expression.

This condition of musical taste has been accompanied or followed—we cannot surely say as effect from cause—by a withering of the creative musical faculty in all its fairest, highest branches. After Weber's death, which deprived the world of the only musician who promised to be worthy to follow Beethoven, came Schubert and Mendelssohn, neither of them very strong men; the latter decidedly weak, and deficient in creative faculty; the former far more fertile and original. Since their time there has been a blank in the annals of music of the higher kind. The creative faculty seems to be dead. It is not so; for nature is exhaustless, and in his due time the new composer will come. But new conceptions of beautiful musical forms are unknown to the present generation—indeed, were so to the foregoing. There is Schumann; but Schumann is only the strongest and best of the non-creative composers. He writes very elegantly, with harmonies unexceptionable and pleasing; his taste is generally exquisite; his handling of his themes masterly. But to what great end? None. He could not create a melody; and his harmony is plainly contrived, not conceived. All of Schumann's music that I ever heard, from symphony down to piano-forte music, is not worth Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor, or Mozart's quartet in C.* They have a certain sort of beauty and charm while you are hearing them, but you don't hanker after them; passages from them don't come to you when you are alone with

* No. 6, Breitkopf and Härtel.

troubled thoughts, and comfort you, hearten you, and build you up, as the remembered strains of Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven do. Simply, they are without real melody: they have only a well manufactured imitation of melody. Such enjoyment as they give is in a great measure intellectual. We admire the composer's skillful musical processes. Hence he is admired by professional musicians. And I remark, in passing, that professional criticism in any art, although it has a certain value, has not valid, determining power, and is not very trustworthy as a guide. It too generally runs on methods, processes, technicalities. If you would learn to paint, listen to the criticisms of a well instructed, capable painter; but if you would know and feel the highest things in art, remain an amateur and study nature and Raphael and Titian and Tintoretto.

As to the other composers who were Schumann's contemporaries, they wrote in a condition of hopeless incapacity, except as to their acquired mastery of their craft. They are ever uncertain themselves what they would be at. Compare them with the real composers. Those men knew they had something to do, and they did it. They felt that they had something to say, and they said it. These are always about doing something; they are ever entangled in some complicated toil of sound, out of which they cannot find their way; they are hanging by the very eyelids upon some discord that they are afraid to resolve; they are always sounding a note of preparation, announcing that they are about to do something, which they never do. Their music is written in the paulo-post-future tense.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that music, ceasing to be merely beautiful and emotional, has, in its decay, sprouted a fungus and monstrous intellectuality. Wagner's musical figures have become as intricate, and often as ugly, as those of a Chinese puzzle; and the entertain-

ment is to see how they fit each other and the words to which they are adapted. In his orchestral work we have the most masterly instrumental coloring; a knowledge and an elaboration which is unsurpassed, and also uninspired. It is great technical work, and no wonder that professional musicians admire it. But what is its real value? Take, for example, the finale to the overture to the "Meistersinger." It is very impressive materially, and as a work of instrumental art. It becomes tremendous from mere muscular activity and accumulation of physical force. The violins rush frantically up and down the finger-board; the violoncellos are ready to jump over their bridges; the trumpets blow blood out of their eyes; and there is general frenzy. But what is all this hurly-burly about? What are the ideas? Look at them. There are, after all, but three, or it may be four, notes in a chord, and a melody is—well, a melody; an unmistakable sort of thing, one would think, although so hard to define. What is there here of harmony or of melody that would be valuable for its own sake? Strip this music of all its instrumental elaboration, tone down its noisy self-assertion, and look at the bare ideas as they can be played with two hands upon a piano-forte, or with four strings in a quartet, and what are they worth? Would a circle of cultivated musical people sit entranced by them if they were played upon an old harpsichord? No, I take it. And if not, their worth is little.

Instrumentation, and all manner of elaboration—orchestral and choral—is of value only when it enhances and sets forth ideas, melodies, harmonies—in a word, musical forms which in themselves have the value which belongs to beauty and expression. Else, like the gift of tongues without the spirit of love, it is literally sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. There is in some of this work—notably in Wagner's—an evidence of sustaining power which deserves and commands a certain re-

spect. But such sustaining power, so applied, is like figures of caryatides supporting some poor decadent frieze. They bend and strain and keep it up. But why, we are tempted to say to them, do you strain to keep up that poor, commonplace stuff, which would not be looked at if it stood not upon your heads? Let it fall! You are all that keep it from tumbling into a dust-heap and seeming the rubbish that it is. It seems to be a consciousness of their deficiency in melody and in emotional expression which drives such composers of the present day as aim to write in the higher style to make their music "interdependent, logarithmic, differential, integral, and corroborative," and to strive to make up in intellectual elaboration what they lack in inspiration.

This condition of things in music is not to be bettered by endeavor. Genius alone can do that, when brought into contact with the power of appreciating genius. And genius, although conscious of its power, is ever ignorant of its tendency, and never works but for its own ends; while those who hear and understand its utterances do so with no higher purpose than the delight they bring them. When I hear a man talk of doing something to elevate his art, however much I may respect his taste, his acquirements, or his aims, I then begin to doubt, if I have not before doubted, his ability to write a sentence worth reading, to make a picture worth looking at, or a song worth hearing.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

SPRING.

SPRING gives the order, "Forward, march!"

'Tis borne along the eager line;
Breathes through the boughs of rustling
larch,
And murmurs in the pine.

"March!" At the sound, impatient,
springs
The mountain rill, with rippling
glee,
And rolling through the valley, brings
Its tribute to the sea.

"March!" and upon each sunny hill
Old winter's allies, ice and snow,
Start at the music of the rill,
And join its onward flow.

"March!" Down among the fibrous
roots
Of oaks we hear the summons ring.
The long-chilled life-blood upward
shoots
To hail the coming spring.

"March!" and along each narrow neck,
Across the plain, and up the steep,
The spring tide clears the winter's wreck
With its resistless sweep.

Advancing in unbroken lines,
New allies rush to join its bands,
Till winter, in despair, resigns
The sceptre to its hands.

On southern slopes, in quiet glades,
And where the brooklets murmuring
run,
The grass unsheathes its tiny blades
To temper in the sun.

Flora unfurls her banner bright
Above the field of flashing green,
And crocus blooms in lines of light
Throw back the sunlight's sheen.

The birds on every budding tree
Take up anew the old refrain:
The spring has come: rejoice all ye
Who breathe its air again.

H. R. H.

DRIFT-WOOD.

THE TRAVELLERS.

MAY brings the travelling season. Thanks to steam and Cook, we can all find time for a trip to Florida or Labrador, if not to Lapland and Thibet. Travel is a pastime of both sexes, all ages, all sorts and conditions of men. Lord Bateman was a noble lord, a noble lord he was of high degree; and, adds the ballad, "he determined to go abroad, strange countries for to see." Cheek by jowl with Lord Bateman, in the railroad car, is Samuel Shears, Esq., his lordship's tailor, on the same errand.

"Pa, I think we ought to go to Paris," says matronly Mrs. Brood.

"Why do you think that, my dear?" asks paterfamilias.

"Because I do," rejoins the lady, wheeling in a circle of small radius. Impressed by that logic, Brood has his trunks mended, and embarks his family on the first available steamer.

Mrs. B's spring of action is that the Breeds have started, or that the McBrides went last year. Fashion pries us out of our comfortable domesticity, our cozy home-keeping ruts, which we exchange for the miseries of inns and the perils of voyaging; precisely as custom, gathering at length the force of law, "moves" a hundred thousand hapless New Yorkers, more or less, every May, with smash of household goods, cost, loss, hurry, flurry, and worry—they exchange houses as in the children's game everybody changes "chairs" or "corners" to see who will get the worst of it. This is a species of May travelling with all its curses and none of its compensations.

Presently our European voyagers will be sending home the tale of their misadventures. They fell among the London servants—soft and sweet to the face, perfect devils behind your back; stealing all your provisions under pretence of perquisites, and drinking enough beer in a week to last an American a year; whereas, if you yourself so much as send for a glass of ice-water at the hotel, the butler grumbles at the messenger, "Those Americans lap water like dogs!" At

Paris our pilgrims fall a prey to landlords who charge the price of new furniture for every microscopic scratch on a chair, besides cheating them out of a thousand francs extra rent, as a parting token, on the ground that the laws require a certain notice of quitting.

A more agreeable theme will be the people our travellers meet. Whoever goes from another American city to New York is struck by the strange faces he sees—phizzes and figures that make Hans Breitmann commonplace and Nast a portrait painter instead of a caricaturist. Could one have suspected such oddities in human shape, such outlandish rigs? The New Yorker going to London is still more surprised at the queer-looking specimens he sees there, surpassing the fancy of Dickens and Cruikshank: plenty of Bagstocks, Peggotys and Skewtons; perfumed old beaux, with enormous gloves, too long in the fingers, and with an eye-glass held muscularly in one eye socket by screwing up the face; and all sorts of people belonging to the last century, and magically coming out of handboxes a hundred years old.

So, at least, writes Augustus from London; and presently, as if whisked off by an enchanter, we hear of the youth in Naples, "the noisiest city in Europe," he says, where all the people chatter incessantly—"the dirtiest city, too, and one of the most delightful." There is something enviable to us desk-tethered mortals in these wide-striding rovers who one week are in Copenhagen and the next in Constantinople. "Hang it," says Brown, coming down to breakfast in Brussels and finding that Smith has gone, "I meant to bid Smith good-by, and forgot it. But I shall run across him in Smyrna next month, and can do it then."

Before we have digested the Neapolitan missive of Augustus, and its funny account of his fellow voyagers—how the men kissed all their male friends at parting, as women do with us, and, after kissing, ran again to the car windows to blow and throw last kisses—we see the

traveller in Toledo, and reeling off his diary to us in some such fashion as this: "Here we find Burgos, formerly the capital of Castile and Leon, showing signs of former greatness, but now fallen to decay. It has a magnificent cathedral, a convent, and a nunnery, in which the people seem to have spent all their money, the rest of the city being mostly in ruins. Next we come to the Escorial, that vast pile, embracing palace, monastery, and cathedral, with burying place for the reigning kings. Leaving Madrid for a few moments, we will look at Toledo. Toledo is one of the old cities of Spain, and was a place of some importance when taken by the Romans, about 200 B. C. It had at one time 200,000 inhabitants; now but 17,000. What struck me so strangely was, why they should build up such a city among these rocky hills, not a tree or shrub to be seen outside the city, and very few inside," etc.

I quite like to read these travellers' letters, with their odd jumpings from city to city and century to century. True, a man might girdle the earth as many times as the Wandering Jew, without reaping a tithe of the instruction that Xavier de Maistre got from his "*Voyage Autour de Ma Chambre*"; and again, one untravelled, humorous pen made a small Connecticut town more talked of than any other of its size in the United States—I mean, of course, Danbury. Still, the exhilaration of travel, and its habit of observation, do lend freshness to writing. Then the returned traveller has a fund of new ideas for us stay-at-homes, and his story is agreeable provided he does not pronounce his French and German too abominably. He corrects our fancies by his experience. Who does not know Mrs. Norton's "A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers," and has not conjured up an image of "fair Bingen on the Rhine"? "*Fair Bingen!*" cries Miss Kate contemptuously, when we ask her memory of the place. "Why, Bingen is nothing—not handsome, not picturesque, not poetic, not even clean. In fact, it is the smelliest place on earth, except Cologne." So the traveller modifies our stay-at-home impressions.

Again, we always notice signs of mental growth and widening in our returned travellers. Besides, for a time they are

less anxious over details, less overcome by trivial mishaps; they have an agreeable *aplomb*; they bring a certain refreshing atmosphere of leisure to our round of careful routine. One palpable danger of the traveller is becoming a slave to his guide-book, as some opera-goers are to the libretto; he is verifying the assertions of his Murray, when he should be seeing the landscape or the cathedral; he spends the time he has for picture galleries in checking off the catalogue, as if hired to certify that the alleged contents are there. Travellers who see only what the books tell them to see bring us home no facts and opinions of value.

The earth has now been so tracked from pole to equator that the traveller, to gain the world's attention, must see old things with new eyes, or must ferret out new paths and places. Still, for a Stanley and a Cameron mankind has immeasurable wonder; so has it for some tremendous exploring sportsman like Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Cumming, who takes only an ordinary paragraph to describe such an episode as the crunching to death of his gun-bearer on a certain Indian "nullah," adding: "This was a sad termination to what had been a brief but successful *chasse*—my bag during the trip consisting of seven tigers, a panther, and a bear."

As to types of travellers, they have nearly all been drawn—the irascible, the erratic, the English, the *nil admirari*, the enthusiastic, and so on. Travelling is bad for some people, like Jack Peters, who had his cards in Europe printed "Mr. Jacques Petersilli," pretending it to be easier for his European friends to get the hang of that title, of which the "silly" part was all acquired across the sea.

The ex-Reverend Christopher Cheeseman, tutor and philosopher, is a voyager of a sort perhaps destined to be more generally known among us. He visits Europe as often as he can procure his passage and pocket money in return for his valuable services as escort and adviser. He arranges the preliminaries of purchasing the tickets and outfits, but, once afloat, allows little to burden him with anxiety. Aboard ship he is recognized as a good teller of stories, some serious but not truthful, some comic but

not truthful, these last being nicely graduated in delicacy from the boudoir to the mess table. Reaching England, he has prayers put up in the established church for the safe arrival of "Christopher Crozier Cheeseman and party"—the humor being that he is only the courier or nominally useful man of the persons who pay for him, and whom he lumps as "party." He studies the peerage attentively, carefully deciphering the mysteries of the coats of arms on the equipages. In England, when visiting the cathedrals, he expresses a great desire to be a monk (probably of the *bon vivant* sort), and actually pushes his asceticism to the point of attending religious services with great regularity; but at Rome the rogue will do as Romans do, and may be found any Sunday afternoon listening to the band on the Pincio. He likes best to travel as tutor to some ingenuous youth, because it comes handy to leave the lad to fight a duel in France, or gamble in Germany, or fall in love in Switzerland, while the judicious mentor is supplied with funds to take a little diversion on his own account, after his arduous duties. But let us stop at the threshold of this sketch, because it is plainly one for the skilled novelist, rather than the rambling, loitering prattler, to undertake.

SWINDLERS AND DUPES.

THE number of people ready to buy \$200 watches for \$20, and then to find them not worth \$10, was made known by a recent exposure of pretended Kansas "lotteries." A like eagerness maintains "gift concerts" and similar swindles. Conducted honestly, they would earn fortunes for their projectors, whose instinct, however, is for a total swindle.

The gift swindle is known by its circular, with its voluble assurances that "ticket-holders can confide in our honor"; that the drawing is to be done from two boxes, a securely blindfolded deacon at one and a real blind girl at the other; that all funds received will "remain inviolably pledged for prizes and donations"; that the result of the drawing of the 9,999 prizes by the 99,990 ticket-holders will be telegraphed the same night to all parts of the United States and to Mexico and Canada, and the prizes distributed the day following;

that agents may trust the honesty of the enterprise, "as its founders are men of high standing," and so on.

One trick is the "cash assessment on prizes." The investor is notified that he has drawn a \$150 prize, deliverable on the payment of "the usual five per cent. for handling," which sum he will "please forward" to the Grand Atlantic and Great Western Monster Gift Carnival and Bottle Washer's Library Fund Association. The gudgeon protests that there was no such condition on his ticket, but not liking to lose \$150 by grudging \$7.50, "forwards" this sum, and receives \$150 worth of stock in the Seashore Gold-Mining Company, or 3 undivided acres in the Atahualpa Swamp—"the directors of the association having recently decided to invest the receipts for their wards, the ticket-holders, in this splendid property." There really need be no ticket drawing or tickets for this swindle, as people who never heard of the enterprise can be informed of their luck, and will all the more quickly forward their "five per cent."

Some readers may remember B. Sharp & Co.'s fine "gift enterprise," whose drawing was postponed so many times on the plea that "the last drawn numbers are as fortunate as the first," as indeed they were. It begged ticket-holders to "exhibit to your friends and neighbors the many rich presents we have so generously bestowed upon you." The "committee" were engaged in the herculean labors of "drawing and registering tickets at the rate of 6,000 per week, and in packing and expressing prizes"; but alas! "owing to unforeseen expenses we have been put to in purchasing presents for our ticket-holders," this is what happened:

We are compelled to make an assessment of 5 PER CENT. on all prizes over fifty dollars (\$50) awarded to them; and in order to expedite the business of the distribution in packing and forwarding the gifts, ticket-holders must within ten days after notification of the value of the gift awarded to them, forward to us the amount of per centage, with directions for the packing and expressing of their gift, or else at the expiration of that time it will be forfeited.

Then there was B. Flat's "National Engineers Gift Enterprise," which with a spice of humor announced that it was controlled by the class of men for whose benefit it was devised—"all engineers."

It had as "references" a "State senator" of New York and another of Illinois, a lithographer, an editor, a hardware merchant, and other like distinguished personages, whose callings were proudly set forth, presumably to show that they were not mere adventurers. An enlightened press, if we may believe the circulars, backed up this "association." "Its managers are men of the strictest integrity," said one Milwaukee paper; "We believe they will discharge all their obligations to purchasers of tickets with punctuality and integrity," said a second; "An institution above suspicion, and worthy in every respect of public patronage. The managers we believe to be honest, reliable, and trustworthy," said a third. "The safest investment of the kind in America," said one Chicago paper, unless the circular falsifies; "Considered as a sure success," said a second. One New York paper is quoted as commending the enterprise, and another as thinking that "\$30,000 for \$2.00 is worth chancing." But when the thing went to pieces, and B. Flat escaped on bail, it was announced that "the swindle had been exposed by the press," as indeed it was.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

THE muse that in our day quits Parnassus to pay gossiping visits among the pill-kneaders, and to lounge in the haunts of trade, has of late been pressed into service by the guild of beggars. Perceiving, doubtless, that fortunes are got in teas, trousers, and tooth washes by sheer dint of literary advertising, the mendicants too have quaffed the Pierian spring, and now leave their sheets of verses at our doors for the accommodating price of "whatever you choose to give." The rogues have learned wisdom by experience. When a long-winded legislator troubles his fellow Solons with an unwelcome speech, he is sometimes gently rebuked by cries of "Oh, print the rest!" That is what the professional beggars have learned to do. Habitually cut off in their tale of woe at the door sill by an unfeeling "There's nothing for you!" they have learned to print the rest, and now before Dora the doorman can utter her formula of rejection, a neat circular is in her hand, on which is printed: "Please give this to

the lady or gentleman. Will call in an hour."

Such, in fact, was the inscription on a printed page left at the Maison Quilbet this very morning, purporting to be a "copy of verses by a party of mechanics," as indeed one may easily believe that it is, from the internal evidence of such stanzas as these:

For many weeks we work have sought,
But work we cannot procure.
Sad distress has been our lot,
To go from door to door.

May want upon you never frown,
Nor in your dwelling come;
May Heaven pour its blessings down
On every friendly soul.

Lord Jesus, thou hast shed thy blood
For thousands such as we;
Many despise the poor tradesman's lot,
But to Thy Cross I flee.

Suddenly shifting then from poesy to prose, the circular continues:

A BLESSING.—May the blessings of God await you; may the bright sun of glory shine above thy bed; may the gates of plenty, honor, and happiness be ever open to thee; may no sorrow distress thy days, and when the dim curtain of death is closing around thy last sleep, and the lamp of life extinguishing, may it not receive one rude blast to hasten its extinction.

Thus having propitiated the æsthetic feeling as well as the benevolent heart of the householder, the circular proceeds to business by declaring that "the bearers are a party of unemployed tradesmen, who," etc. There is, of course, no resisting the appeal to buy the poem and the benediction; only, when Dora the doorman is afterward questioned how many unemployed tradesmen formed the party, and she answers, "Only one, ma'am, and he's no tradesman," we look at each other as we do when "The Blind Man's Prayer" is given to us in the street car by some bright-eyed little girl, or some boy who meanwhile munches an apple. "It's my uncle," says the lad, if asked whether he is, perhaps, the person alluded to in the lines, "You see before you a poor, blind man," etc.; and I fancy that the literature of mendicancy has now become important enough to furnish a large variety of printed forms, so that the regular customer can choose for himself whether in any particular season he will be a poor blind man, or a lady that has seen better days, or a party of poetical mechanics.

PHILIP QUILBET.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

THE SURVEY IN CALIFORNIA.

IN Lieutenant Wheeler's report of operations on the geographical and geological survey of the Territories west of the 100th meridian during 1876, we find the first explanation of the origin of the name California. The mountainous country of Mexico has three climates through which the traveller passes in going from the sea to the high country, the hot, the temperate, and the cold zones. The Mexicans call them *tierra caliente*, *tierra templada*, and *tierra fria*. They entered the present region of California from Sonora or New Mexico, and on their way passed a lake now called Lake Elizabeth, on the border of the California desert. There a violent west wind blows night and day. It is a real *sirocco*, dry, and so hot as to remind one of a blast from a furnace. The Mexicans accordingly made the country beyond it the fourth in their series of ascending temperatures, and named it *tierra californica*, the country hot as a furnace.

This report is one of the most valuable produced by the survey. During the year the great area in California which lies below the level of the sea was examined to ascertain whether it could be filled and maintained as a lake by a canal from the Colorado river, and the decision is in the negative. The depressed area covers about 1,600 square miles in California, and the difference between the rainfall and the evaporation is so small that if the whole Colorado river were poured into the basin, it would cover only 556 square miles of surface, or little more than one-third the basin. Filling would cease at that level for the reason that the whole supply of the river would disappear in vapor. The slope of the Colorado river is extraordinary, 2.13 feet per mile at Stone's Ferry, and 1.21 feet at Camp Mohave, which may be compared with eight inches, the average fall of the Mississippi per mile. At Stone's Ferry the velocity is 3.217 feet per second and the discharge 18,410 cubic feet. Great difficulties stand in the way of the proposed canal, and the engineers do

not think the lake, if it could be formed, would have an appreciable effect upon the climate of the surrounding region. The primary object of this survey is to carry the grand triangulation of the continent across the country under its jurisdiction, and to map the surface so as to enable the Government to put the ground properly in market. In addition to these objects a great amount of valuable work is done in geology and natural history.

Prof. Jules Marcou, geologist attached to the survey, points out that the valleys of Santa Clara and Santa Barbara in California may become the site of *true* artesian oil wells. The ordinary flowing oil well is supposed to obtain the force which lifts its oil above the surface level from confined gases in the earth, but in California the lift will be obtained in precisely the same manner as in the case of artesian wells for water. There are strata of sandstone impregnated with the petroleum, and these strata are lifted up on the mountain sides, so that a well bored at a low point in the valley would be supplied from a reservoir some thousands of feet high. The wells will have to be about three thousand feet deep.

The naturalists of the survey noted many singular phenomena of animal life. On the islands off the coast there is a race of liliputian foxes which is supposed to have been derived from the Gray fox, its small size and perfect fearlessness, together with its insect diet, being due to its confinement to the islands. This animal is so small that even the sheep breeders do not fear it. It lies under the cactus plants for its noonday nap, and to this fact must be due the remarkable circumstance noticed in skinning a number of them. In every instance the interior surface of the hide was perforated by cactus spines, and in one individual the hide was fairly coated within by these spines, some of which had become soft with age. There were so many that a knife could not have pierced the hide without touching the spines!

Another fact developed was that the great dread of the grizzly bear is resulting in his rapid extinction. Strychnine is considered indispensable to the outfit of a California shepherd, and the grizzlies have been killed or forced to the mountains, where they still linger in considerable numbers in the chapparal. It is noticeable that the Rocky mountain grizzly is a tame creature compared with his brother of the Sierra Nevada, who does not hesitate to take the initiative in a combat with man.

A GERMAN SAVANT AMONG THE SIOUX.

PROF. VIRCHOW lately informed the Berlin Anthropological Society that an intrepid young German traveller, Herr von Horn von der Horek, is now (January, 1877) living among the Sioux Indians busily engaged in taking plaster casts for craniological studies. Von der Horek made a journey to the Polar sea last summer, returning by way of Lapland, where he made enormous collections of bones, skulls, and casts. Prof. Virchow says these collections are more complete in Scandinavian ethnology than all that European museums outside of Scandinavia contain. One result of this journey was the discovery of a continuous water way between the Gulf of Bothnia and the Polar sea, though not one that is capable of navigation. A lake, called Wawalo Lampi, lies on the divide between these two bodies of water, and sends a river to each. The northward flowing one is the Ivallo and the southward the Kaitui. We are glad to welcome so enthusiastic and thorough a student to this country. It is precisely work like his that is needed in America, and the time for accomplishing it is rapidly passing away. We have too much theory and too little real investigation in American ethnology, and while the men of hypotheses are talking about the origin of the Indians, and endeavoring to trace them to Asiatic stocks through the medium of language, the race is fast losing its purity by intermarriage, as it has already lost the most distinctive of its peculiarities by intercourse with the whites.

BALLOONING FOR AIR CURRENTS.

It is well known to meteorologists that the wind vanes as ordinarily placed near

the surface do not give a true indication of the wind. Even when the vane is not over a city or town where the air currents near the earth are affected by the direction of the streets, the varying character of the surface in respect to radiation and absorption of heat will modify them. It is therefore for good reasons that vanes are perched up on high flagstaffs fixed on the roofs of buildings. Some of these are more than a hundred feet above the ground, but recent observations in Paris show that this is not enough. Small India-rubber balloons a foot in diameter and with an ascensional force of about one ounce were sent up, and as they rose slowly, at the rate of twelve feet per second, the effect of the air currents upon them could be easily marked. This was found to be very variable at heights of less than one or two hundred metres (300 to 600 feet). The conclusion was that no observations at lower levels were trustworthy.

THE GREATEST OF RIFLES.

IN spite of the familiarity with great cannon which the advances in gun construction of late years have produced, the experiments with the 100-ton gun of the Italian government have not failed to awaken general interest and wonder. It fires a 2,000-pound shell, and a charge of 240 pounds of powder is but a portion of what the gun will bear. These light charges have to be used if the penetrative effects of the gun under unfavorable conditions are to be studied, for with its full charge the weapon simply destroys anything that is put before it. Comparative results cannot be obtained when the only effect is complete ruin. It is somewhat remarkable that an over confident iron founder should have chosen this weapon to test once more the value of *cast* iron for defensive armor. His idea was that armor could be made so hard by chilling the surface that the shot would be broken to pieces upon it, and experiments with a good iron and guns of small calibre had encouraged the hope. But a 2,000-pound shell and 400 pounds of powder in the 100-ton gun proved anew the unfitness of this material for armor plating. The shot had a velocity of 1,494 feet per second, and it smashed through an 8-inch plate of wrought iron, a wood layer, and a 14-

inch plate of chilled cast iron. The ruin produced was greater than in any other experiment, the cast iron breaking into fragments. The power of this gun, the greatest rifle ever made, is such that a solid 22-inch plate of the best English wrought iron is completely penetrated by its shot.

VIENNA BREAD.

A "VIENNA bakery" has been one of the most prominent objects at each of the last three international exhibitions, and probably there are many housekeepers who would be glad to know how this delicious bread is made. Unfortunately success does not always follow imitation, and several attempts to introduce the manufacture of this bread have failed, even when Vienna bakers were employed in the work; and yet there is absolutely no secret in the process. One of the American commissioners to the Vienna exhibition, Prof. E. N. Horsford, gave an elaborate report on this bread, and since he came to the conclusion that it *can* be made elsewhere, we will recount some of the causes upon which in his opinion its excellence depends. These are the mode of baking, the mode of making, the use of fresh "compressed yeast" which produces no acetic acid in fermentation, the use of selected flour, the mode of milling, and the kind of wheat.

The Baking.—The loaf should be so small that fifteen or twenty minutes will be sufficient to cook it through in an oven which is heated to a temperature of about 500 deg., or the melting point of bismuth. The rolls should not touch each other.

The Mixing.—The proportions are:

8 pounds of flour,

8 quarts of milk and water in equal

proportions,

8 1-2 ounces of pressed yeast,

1 ounce of salt,

which should make about 800 rolls of the ordinary "Kaiser semmel" size. The milk and water in equal parts are first mixed and allowed to come to the usual temperature of a kitchen, and a small amount of flour is then mixed in it so as to make a thin emulsion. The yeast is added and well mixed in, first crumbling it in the hand, and the pan is left covered for three-quarters of an hour.

Then the rest of the flour is slowly mixed in, with thorough kneading. The dough is left for two hours and a half, "at the end of which time it presents a smooth, tenacious, puffed, homogeneous mass, of slightly yellowish color." It is weighed into pound masses (all bread must be sold by weight in Europe), each of which is cut into twelve rolls. The proportions for twelve rolls should therefore be about as follows: 1-4 pound of flour, 1-5 pints milk and water, 1-10 ounce pressed yeast, and 1-32 ounce of salt. The small masses of dough have a thickness of three-quarters of an inch, and the workman, laying the back of his left forefinger in the centre of one, pulls out and folds up the corners of the irregular mass, and pinches them together. The little lump of dough is then reversed upon a smooth board, and after remaining there long enough to finish "rising," they are placed in the hot oven by means of a wooden shovel.

The Yeast.—Pressed yeast, which is now made in America, is obtained by skimming the froth from mash while it is in active fermentation. The yeast is repeatedly washed with cold water until it settles pure and white in the water. It forms a tenacious mass which is pressed in a bag. It will keep about eight days in summer, and indefinitely if put on ice.

The Flour.—Only a selected part of the flour is used in Vienna for the manufacture of white bread and rolls, amounting to about forty-five per cent. of the wheat. Precisely the same grades are not produced in the American process of milling, but Dr. Horsford thinks that good, fresh middlings flour will compare favorably with the average Hungarian flour.

The Milling.—A peculiar mode of milling wheat has grown up in Austria and Hungary, which is almost the antipodes of the old and crude methods of grinding. It is called "high milling," and consists in cracking the wheat by successive operations down to the required size. First the wheat is run through a coarse mill, which takes off the beard at one end and the germ at the other. The resulting powder is then sifted, to separate the grits from the dross and flour, and the central part is again cracked, and the products sifted. Some flour is produced in each of these

steps, but the best of the wheat kernel is still in the condition of grits, and the bran and outer coat of the kernel having been separated by the sifting, the pure grits are now cracked once more, and number one flour is produced. All the other flour from these three operations is purified from bran, mixed and ground, making number two flour. In short, the essential characteristic of the Austrian system of milling lies in a gradual process of reducing the wheat, with careful separation of the products, or cleaning, at each step. These products are quite numerous, as the following list shows:

Class. Percentage.

A.		Lady groats.
B.		Table groats, fine.
C.	4.35	Table groats, coarse.
D.		Extra imperial flour.
1.	5.53	Extra fine flour.
2.	5.76	Ordinary fine flour.
3.	5.51	Extra roll or semolina flour.
4.	6.48	Common roll or semolina flour.
5.	7.13	First pollen flour.
6.	13.30	Second pollen flour.
7.	11.85	First dust flour.
8.	9.95	Second dust flour.
9.	4.86	Brown pollen flour.
10.	6.33	Fort flour.
F.	8.94	Fine bran.
G.	6.87	Coarse bran.
H.	3.76	Chicken feed, loss, and dirt.
	100	

This chicken feed consists of the foreign seeds, the tares, which grow up with the wheat, and which are separated before milling. In the above list only 39 to 40 per cent. of the flour is fit for white bread making.

The Wheat.—Last of all, in following back the processes of Vienna bread making, we come to one of the essential requirements, a proper kind of wheat. "The virtues of this bread," says Dr. Horsford, "had their origin principally in the Hungarian wheat. These are not due to any particular variety of wheat, or to any marked peculiarity of soil or mode of fertilizing, or to a mean annual temperature characterizing the climate of Hungary as a whole, but to a *peculiarity of climate*, uniting especial dryness of the air during the hot season, from the time of the development of the milk of the berry, through the period of its segregation of the various constituents of the grain, down to its being housed for thrashing." The Hungarian wheat is red, shrivelled, and hard, and it

is this hardness that fits it so well to the successive crackings which constitute the process of "high milling."

Vienna bread is white, fine grained, perfectly sweet, aromatic, agreeable without butter, thoroughly baked, and has a tender crust, and Dr. Horsford shows clearly that this combination of excellences is not the result of an art, but of the joint operation of many arts. Its introduction may be made an economical act, for its peculiar succulence makes butter or other condiment unnecessary. It is, however, essentially a *baker's* bread, for it should be eaten on the day it is made, and is at its best immediately after becoming cold. There is little room for expecting it to replace the kind of bread in vogue in American homes, for that is just as much the result of peculiar circumstances as the product of the Hungarian farm, the Austrian mill, and the Vienna oven. Economy in labor is just as much a consideration in most American families as it is in our workshops, and the semi-weekly or weekly baking is the means by which it is obtained. But American housewives can improve their bread by adopting from the Austrian system the whitening of the yeast by washing, the small loaf, and the rapid baking. The use of selected flour can hardly be obtained unless the millers are offered a market for the darker flour that remains. In Europe that is at hand in the nutritious "black" bread which is everywhere the staff of life, white bread being a luxury taken only with coffee. In fact it is American cake that the Vienna roll comes in competition with, and the habit of making cake almost daily, which obtains in so many American homes, shows that there is time and labor which can be turned to the production of the Vienna bread if desired.

MODERN LOSS IN WARFARE.

THE German government has just published the official statistics of the losses in the war with France. The total killed and wounded was 3,919 officers and 60,978 men. The killed and dead of wounds were 1,374 officers and 16,877 men, the proportion being 1 killed to 3.44 wounded among the officers, and 1 to 5 among the men. The infantry lost 57,943, artillery 4,266, and cavalry 2,236. Fighting in line, and at such a distance

as modern weapons command, have made the loss by artillery a minimum; 5,084 of the casualties being due to artillery and 55,863 to rifle practice. One noteworthy item is the proportion—12,717 out of the whole number—that were struck about the head and shoulders. This is held to show that the French troops fired high, but it may also be due to the attention now paid to field defences. It is quite possible also that all modern rifles are sighted a trifle too high.

A NEW TREASURY RULE.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has lately issued a circular which affects rather uncomfortably the interests of educational, scientific, and literary institutions. They are allowed by law to import books, instruments, and illustrative collections free of duty, and the Secretary now says that the sale or distribution of articles imported in this way will not be allowed. They must be retained in the institutions that bring them into the country. It is quite probable that advantage has sometimes been taken of the law's liberality in this respect, but we fear this circular will really defeat the purpose of the law. Collections of all kinds in colleges and schools are kept up by a system of exchange, which is very necessary to them on account of the small sums of money at their disposal. To break up this system in the case of European specimens would be especially hard, for each institution would then be forced to import single specimens at much greater cost and trouble; or what is more likely, it would be found cheaper to pay the duty; that is, purchase through a dealer. So long as the exchange is confined to the circle of institutions which the law was designed to benefit, we cannot see that its provisions are unduly taken advantage of.

A HYGIENIC SCHOOL.

DR. AGNEW, the celebrated oculist of New York, has indicated his idea of a school for little children, in which health should be a first consideration, as follows: "If we could effect some alterations in the style of school architecture in our school houses, especially the primary departments, it would be a great desideratum. One of the greatest evils at present existing is the method of con-

structing the school room and of conducting the same. I never could understand why children of the primary age are kept sitting on benches for a large number of hours at a time. School houses ought to be built like the hospital building at the corner of Lexington avenue and Forty-second street, used for cripples, where there is in the upper story a large room, called the solarium, which is in fact a large play room, exposed to the sun, where these little ones are kept the greater part of the time. The upper story of the school houses should be so constructed; and children should be encouraged to bring their toys and playthings with them; and then, instead of changing the age of admission from four years, it might be kept as it is; and instead of shortening the hours of attendance, lengthen them. Of course it should be taken for granted that the school house is constructed for the accommodation of the poor children, and in this light it would be better that such children should spend most of the day in school houses having good sanitary conditions, rather than, as they now do, in tenement houses. Thus you would have these primary schools with plenty of air and light, which you can get in the upper story, and children would be glad to come early, and remain until three or four o'clock, or even later in the afternoon.

MICROSCOPIC COMPARISON OF BLOOD CORPUSCLES.

DR. J. G. RICHARDSON of Philadelphia, whose views upon the subject of proving blood stains by the use of the microscope have been described in this Miscellany, has lately prepared slides for the microscope so as to show blood corpuscles from two different animals on the same field. He did this by flowing two drops of blood down the slide, and nearly in contact. Dr. C. L. Mees has modified this proceeding. He spreads the blood by Johnston's method, which is to touch a drop of blood to the accurately ground edge of a slide, and then draw it gently over the face of the other slide, leaving a beautifully spread film. In this way one kind of blood is spread upon the slide, and another on the cover. When dry, one half of each is carefully scraped off with a smoothly sharpened

knife, and the cover inverted upon the slide in such position as to bring the remaining portions of the film into apposition. When thus prepared the magnified image can be photographed.

THE SUMMER SCIENTIFIC SCHOOLS.

THE Peabody Academy of Science at Salem, Massachusetts, will open the second session of its summer school of biology July 6, the course to continue for six weeks. Four days in each week will be given to lectures and laboratory work, and one day to a dredging expedition. Entomology, together with spiders, crustacea, and vertebrate anatomy, will be the especial subjects of study this year, and as usual the advantages enjoyed by this institution for studying marine zoology will be fully utilized. Dr. A. S. Packard, assisted by Messrs. Emerton and Kingsley, will have charge of zoölogy, Mr. Robinson of botany, Rev. Mr. Bolles of microscopy, and Mr. Cooke of the dredging parties. Fees, \$15, or for lectures only, \$5. Board \$5 to \$7 weekly. Application should be made to Dr. Packard.

A four weeks' school will be opened at the State normal school, West Chester, Pennsylvania, beginning July 11. Zoölogy and botany will be taught by Prof. M. W. Harrington, geology and physiological chemistry by Mr. V. C. Vaughan, and mineralogy by George G. Groff, all these gentlemen being connected with the University of Michigan. Elocution and industrial drawing will also be taught. Fees are for board and tuition \$30, and tuition alone \$12. Apply to Mr. George L. Maris, principal.

Scientific excursions seem to be the order of the day. Mr. Woodruff of Detroit has planned one to make the tour of the world; and Mr. J. B. Steere of Michigan university, who spent several years in a journey of scientific character, says: "The expedition will probably leave New York in October or November next, going directly to the mouth of the Amazon, where some time will be spent in making collections in natural history. The island of Marajo will be the principal field for this work. Rio Janeiro will probably be called in at, on the way to the Straits of Magellan, which will be reached in January or February (the summer season there), and a stay will be

made for the purpose of collecting. The expedition will then make its way north-west, cruising among several of the rarely visited groups of islands in the central Pacific, where there is every opportunity for making large and valuable collections of sea shells and corals as well as of the myriads of other and rarer things brought up by the dredge. Some stay will probably be made in New Guinea; but the next great object of interest will be the island of Borneo. It is supposed that the northeast and central part of this great island, which are the parts still unknown, can be best reached through the assistance of the Dutch traders at Macassar on the island of Celebes, where the expedition will touch on its way. It seems probable that entering from the east side, with the proper guides and interpreters, the interior of the island can be reached and explored, and perhaps a party may be able to reach the west coast. Borneo is less known than Central Africa, and there is a grand opportunity here for Americans to solve the great problem of its interior lakes and plateaus. A journey through an unexplored country like this cannot fail also to give opportunity for collecting many new species of animals and plants. From Borneo the expedition will make its way to the Philippine islands, where there is great room still for discovery, not only in natural history, but also in fixing the geographical knowledge of the islands, which is at present very faulty. Several of the larger islands of the group are entirely unknown in respect to their animal and vegetable life. From the Philippines the expedition will go to the island of Formosa, off the coast of China. This island is rich in objects of interest to the naturalist, and the east and central parts of the island are unknown. There are Chinese traders who visit the west coast for the purpose of trade with the natives, and through their help there is no doubt that much new work can be done in that locality. The expedition will then visit Canton, and some others of the coast towns of China, and begin its return voyage by way of Singapore, which is a depot for all that is rare and curious in the East. Ceylon will then be touched at, and the expedition will pass through the Red sea and Suez canal. It is intended to spend some time in the Medi-

terranean in visiting various places of interest, and to return home by way of England. The voyage is expected to occupy two years' time, and to cost students \$2,500 per year, this sum paying costs of expeditions inland and everything except personal expenses, clothing, etc. All the collections made will belong to those who make them." This plan seems to follow about the same line as Mr. Steere's own journey, and it would certainly be a great advantage to the excursionists to be under the guidance of an explorer who has so lately been over the ground. We believe the company is nearly completed.

A similar trip is proposed in France, where a society supported by the liberality of M. Bischofsheim, the well known banker, has been formed for the purpose of encouraging periodical voyages. The travellers will be scientific men, Dwuyin l'Lhuys being at their head, and as in the American expedition, the vessel will be commanded by a naval officer. The first voyage will be from Marseilles, and will occupy less than a year, the line of travel being to America and India.

THE WAGES VALUE OF STEAM POWER.

PROF. LEONE LEVI, in a lecture to workmen on "Work and Wages," estimated the amount of capital required to carry on some of the industries in Great Britain. There are 20,000,000 acres of land cultivated, which at £8 is £160,000,000. The cotton trade requires £80,000,000, wool trade £30,000,000, iron trade £30,000,000, merchant marine £70,000,000; railways have £600,000,000 invested in them, and the waterworks, gasworks, docks, and other undertakings all call for similar vast sums. Construction may be considered as the fixation of work, and here we have about a thousand million pounds worth of fixed labor. Labor in use deals with figures and values that are quite as large. The annual industrial production of France is £480,000,000, and of this £200,000,000 is labor, the remainder being *called* material, though if the items of its cost were ascertained, current labor would be found to make up a great portion of that sum also.

But taking French manufactures as they are reported, we can obtain from them an estimate of the value of ma-

chines. The first steam engine was introduced into that country by the city of Paris in 1789, the year of revolution. At that time the cost of labor in manufactures was 60 per cent. and of material 40 per cent. of the whole cost. On this basis the £280,000,000 worth of material used now would require £420,000,000 of labor to work it up. The present industrial population of France is 8,400,000, though all are not fully effective, and on the old basis this would have to be increased to 17,840,000 persons. The other divisions of population, tradesmen, etc., would also increase, and the result is finally apparent that France is not large enough to contain and raise food for the people that would be needed to carry on the modern business on the old methods. The *man* power of the steam machinery introduced into the industries is estimated at 31,500,000, and as it replaces £220,000,000 worth of labor, we may reckon the wages of a steam man power at £7, or \$35, per year, exclusive of food (fuel) and lodging.

THE NEGRO'S COLOR.

THE chemical character of the coloring matter in the negro's skin has been investigated by Dr. F. P. Floyd, in the laboratory of the University of Virginia. Strips of skin were well washed with water and alcohol, in order to remove fatty matter, and then cautiously scraped with a blunt scalpel, to loosen up the pigment granules. This must be carefully done, for an examination of the scraped skin shows that the whole substance of the cuticular tissue may easily be broken up and mingled with the pigment, which cannot then be obtained pure. But by selecting the most strongly colored parts and treating them carefully, the following points were established: The coloring matter is insoluble in water, alcohol, and ether. It is also unaffected by dilute acids or dilute solutions of alkali. The strong acids, even concentrated nitric acid, attack it but slowly. Chlorine destroys it especially in presence of alkali. Heated for some time with a strong solution of sodium hydrate, it is gradually dissolved, and from the diluted solution it may be partially precipitated on neutralization with an acid. The ash of the negro skin gave twice as much ash as the white skin, or 2.4 per cent. against 1.15 per

cent. Analyses of the ash for iron showed 2.28 per cent. of metallic iron in the black and 1.21 per cent. in the white skin. These facts confirm the general impression that the color of the negro's skin is nearly allied to the "melanin," or black pigment of the choroid coat in the eye. Both seem to be products of alteration of the blood.

This pigment appears to be similar to or identical with the black coloring matter of feathers. When perfectly white hair or feathers are heated gently with dilute sulphuric acid, they dissolve completely, though slowly. Black or brown feathers leave an insoluble residue. This subject was lately presented to the London Chemical Society by Messrs. W. R. Hodgkinson and H. C. Sorby. They took feathers of the English rook, which contain one per cent. of pigment, and having cut the vanes from the central rib, cleaned them from fat by treatment with alcoholic ammonia. Warm dilute sulphuric acid was then applied, until it was no longer colored, and the residue was treated with dilute hydrochloric acid and boiling alcohol and ether. Black pigment is usually found in black, brown, and dark red hair, but in the latter it is associated with a brown pigment that is soluble in dilute sulphuric acid.

Experiments were made by Dr. Floyd to determine the position of the pigment in the negro's skin. Many Southern physicians are under the impression that a blister upon the black skin is white, or nearly so. But this was disproved by experiment, and the microscope showed that the granules were dispersed through the whole of the cuticle, though less dense at the surface than in the deeper tissues. In fact Dr. Floyd thinks that the pigment originates in the outer layer of true skin, "its production being probably connected with the loss of vitality of the cells, and that it accompanies these cells all the way to the surface, where it is mechanically removed by desquamation." The alteration of the red blood corpuscles to black pigment may be due to feeble circulation in the superficial capillaries. The diseases of negroes, and their extreme sensitiveness to low temperatures, sustain this view.

THE jurisdiction of London extends over 756 square miles; its area embraces

78,000 acres. It contains 4,000,000 of inhabitants, increasing at the rate of 75,000 a year, of various nationalities.

THE rapidity of sewing machine work, even when not working beyond an ordinary manufacturing speed, is seen in the manufacture of 110 three-bushel sacks per hour, containing 35,640 stitches, or close on 600 per minute.

THE pine woods of Michigan are said to contain in standing trees—

In Eastern Michigan.....	13,500,000,000 feet.
In Western Michigan.....	11,500,000,000 "
In Upper Peninsular.....	19,500,000,000 "
Total.....	44,500,000,000

A MANUFACTURER lately sued the city of Paris for about \$15,000 on the ground that the water supplied by the new works was so good that he could not make gelatine, and his business was therefore ruined! The suit was dismissed with costs.

A PASTE made of fifty-one parts of finely shaved stearine, melted in seventy-two parts of previously warmed oil of turpentine, will restore the polish to furniture. When cool rub on with a woollen rag, and when dry rub thoroughly with a clean dry cloth.

THIS winter is said to have been the coldest known in Russia for 158 years! In St. Petersburg the thermometer has been—32 deg. Reaumur, or 40 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit. Drivers have frozen in their seats, and the police kept large fires burning in the streets at night.

THE difference between exploding powder under water and above ground is shown in the relative effect of 50,000 pounds of giant powder fired in the great Hell Gate blast, and the small quantity of 370 pounds of black powder which is the service charge of the 80-ton cannon at Shoebury, England. The former made but little shock or sound. The latter has shaken houses to pieces by the force of the concussion wave produced in the air. The first blood shed by the gun was that of a half dozen sea gulls. A canister shot, containing 2,170 balls, burst just in front of a large flock of them.

THE United States issued 15,911 patents in 1876, and received 22,408 applications.

IMPORTANT works in construction and other branches of engineering are now sometimes continued at night by means of the electric light. The buildings for the French international exhibition are pushed in this way, and the method is used at the Taybridge Works and others in England.

AMONG the interesting facts which have been developed by the careful study of ants is the existence of piracy among them. Mr. McCook has noticed that ants descending from trees with abdomens full of honey dew were waited for by workers from the hill, seeking food, and compelled to disgorge their accumulations. If this was not done willingly, force was used.

THE walrus has a singular mode of adapting his attack upon enemies to the circumstances in which he is placed. They can shiver ice from four to six inches thick by rising from below and striking it with their huge heads. An exploring party near Novaya Zemla, while walking over a field of new ice, noticed a herd of walruses following them under the ice. They presently began operations, and broke the field in pieces on all sides of the party, which barely escaped by running for the main pack ice near by.

OXFORD university, England, has a revenue of about \$2,000,000 yearly, 48 professors, 160 lecturers and tutors, 2,400 undergraduates (1875), of whom 24 per cent. hold scholarships worth from \$150 to \$500 yearly. Seventy-five per cent of these read for honors as follows: 83 per cent. for the school of *Literæ Humaniores* (philosophy, classical history, and philology), 20 per cent. for the school of modern history, 17 per cent. theology, 15 per cent. law, 7 per cent. mathematics, and 6.5 per cent. physi-

cal science. There are 360 fellows, of whom 140 are resident and engaged in teaching. The average endowment of a fellowship is \$1,250. The average number of pupils to one professor or teacher is in *Literæ Humaniores* 5 1-2; in mathematics 6, in physical science 7, in modern history 5, in law 15 1-2.

PROF. VON ZECH lately mingled politics and science in a paper read before the Wurtemberg Anthropological Society. He compared the returns of a recent election with the known ethnological characteristics of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and found that in districts where light hair and eyes predominated the government won the election. The black-haired and black-eyed portions of the population seemed to favor democracy and social reform, and the Ultramontanes form a medium class so far as complexion is concerned.

THE misfortunes of the deaf and dumb are greatly lessened by the substitution of lip-reading for other modes of conversation. The words are read from the movement of the lips so that the deaf can join in an ordinary conversation. In beginning the instruction the lips must be moved slowly, but in time the pupil gains such facility that the words of a public speaker can be taken as well by a deaf person in the audience as by any other. Deaf mutes are frequently very intelligent, and it may be that the "kindergarten" system, which is a necessity in their case, has something to do with their proficiency. In the Clark Institute children are received at the age of five years, and the first year's instruction consists in laying sticks and rings in designs imitated from the teacher. Weaving, card pricking, and drawing are also taught. From this beginning the pupil's development goes on through physical studies, such as zoölogy, botany, physiology, and geography. After these come higher mathematics, geology, chemistry, history, psychology, etc.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

It would seem, or rather it would have seemed, almost impossible to present Shakespeare in any new light, so much has been written by the wise and the foolish, the learned and the ignorant, the bright and the dull, the competent and the incompetent, upon that marvelous man. But Mr. George Wilkes has managed to write a goodly octavo which, while it contains nothing absolutely new upon this subject, presents it as a whole in a fresh aspect.* Mr. Wilkes says, in his brief preface, a few words which seem to be candid and truly modest. Rigorous criticism, he tells us, will not be unwelcome, not because he has any vain confidence in his own views, but "because they are put forward in good faith in order to elicit truth concerning a genius who is the richest inheritance of the intellectual world." He adds that he presents his book rather as a series of inquiries than as dogmatic doctrine, and that even if his views are controverted, he must be a gainer, "for it can never be a true source of mortification to relinquish opinions in favor of those which are shown to be better." This is indeed the fairest, best spirit of literary candor, and it is expressed with manly ingenuousness. If the author really feels what he utters so well, and we are both bound and willing to believe that he does so, he has set an example of a virtue which should be very much commoner than it is.

In giving to Mr. Wilkes's book the consideration which is due to its careful and intelligent preparation, we are, however, somewhat puzzled at the outset. What is an American point of view in regard to a literary subject, and above all a subject the historical position of which is previous, not only to the Declaration of Independence, but to the settlement of New England? We can apprehend what an "American" point of view might be as to a question of politics, or of society,

or even of morals, in the present day; but what such a *distinctive* view could be even on those subjects, considered as they present themselves at a time when our forefathers, just like the forefathers of the present British people, were in England or in Scotland, we can hardly divine. And as to literature, the difficulty seems still greater. For, in the first place, literature and art are of no country and no time, except historically, and moreover the literature of a language and a race belong to that race and the speakers of that language wherever they may be. A man of English blood and speech loses no right in Shakespeare, he loses no right in any English author, because he happens to be born in New England instead of Old England, or in Australia instead of the Isle of Wight or of Man. Political divisions have nothing to do with literature. We hear nothing of Prussian literature or of Austrian literature; it is all German—"Deutsch." And the eminent German philologist Mentzner, in his great English grammar, that awful book in three octavo volumes, draws for his countless illustrations quite as freely upon Bryant, Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Prescott, and their countrymen, as upon Tennyson, Browning, Macaulay, and theirs. English literature is the literature of the English race wherever it may be. It has nothing to do with the distinctions British and American. They are political only. This is true of all literature, even that of the day; but especially and absolutely is it true of all English literature that was produced before there was any New England. Shakespeare belongs to the people now in England because when he wrote he and their forefathers lived together in England and spoke the same tongue; and exactly for that reason he belongs to all of us here who are of his race and tongue. There is not the slightest difference between the relations of the two people to the one man. This consideration applies, without qualification, to all English literature before 1620; with slight external, unessential

* "*Shakespeare, from an American Point of View: Including an Inquiry as to his Religious Faith and his Knowledge of Law. With the Baconian Theory Considered.*" By GEORGE WILKES. 8vo, pp. 471. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

modification, to that between 1620 and 1776; and with somewhat greater external, but still unessential modification, to all that has been produced since.

Mr. Wilkes, however, may reasonably reply that while he may or may not agree with this view of English literature, there is in either case an American point of view as to every subject—a view taken from the position in which Americans stand politically and socially; a position which affects their vision and their judgment of all subjects, including literature, even in the form of dramatic poetry, the most absolute form in which it can exist. He is to a certain extent right; and waiving the question as to whether such a view is likely to have any peculiar value, particularly in regard to dramatic poems produced in the other hemisphere nearly three hundred years ago, let us see what in this guise Mr. Wilkes has to present to us.

He opens his book with a reference to the "Baconian theory," as it is called; that is, the notion that the plays published in 1623 as "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," were actually written by the great Bacon, incorrectly called Lord Bacon. This notion, which may in a certain sense be called "American," because of its setting forth by Miss Delia Bacon, a New England woman, some twenty years ago, is not and never was worth five minutes' serious consideration by any sane human being. It is too foolish to be talked about. No man who really knows anything about the subject has ever given this fancy a moment's entertainment; and we regret to see that Mr. Wilkes is at the pains of examining it carefully all through his book. It is not worthy of refutation. We therefore set small store by the probabilities which he accumulates against it. There is no more ground for reasonable doubt that William Shakespeare did and Francis Bacon did not write the plays attributed to the former than there is for doubt that Horace Greeley did and William Henry Seward did not edit the "Tribune" between the years 1845 and 1865. That Bacon was their author is indeed an American point of view, it having been taken not only by Miss Bacon, but by Judge Holmes of Missouri, and by an unknown American writer in

"Fraser's Magazine" for August, 1874. But we are inclined to think that Miss Bacon's book is unknown to Mr. Wilkes except, at second hand, else he would not speak of that tremendous octavo tome as a "pamphlet," which he does twice. It was as heavy metaphorically as it was in avoirdupois. It fell dead from the press. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote the introduction to it, says in his "Old Home" that he believes that it never had but one reader, a young man of his acquaintance. He probably had not seen Mr. Grant White's statement, made in some of his Shakespearian books or writings, that "for his sins" he had read every word of it. And we must say from our knowledge of it, that the reading ought to go largely to his credit in his account with purgatory. Judge Holmes's book is very able and ingenious; so much so that it is to be regretted that he did not give his learning and his reasoning powers to better business. In Mr. Wilkes's book we probably have heard the last of this American view of Shakespeare.

Our author also gives much attention to the questions of Shakespeare's religious faith and his knowledge of the law. He is of the opinion that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic, and that he had not studied law. In both cases we think Mr. Wilkes wrong. Such evidence as Shakespeare's works afford goes, we think, decidedly in favor of their writer's having been a Protestant of unusually "broad church" views for his time, and of his having made some study at least of the attorney's part of law. After considering all that Mr. Wilkes urges, we find nothing in his ingeniously extracted evidence to shake our faith in these probabilities. But in any case all this is of small importance. Suppose Shakespeare to have been a Romanist, and never to have entered an attorney's office; of what moment are these conclusions to the reader of his plays? The facts were important to Shakespeare himself, but are of only the slightest interest to any one else.

Mr. Wilkes's American point of view is finally and chiefly that which he takes of Shakespeare's social feeling, according to his—Mr. Wilkes's—conception of it. He says of him that it seems strange that "unlike all the great geniuses of

the world who had come before or [have] come after him, he should be the only one so deficient in that beneficent tenderness toward his race, so vacant of those sympathies which usually accompany intellectual power, as never to have been betrayed into one generous aspiration in favor of popular liberty. Nay, worse than this, worse than his servility to royalty and rank, we never find him speaking of the poor with respect, or alluding to the working classes without detestation or contempt." This view of the great poet-dramatist is repeated over and over again, all through Mr. Wilkes's book. The point is not a new one. It has been considered by one or two of Mr. Wilkes's predecessors, and has been set aside as of no significance by those who have brought it up for consideration. We cannot congratulate Mr. Wilkes upon his success in establishing his position. The subject is of some interest, and for example we take Mr. Wilkes's remarks in his twenty-third chapter, which is entirely devoted to the support he finds for it in the first part of "Henry VI." He quotes passages in which La Pucelle (Joan of Arc) calls herself "a shepherd's daughter," speaks of her "contemptible estate," and her "base vocation"; in which Talbot expresses his insulted feeling at a proposal that he, when a prisoner, should have been proposed in exchange for a "baser man of arms," and in which he and other noblemen speak with contempt of peasants. And then he exclaims, "Lords, lords, lords; nothing but princes and lords, and The People never alluded to except as *worthless peasants*, or to be scorned as *scabs*, and *hedge-born swains*." The reply to all this is much like the famous one as to the stealing of the kettle; which was first, that the defendant did not take the kettle; next that he returned it; and finally that the plaintiff never had any kettle. First these sentiments are not put forth as those of the writer of the play, but as those of the personages who figured in the historical incidents therein dramatized; next it is undeniable that such were the feelings which noblemen and gentlemen of Henry VI.'s time, and of the time when this play was written, had and expressed toward peasants; and finally, whether or no it makes no difference as to Shakespeare's sentiments in

regard to his humbler fellow men; for *Shakespeare did not write this play*. No editor or competent critic of Shakespeare believes that Shakespeare wrote one single scene of the first part of "King Henry VI." True the same feeling is expressed by noblemen and gentlemen in plays which Shakespeare did write; and we notice this particular passage chiefly because of its evidence that Mr. Wilkes, although an intelligent and careful reader of Shakespeare, is not sufficiently acquainted with the history and the literature of his time, or with dramatic literature generally, to undertake to pass judgment upon Shakespeare from the higher points of view, however he may be so to judge him from "an American point of view." For the assertion that Shakespeare was in this respect "unlike all the great geniuses of the world" is absolutely untrue. If Mr. Wilkes will carefully examine the works of the playwrights contemporary with Shakespeare, he will find their *dramatic persona* equally made up of "lords, lords, lords," and he will find the lords speaking in just such a way of the common people. If they did not do so, the portraiture would be unfaithful; it would not "hold the mirror up to nature." And if he will look through the plays of Molière, who stands next to Shakespeare as a dramatist, and who was like him a player and a man of the people, he will find all the lords and gentlemen who ruffle through his delightful pages speaking with contempt and ridicule of the lower classes. Moreover, it is absolutely untrue that Shakespeare was even thus indirectly a sycophant to kings and nobles, and a maintainer of their essential superiority. On fitting occasions he puts into their own mouths satires against themselves, their rank, and their pretensions; and he shows, when opportunity offers, a warm sympathy with and tenderness for the lowly and the oppressed. Whoever chooses to do so may find this shown in a few pages of Mr. Grant White's essay on Shakespeare's genius. ("Life and Genius of Shakespeare," pp. 298-302.) If we are to have a peculiarly American view of Shakespeare, pray let us have one founded upon thorough knowledge and taken in a fair spirit. Not that we mean that Mr. Wilkes is intentionally unfair, but that his judgment has been per-

verted by his strong democratic feeling, and that he seems not to have been able to investigate his subject with the research which it properly demands.

We are sorry to observe also a reckless tone of disparagement running through Mr. Wilkes's book. True, Shakespeare's reputation may be able to bear it; but for the very reason of Shakespeare's preëminence the world—the thoughtful part of it at least—would welcome a close, careful, and competent examination of his claims, even in an adverse spirit. Such an examination Mr. Wilkes, notwithstanding the voluminousness and the method of his book, has not been able to give them. It is not—for example, in his chapter on the "Merchant of Venice"—by calling Antonio a "black-guard" and a "ruffian," and Bassanio "an unprincipled, penniless adventurer, a mere tavern spendthrift and carouser, who borrows money that he may cheat a wealthy maiden of her dower," by calling Gratiano and Lorenzo "poodles and parasites," the first of whom "is willing to put up with Portia's waiting maid Nerissa," that Mr. Wilkes can hope to win respect for an American view of Shakespeare. If Mr. Wilkes had informed himself more thoroughly in regard to the manners of Antonio's time, he would have found that in those days men, otherwise kind-hearted and generous, treated Jews as he treated Shylock; that Nerissa was probably, if not surely, as well born and as well bred as her mistress was; and that Bassanio's desire to marry an heiress, beautiful, loving, and by him beloved, was not peculiar to the hero of the "Merchant of Venice." Indeed, very estimable men have not been found averse to such a proceeding in these days, and even in America. And what is strange the beautiful heiresses have forgiven them, and if they behaved kindly and lovingly as husbands, have been very happy, strange as it may seem. Why should Mr. Wilkes speak of Bassanio's going to Belmont "to swindle Portia"? He does no such thing. Such criticism of Shakespeare, if it were truly and representatively American, would justly hold America up to the world's ridicule.

Scattered through Mr. Wilkes's book, making us regret the more such passages as we have noticed, are others which

show fine insight and robust common sense. In this very chapter on the "Merchant of Venice" there are two or three pages of sound criticism of the dull and pompous platitudes of the sham-profound German critics, for which we thank the author. They are well and heartily written, and they do not overstep the bounds of literary decorum. In many parts, Mr. Wilkes's book, although it is a very unsafe guide, contains stimulating suggestions to reflection.

LORD AMBERLY, the recently deceased son and heir of Earl Russel, left an elaborate work behind him upon the religions of the world, which has just been republished here.* Apart from its teachings, or rather its tendencies, which would be stamped as "infidel" by all orthodox Christians, the book is valuable. For it is the result of very profound, painstaking research. It contains nothing particularly new, but it presents, in a tolerably compact form, a critical view of the whole subject of religious beliefs and ceremonies, in all time and in all countries. Its author evidently means to be fair; and from his point of view he is so. The book is full of information upon a subject which is now attracting unusual attention from a class of minds which, twenty-five or thirty years ago, would have shrunk in horror from any such examination; and its value in this respect is enhanced by an index, which makes it a useful book of reference.

—Mr. Frothingham, who has rapidly taken the place of leader in a new school of morals and religion, but whose followers are yet few, has added another book to those which have been recently noticed in our pages.† It is composed of some of those discourses—for they cannot be called sermons, in the ordinary sense of the word—which he delivers to his disciples on Sunday; delivering them on that day because it is convenient for the purpose. It must be admitted that they teach a very high and pure morality. But we confess that the

* "*An Analysis of Religious Belief.*" By Viscount AMBERLY. 8vo, pp. 745. New York: D. M. Bennett.

† "*The Spirit of the New Faith. A Series of Sermons.*" By OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM. 16mo, pp. 272. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

title of the book, "The Spirit of the New Faith," seems to us a misnomer; for we seek in it in vain for the evidences of any faith. Indeed, its principal object seems to be the inculcation of morality without faith; the teaching that, to an upright life—truly Christian, that is, in spirit—for Mr. Frothingham would probably spurn the name) no faith of any sort is necessary. In the sermon—not the first in order—which gives the volume its name, we remark a strange perversion or misconception of the chiefest Christian virtue. Mr. Frothingham writes in a kindly, generous spirit which excludes scorn; but he approaches scorn in his remarks upon charity, at which he almost scoffs. He says of it: "Charity is not equivalent to brotherhood; it is not synonymous with brotherhood, or even with appreciation. Charity can be unjust: it is unjust in its pity. Pity, indeed, is its essence." Were this a true definition of charity, Mr. Frothingham might be justified in the tone he takes toward it. But the very spirit of charity is at war not only with injustice, but with arrogance, and with phariseism of all kinds. Its very essence is the assumption of good motives, even on the part of those who differ radically from us in conduct and belief. It is the great moral equalizer of the world. We are surprised that a thinker of Mr. Frothingham's clearness and subtlety of mind should have so failed in appreciating a quality which does not inculcate, but which is love and respect for others.

Few persons are aware of the vast and varied range of duties which are connected with what is called, "for short," a geological and geographical survey of the Territories.* The second edition of the catalogue of publications made in connection with the survey, of which Dr. F. V. Hayden is director, enumerates forty-one publications issued within ten years, among which are annual reports of the work done since 1867, bulletins, the issue of which began in 1874, and important monographs on ancient and modern fauna and flora of the region ex-

amined. Dr. Hayden's own geological work is necessarily limited by his heavy duties as director of the whole survey, but his long study of the West gives him unusual qualifications for assembling and discussing the work of others. He has a minute description with map of the Upper Arkansas valley and its glaciation, and of the old lake system of the West. During the early portion of the Tertiary the whole country, "from the Arctic circle to the Isthmus of Darien," was occupied with lakes, some of which were immense in size. In after times thousands of small lakes took their place, and these have finally disappeared. Many of these were expansions of the rivers, like most modern lakes. The old valleys are now occupied by a diluvial deposit, the counterpart of the Loess of the Rhine, and almost the same in composition. The agricultural future of all that valley region is very promising, for from some mysterious cause, the rainfall seems to be increasing over the whole area. Buried trees of great size prove that Nebraska has not always been the grassy waste it now is, and the revolutions of nature may restore its forests. Mr. Aughey figures some arrow-heads which he found in this deposit fifteen and twenty feet from the top, and in such a position as to assure him of their true age. Leaving the admirable geological study of Dr. Peale, we come to Mr. Eudlich's examination of the San Juan mines. This is a kind of work which government explorers should do more of, though until the mines are worked deeper, the information obtained is not very full. The veins are reported to be probably of Cretaceous age, or they may date from the beginning of the Tertiary. Dr. Hayden reports that when the coming season's work is finished "the most rugged and mountainous portion of our continent" will have been surveyed. It is his intention to map it in an atlas of six sheets, each covering about 11,500 square miles. The cartographical work of the survey is excellent. This volume contains eighty-eight maps and views, executed in a most creditable manner.

—We have also received two of the "Miscellaneous Publications"* of the survey, one being the last and crowning work of

* "United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories." F. V. HAYDEN, United States Geologist in charge. Annual Report, 1877. Colorado and adjacent Territories. Government Printing Office.

* *The Same*. Catalogue of Publications. Second edition, Revised to December 31, 1876.

America's great invertebrate palaeontologist, Dr. F. B. Meek.* The names "Meek and Hayden" have an association in American scientific work that is historic, and in the "Report on Invertebrate, Cretaceous, and Tertiary Fossils of the Upper Missouri Country" are assembled the results of painstaking labors extending through many years. The volume is worthy to stand as a monument to such an author. The introduction contains a description, in the author's characteristically concise style, of the formations in which the fossils were found. The fossils described include all the invertebrates from the prescribed region, and it is indicative of the author's position in regard to palaeontological work in America, that nearly all the species were originally described by him. This profound knowledge of the subject and the painstaking attention to the discussion of types, and of their synonymy, make the work, as Dr. Hayden truly says, "one of the most important contributions ever made to the science of palaeontology in any portion of the world." Forty-five lithographic plates, by Meek and Swinton, and numerous woodcuts, illustrate the book.

—Dr. Packard's "Monograph of the Geometrid Moths"† is the next important publication of this survey. It is the first complete treatise on the American species of these moths. The author describes between three and four hundred species, and thinks it not unlikely that nearly a thousand will be ultimately found on the continent. The collections have been made by many travellers, and at points extending from Polaris bay to Texas. Great attention is paid to generic and specific description, and to synonymy, besides which a complete bibliography of the subject is added. Dr. Packard's work is therefore well suited to serve for immediate instruction, as well as a standard for reference. The admirably executed plates increase its value for both uses.

—Captain Ludlow's report of his visit to the Yellowstone Park in 1875 is one of the most interesting books the Gov-

ernment has published.* He found that the army of American vandals has turned its footsteps toward this national museum of wonders, and every year they go to it in hundreds and thousands to admire and destroy the delicate lace work which nature has spent centuries in weaving. The Park contains the most remarkable glaciers on this continent, and the constantly flowing and splashing water has built up a basin of opal around each fountain. These basins are curiously convoluted and fretted, and are composed almost entirely of quartz deposited from the water, their light gray color contrasting beautifully with the deeply tinted water. Wherever they are solid the idiotic visitor writes his name, and thousands of these unimprisoned lunatics have been there. Wherever the basins are most delicate and wonderful, the savage white man strikes them with an axe and carries home "a specimen." Captain Ludlow found two women climbing around one geyser called the Castle, from the numerous little pinnacles and towers it has built up, "with tucked up skirts and rubber shoes, armed one with an axe, the other with a spade." When he first saw the Beehive, the most remarkable of the geysers in point of height, throwing its stream two hundred feet high from a small aperture, he had a pang in anticipation of the destruction that he felt sure would come upon it. And with good reason. The next day he returned to camp just in time to run in and save the Beehive, the pride of the Park, from the uplifted axe of a woman! He urges the Government to spend \$10,000 or thereabouts in protecting this beautiful place from the assaults of these iconoclasts, who break down ten times as much as they carry off. We regret to see that his recommendation is unheeded. A governor is appointed for the Park, but he has no salary, and probably does not remain on the ground. Captain Ludlow very truly says that the presence of a small party there to open roads, preserve the Park, and keep a careful record of the geysers would well repay its cost in the increase of knowledge and pleasurable travel it would bring to our people.

* "Report of a Reconnaissance to the Yellowstone National Park in the Summer of 1875." By WILLIAM LUDLOW, Captain of Engineers. War Department, Washington.

* *The Same.* Report on Invertebrate Palaeontology. F. B. MECK.

† *The Same.* Monograph of the Geometrid Moths or Phalaenidae. By A. S. PACKARD, Jr., M. D.

MR. DAVID A. WELLS has made a good choice in presenting Bastiat's writings on political economy,* for his essays are as sound in principle as they are homely in method. He tried to make people see the true meaning of the phrases and theories which are the common staple of conversation among the industrial classes. For instance, he meets the assertion that a country gains wealth when the government employs a great number of people by pointing out that the personal expenditures of the people are reduced by just the amount of the taxes. When the government takes a dollar from a citizen to pay a laborer, the citizen has just one dollar less to hire the laborer for his own use. The country gains no wealth by such a transaction, but merely makes an exchange of employers. This proposition, which M. Bastiat insists upon through many arguments, is of more vital interest to France than to us. It refers to a form of folly that is chronic there, but sporadic here, and its most threatening outbreak (during the "ring rule" in New York) was violently cured by the panic of 1873. But the importance of inculcating sound views on this subject is just as necessary here as there. Probably the larger part of Tweed's stealings ultimately found their way to laboring men, but who shall say that New York has gained wealth by his career? M. Bastiat's views on interest, capital, taxes, encouragement of fine arts by the State, public works, the spendthrift, government, etc., are excellent, and expressed in an ingenious and taking way. It is hard to give to dissertations on such subjects that "blood-curdling interest" which Mark Twain promised in his agricultural memoranda; but M. Bastiat certainly unites an unusual interest of style to sensible and simple views. Mr. Wells may count the reproduction of these essays as one of the many valuable public services he has done his countrymen.

A HUNDRED and four years have passed since John Howard paid that visit to Bedford jail which first directed his attention to the improvement of the prisoners' condition. The work began with the study of prisons; a hundred years

has turned it into the study of the prisoner. Mr. Dugdale* discovered in 1874 the criminal family which has become notorious as containing Margaret, "the mother of criminals." She was one of six sisters, of whom one is not traceable; four gave rise to mixed criminal and pauper lines, and Margaret to a distinctively criminal line. To these sisters Mr. Dugdale gives the name *Jukes*, and he has followed up seven generations, containing 540 known persons of Juke blood, and 169 known persons of other blood who became allied to the Jukes in one way or another. All told, this criminal family contains 709 known persons, and probably 500 undiscovered members, forming the most numerous criminal lineage ever studied. Mr. Dugdale's pamphlet is a profoundly interesting analysis of the history of this family, and the tendencies that have governed it. The remarkable fact is developed that the strongest criminal tendencies are on the female side, and pauper tendencies on the male side. Crime and pauperism are psychologically one and the same, one or the other being manifested as the individual's character is strong or weak. A life may exhibit an innocent childhood, a criminal maturity, and a pauper old age. The same phases may be developed more slowly, and appear in successive generations, or even in alternate generations. Intemperance is no doubt frequently the immediate cause of crime, as seen in so many murders. But Mr. Dugdale shows that the common belief that criminal tendencies are the result of intemperance is not true, while the reverse is true, that these tendencies produce physical degeneration, which craves the stimulus of drink. These investigations show that the pauper is almost irreclaimable. His mental weakness neutralizes every effort made for his welfare, but the active criminal has strength enough to do better if he will. As to women, it is shown that their immorality is the precise counterpart of crime in the man, and it is to this fact that we owe the steady development of our criminal population. Illegitimacy is not in itself a cause of crime, but the

* "*Essays on Political Economy.*" By FREDERICK BASTIAT. Translation revised by David A. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* "*The Jukes. A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease, and Heredity.*" By R. L. DUGDALE. With an Introduction by Ellisha Harris, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

environment of neglect in which the illegitimate live is a fruitful cause. We cannot detail all the conclusions of this close and exhaustive study of criminal character. They are as numerous as they are disagreeable to read and contemplate.

—Dr. Bowen's pamphlet on "Dyspepsia," published by Loring, is so good, so comforting, and so plain to persons who do not know any more of medicine than is necessary to have the various diseases, that we are glad to point it out to our readers. He says there is no case of dyspepsia that cannot be cured, except such as are complicated with other troubles that are necessarily fatal. He opposes the starvation treatment, but does not give general directions for cure, saying that each case must be studied and treated for itself.

DR. STILLMAN'S "Seeking the Golden Fleece"* is worth reading for its faithful picture of a long sea voyage in the olden time. Nearly a hundred passengers left New York in the Pacific, the captain and owner being obliged to slink on board, to avoid attachments sued out against them by other passengers who were dissatisfied and left behind. The voyage consumed 194 days, and the narrative of its incidents is much the most interesting part of the book. As to the author's experience in California, we can sum it up in the common phrase, "The old story." He was one of the first argonauts. He saw Sacramento when it had half-a-dozen shanties, San Francisco when millions of dollars worth of goods lay on the hill-sides, for lack of sufficient warehouses, when the mines were yielding well, and cooks were cheap at \$300 a month. Dr. Stillman's narrative is one of the best that has appeared of California in the days of the pioneers.

MR. HABBERTON shows how fit he is to be the editor of selections from standard authors by publishing the Roger de Coverly papers† without a note or emenda-

*"*Seeking the Golden Fleece. A Record of Pioneer Life in California.*" By J. D. B. STILLMAN. A. Roman & Co.

† "*Sir Roger de Coverly: Consisting of the Papers Relating to Sir Roger, which were Originally Published in the 'Spectator.'*" With an Introductory Essay by JOHN HABBERTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

tion. We have these celebrated numbers of the "Spectator" in all the grace and humor of the originals, and with the quaint flavor which age has necessarily added to them unimpaired. The editor informs us that after a careful hunt through the book market, he finds the previous editions of Sir Roger out of print, and for that reason he publishes this one, though his first plan for the "Select British Essayists" did not include it. He thinks the publication peculiarly timely now, when "the standard of letters threatens to become vastly different from that under which English literature has gained whatever it possesses of real value." We do not agree with him in anticipating the complete shelving of Sir Roger in case this threatened change really takes place. In all times the really great authors will be read by the few, and talked about by the many. But however that may be, Mr. Habberton's handsome and convenient collection of these papers will be welcomed by the many who are glad to learn how famous authors wrote, and yet have not taste enough for classical reading to attack the whole "Spectator" itself.

THE disciples of Swedenborg will read with interest a little book of a mildly controversial character by B. F. Barrett, which endeavors to show what the New Church really is.* The controversy is not with the unbelievers in Swedenborg, but with some prominent persons among his disciples. Its object is to show that the New Jerusalem, or New Church, is not an organized and visible body of people united by a creed and a form of worship more or less uniform. This view, although, as the writer says, it has prevailed among the students of Swedenborg for nearly a hundred years and is probably held by a large majority of them at the present day, he regards as an utterly mistaken conception. He, on the contrary, regards the theory of separation as false and vicious. The function of Swedenborgianism, if so it must be called, he believes to be to uproot and de-

* "*The New Church: Its Nature and Whereabout. Being a Critical Examination of the Popular Theory, with some Illustrations of its Tendency and Legitimate Fruits.*" By B. F. BARRETT. 16mo, pp. 213. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

stroy the mischievous spirit of sect, to exalt charity above faith, life above doctrine, both inside and outside of all the churches. This he regards as that second coming of the Lord which Swedenborg taught; and this he sees in the signs of the times. Few of us know really what Swedenborgianism is; and some of us have tried in vain to discover what there is in it which captivates some clear-headed as well as true-hearted men. But if this be Swedenborgianism, who of us is there that will not bid it God speed?

—"The Library of Swedenborg,"* edited by Mr. Barrett, is to consist of twelve handy volumes, giving a complete summary of Swedenborg's system in a series of extracts from his writings, grouped together under appropriate headings, indicating the special doctrine they illustrate. These volumes are of the most convenient size and neatly printed and bound. They are, in short, in every respect in contrast with the bulky tomes in which Swedenborg's system is usually and so repulsively presented. Three volumes of the series have thus far been published.

A book the author of which publishes his own portrait as a frontispiece is opened with prejudice by most sensible men, we believe, and phrenology is not regarded with great favor by the majority of such readers. But here is a book which is able to stand up against both these prejudices.† Whatever we may think of phrenology, we cannot withhold our hearty approval of the methods of

* "*Volume Third The Swedenborg Library.*" Edited by B. F. BARRETT. Freedom, Rationality, and Catholicity. From the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

† "*How to Teach according to Temperament and Mental Development; or, Phrenology in the School Room and the Family.*" By NELSON SIZER. 16mo, pp. 331. New York: Wells & Co.

teaching which are recommended by Mr. Sizer. He would have the teacher study his pupil, watch the action of his mind, detect his propensities, and then direct his efforts accordingly. The author does not content himself with generalities; he goes into particulars; he indicates temperaments, describes mental traits and modes of action, and gives good counsel as to their direction. His views of training include the moral as well as the mental side of the pupil, and also his physical nature. Children trained according to the system here recommended and set forth would have the most made of them that their organizations permit. We commend the book to all teachers and parents. It will interest them, and if they study it and follow its counsels, it will profit their children. As to the phrenology of it, they may let that go. Like the allegory of "*The Faerie Queene*," it won't bite them.

In poetry we have before us this month only a sacred tragedy, the writer of which we fear has been misled into verse-writing by an ambition to justify his parents' choice of a name.* The incidents of his tragedy are of course derived from the Old Testament, and in every case in which they are in any way modified it is for the worse. His poetry reminds us of that dreary stuff that was written before the appearance of Marlowe and the other Elizabethan dramatists. We wonder that the writer undertook a subject which had been so ably handled by others before him, and particularly by Charles Heavyside, to whose vigorous and highly picturesque dramatic poem† we direct the attention of our poetry-loving readers.

* "*King Saul: A Tragedy.*" By BRON A. BROOKS. 16mo, pp. 144. New York: Nelson & Phillips.

† Published by Osgood & Company.

NEBULÆ.

— THE result of months of agitation and negotiation is that to Russia is left the task of driving the Turks out of Europe single-handed. Well, Russia is content, and not only content, but pleased. She does not object to being left to seek her own ends by her own means, and would like nothing better than to have all the other powers take the position of disinterested bystanders while she whops poor little Johnny Turk, and takes as much as she likes of his territory by way of indemnity. She meant this all along, and it has been amusing to see how she has with a combination of tact and persistency attained her end. Of course as to her motives there can be no doubt; they are purely philanthropic and religious. It is for the Christians in the Turkish provinces, about whom England began the disturbance, the result of which promises to be Russia's success and her own discomfiture. The attitude of Turkey wins respect and sympathy. It has been manly in tone, and in diplomacy not unskilful. The Turks have always shown a combination of stubbornness and craft which have made them, except in the field, more than a match for their Christian enemies. Without approving Turkish faith or life, we may yet admire the firmness and dignity with which they have refused to submit to a dictation which would exclude them from the rank of independent nations. They made the mistake of not putting the Czar palpably in the wrong, which they would have done by sending the embassy to St. Petersburg to treat of disarmament. But he would have probably wriggled out of this position in some way; and of this they may have felt sure. Plainly the Turks feel that they are in a crisis of their national existence, and they are desperate. They know of course that between Great Britain and Russia there is a determination to drive them out of Europe, and that their only safety thus far has been in the rivalry and jealousy of those two powers. Since the effort is to be made, they feel that they are in as good a condition to resist it now as they

ever will be; and with the desperation of their character they have gone into the unequal fight. What will be the end, no one can foresee; but of one thing we may be sure, that the British Government will not fight for the Turks, and as certainly they will not fight with Russia against them. Neither Germany nor Austria is likely to spend blood and treasure for the aggrandizement of Russia. Therefore, although some publicists look for a great change in the map of Europe, it seems rather that the result of the war, even if it be unfavorable to Turkey, will be little more than the liberation and autonomy of one or two of the provinces.

— THE personal nature of our politics was never more apparent than it is at present. On all sides, and in regard to all questions, we meet with evidence of it. Whether it be in regard to great questions of national importance, the formation of parties, or some little State or county matter, the point generally first raised is how Mr. ——— or Mr. ——— will be likely to feel about it. The subject is not discussed upon broad grounds of right, of law, or of policy, but with regard to the effect that it will have upon such or such an "interest," which is represented by Mr. ———, the said interest being sometimes that of a railway, or a "ring," but generally that of a knot of professional politicians. This seems strange in a country where the government is "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Our democracy has subjected us to the condition of the old Roman clients. We do not have leaders in politics, but users; men who use us for their own advantage.

— CHINA and Japan are turning the tables upon us bravely. We have been sending missionaries to them for two hundred years and more, and now a young disciple of Buddha comes among us to criticise our religion and to tell us that the moral principles and the conduct of Christians are of a lower standard than those taught by Confucius; and a

Japanese publicist criticises our politics in our leading review, and tells us that we are the slowest people on the face of the earth, and are tied hand and foot by our paper constitutions. There will probably not be many converts to Buddhism; and as probably the Constitution of the United States will not be set aside as a worthless piece of paper in this generation. None the less, however, are these return-missionary efforts of our extremely Oriental friends very significant signs of the times. They show two things: first, the little real effect which, after all, the West has produced upon the East; and last, the freedom of thought and discussion which is now pervading the world. It is safe to say that our Chinese and Japanese critics will be listened to with respect; and that not in a mere spirit of tolerance and politeness. The world has changed its position greatly in such respects within the last thirty or fifty years. The petition in the English prayer-book in favor of "Jews, Turks, heretics, and infidels," which found its counterpart in the extemporaneous prayers of other orthodox religious sects, is beginning to sound rather antiquated. The idea of holding up Dr. Gottheil, for instance, as a proper subject for especial prayer, is to most sensible people rather ridiculous, however good Christians they may be. Investigation has found the principles of a high morality in other religious creeds than those of Western Europe and America; and charity, that chiefest of Christian virtues, has taught us to judge others, if we judge them at all, by standards of general application with allowance for peculiar conditions. We have discovered that political sagacity was not confined to the founders of the political systems of modern Europe. It is found that the human mind is much the same under like conditions in all countries and in all times; and we are approaching gradually to Tennyson's "parliament of man" and "federation of the world."

— A Sadder story has not been told for a long while than that of the mother and daughter who were excluded from the Shaker settlement at Whitewater, where they had been for fourteen years, and after leaving which, and seeking in vain the means of livelihood, they, in despair, took poison, and died in each

other's arms. The sadness is not so much in their death; for to that they were at any time liable; and loving each other fondly, as they manifestly did, in their voluntary death they were not divided. But the mother was at first driven to the Shaker community fourteen years ago, with her little girl, because she had been deserted by the father of her child, to whom she had not been married. She had weakly yielded to the impulse of nature without fortifying herself by a legal claim upon the father of her child, and the world, instead of treating her tenderly and helping her, turned its back upon her and told her that she and the child that she had borne were fit only to starve or to live in a county poor house. After fourteen years of the cold, colorless, and unnatural life of the Shakers, the daughter showed that she was not an abstraction or a forked radish, and behaved like a woman, perhaps not a prudent one, to the young men of the community. She was told that such behavior was only fit for the world's people, and that she and her daughter must go. But the world's people had driven out the mother herself upon something such grounds years before; and now when she came back she was met by the same stony front. Let us not be misunderstood; we are not justifying or even palliating the mother's conduct. We pass that point by without consideration. But the point remains that for an error, which, however great, was in the course of nature, the mother became an outcast, and that for indiscretion, also in the course of nature, on the daughter's part, both afterward were turned away from the Shaker community; and then they found the world so hard, and life in it so bitter, that, although one was still in the prime of life and the other in its early morning, they chose rather death together. They might have been base and unnatural, hard-hearted, malicious, slanderous, revengeful, covetous, grasping, utterly regardless of the happiness and, within the law, of the rights of others, the mother might not have loved her child, the child might not have loved her mother, and yet the world would not have driven them to the Shakers and the Shakers would not have driven them out again into the world to die. It is an old story, we do not hesitate to say an old wrong, of which every man and woman

with an unperverted heart admits the cruelty in the abstract, but of which the collective world is always ready to be guilty. A woman who "gets a husband," no matter by what base arts or design, is "received"; a woman who gives the world a child otherwise than according to law is cast out, often by those who are not worthy to touch the hem of her garment. It is not necessary to justify women who err in this way before condemning the pharisaic righteousness which stones them into despair. "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more."

— COMPARE the wrong done in such a case with the conduct of a "respectable" young woman whose sudden disappearance from her home near Waterford, New York, caused much excitement. She reappeared after a week's absence, and accused three young men of the place of abducting her. They were rather wild fellows, and they were arrested. But upon investigation the story was found to be a pure fabrication. The girl had gone suddenly off to visit some of her relatives; and to gratify some feeling, whatever it might have been, she trumped up this accusation. It is impossible to conceive a fouler, baser act. And yet she will not be an outcast; she is "respectable"; no one will venture to call her a "bad girl." But suppose that He who said "neither do I condemn thee" were to decide between the relative fitness of the two for a place in His kingdom—is there any doubt in whose favor He would speak? The law cannot decide as He would decide; and the world is right in insisting upon the chastity of woman; but is the world right in regarding chastity as the only female virtue, or at least in regarding a lapse from continence as the only wrong which should exclude woman from the pale of decent society, and deprive her of a right to earn her living among other women? Is it right in asking only one question in regard to a woman's conduct and in "receiving" a married woman, merely because she is married, although she may make her home a little hell for her husband and her children? We are not advocating looseness upon the former point, but only comparing the world's treatment of natural error with its treatment of essential and malicious wrong-

doing. If the one should be condemned—and it should be—what should be done in case of the other? Motive gives every act its true character; and if we teach women that a life filled with acts the motives of which are mean and malicious may be "respectable," are we not subjecting them to a daily discipline of moral degradation?

— AND with it all there is such a foolish, deplorable, ruinous neglect of the proper instruction of young women. They are taught heaps of things that are of no possible use to them, and they are not taught those which concern them most nearly. Here is this miserable "Throop-Price" affair, as it is called, in which a young lady belonging to a family of some culture and social position is actually taken before a clergyman and half married before she knows it; but suspecting that something is wrong, and being assured by the clergyman that the ceremony he is performing solemnizes a real, binding marriage, she flies off, but is immediately induced to go before the Mayor, and is there married out of hand when she meant to do no such thing. It seems incredible; but it is actually true. We make, as we should do, an awful fuss about marriage, and a good marriage is, as it should be, the desire of a young woman's heart, and yet in regard to all the essentials of marriage as well as the duties and personal relations of married life, we leave them in ignorance. There would seem to be but two ways about this matter: one, the French way of keeping young girls in seclusion and absolute ignorance, and then marrying them off as a sort of business transaction—an arrangement that does not suit our social life, and which, it must be confessed, does not tend to produce the best state of morals in France; the other to give young girls reasonable liberty, under the general supervision of their parents and family, but in this case to arm them with knowledge, to let them know what marriage is legally, ceremonially, socially, and physiologically. This is a safe way, and the only safe one. Let this be done, and then if a girl "goes wrong" in any way, it is merely one of those unavoidable misfortunes which some of us have to encounter.

— WAS there ever anything so amazing

as this blue-glass craze that has taken possession of about two-thirds of those who are included in the term "everybody"? It would seem as if there were no limit to man's credulity, particularly upon those subjects which concern him most nearly, religion and the preservation of bodily health. In both he is ready to listen to any plausible person who will tell him to "do some great thing." Tell him that he must live a life morally pure and physically clean and sober, that he must not sin against his own consciousness of right, and that he must wash himself and eat simple, wholesome food, conform himself to the indications of his physical structure, and he will assent in a careless way, and immediately violate every rule of sound morals and physiology. But tell him that he must make a pilgrimage to Rome, or that he must lift six or seven hundred pounds daily, swallow pills and bitters, or live in a blue conservatory, and he will prick up his long ears, and do it if he can. What wonder that quacks all make money, and that the "patent medicine interest" should have a representative in Congress! But quacks and patent medicines usually must have the benefit of a few years of copious advertising before they effect their purpose; whereas blue glass was written into popular favor with the dash of a pen. It trebled in price in less than so many weeks. The notion that light should be filtered of every ray but the blue one to produce the best effect upon the human body and brain is certainly one of the most fantastic that has been broached since the days of the medical mountebanks. The best use to which this glass can be put is to the making of hot-beds. Let our early lettuce and pease by all means be brought forward under sashes glazed in blue. What cauliflowers we shall have, and what cabbages! At present the crop of cabbage heads, to be sure, promises to be very large through the intervention of blue glass; but much the greater number of them appear to be growing upon human shoulders.

— SCIENCE, or self-styled science, however, insists on playing its tricks with colors as with other matter—if color be matter. There is now a budding theory

that the eye is and always has been in a state of development, and that we are yet to discover new colors of which we have at present no idea. In support of this it is urged that in early literature we find only the strong primary colors mentioned—red, blue, black; black, however, being the absence of true color. It is supposed that the other colors were not seen; and in support of this it is urged that Aristotle assigns only four colors to the rainbow. But surely this is scientific trifling. It is natural that early writers upon any subject should notice only the strongest and most salient points connected with it. Its finer gradations become the subject of subsequent discussion. Particularly might this be expected to be the case in the ruder states of society. It is not that the senses cannot perceive; for the savage senses are very keen, as is well known, but that language, perhaps even the mind, does not discriminate. It is content with broad and marked distinctions. So with regard to the eye and color. We may be very sure that a perfect eye sees, and has always seen, all possible color. But unless led thereto by science or art, or love of beauty in dress or ornamentation, the observer is content with noticing the strong tints, red, blue, yellow, black, white—and green also, which is so widely spread over nature. But as to a new color, that is quite impossible, unless some new gradation or combination of color may have a new name given to it. For in the spectrum we have a perfect gradation of colors, all that are in the ray; and after we pass the primaries, the others are but combinations and gradations. To get a new color we must wait for a new eye and a new sun.

— WHERE will the desire for championship not lead some one of us, and where will it end? We have champion walkers and skaters, champion boot-blacks and bill-posters; and out at the West the other day a lad employed in a newspaper office to wrap papers for the mails announced himself as the champion paper-wrapper, and challenged anybody to wrap with him—the most in so many hours. The last champion performance is that of a "professor of dancing" (Anglèze, a dancing master), who waltzed for five consecutive hours. It

was an occasion. We are told how, after waltzing some half-a-dozen persons, male and female, out of breath, the "intrepid professor" kept on; how he changed partners without stopping his regular steps; how he drank a glass of wine now and then, while stepping in time to the music; and how, when after waltzing steadily for four hours and a half, he showed some signs of faltering, slices of lemon were put into his mouth, ten minutes after swallowing which "the professor revived." Then he became dizzy, and peppermint lozenges were given him. On he went, and in the last five minutes of his stent showed his pluck by "putting in fancy steps"; and his wife, who was now his partner—a sort of nursing partner, it would seem—occasionally whispered "nods of encouragement," a performance which beats the professor's all hollow. "Nods and becks and wreathed smiles" are very natural and very charming on appropriate occasions; but whispered nods are something quite inconceivable. The professor held out, and at half-past twelve "a grand huzza rang out." Is not this rather a pitiful spectacle? If a man dances, let him dance well. If to teach dancing is his vocation, let him get, and let him, prize, a reputation for teaching it well. That is reasonable and respectable. But that a man should spend five whole consecutive hours, nearly a quarter of a day, in dancing for the mere sake of showing that he could keep it up and dance ever so many people down, is rather a sad exhibition of smallness. All these exhibitions spring, not from the desire to do well, which is always and in all things honorable, but from that of doing something that other people cannot do, which is not very admirable. Some other "professor," not to be bluffed, will now challenge this professor; and we shall have a dance for the championship. Then some other professor in Europe will be fired with ambition, and we shall have a grand International Dancing Contest for the Championship of the World. Well, it will be a little better, but not much, than the eating and drinking matches which sometimes take place in England, in which two half-beastly creatures gorge and guzzle in a contest wherein the victor would probably be beaten by almost any four-legged swine.

Emulation is a spur to exertion the moral excellence of which is at least questionable; and when it leads to dancing five hours on a stretch or eating five pounds of bacon at a sitting, we see a little what its essence is.

—THE curiosities of advertising come out strongly at the far West. Here is the "Denver Rocky Mountain News" all ablaze with displayed announcements, some of which are of an extraordinary and whimsical character. One man cries out in enormous type, "Deadwood on getting rich if you only save your money; no need of going to the Black Hills if you can buy Groceries at these figures"; another exclaims in very big black letters, "Store your Stoves! and avoid trouble, dirt, rust, hard work, and *profanity*"—the latter a piece of advice very pertinent, it would seem, to the region; another insinuates in a sort of colossal pica that although "Bragg and Stick'em may have a larger stock of men's furnishing goods than all the other houses in the United States put together," the right place to get things cheap and elegant is his establishment (who are the loudly advertising rivals that he pillories as Bragg and Stick'em does not appear); another firm of traders announce themselves as the "Chicago Square-Dealing House"; another, a jeweller, informs the Western world that in consequence of the "great failure of the Milton Gold jewelry company in London, their entire stock has been consigned to us to raise money as soon as possible"—the idea of a consignment from London to Denver does not seem to strike the Western mind as it does us who are somewhat nearer London; two undertakers announce their business by enormous prints of black-plumed hearses; and the paper itself publishes a "black list" of debts for sale, ingeniously adding that a dollar a week will be credited to the debtors during the publication; one advertisement is headed, "Drunkard, Stop!" an appeal which seems quite in place; for the most important and interesting announcement of all, headed, "Don't you forget it!" is that a certain man has "the best stock of Straight Kentucky Sour-mash Bourbon and Rye Whiskey in the Far West." He may be sure that the Denver people will not forget that.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

"THE Complete Life of General George A. Custer" is now ready, having just been published by Sheldon & Co.

The book has been elegantly issued. It contains many very elegant illustrations. It also has a beautiful steel-plate likeness of General Custer, which Mrs. Custer pronounces one of the best pictures of the General she has ever seen. It also has likenesses of Colonel Tom Custer, Autie Reed, the General's nephew, Boston Custer, and Captain Calhoun, all of whom fell with General Custer.

Taken as a whole, it is one of the most fascinating biographies we have read in a long time. It will give the public a vastly higher idea of the General than they have had before. We copy from the book the following on "Custer and his Friends":

All the reports of the Indians who reached the British Possessions were unanimous in saying that they dreaded the sabre more than anything, and this is easily understood when their superstition as to hand weapons is considered. It seems certain that they would never have revered Custer's body as they did, had he not struck down their best men in that grim hand-to-hand fight, wherein, among all the brave and strong, he was the bravest and best swordman of all, the other officers having had but little teaching in the use of the sabre. Be that as it may, it is known that he must have died under circumstances of peculiar heroism to win such respect, and that he was only killed by the bravest Indian of the whole Northwest, a man whose unflinching fortitude had enabled him to hang in the air for four hours in the Sun Dance.

So fell a Custer, the brave cavalier, the Christian soldier, surrounded by foes, but dying in harness amid the men he loved. Who fell with him?

There by his side lay his brother Tom, brave Colonel Custer, a double of the General, who had enlisted as a private soldier at sixteen, was an officer at nineteen, who wore what no other officer in the army could boast of, two medals, each for a flag taken from an enemy in battle. Brave and gentle, courteous and tender, a model officer of cavalry, God be with gallant Tom Custer till the last day. He died like all the Custers, with his face to the sky and his feet to the foe.

Not far off, close together, lay two more of the same family, poor young Boston Custer and Little Autie Reed, Custer's nephew, son of that good, gentle Christian woman, who had saved Custer

himself from a reckless career, whose prayers had helped to make him the Christian knight he became. Brave boys, nearly boys both, no sworn soldier of the state could die more nobly than they, who would not abandon a brother and kinsman. They could do little for him, but they could die with him. Autie was fresh from school a few weeks before, and wild to see the Plains with "Uncle Autie." To take him along it was necessary to give him some official employment, and Custer, knowing that the rough hard life would make a man of the boy, had him and another schoolmate appointed herdsmen, to help drive the great herd of cattle with the column. Rough as the lot was, the lad never complained. He was seeing wild life, which was all he wanted, and had obtained leave to go on this scout with the General. Boston Custer's official position was that of forage master to the Seventh Cavalry, which he had held some time: He had been for years of a consumptive tendency, and his only chance for life was the open-air existence of the plains. How far better for him the wild heroic death he died, under the blue sky, fighting like a true Custer, than the slow, lingering, falling end of a consumptive, which was his portion had he lived.

So closed the life of the three Custers and their young nephew, fallen on that stricken field. It is time to turn to the comrades that fell with them.

There is something remarkable in the power which Custer apparently possessed of attracting to his side and intimate companionship the noblest and best of the men with whom the army brought him in contact; and the facts of his death bring out this power in a conspicuous manner. It is clear that when he made the division of the regiment into battalions in the morning, Custer knew that heavy work was coming, and intended to take the heaviest work into his own hands, as he always did. Into his own battalion he seems to have gathered all of his own familiar friends, including his three brothers, as knowing he could depend on them to the death. His confidence was well repaid, and we may say to-day, without fear of contradiction, that Custer and Custer's friends were the flower of the Seventh Cavalry. The battalion that fell with Custer held them nearly all.

There was the Adjutant, Brevet Colonel Wm. W. Cook, the last officer left living, and whose fall broke the hearts of his men and ended the battle. Cook was a model of manly beauty, in a very different style from that of Calhoun. Fully as tall (both were over six feet) and as powerfully framed, Cook was the image of a typical English Life Guardsman, with his high-bred, aristocratic features and long, wavy black moustache and whiskers. Like Keogh, he was a foreigner, having been born in Canada, whence he entered the American service in the Twenty-fourth New

York Cavalry, rising to its colonelcy. The reader has seen his name frequently during Custer's life on the plains. One proud sentence will be his best epitaph. In choosing an officer to command the sharpshooters of the Seventh Cavalry in the Washita campaign, the question was not, says Custer, "to choose a good one, but among many good to choose the best." He chose Cook. Let it be written, "Custer said he was his best officer."

By his side was gallant Yates, captain and brevet colonel, tender and true, a man, like Calhoun, of old family and gentle blood, who had not hesitated to enter the ranks as a soldier in the war, had enlisted as a boy of sixteen, and worked his way up to a captaincy in the Regular Army. Yates was a true, sterling fellow, a soldier to the backbone, with the crack company of the Seventh.

At the closing of a concert, while a young gentleman was struggling with his hat, cane, overcoat, opera glass, and his young lady's fan, all of which he was trying to retain on his lap, a suspicious looking black bottle fell on the floor with a thud. "There," he exclaimed to his companion, "I shall lose my cough medicine." That was presence of mind for you.

RECIPT for making a row—Walk along the pavement of a crowded thoroughfare with a ladder on your shoulder and turn around every few minutes to see if anybody is making faces at you.

No more beautiful present for a friend can be found than "Our Poetical Favorites;" by Prof. A. C. Kendrick. They are in two volumes, being a First and Second Series. The First Series embraces the best minor poems in the English language, and the Second the best of the longer English poems.

These volumes contain the very gems of English poetry, and are published in the most beautiful form. Any friend who does not possess them would be delighted with such a present.

"THE blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years—first as a circus rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhauster.

As the rain falls impartially on the just and the unjust, so the pale moonbeams, that lend inspiration to the lover's vows, creep through the cracks in a hen house and show the midnight naturalist, where the best pullet is roosting.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL STUART.

From the "Life of General Custer."

WHILE this was going on in the First, Alger was at work with his Fifth Michigan, had driven the enemy through the woods into the open, and the order was given to cease firing, the enemy being worsted. Just at that instant, a Confederate officer, who afterward proved to be General J. E. B. Stuart, rode up with his staff to within four hundred yards of the line, when a man of the Fifth fired at him. John A. Huff of Company A remarked: "Tom, you shoot too low, and to the left," and turning to Colonel Alger, who was near, said,

"Colonel, I can fetch that man."

"Try him," said Alger.

Huff took a steady aim over a fence and fired. The officer fell. Huff turned to the Colonel and coolly said: "There's a spread eagle for you."

Huff had previously been in Berdan's Sharpshooters, and was an excellent shot. He was killed a month later, at Cold Harbor.

After Stuart's fall the enemy rallied desperately for a while, but finally gave way in a complete rout, before a general charge led by Custer, in which the First, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Michigan and the First Vermont all joined together.

Thus, once more, Custer had taken the brunt of the fighting for his whole division, and driven the enemy from the field.

In an article on the habits of the fly the New York Tribune ably says: "Great care has to be taken in eating huckleberries, because nothing pleases a fly so much as to be mistaken for one; and if he can be baked in a cake and pass himself off on the unwary as a currant, he dies without regret."

HE was carving at dinner, relates the Cincinnati "Times," and thought he must talk to the æsthetic-looking angel on his right. "How do you like Beethoven?" said he at a venture. "Well cooked," said she, interested in the business at hand. Thus does a casual remark often awake unexpected harmonies.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

FROM the New York "*Journal of Commerce*" of December 29:

"A LIFE OF MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.—The tragic fate of this brilliant cavalry officer has lent an interest to all the details of his career. Sheldon & Co. have gratified the general desire by publishing this complete biography of the lamented hero. Its preparation seems to have been a labor of love with the author, Frederick Whittaker, brevet captain of the Sixth New York Cavalry, who knew Custer well, and whose own experience in the army enabled him to write with intelligence and accuracy upon the subject. Captain Whittaker's style is concise, clear, and animated. In him the gallant General has found a thoroughly competent biographer. Beginning with Custer's boyhood, Captain Whittaker follows him through his cadetship at West Point, to his appointment as lieutenant at the outbreak of the civil war, when he at once distinguished himself by zeal, fidelity, and courage. From the first he commanded the confidence of his superiors and the love and respect of his subordinates. His promotion was rapid and deserved, because earned in every instance by skill and bravery in the field. He fought in all the battles of the Peninsula under General McClellan, to whose staff he became attached with the rank of captain; and at the close of that series of momentous engagements received the appointment of brevet brigadier general. With this rank he entered upon the Gettysburg campaign, where he showed an extraordinary capacity for handling troops, coupled with a knightly valor. His operations under Sheridan in the Winchester valley, and afterward in the many battles about Richmond, which led to the surrender of Lee, are fully and glowingly described. The work is an important contribution to the history of the great war, apart from its relation to the

life of Custer. This portion of the biography occupies about one-half of the book, and abounds in thrilling adventures. The second great epoch of his life began with his appointment to an important command in the Hancock expedition of 1867 on the plains. In this he rapidly learned the art of fighting the Indians, and soon became recognized as one of the most accomplished and efficient officers in that branch of the service. The many skirmishes, the hairbreadth escapes, the hardships and privations which fell to the lot of Custer and his comrades, are vividly narrated in these pages. But the crowning interest of the book belongs to his last campaign against the Sioux. The broad outlines of this unfortunate affair are familiar to the public; but the author has made the sad story fresh and exciting by a presentation of new facts and an exposition of the reasons which brought the campaign to its disastrous end. The work is copiously illustrated by maps, scenes of battles, and portraits."

A TRAMP was recently met by a hospitable farmer in Westchester, who asked him if he wanted work. "No," replied the tramp, "what I want is a bloody shirt and plenty of money."

A CONNECTICUT schoolmarm, who was recently kissed in the dark by mistake, explained her omission to use any light for nearly two weeks afterward, on the ground of hard times.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

"SAMBO, where's your master?" "Gone out." "Has he left off drinking yet?" "Oh, yes; he leave off three times this morning."

"I HAVE turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied a Talleyrand, "away from you."

THE longest sentence on record was constructed by a Western judge. He sentenced a murderer for life, and afterward slapped two more years to the sentence because the prisoner called him "no gentleman."

A COMMERCIAL traveller handed a merchant upon whom he had called a portrait of his betrothed, instead of his business card, saying that he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished and blushing traveller, with a hope that he would soon be admitted into partnership.

OTTO ERK, at 839 Broadway, furnishes portraits from life or photographs, either in oil, pastel, crayon, or water colors, in the very best style. Small pictures can be enlarged and made fully equal to a life portrait, by this finished artist.

A SUB-EDITOR and a reporter were quarrelling one day in the editor's room. "You are a donkey!" said the sub-editor. "You are another!" replied the reporter, promptly. "Pooh! pooh!" retorted the sub-editor; "you are the greatest donkey I know!" "Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the editor, looking up from his desk, "you forget, I think, that I am present!" The sub-editor apologized.

AGONIZING.—"What kind of a picture would you prefer, miss?" inquired a Newark photographer of a young lady customer.

"Well," was the reply, "take me with an expression as if I were writing a poem on the Centennial."

THE British government allows its soldiers a regular ration of ale. Many of our soldiers wish that our government too could be brought to consider the *rationale* of such a proceeding.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

"POMPEY, what am dat what goes when de wagon goes, stops when de wagon stops; it am no use to de wagon and de wagon can't go without it?" "I gib it up, Clem." "Why de noise, ob course."

SOME Swiss and Austrian soldiers were at dinner after a truce, in olden times. The Austrians maintained that their system of military government was the best, the Swiss contested the point, and both parties waxed angry. Finally an Austrian declared contemptuously that the Swiss fought for money, whereas they, the Austrians, fought for honor. "True!" said a Swiss politely, with his hand on his sword, "we both fought for what we have not got."

It was the wife of a ragged bum who said at midnight, "It is never too late to mend."

THE Norwich "Bulletin" remarks that what the Indians seem to need is Sioux-ing syrup.

"SECOND class in grammar, stand up!" said the schoolmaster. "'John is a bad boy'—who does John correspond with?" "I know," said the little boy at the foot, holding up his hand. "If you mean John Smithers, he corresponds with my sister Susan; here's a letter he just gi' me to carry home to her."

THERE is a man in Newark so close that when he attends church he occupies the pew farthest from the pulpit, to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plate for contributions.

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug." "How odd it is," responded the patient, "that you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

THE first wire for the East river bridge is up. And now people go around asking, "Wire the two towers like the first and last official days of a New York officeholder?" And the party asked always answers at once, "Because there is nothing but *steel* from one to the other."—*Danbury News*.

AN illiterate correspondent, who is given to sporting, wants to know when the "Anglo-Saxon race," so much talked about, is to come off."

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

SHELDON & Co. will publish soon a very attractive book. It is called "The Great West and the Pacific Coast." It is a very extended trip made by General James F. Rusling under the orders of the United States Government. It occupied in all about a year. Of course General Rusling could go where no private traveller could.

It is highly instructive, yet more interesting than a novel. It is a charming record of 15,000 miles of travel from New York across the Continent and along the Pacific Slope; across the Rocky Mountains; down the Columbia River; over the Sierra Nevadas; at Salt Lake City, through the Yosemite Valley; among the gold and silver mines of Colorado and Nevada; on the Plains; through the wheat fields and vineyards of California; among the Aztec remains of America; along the coast of Lower California, through Mexico, and Central America, and home again.

It discusses Indians, Mormons, Miners and Mexicans—Borderers and Californians—in all their varied aspects. It contains sketches of General Sherman, General Sumner, Kit Carson, Brigham Young, Ben Holladay, many Indian Chiefs, and John Chinaman generally. It abounds in adventures and incidents of the most thrilling and graphic character.

It will give more information and entertainment about our great territory than any book published for years. It discusses our Indian Policy, in all its bearings. It exhausts the Mormon Question and the Chinese Question. It describes the Pacific Railroads, especially the new "Texas and Pacific Railway." It gives the latest and fullest statistics, concerning all that region, down to January 1, 1877. With a keen eye and a sharp pen, General Rusling sees and notes everything worth seeing and knowing in that vast country. Going by or-

der of the Government, he had cavalry escorts everywhere, and travelled thousands of miles, in every direction, beyond where ordinary tourists go or ever can go. His narrative is lively, his style forcible, and the facts reliable. His account of men and things at Salt Lake is very racy. His descriptions of the wonderful sights among the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas, on the Columbia River, in the Yosemite Valley, across the Isthmus, and throughout the Pacific Coast generally, are really unsurpassed, and it seems safe to say cannot easily be excelled.

A large and accurate colored Map, showing his extended route of travel, accompanies the book.

Eight full-page engravings, of the finest character, by Arthur Lumley, one of our best American artists, from photographs taken on the spot, illustrate this charming volume.

Every American should read this work. It gives one new views of the Great Republic. It unfolds and exhibits our vast Empire of the West, as never before. Well might Whittier say of this region:

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

General Rusling's trip was very successful, and received the praise of those highest in authority. His labors saved the Government a great deal of money. The Secretary of War says of him:

General Rusling has faithfully performed his arduous duties. He has fairly earned the Brevet of Brigadier-General U. S. Vols. The reductions recommended by him involve a saving to the Department of nearly one million dollars per month.
—Report of Secretary of War.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

General Rusling's reputation in the West was always good.

W. T. SHERMAN, General U. S. A.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

General Rusing fearlessly exposed errors and abuses, and always rendered *very valuable service* to the Department.

M. C. MIZOS, Brevet Major-General U. S. A.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Throughout the war, General Rusing's record for *gallant conduct* and *meritorious services* was unimpeachable.

JOSEPH HOOKER, Major-General U. S. A.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

His *vigilance, energy, zeal, and gallantry* won honorable mention on frequent occasions; his labors as Inspecting Officer resulted in large reductions in the expenditures of the Government, and in *salutary administrative reforms*.

D. E. SICKLES, Brevet Major-General U. S. A.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

General James F. Rusing always proved himself an *active and efficient officer*.

GEORGE H. THOMAS, Major-General U. S. A.

FRASCIBLE gent (to waiter): "They say there's nothing like leather, don't they?"

Yes, sir." "Then it's a lie, for this steak is!"

A RICH woman has brought up her accomplished and beautiful daughters to do washing and ironing. When questioned she replies: "Oh, it is always well to be prepared for any contingency. Perhaps some of the poor children may marry an Italian count."

THE future pitcher and catcher of some champion base ball nine were observed yesterday practising with a half brick done up in an old stocking. This is what may be called the ragged edge of the game.

THE report of a wedding in Kentucky concludes in this wise: "The bride was far from being handsome, but her father threw in a span of horses and seven mules, and the bridegroom was satisfied."

At a theatre the other evening, a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque. The other denied the allegation. He was not O'Paque. His name was O'Brien.

FARMER (proposing landlord's health). "An' if a' Squiears 'ud dew as our Squiear dew, there wudna be so many on 'em as dew as they dew dew!"

WHEN ladies put on powder, do they hope it will help them to go off?

FROM the Philadelphia "Inquirer"

"The career of General Custer is a striking example of that oft-quoted but seldom verified proverb that truth is stranger than fiction. Born in humble circumstances, without kindred or friends of the influential kind, he succeeded, by tireless perseverance, in gaining admittance at West Point Academy. In due time, the war breaking out, he was gazetted lieutenant, and, quickly rising through the various grades of military promotion, he had by his twenty-fourth year reached the dignity of a general. If ever man deserved the title of hero of romance, Custer was he. Hero of romance he certainly was in his person, in his exploits, in his domestic history, in his tragic end. Sometimes there is a strange symmetry in the lives of men, attaining to the studied unity of an art creation, and such a life was Custer's. It was unique in all its aspects, harmonious in all its parts. Out of the common in all its details, it was fitly and most dramatically ended in the fearful massacre of Little Big Horn. It could scarce have been otherwise. The character of the man himself was as remarkable as the circumstances that surrounded him. In him we seem to have a glimpse of the fair, the ideal chivalry of knightly days. What Bayard was to France and Sir Philip Sydney to England—such to us is George Armstrong Custer. His nature was as noble, and generous, and fearless, and unselfish as any of the old chevaliers, *sans peur et sans reproche*. If, with such a theme to his hand as the life of Custer, Captain Whittaker had not given us a deeply interesting book, he would have shown himself utterly incompetent ever to have undertaken the task. But the book before us is more than interesting; it is as fascinating as a fiction of Dumas or Cooper. It completely covers the whole ground, and is written in a style worthy of the subject and appropriate to it. The book is a fitting and eloquent tribute to a gallant soldier's memory, and will command popularity. It is well gotten up and profusely illustrated."

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

A VERY modest young New York lady who wanted a pair of garters addressed the shopman thus: "It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillating burnished steel appliances that sparkle like particles of gold-leaf set with Alaska diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention."

CAPTAIN BURNABY was asked by his Turcoman guide which an Englishman loves best, his horse or his wife; but the author answered diplomatically, "That depends on the woman."

THE Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, whose statement appears in our columns this month, makes a showing that must fill the public mind with an increased confidence in this trusted and standard company. Its enormous business has been managed with prudence and foresight.

Its success has not been the result of happy circumstance, but is directly due to energy, good management, and a careful, prudent system of business, the leading principle of which has been a watchful care for the interests of policy-holders.

The Report of the examination of this company's business by the Insurance Department also appears in our pages, and is a gratifying array of facts from official sources.

Mrs. SHODDY (to New York shopkeeper): "Show me a thermometer—one of your very best." Shopkeeper: "This, ma'am, is one of our finest—Venetian glass and the best quicksilver." Mrs. Shoddy: "Silver? That would be very nice for the kitchen, but I want one for my boodoor. Haven't you one with quick gold?"

We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of Dr. H. F. Clark, of Poughkeepsie, in this number of "The Galaxy." We have personally had occasion to try Dr. Clark's skill as a dentist, and found him all that can be desired. He is indeed a workman that need not be ashamed of his work.

My lady (anxious to get home): "Shall we turn to the right, or go straight on?" Thomas (the new boy, much flattered at having his taste consulted): "Lor', my lady, it don't make no odds to me."

RAILROAD BONDS.—Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to Hasler & Company, No. 7 Wall street, New York.

"WHY is it, my dear," said Waffle's landlady to him the other day, "that you newspaper men are never rich?" "I don't know," was his reply, "except it is that dollars and sense do not always travel together."

"A BRISTOL poultry dealer has been fined for kissing a young woman." This seems hard on a man who considers he has a perfect right to deal with ducks, and who doubtless takes out a license for a little game.

CLUBS FOR EDITORS.—"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course." "But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" "'Cause he says if anybody will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper." The mother came near fainting, but recovered herself sufficiently to ask, "But, Tommy, dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their papers." That boy stands a chance for the Presidency, if he lives.

"Courier," Newark, N. J.:

A COMPLETE LIFE OF GENERAL GEO. A. CUSTER.—Most works of this kind are catch-pennies, designed to take the popular favor by the cheap device of showy headings, coarse engravings, and unblushing puffery. We confess we expected little more from this. The temptation to make a flashy and trivial book out of the exploits of the most brilliant cavalry officer of his time, the hero of some of the most thrilling adventures of the civil war, whose life went out in that saddest episode of Indian warfare on the Little Big Horn, was immense. To say that the publishers as well as the author have resisted this temptation successfully, is very high praise.

The author of the volume before us has brought to his task a hearty admiration and appreciation of his hero, wide research, and very thorough acquaintance with the history of which General Custer was so important a part. He writes with an enthusiasm that never flags, and with a picturesque vividness and force that carries the attention and admiration of the reader by storm. To make a thoroughly interesting book out of the material he has found at his hands was not perhaps difficult. But he has succeeded in embodying a history of the cavalry service of the United States army during the war, much that is new in regard to the Army of the Potomac in some of its least understood manoeuvres, and a great deal of light upon the perplexing Indian problem, with a personal history as brilliant and startling as that of the hero of a romance. From many of the theories which Custer adopted so heartily, thoughtful readers may dissent. It is not quite easy to take "Little Mac"—how entirely the sobriquet seems to have passed out of memory—at the estimate of his generous and grateful admirer. It will take more than even Custer to develop the latent magnanimities which no one but himself has ever found in McClellan's stupendous failure. But one cannot help, differ from him as one may, heartily admiring the lieutenant who clung to the chief he loved with a single-hearted fidelity that fallen fortunes could not diminish, and whose only grievance was in being withheld at times from entire devotion of himself to the service for which he finally gave his life. His

record is that of a hero; a record with here and there a mistake, but never a stain, and with so much that was lofty and noble and truly good, so whole-souled a magnanimity and unselfishness, that we feel a personal obligation to the biographer who has embalmed it in a volume which challenges admiring attention from the first, and retains it unbroken to the last page, and to the publishers for the fitting pre-attainment they have given it.

It is sold only by subscription, and were all subscription books only half as good, the book agent might rise to the dignity of a public benefactor.

"My son," said a doting mother to her eight-year old, "what pleasure do you feel like giving up during the Lenten season?" "Well, ma, I guess I'll stay away from school," was the reply.

MANY a boy has lost his grip on his father's affections by being able to beat the old gentleman at a friendly game of cards.

A GENTLEMAN in Boston was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He told his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantel-piece in the sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant ran upon a pack of playing cards, and thought those were the ones. Off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards whenever "not at home" occurred. As these were very numerous, he turned to his footman with the question, "How many cards have you left?" "Well," said the footman, "the ace of hearts is all that remains." "The deuce!" exclaimed his master. "I left the deuce in the last house but one," was the reply.

Odd Jobber: "I wish I'd got my brother on this here job with me." Inquiring Employer: "Why, my man, your brother specially?" Odd jobber: "Why, ye see, sir, he's got a rare cheek on him, my brother has. Why, he'd think no more of asking for a quart over a job like this—than nothink."

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

"Do you see that fellow lounging?" said Bumpkins the other day. "Yes. How does he manage to live—by his wits?" "Oh, no: he's a cannibal." "A cannibal! How?" "He lives on other people," was B's reply as he vanished round the corner.

A GENTLEMAN asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings wrong side outwards. He replied, "Because there's a hole on the other side."

RAILROAD BONDS.—Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to Hassler & Company, No. 7 Wall street, New York.

OARSMEN object to rough water. They say there is no use going for stakes in a chop sea.

ON hearing a clergyman remark that "the world is full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

A MAN innocently spoiled a sermon and prayer by exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Lord, Thou knowest I have been an awful sinner—the chief among ten thousand and one altogether lovely."

"THERE is no brighter and more entertaining writer of fiction of the present day than Mrs. Annie Edwards. The plots of her stories are always full of interest, her characters well drawn, and the tone of her books pure and wholesome. Her delineations of society are sometimes a little sarcastic, but tempered with a kindly spirit. To our taste she has written no better story than 'A Point of Honor,' just issued in good form by Messrs. Sheldon & Company."—*Evening Mail, New York.*

AN urchin, whose shoes look as if they were soon to be shed, looking at a sign of blue glass in one of the stone windows, was heard to observe:

"More stuff to run into a fellow's foot."

Which is perhaps the best criticism on the theory yet made.

WHEN a Dubuque landlord turns a sick widow out of doors for non-payment of rent, a crowd wait upon him and escort him down to the shores of a lovely pond and insist upon his taking a swim.

A NEPHEW of Mr. Baggs, in explaining the mysteries of a tea-kettle, describes the benefits of the application of steam to useful purposes. "For all which," remarked Mr. Baggs, "we have principally to thank—what was his name?" "Watt was his name, I believe, uncle," replied the boy.

BRIGHAM YOUNG's numerous wife is getting ready to go into the wholesale widow business.—*Easton Free Press.* And don't let's disappoint them.

"WHY Four Gospels." By D. G. Gregory, D. D. "There is no lack of ability or learning in his treatment of the subject, and his book will furnish an arsenal of sharp weapons for the battle of current orthodoxy against militant infidelity."—*Tribune, New York.*

THE foolish man will ask a woman if her baby is not a trifle cross-eyed; but the wise man will take the cars to Syracuse, and make his inquiries by postal card.

SOMEBODY tried to excuse a liar to Dr. Johnson, saying, "You must not believe more than half what he says." "Ay," replied the doctor; "but which half?"

RAILWAYS are aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own station and to stop there.

ALL the world is a stage, and most of the passengers are obliged to go on foot up the hills, and to pry the wheels out of the mud. The stage is generally stuck in the mud when it is not going up hill.

"LECTURES on the History of Preaching." By Rev. John A. Broadus, D. D., LL. D., Professor in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Greenville, S. C. "This small volume of less than two hundred and fifty pages gives to its readers an unusual amount of food for thought. In a style compact, racy, and suggestive, its gifted author imparts to the reader the results of comprehensive and assiduous study. This special field in English literature is a new one. The book, therefore, has the charm of novelty. But it is not this freshness merely which delights us. We feel at every step that the subject is in the hands of a master. The author is enamored of his theme, but his is no blind admiration venting itself in sounding eulogies. In this, as in his other productions, we see everywhere the evidence of the rare blending of superior powers; among them that capability for sound criticism of men and books—an uncommon share of common sense. In such hands learning is turned to its best account, and imagination is made ministrant to truth. The lectures are primarily intended for young ministers, but will be profitable to the old as well, while every one with any relish for religious literature, layman or lady, will thank the author for a very rich treat."—*Methodist Recorder, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

New Cook: "If you're going up stairs, Mr. Ruggles, you might just tell my lady that if she can't write the 'Menoo' in French, I shall be' appy to do it for her!"

THE country singing schools are closing up their affairs, and the young man who hasn't settled the question with her, will have to hold over until another winter.

EDITING a paper is like carrying an umbrella on a windy day. Everybody thinks he could manage it better than the one who has hold of the handle.

"PAPA," asked a boy, what "is meant by Paradise?" "Paradise, my son," replied the father, "is the latter part of next summer, when your mother goes on a visit to your grandfather."

It won't be long before some long-haired poet will break into impassioned song about gentle spring. The public is hereby cautioned against any act of violence; treat him gently, but firmly.

A LADY says it is no worse to encircle a lady's waist with your arm in a ball-room than to kiss your friend's sister on the back stairs. No worse! Why, it is not half so good.

A NEWARK husband who, when he courted his wife, was constantly sighing for the "Sweet by-and-by," doesn't think so much of it now that it has been attained. He complains that it has been buy and buy until he is about disgusted.

WE are not surprised that there are five feminine seekers for every post-office appointment. The little dears are attracted by everything that sounds like the other sex, and don't mind the spell.

WE once knew a man who said to his pastor—"I am going to the other church after this." "Ah, and why so?" asked the minister. "Well, if you don't get your shoes made at my shop, I won't get my preaching done at yours." So he went off.

MARK TWAIN's latest work is written in gum arabic. It is a "Patent Self-Pasting Scrap-Book," teeming with absorbing mucilaginous interest and replete with illustrations that leave upon the mind a pleasant impression of spectral window-blinds. The book opens well and preserves throughout the fresh crispness of the author's style and a very good quality of gum. It is handsomely bound—to succeed, and will, if there is any virtue in good mucilage, steadfastly hold its own.

THE GALAXY

Miscellany and Advertiser.

"He's a polished gentleman," said she, gazing fondly at his bald head.

WHEN a cat sings, does she not do it on purr-puss? She simply does it to a-mews herself.

THE London "Saturday Review" has long been celebrated for the ability with which it is conducted, and for the peculiarly caustic tone of its criticisms, which are written by the strongest specialists in England. It has also been noted for its uniform severity on American literature, representing as it does the extreme High Tory element of English society. When such a paper praises an American book it shows that the book is something out of the common, and when the usual captious tone of the "Saturday Review" criticisms is remembered, positive praise from such a source means a great deal. This honor, almost alone of the American books of the year, has been granted by the "Review" in a late notice of the "Life of Custer," published by Sheldon & Company. The reviewer says in the last number:

"Mr. Whittaker's 'Life of General Custer' is full of interest; it is a vigorous and graphic account of a brief but brilliant military career, beginning with the commencement of one of the greatest wars of the age, and closing, unhappily, in one of the many signal disasters of that petty Indian warfare which does so little credit to the Federal Government and army. Mr. Custer was a cadet at West Point when the civil war broke out, and with the rest of his class was promoted to a lieutenancy as soon as it was possible to hurry them through a formal graduation. He had the good fortune to be immediately appointed to one of the finest regiments of the regular army, the Second Cavalry, of which, if we rightly recollect its story, Sidney Johnstone was

the colonel and General Lee the lieutenant-colonel; and from which were taken many of the best commanders both of the North and the South. General Custer was confronted with many, not only of those who would a year earlier have been his brother officers, but of his own actual classmates. The Federal army was so deficient in competent and trained officers that it offered splendid opportunities of rapid promotion even to the youngest of those who had received a regular military education. It is true that the way was blocked by multitudes of untrained men placed in high commands for purely political reasons, or often by influences exerted through the lowest channels of underhand patronage; and several of these continued to hold to the very last posts for which they had proved themselves signally unfitted. But many among them were so clearly incompetent even for the ordinary duties of regimental and company command, and so disgraced themselves by their conduct in the camp and the field, that when it became evident that Mr. Seward's "three months' drafts" were to be dishonored, and that the war was to be a long and serious one, public opinion and military necessities compelled Mr. Lincoln and his advisers to get rid of them by wholesale; and their places were filled in great measure by young men like Custer from the lowest grade in the regular army. The young Lieutenant of the Second Cavalry was among those Northern officers who first showed striking capacity for efficient action in that special branch of the army in which, at first, the South so greatly excelled its antagonist. Mr. Whittaker has the rare merit of speaking with decent courtesy of the Confederates generally, and of showing a just appreciation of the high qualities of many of their individual leaders. It is only when he comes to speak of General Custer's rivals

and superiors in his own service that he displays the partiality of biographers. But, putting aside the defects, the whole narrative is eminently lively and readable. Its descriptions of military movements are clear and graphic, and few of the multitude of military biographies to which the war has given rise can be read with so much enjoyment and so little annoyance."

REPARTEE.—"Please accept a lock of my hair," said a bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl. "Sir," she replied, "you had better give the whole wig." "Madam," he responded, "you are very biting indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

No woman with a proper appreciation of her rights will marry a man so tall that she cannot pull his hair.

He murmured, "I'm a man of quiet tastes," then went behind the door, took flask from pocket, and tasted something.

"The slumber of the pure is sweet," says the Talmud. That accounts for sleeping in the church, surrounded by the pewrest influences.

BEEES lose their stinger after once causing pain to their victim. What a pity slanderers are not deprived of their stingers in the same manner.

RAILROAD BONDS.—Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to Hassler & Company, No. 7 Wall street, New York.

A CHINAMAN in California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt by falling from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company, "Charley half dead, likee half money."

"Do you know what bull-doing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. "I thought I did," said the Granger, "but the bull wasn't dozing. He was only making believe, and being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

A LAWYER who had a most absurd case submitted to him on being asked "if the action would lie," answered, "Yes, if the witness will lie too, but not otherwise."

PAT MURPHY says there are so many fish in the sea that, if you should take every fish you could catch out of it, he don't think there would be one less in it.

A LANDLORD who lately presented his bill to an M. D. was let in to the doctor's private office and shown a ghastly skeleton, with the remark, "That man came in here just two weeks ago with a bill, and——" But the landlord did not stay to hear the rest of the statement.

NEW YORK "Commercial": A chap on his way to Washington to get a patent for a scandalometer incautiously took his machine over to Brooklyn, and now he is looking for the pieces. He says it wasn't calculated to register beyond the Ten Commandments.

THE laziest man is on a Western paper. He spells photograph "4tograph." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas, and dated his letters "11worth"; another spelt Tennessee "10eC," and the other wrote Wyandotte "Y&."

A JESTER in the Court of Francis I. complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your Majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

"HEAVENWARD" is the appropriate name of a new collection of Sunday-school songs by James R. Murray, with the best sacred songs of the late P. P. Bliss. It is having an extensive sale. Published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife.

MAN may learn wisdom from a postage stamp. It sticks to its legitimate business. Letters profit by it.

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